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ILLUSTRIOUS MAORI CHIEFS OF OLD WAIROA.

Ihaka Whaanga,
Chief of
Ngati-Rakaipaaka.

Paora Rerepu,
Chief of
Ngati-Pahauwera.

Pitihera Kopu,
Chief of
Ngati-Kahungunu.

Hamana Tiakiwai,
Chief of Ngati-Kahungunu.

Paora Te Apatu,
Chief of Ngati-Kahungunu.

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1859 1975

THE

STORY OF OLD WAIROA

AND THE

East Coast District, North Island

NEW ZEALAND

or,

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

A RECORD OF OVER FIFTY YEARS' PROGRESS

By THOMAS LAMBERT

Formerly Editor of "The Wairoa Guardian."

WITH PREFACE AND DEDICATORY NOTE

ALL PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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Dedication

To the Few Remaining and Fast-diminishing Band of
Wairoa Pioneer Settlers,

who bore their part in the Civil and Military Capacity in the days gone by, these pages are dedicated, with the hope that the new generation may rise to the occasion and develop God's Own Country by applying all their energies and making full use of their many opportunities, until Te Wairoa shall fully emerge from the dawn of the Dim Past, blurred by war and superstition, into the full blaze of the Noonday of Progress, Peace, and Prosperity.

ALSO

To the Memory of
The Chiefs and People of the Maori Race
who fought with the Pakeha for the great White Queen, "Victoria the Good."

ALSO

To Those still living among Us
who are reaping in their advanced years the Blessing of Peace, won at the cost of much blood and treasure.

KIA KAHA!
"Be Strong!"

KIA TOA!!
"Be Brave!!"

KIA ORA!!!
"Good Luck!!!"

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

I desire to tender to a wide circle of friends my deepest thanks for expressions of kindly interest in this work, and to the following in particular for valuable assistance in the collection of materials: Sir Joseph Ward, Bart. (when Prime Minister), Hon. Sir Thomas Mackenzie, Right Hon. J. G. Coates, Prime Minister, and other Ministers, together with several heads of Departments; C. R. C. Robieson, when Director of Tourist Department; Ven. Archdeacon Williams; A. S. Wohlmann, Government Balnealogist; J. Strauchon, ex-Surveyor General; Colonel T. W. Porter, C.B.; A. L. D. Fraser, M.L.C.; Major J. T. Large; Elsdon Best; Right Rev. Bishop Williams; Major Gascoigne, N.Z.C.; Captain G. A. Preece, N.Z.C.; Gilbert Mair, N.Z.C.; Colonel T. W. Gudgeon; S. Percy Smith, ex-Surveyor General; James Cowan, author of several valuable works; E. Tregear, author of *The Aryan Maori*; W. A. Barton; Dr. McNab, H. W. Baker; W. Cooper; H. S. Ingram; A. H. Ferguson, clerk Hawke's Bay County Council; Dinwiddie, Walker and Co.; J. Hunter Brown; J. Bowie, B.A.; J. H. Smyth; H. H. Carr, G. Mayo; J. M. Torr; Wi Kaimoana; E. Chase(1); W. T. Prentice; H. Hill, B.A.; Paetai Wilson; Sir James Carroll, M.L.C.; R. G. Deighton; H. G. Webber; the clerks of the several Wairoa local bodies, and numerous other persons and officials, for information accorded to enable me to compile this work. Nor can I forget the services of my many Native friends, too numerous to mention here, but I trust those still living will be pleased at the treatment accorded to their notes(2).

I also acknowledge my indebtedness to the following for photographs, new and old, and for permission to republish same, including the *Illustrated London News*, C. R. C. Robieson (Tourist Department), Mesdames E. B. Bendall, M. Harding, P. Wilson, I. Dawson, M. Flint, L. J. Parker, J. White, M. McKinnon, C. Torr, E. Coghlan, Messrs. G. C. Ormond, W. A. Neale, L. Storey, H. Flint, C. Burridge, R. G. Deighton, Captain Preece, H. Sargent, L. te Urupu, Hata te Poki (grandson of Kopu), Tuturu Hamana, Peta Pakuku (a staunch "Government man"), Captain James Mitchell, C. Burridge, Abe Rarere, Opoutama, A. Poyzer, the Directors of the Auckland Art Gallery and Dominion Museum, Wellington. If in the above lists any helpers have been missed it has been through inadvertence and not intention.

(1). Messrs. Kaimoana and Chase were both instructed in the "Wharekura" of the old-time Maori, and I found them valuable repositories of Maori history as handed down to them by the "kaumatuas" of the tribe.

(2). Many of those enumerated have now gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns, and many of my Maori friends have departed by the Reinga; nevertheless, I must in honour bound acknowledge their valuable help.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

For the sub-title to this work I am indebted to my esteemed friend the late Major J. T. Large, who, when on a visit from Atiu, rightly pointed out that I have gone somewhat outside the boundaries of the Wairoa district in describing events in which Wairoa personages took part, or which had a bearing on Wairoa history; and although I am not professing to deal with all the East Coast history, I consented to add the sub-title for the reasons set forth. I am further advised not to attempt the division of Maori names, especially with a view to place-names or meanings. I have, therefore, tried to avoid doing so as far as possible, but I am using the divisions already made by competent authorities, and also a few necessary to enable the European readers to pronounce some names of places and people which they would otherwise be unable to do.

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PREFACE.

ONE BY ONE, slowly but surely, the old pioneers of Wairoa are passing over into the Great Unknown. The Pakeha of olden time lays him down to draw his last breath; then, shrouded and coffined, he is borne to the cemetery, dust turned to dust, there to lie in Mother Earth's bosom till the sounding of the last trump. The Maori, too, the warrior-hero of a hundred fights, as well as the one-time slave, take their plunge into the unknown from Te Reinga(1), the jumping-off place at the North Cape for the spirit of the Maori bound for the other world.

Each year the proverbial "oldest inhabitant" grows a lesser quantity as a source of information, and my greatest regret is that I did not commence collecting material 40 years ago. But soon even the oldest Pakeha as well as the Maori, the white as well as the brown, must go the way of all flesh, and be no more seen here for ever. As the days go by, therefore, and the old European settlers pass over the border from Time into Eternity, the difficulty of collecting scraps of local history increases in a progressive ratio. Every year that is allowed to pass by renders it increasingly difficult to present the whole facts as they should be presented. The heap from which I am sifting or endeavouring to sift out the useful, the picturesque, and the true seems to grow bigger every day, whilst the pile of gems I have raked out grows with surprising slowness. A new generation is growing up in our midst, a generation almost totally ignorant of the early history of this district. Old Wairoa is passing and the new Wairoa coming into the inheritance left by the pioneers. Still worse, many even now take it for granted that the chief, if not the only, troubles of the early settlers consisted in hewing out for themselves and their children homes in what may possibly at one time have been a wilderness. That this was not so

(1). Te Reinga is the heaven, or place of departed souls, and is located at the North Cape. When the spirit left the body of the Maori it fled away north to Wai-ho-kimai hill. There, stripping off the garment of leaves, it rested for a while to make a lament. The spirit then went on to another hill, Wai-oti-oti. From here there was no turning back, and the spirit passed on to "Rere-nga-Wairua" ("The Spirit's Leap"). Here were two long roots, the upper ends attached to a pohutukawa tree, the other ends floating in the sea. Just at the right moment, when an opening appeared in the seaweeds near the strand, the spirit took its final plunge into Te Reinga, and the first object being a river, it crosses over and is welcomed by name, food is placed for the spirit, and if it refuses it not it must remain for ever in Hades. Singular to relate, it is from this spot that the godwit or "kuaka" migrates every year to Siberia, nearly 10,000 miles distant—the strangest known migration, from semitropical New Zealand to the Amur! How it manages is only explained by the fact that it can rest on the water for a brief period. The "kereru," or pigeon, also migrates, but to the Chatham Island.

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the following pages will amply demonstrate. Unlike many other nations and peoples, the Maoris are without a written history, else would I be able to dip into the musty, time-worn tomes and present in true perspective the deeds of this dying race to future generations. Other nations have left behind them in the papyrus, the stone or the wax tablet some records of their country, their heroes, or their gods. Not so the Maori, for all we have is oral history, songs and legends handed down—with great care, it must be admitted—from generation to generation(2). Some, if not all, of these stories must once have been beautiful, but lost much of their grandeur in the telling, and now there but remains the written description of the Pakeha—the skeleton, as it were, on which once beauty had been built. Other stories, perhaps once good and true, became exaggerated, and a few are perhaps altogether untrue, but illustrate what may have been.

The historian of the Maoris, especially in this year of grace 1925, must therefore always be at a disadvantage in compiling anything that concerns them. Many of the Europeans I have found very little better as a repository of early history. All were so occupied in making money that few kept any records of passing events, unless it were records of L.S.D. added to the general store of wealth. Even official records were not cared for, or I should not have been able to rescue from a rubbish-heap the official details of some phases of the Maori wars. I have endeavoured to select reliable sources of information on the Native side, finding much contradiction as between the hill and coast tribes of Te Wairoa. Nevertheless I take leave to claim that where my account differs it may still be the more correct version; and as a great part of my tale deals with war, may I ask my readers to remember that the truest characteristics of any aboriginal people are best exhibited in their wars. To supply, then, an evident need, and to perpetuate, even in some slight degree, at least the worthiest deeds of the early settlers, and leave to the rising generation—both Pakeha and Maori—a printed record of past days, I have penned the following pages I lay no claim to literary or artistic merit on my own part or that of the illustrators—let these speak for themselves. It has not fallen to my lot to record many outstanding heroic deeds by

(2). I must, of course, except the educational work of the "wharekura" or the sacred college or school. Here mythology and history were taught to the sons of the high priests of the Maori people, amid superstitious rites and ceremonies innumerable. The wharekura, except as a Pakeha institution under the ægis of the Native Department, is now almost a thing of the past, and it would not be profitable to discuss it. But it is to this institution chiefly that we owe anything of our knowledge of ancient Maori history, art or religion. The reader who desires to know more of this question will find the leading events of Maori history clothed in the old language of the people by consulting Sir George Grey's "Polynesian Mythology," also in the same author's "Nga moteatea me nga hakirara o te ivi Maori," wherein are recorded some of the most beautiful "waiatas" in the language.

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flood and field, rather to chronicle matters of history in necessarily prosaic language, yet have I tried to clothe my subject with as much of art as I could command.

The humble chronicler of events now almost forgotten but which had their bearing on the progress of this part of the North Island, East Coast, I claim the dispassionate and calm judgment of my readers. I ask them, in the fullest confidence, to make allowances for the difficulties of my task; and that these difficulties are real and not imaginary, even my informants discovered when invited to bring forth the old stored-up treasures.

I have endeavoured to avoid gross errors—certainly none have been wilfully allowed to creep in. Should some of my remarks be deemed a matter of opinion, well, they are fair game for the critics, especially those of the destructive type. No doubt I have arrived at some wrong conclusions and made some mistakes, but here let me retort: "The man who never made a mistake never made anything." I have at least endeavoured to publish only the truth, some of which has been hushed up in the past, but in doing so I have borne in mind the principle involved in the words "Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

I have felt obliged in some cases, for want of verification, to discard some stirring incidents and pretty embellishments which would, no doubt, have added much to the interest with which these pages of local history will be read. In conclusion, let me bespeak once more a kindly interest in this work and a tender, charitable judgment on—

Yours sincerely,
THE AUTHOR.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
CHAPTER	I—INTRODUCTORY	1
,,	II—AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING	7
,,	III—THE ANCIENT PEOPLE	32
,,	IV—DOWN THE AGES	62
,,	V—THE LAND OF THE FAIRIES	80
,,	VI—TALES OF TE RAWHITI	101
,,	VII—WAIKAREMOANA	116
,,	VIII—RELIGION AND CUSTOMS	144
,,	VIII—RELIGION AND CUSTOMS—(CONTINUED)	162
,,	IX—THE STORY OF THE PA	194
,,	X—DAYS OF THE MOA	219
,,	XI—THE COMING OF KAHUNGUNU	250
,,	XI—THE COMING OF KAHUNGUNU—(CONTD.)	275
,,	XII—NATIVE WARS AND RAIDS	291
,,	XII—NATIVE WARS AND RAIDS—(CONTINUED)	328
,,	XIII—EARLY DAYS	350
,,	XIII—EARLY DAYS—(CONTINUED)	363
,,	XIV—TOWN AND COUNTRY	390
,,	XV—VARIOUS INSTITUTIONS	422
,,	XVI—THE BAR AND THE SHIPPING	456
,,	XVII—ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF HAUHAUISM	473
,,	XVIII—TE KOOTI RIKIRANGI	501
,,	XVIII—TE KOOTI RIKIRANGI—(CONTINUED)	526
,,	XIX—MARUMARU AND TE KOPANE	561
,,	XX—DEFENCE OF WAIROA	583
,,	XXI—OMARUNUI AND PETANE	600
,,	XXII—THE MOHAKA MASSACRE	612
,,	XXIII—FIRST UREWERA CAMPAIGN	632
,,	XXIV—HUNTING THE OUTLAW	652
,,	XXV—THE FINAL CAMPAIGN	672
,,	XXVI—END OF THE WAR	707
,,	XXVII—SOURCES OF POWER	713
,,	XXVIII—TUHOE AND THE MINER	732
,,	XXIX—THE AGE OF PROGRESS	739
,,	XXX—FARMERS AND THE LAND	765
,,	XXXI—APPENDIX	781

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CHRONOLOGICAL EVENTS

CONNECTED WITH OR BEARING ON THE HISTORY OF WAIROA AND THE EAST COAST.

950—Kupe "discovers" New Zealand (about).
1200—Toi and Whatonga first settle New Zealand (about).
1220—Manaia and Nuku arrive in New Zealand and bring Polynesian food plants (about).
1250—Moriori (or Maioriori) colonise Chatham Island.
1350—Arrival of "The Historic Fleet" (about).
1400—Siege of Maunga-a-kahia pa, Mahia (about).
1500—Tuwhirau sails from New Zealand for Polynesia.
Potiki I reigned in Tuhoe Land (about).
1620—Reign of Murakareke (about)
1630—Maru-iwi tribe in full power (about).
1640—Pahiko and others sail for "Hawaiiki."
1642—Tasman visits New Zealand.
1660—Ana Puta-puta fight (about).
1769—Cook lands at Turanganui.
1806—Ship "Venus" visited the East Coast. She had been taken by convicts at Port Dalrymple, Tasmania. This gave rise to the Nga-Puhi and southern expedition.
1818—Hongi's and Morenga's great expedition to the East Cape.
1819—Death of Whati-uru and Te Ohu Mauri.
Death of Te Wae-wae.
Mahia killed at Papuni (about).
1820—Capture of Pa Hoko-a-nui.
Patuone, Nene, and Te Rauparaha raid Taranaki and Wellington.
Maize introduced and grown in Tuhoe Land.
1822—Pomare's visit to the Urewera Country.
Fall of Roto-a-Tara to Te Heuheu.
1823—Te Wera Hauraki settles at Mahia.
Papakai, Pukehuia, and Whakaari fights (about).
1824—Fall of Te Whetumatarau pa, near East Cape, to Pomare.
Fall of Te Pakake, Port Ahuriri.
Death of Te Toroa and Rangi-wai-tatao at Pukekaroro.
Te Mau-tara-nui visits the Bay of Islands.
Fall of Titirangi.
Fall of Moumoukai.
Defence of Kaiuku.
1826—Death of Te Mau-tara-nui at "The Feast of Eels."
Battle of Pohatu-roa, Waihau, and death of Tu-Akiaki.
Battles of Rangihoua and Whare-o-koro, Wairoa Heads.
1831—Haramiti's expedition.
1834—Bishop Williams' first visit to the East Cape.
1836—Battle of Toko-a-kuku.
1840—Treaty of Waitangi signed, February 5.
1846—Capture of Te Rauparaha at Porirua, and kept a prisoner on a warship for a year.
1847—Rev. G. Preece established mission at Te Whaiti.
1849—Huia-rau forest burned.
1852—Rev. G. Preece abandoned Te Whaiti.
1856—Papuni Lake burst (about).
1858—New Provinces Act passed, August 21, and Hawke's Bay established.
1863—Acceptance of colonial responsibility for Native affairs, November.
Defeat of Natives at Rangiriri; 183 surrendered.
Kopu attempts to seize Waikaremoana.

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1864—Capture of Orakau, Waikato, by General Cameron, April 2.
Attack on Gate pa, April 29. Repulse of the British, but pa abandoned in the night.
Capture of Te Ranga, near Tauranga, by Lieutenant-colonel Greer, 68th Regiment, June 21.
1865—Murder of Rev. C. S. Volkner at Opotiki by Kereopa Te Rau, March 2.
Submission of Wiremu Tamihana Te Waharoa, June 8.
Capture of Kairomiromi pa by Fraser's "Fighting Fifty," March 2; 87 rebels killed.
Battle of Te-o-maru-hakeke (Marumaru). Death of Captain Hussey and Wi Christie, December 25.
Fall of Waerenga-a-Hika; 800 prisoners taken.
Fight at Te Tapiri, Te Whaiti.
1866—Battle of Te Kopane, January 18. Defeat of rebels.
Submission of rebels Te Heuheu and Herekiekie, Taupo.
Fighting at Omarunui and Petane, October 12.
1868—Seizure of "Rifleman" by Maori prisoners under Te Kooti, July 4.
Murder of the "Scouts" at Whataroa.
Poverty Bay massacre, November 10; 32 Europeans killed.
Paparatu fight. Defeat of Gisborne forces.
Battle of Puketapu. Te Kooti defeats Whitmore.
Battle of Makaretu. Defeat of Te Kooti.
Nama, rebel chief at Whataroa, killed.
1869—Fall of Ngatapa, Lieutenant-colonel Whitmore and Major Ropata; 136 rebels killed.
Mohaka massacre, April 10; a number of Europeans and Natives killed.
Surprise and defeat of Te Kooti at Ahikereru, Tuhoe Land, May 6.
Lieutenant-colonel Herrick's expedition left Wairoa for Waikaremoana.
Capture of Te Harema pa by Whitmore's retreating force; 50 prisoners taken.
Pononga Hill, September 27. Defeat of Te Kooti by Captain St. George, Lieutenant Preece, and Henare Tomoana.
Porere fight; death of Captain St. George, two Wanganui Natives, and Komene, an Arawa sub-chief.
1870—Capture of Maraetahi pa (Urewera Country) by Kemp and Topia, March 25; 19 rebels killed and 73 taken prisoner.
Urewera surrendered to Mair and Preece, April 17.
Surrender of Paerau-Te-Rangikaitipuake and Whenuanui to Mair and Preece.
Te Waru Tamatea surrenders to Preece and Gascoigne at Horomanga.
1871—Capture of Kereopa Te Rau (the murderer of Rev. C. S. Volkner) by the Ngati-Porou in the Urewera Country.
Waipaoa fight, August 19; rebels defeated by Preece and Mair.
Opokere fight, Maunga-Pohatu.
1872—Execution of Kereopa Te Rau at Napier, January 5.
Last shot fired in the Maori War, at Mangaone, near Waikaremoana, February 14—Preece.
Escape of Te Kooti, with nine followers, to Te Kuiti ("King" Country), May 10.
1876—Provinces abolished and Wairoa County created, November 1.
1883—Amnesty to Maori political offenders, February 13.
1893—Death of Te Kooti, aged 79, April 17.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
Illustrious Maori Chiefs	Frontispiece
A Beauty Spot, Lake Waikaremoana	80
A Busy Day at the Port, 1912	400
A Day among the Ducks	424
A Famous Canoe—"Te Toki-a-Tapiri"	65
A Full Board—Wairoa Freezing Works	776
A Beauty Spot, Morere	721
Ancient and Modern Shipping	776
Ancient Maori "Dwelling"	200
Ancient Moriori, Chatham Islands	656
Anglican Vicarage, 1921	736
A-niwa-niwa River, Waikaremoana	424
A-niwa-niwa Falls, Waikaremoana	80
A Relic of Past Days	304
Armed Constabulary Uniform, Maori War Days	656
Band Rotunda, Coronation Square	744
Bank of New Zealand, Wairoa	1
Barnet Burns, the First White Trader	352
Barnet Burns, the Tattooed White Chief	353
Battle of Taupara—Opening Stage	273
Borough Council Chambers, 1921	744
Borough Power Station, 1921	744
Bride's Veil Fall, Waikaremoana	128
Captain St. George, N.Z.C.	664
Captain G. Mair, N.Z.C.	664
Captain Porter and Friendlies	177
Carroll Street, North Clyde, 1925	305
Carved Figure, Nuhaka	176
Carved Figure, Whakaki	176
Chatham Island Escapee	25
Chief Horomona	656
Christ Church (Anglican), Frasertown, 1925	736
Clyde Hotel in the 'Sixties and in 1921	384
Clyde Hotel, 1921	384
Colonel Porter, C.B.	505
Cooling the Beef at the Works	777
Coronation Square, Anzac Day, 1921	360
Crossing at Frasertown, Early Days	344
Crossing the Bar, 1912	768
Crossing the Wairoa in the 'Seventies	345
Cutting a Passage to the Sea	424

Digitized by Google

	Page
Dalgety and Co.'s Stores and Offices	737
Death of Rakahanga at Te Reinga	105
District High School Buildings, 1925	745
Donald McLean, "The King-Breaker"	217
Early Wairoa Trader in the 'Sixties	400
East Coast Railway Route	744
Endeavouring to "Block" the Bar	424
Fighting Uniform, 1914-1918	216
Fine Day's Catch of Trout	88
Fine Drove of Cattle on Wairoa-Napier Road	760
Fine 22-pointer shot at Mahia	424
First Train-load from Wairoa	752
First Wairoa Ballroom	384
Frasertown (Border) Hotel	304
Freezing Works—Sheep Slaughter-house	776
Gaiety Theatre, Wairoa, 1925	384
Hame Te Hau, Nuhaka	257
"Happy Jack," an Old-time Whaler	368
Hawke's Bay Farmers' Co-operative Stores	744
Herrick's Redoubt, Waikaremoana	88
H.M.S. "New Zealand" off the Wairoa Bar	320
Hone Te Wainohu	664
Hon. J. D. Ormond, Superintendent Hawke's Bay Province	504
Huramua Picnic Party	752
Ihaka Makahue	216
In Old Wairoa—Residence of Q.M.S. J. Hird	336
Interior Power-house, Tuai, Waikaremoana	752
Isle of the Dead—Waikaremoana	80
"Joe" Carroll, Father of Sir James Carroll	361
Kahauroa (Scamperdown) Bridge, Frasertown	744
Kereopa Te Rau, Murderer of Rev. C. S. Volkner	216
Kiri-o-pukai, Waikaremoana	128
Kopu's Pa, Te Hatepe	200
Lake House, Waikaremoana	113
Lake Waikare-iti	80
Landing from the "Tangaroa"	752
Liner "Port Albany" in Roadstead	761
Loading the Liner "Waiwera"	720 & 760
Loading the "Waiwera"	753
Lovely Marau-iti, Waikaremoana	88
Lower A-niwa-niwa Falls, Waikaremoana	128
Major Kemp (Keepa), a Valiant Officer	664
Major Keepa Rangihiwinui	656
Major Ropata, N.Z.C.	664
Major-general Sir G. S. Whitmore	504

Digitized by Google

	Page
Maori Art—Mr. H. Hill's Collection	176 & 177
Maori Fighting "Uniform," 1870	216
Maori Prisoners for the Chathams	657
Maoris Bound for Heretaunga	440
Maori Weapons—Mr. H. Hill's Collection	425
Marau-iti, Waikaremoana	88
Mangapoike Bridge, Opouiti	768
Marine Parade Central, 1925	337
Marine Parade Central, looking East	336
Marine Parade Central—Another View	336
Marine Parade in the 'Seventies and in 1921	344
Marine Parade, 1921	336
Same Site in 1925	337
Marine Parade West in the 'Sixties	385
Same Site, Wairoa County Club, 1921	385
Mayor Corkill Addressing the Assemblage	768
Meiha Maahu, Wairoa Chief	208
Moa Remains—Tracks and Trackers	237
Modern County Transport	304
Modern Maoris at Te Reinga	201
Modern Liner "Port Denison," 10,500 tons	776
Mohaka in the 'Seventies	360
Mohaka Viaduct, on Route East Coast Railway	744
Mokena Kohere, Friendly Waiapu Chief	664
Monument to Ihaka Whaanga at Nuhaka	400
Monument to Kopu at Wairoa	400
Monument to late T. Carroll	504
Monument to Lieutenant Alexander Ormond	657
Moonlight on Waikaremoana	120
Mrs. Eria Turanga's Residence, Wairoa	200
Motu Ngarara, in Wairaumoana	121
New Zealand Bush Scene at Morere Hot Springs	712
New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company	736
Nikau Palm Grove, Morere	712
North Clyde (now Carroll St.) in the 'Seventies and 1925	305
Officers, Hawke's Bay Military Settlers	209
Old Clyde Hotel and the "Cottage"	321
Onepoto, Waikaremoana	88
On the Wairoa, near Te Reinga	720
Opening of St. Joseph's Convent	768
Opoutama Beach Resort	360
Our Ancestors	32
Overhanging Rocks, Waikaremoana	721
Paerau Te Rangikaitipuake, Urewera	665
Pa Kairomiromi, Waiapu	200
Panapa, the Omarunui Tohunga	256
Panoramic View of Wairoa, 1925	1
Pa Nuhaka—Early Pakeha Days	201

Digitized by Google

	Page
Pa-Te-Kaha, off Te Puna Bay	120
Picturesque Fall	81
"Port Denison," Liner, at Waikokopu	776
Port Waikokopu—"Parera" and "Ruru"	760
Potatau Te Wherowhero, First Maori King	256
Primary Products for London	776
P.S. "Manaia" at Scamperdown, Frasertown	752
Railway Yards at Waikokopu	760
Ready for the Fray	656
Rebel Chief, Te Waru Tamatea	216
Reflections, Waikaremoana	81
Reflections, Wairaumoana	112
Renata Kawepo, Loyal Chief	257
Residence of Wairoa's First Mayor	336
Rev. Wepiha Wainohu, Padre of Pioneer Battalion	505
Rev. E. Regnier, First Catholic Priest	360
Rev. W. Lambert, B.A., First Anglican Minister	360
Rev. P. J. Riddle, Second Presbyterian Minister	360
Rewi Maniapoto at Orakau	208
Riverside (Ferry) Hotel in the 'Sixties and in 1925	344
"Rowley" Hill, N.Z.C.	505
Ruataniwha Pa	208
Ruatahuna Pa	137
Scamperdown (Kahauroa) Bridge	744
Scene on Wairoa, near Opouiti	720
Scene on the Wairoa, near Frasertown	720
Scene of Ruakituri Fight	664
Schooner "Te Aroha" Working Waikokopu	320
Scows Crossing the Bar	321
Sergeant-major Smyth, of "The Fighting Fifty"	200
Ship Rock, Waikaremoana	712
Sir James Carroll, K.C.M.G.	361
Sir James Carroll's Birthplace	272
S.S. "Ruru," First Vessel to Berth at Wharf	753
Statue to Rev. Henare Wepiha Wainohu	504
Sternpiece of Maori War Canoe	104
Stores and Offices of Williams and Kettle	736
Storm Rising on Waikaremoana	120
St. Andrew's Church and Schoolroom	768
St. Andrew's Church (Presbyterian), 1921	769
St. John's Maori Church at Te Uhi, 1921	736
St. Paul's (Anglican) Church, 1921	745
St. Peter's (Catholic) Church, Queen Street	736
Suburbs of Wairoa, 1921	720
Surfing on the Wairoa Beach	400
Tai-Kahutia, Whenuariri's Pa at Ohuia	368
Tama-te-Rangi Bridge replaces Punt	344
Tamihana Te Waharoa, "The King-maker"	217

Digitized by Google

	Page
"Tangaroa" Crossing the Bar, 1921	320
Taraia Ngakuti, Last Cannibal Chief	216
"Te Aroha," Schooner, Crossing Wairoa Bar	320
Te Horinga, near Te Puna	129
Te Kemara, Chief of Ngati-Hikairoa	256
Te Kooti's Runanga House	112
Tera Paikea, Sacred Burial Site at Mahia	713
Te Rahui Lake, Waikare-iti	80
Te Reinga Falls	712
Te Tahi-o-te-Rangi Pa, Ruatahuna	136
Te Tangi-o-te-Hinerau Falls	88
Te Ua Haumene, of the Pai Marire	256
Te Uhi Pa in the 'Seventies	208
Te Whaia-o-te-Motu	112
The Author	ix
The Avenue, Morere Thermal Springs	713
"The Avenue," Napier-Wairoa Road	712
"The Chief," Deer-stalking	504
The Coming of the Maoris	64
"The Curtain," Mangaone Caves	712
The Elysium, 1975	785
The Enemy in Council	89
The Ferry Hotel, 1925	344
The "Hongi," or Maori Salutation	176
The Moa (Reconstructed)	224
The Nurses' Home, 1925	1
The Outlet, Waikaremoana	89
The "Ravenswood," Wairoa's First Hotel	320
The Waikaremoana Expedition	209
The Wairoa at Turiroa	360
The Wairoa Band in Early Days	424
Tiopira Kaukau, Wairoa	665
Two Urewera Tohungas	136
Typical Half-castes	401
Typical Mahia Half-caste	368
Typical Urewera Half-caste	208
Typical Wairoa Half-caste in the 'Seventies	176
Under Which Flag?	208
Union Bank of Australia, Wairoa	1
Waikaremoana, from Lake House	80
Waikokopu, from the Sea	752
Waikokopu Inner Harbour, 1975	793
Wairoa Botanical Gardens, 1975	784
Wairoa Bridge, 1921	345
Wairoa Co-operative Dairy Factory, Ltd.	737
Wairoa County Hospital, 1925	1
Wairoa Freezing Works, 1924	776, 777
Wairoa from the North, 1900 and 1921	304

Digitized by Google

	Page
Wairoa Harbour, 1975	784
Wairoa Hotel in the 'Sixties	384
Wairoa Hotel, 1925	384
Wairoa, looking West, 1924	720
Wairoa Post Office in the 'Seventies	400
Wairoa Post Office, 1924	769
Wairoa River Harbour, 1975	792
Wairoa School in the 'Eighties	336
Wairoa State School Buildings, 1921	336
Wairoa-Waiau Junction in 1870	656
Wharf, showing Liner and Meat-trucks	760
Whititaua, the God of Plenty	112
William Morris, Mohaka Whaler	425
Wiremu Kingi (William King)	256

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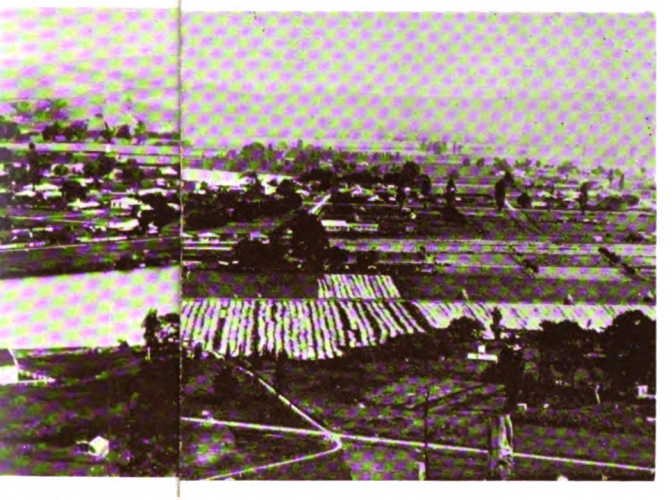

Vairoa, Hawke's

Bank of Australia, 1921

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Story of Old Wairoa.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

LAND AHEAD!—THE EARLY DAWN—A SCENE OF BEAUTY—OVER THE BAR—LIFE ON SHORE—ANCHORED AT LAST.

The early history of Te Wairoa appears to be somewhat shrouded in mystery, for the reason, perhaps, that it was a purely Native territory long after the southern portion of Hawke's Bay was settled by the white man; and even when comparative civilization reigned at Mohaka, Te Wairoa, north of the Waihua, was peopled only by the brown sons of the soil. For this reason, besides others which it is not necessary to mention, it is very difficult at the present time to ascertain who was the very first European to settle in this district. Whether it was one particular settler or a party of settlers is not at all clear. However, it is fitting that I first give my readers some description of the district itself, as it must have appeared to the first white man to visit its shores; and how shall I attempt it, since the first white man who set foot in this portion of the realms of the Maori must long since have been gathered to his fathers? Therefore flights of fancy, founded more or less on fact, must, to a certain extent, be indulged in at this stage.

As we stand off and on in a small but well-found craft, floating lazily upon the heaving bosom of the blue waters of Hawke's Bay, we may be permitted, without asking pardon, to indulge in one of these flights of fancy, more often allowed to the poetical than to the prose writer, though why this should be I cannot tell.

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Land Ahead!

While yet the dark pall of night, adorned with but a few of the major stars, hangs over us, the silvery masses, silently and almost unobserved, gradually hide themselves from the now approaching and all-searching eye of Day, and our vessel nears her destination, the desired haven of all on board.

Cruising backwards and forwards during the lull which prevails near the coast, with the wind off shore, our sails flap idly as our vessel rolls, and now and again the blocks and running rigging creak and groan as though they hated to be idle, and longed to hear the order to brace up all sharp for a tack to windward. We know the shore is not far off, and as we draw in still nearer we try to fancy what the unknown land is like.

. . . . . .

Now we can hear, in the still hours just before the dawn, the ceaseless beating of the surf upon a shingly shore as the long, undulating rollers gently lift our vessel up and gracefully glide shorewards, while the swish borne back on the ether betrays, not a rock-bound coast, but an unbroken shingle-bed. We can even hear the rush of running waters making their way to the restless, illimitable ocean on whose bosom we gently float.

. . . . . .

Early Dawn.

Now the first beams of the orb of day illumine the scene before us, hitherto shut out from our ken by the almost impenetrable darkness. The hours, on the silent world of ocean, wing their flight with surprising quickness, and as daylight strengthens we can see, though yet but dimly, the long line of surf breaking gently upon an extended shingle-spit, joining, apparently, two headlands, one on the right hand and the other on the left(1). There before us lies Aotearoa (the Long Daylight) of the ancient Maori immigrant from the beautiful islands of the South Seas. The sloping beach glistens under the rays of the rising sun, as it shines upon the pebbles and shells on the spray-covered shore.

A Scene of Beauty.

How beautiful it all looks to the student of Nature as morn sows the earth with Orient pearl, and what contrasts appear on every hand! Here and there amid the flotsam and jetsam cast up from the ocean there lie the bleached or bleaching skeletons of what had once been gigantic whales. Men in semi-sailor garb, with rough hands, hard-looking faces and unkempt heads and beards, feed the fires of driftwood under a row of huge iron vessels like witches' cauldrons. The ascending odours, however,

(1). Whakai-ihu-Pakake and Rangihoua.

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are neither appetising nor pleasing to any of the senses with which a beneficent Nature has endowed us. It is, indeed, so far, the only thing of man we have seen, and the sounds from the whalers' camp, even in the early morn, are a discord with the scene before us. Shorewards the everlasting hills stand up before our vision, clothed in light mixed bush from the summits almost to the bases, except where the rivulet winds its way downward like silver embroidery on a mantle of green. The lights and shadows claim our attention at once as they become modified by the rising sun. Away in the far distance, but somewhat to the west, blue-tinted peaks, apparently of volcanic origin, tower skywards like titanic sentinels standing on a platform of fleecy clouds, as if guarding the inheritance of Nature to the west. No smoking vapour ascends from the mighty crater now, if crater it be, nor are there any rivers of lava pouring down its scarred and broken sides. The once boiling cauldron of water, or mayhap mud, is now probably filled with delightfully fresh and cool water distilled in the clouds above the mighty basin, for we can but imagine the once gigantic forces which hurled out huge rock masses and flung them down into the valleys, all to take a fresh step in the onward geologic march. No scoria, pumice or mud disfigures the sides of the various peaks—all is clothed in living green.

Right before us, to the north, there stands out a range of mountains(2) which looks as though it had been cleft along the backbone by a sword in the hands of some powerful giant, like those who might have lived on the weird mountain-side when Mother Earth was young. A dense white cloud envelops all the low-lying country from the hills almost to the sea. This white pall of the early morning is only broken by the sharp-pointed peaks which pierce it; and here and there by the umbrageous heads of giant trees, the sacred kahikatea(3), matai, rimu and others, which push their leafy heads through the fog as though they would be first in the embrace of the glorious orb. In the immediate foreground trees show through the fog-pall as bare, blackened and burnt, withal mute witnesses to some act of savagery which destroyed their rare beauty for ever.

(2). Wakapunake.

(3). Reference to the white pine, a noble tree, brings to mind a legend held by the Ngati-Potiki tribe to account for its origin. It is believed that a chief named Pouranga-hua was blown out to sea in his canoe, and was cast ashore on a strange island, which proved to be Hawaiiki, the fabled place from which the Maoris came to New Zealand. He lived there for some time and was treated kindly by the inhabitants, but longed for his wife and home. He asked a great bird, Tawhaitari, to carry him to New Zealand. It agreed to do so. When they were close to the mainland, he stretched his hand under the bird's wing, pulled out some of the downiest and best feathers, and threw them into the ocean. A lofty tree sprang from the feathers. It still bears fruit in the midst of the waters. A branch was broken from it by the wind and was thrown up on shore. From that branch came all the white pine forests in New Zealand.

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As we survey the scene before us, and take in the varied details, we discern some of the living monarchs of the forest, singly and in clumps, spread out their green branches interlaced with the sweet-smelling clematis, the rough-looking trunks beautifully set off by a luxuriant growth of tree ferns beneath. The bright green fronds are bent down with the weight of the myriads of dew-drops which scintillate like crystals dropped down overnight to earth from the hands of the Creator. . . . Now there springs up a light breeze from the south-east, skimming along on the tops of the wavelets from a jutting promontory towards the east, and gently but quickly dissipating the obscuring vapours which fly away towards the north-east on the wings of the morning. Every peak seems to kiss the sun, and the valleys appear to widen out to welcome it. . . . Now the not unmusical rush of water ceases, the pent-up river having found its level in the ocean, and the hitherto scurrying eddies are still, or almost so. It is high-water slack, in the parlance of those who go down to the sea in ships; we spread our sails to catch the favouring breeze, and our vessel again moves onward. Heeling over slightly under the press of canvas, she mounts the rollers on the sandbar and enters a noble river about three-quarters of a mile wide inside the shingle barrier.

Over the Bar.

Here the first object that meets our view is a victim of the bar in one of its worst moods—the hull of a large vessel partly buried in the sand, her masts seeming to lean towards us as though they would cry "Beware!" But Nature this magnificent morning favours us, even if it destroyed her in the seething waters of the bar in a great storm, and our vessel is gently wafted onwards. As we pass up the river the fogs begin to lift higher and higher until they are absorbed by the sun, and we discern the low-lying flats covered with flax, toetoe and manuka—aftergrowths of the great dead forest. Here and there stand groups of the gnarled "ngaio," the graceful cabbage palm, or the still more striking "nikau," the latter bearing leaf rings indicating the growths of perhaps hundreds of years—growths which might never have been noticed when the great forest hid the light of the sun from its depths, and when myriads of birds sang in the topmost branches. Now, most of the taller growths, the work of the centuries, seem blasted by fire, and only the minor and later growths remain to tell us what it must have been like in the days gone by ere man came upon the scene with the axe and the matchbox.

As we proceed, aided by an increasing breeze, we leave on our left hand a small wooded island, with several huts thereon, fit residence for some Native recluse, or tohunga practising in secret his mystic incantations. On the banks, well above the

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pellucid stream which ripples gently on the pebbles, there stand tall poles and palisades, the latter "ornamented" with grotesque if not indecent figures of the human form carved out of wood by cunning workmen, fit adornments, indeed, for the fighting pa of some famous warrior-chief. Here and there curl up skywards wreaths of smoke from Native settlements by the waterside, showing that life in abundance exists here. We discern, in an opening in the flax, a young dusky form lying prone, his hands grasping a long, slender rod, at the end of which dangles a noose prepared for the handsome long-legged "pukeko"(4) which strides along unsuspectingly in search of his morning meal. But, alas! curiosity is punished and patience rewarded as the noose tightens on the neck of the biped, and the strangled bird is borne off to the neighbouring pa and the "haangi."

Life on Shore.

Then we catch sounds on shore to the left like the laughter of many children, and to the right sounds of women wailing in concert, evidently mourning for their dead. We cannot see the mourners, but the cry, so like the Irish "keen," unmistakably impresses us as the notes of sorrow rise and fall on the breezes of a summer morning. Higher up the river we proceed, leaving the contradictory sounds behind us; and now further evidences of life are seen. On the banks, attached to long poles set in the ground stretch ropes, on which are suspended dried fish, or strips of some large animal. Near by are women, scantily clad, cleaning various vegetables and roots in a dug-out boat filled with water, while Native ovens, sunk in the ground, and filled with red-hot stones, are steaming in all directions like so many miniature geysers. Now we hear the swish of the "kahawai" as he breaks the surface of the placid water in springing at some passing object of prey. Just ahead of our vessel small canoes, each carrying one man, dart hither and thither with surprising swiftness. The paddlers, dressed only in Nature's best and most lasting material, are making a holiday of their work, for ever and anon they give vent to joyous whoops as they haul in the finny captives—"the children of Tangaroa"—attached to the flax lines trailing the alluring "paua" shell bait. The scene is one of animation, and of beauty, too, as the river sparkles in the glorious sunlight. For though the sun had not long risen(5) there came from the low bush on the hillside a magnificent chorus of bird-welcome;

(4). Called in Wairoa "Pakura." This bird is not indigenous to New Zealand, but it is said to have been brought in one of the canoes from Hawaiiki.

(5). Certainly one of the greatest charms possessed by Old New Zealand—at least to those who had ears to hear—was the song of the birds, songs of which poets might well rave and write. They usually began about two o'clock in the morning, and continued until about sunrise or a little after; and though the choristers were numerous and not of one but many families, yet the general effect was one magnificent harmony. Never shall I forget the first time I heard the Waikaremoana bell-birds sing in wondrous chorus.

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though had they but known what the coming of the white man meant to them, not a note would the bell-bird(6), the tui, or the many hundreds of New Zealand songsters have uttered.

Anchored at Last.

And now we hear, in an unfamiliar tongue, words which sound like those of welcome, and as *Haere mai! haere mai! hoe mai! hoe mai! haere mai! e-te-pa-ke-ha, haere mai!* fall upon our ears, we drop anchor at the first bend we reach(7). Our voyage in the misty realms of fancy is over, and we embark on one of actual discovery, and perhaps disillusionment. Who knows?

(6). Makomako.
(7). Kaimango (now "Spooner's Point").

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CHAPTER II

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

A Lost Continent—The Wragge Theory—The Great Cataclysm—The Park Theory—The Wairoa Evidence—The Great Sinkage—Maori Evidence—The Wairoa Plain—A Day of Terror—Local Details—The Local Geology.

Very many ages ago, away in the far-distant past, when Nature was her own and perhaps her only historian, great changes in the configuration of the Earth took place, more especially in this hemisphere, where the changes were more violent than gradual. In those far-off ages, when the Earth was comparatively young, and when Nature wrote her records in the oozy silts, in the coal measures, or in the limestones, the foot-prints of the Creator and Architect of the Universe were left for us to read, and measure, in the light of the knowledge and understanding with which He has endowed us, His crowning handiwork. At a time, perhaps, when gigantic birds, beasts and reptiles covered the Earth, this land we call New Zealand lay beneath the ocean waiting for the order of the Creator to come forth and fulfil the part allotted to it.

But this is not a geological treatise, or a book wherein to treat fully of the various æons, of strata upon strata and the fauna and flora of bygone times, but I must perforce travel a little way along this line in order that the reader may obtain even a slight insight into the geological history of the land in which we live. Enough that I submit a simple sketch, imperfect, no doubt, and perhaps largely speculative in the fields of geological science, but sufficient at least to whet the appetite of the young enquirer, and lead him or her into regions where rich treasures await the gathering. If I but tempt one to go out with an inquiring mind, a hammer and a specimen bag, to endeavour to wrest from Nature some of her many secrets, then shall I not have penned these lines in vain. Someone has said that New Zealand has no history, and no wild flowers(1). Is this true? I think not, and it is for the young men of this generation to prove by enquiry both statements wrong.

(1). Those who think so should read Mrs. Featon's beautiful book in the local library, or Drummond's standard work.

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A Lost Continent.

There can be no doubt that at one time in far-distant ages there existed in this hemisphere a great continent, of which New Zealand formed a part(2). It had its great mountain chains, volcanoes, lakes hot and cold, besides many mighty river systems, and our own Cook Strait was itself one of the great rivers of this vast continental area—a magnified, magnificent lost Southern Atlantis—once bearing on its bosom the flotsam and jetsam of the Primæval Age, and perhaps the dug-out canoes or bark boats of prehistoric man. A part, it may possibly have been, of an old southern continent that reached from near Australia almost to South America; indeed, it seems to have reached out well to the westward, almost down to Antarctica, and embracing all the many islands which are best known as the Polynesian home of the ancient Maori.

Although in the population of these islands, past and present, we may find some Australian characteristics, I would not go so far as to positively assert that New Zealand and Australia were ever connected; but certainly the Malayan and Antarctic continents were.

Recent discoveries in Australia prove this to a great extent. On the Darling Downs was found a skeleton of very great age, of which Mr. Watson, a London palæontologist, said:—"In any case, however, its interest was remarkable for its undoubted association with the missing-link question. It was also interesting that such a discovery should have been made in Australia, as showing that Australia had a population ages before New Zealand was peopled by anything but large birds. The skull was a relic of the Pleistocene or great Ice Age, traces of which are still to be seen on the mountain-tops of New Zealand, New South Wales, and Tasmania. It was too early yet," added Mr. Watson, "to announce any conclusion in regard to the discovery, but it was obviously of as great importance as any of the famous finds in Europe of prehistoric men. The face was extraordinarily powerful, and was typically human so far as the skull was concerned, and it had an enormous muzzle and a great square jaw. The skull resembled that of a young chimpanzee as much as anything else." "No," said Mr. Watson, in conclusion, "I can give no idea as to the time, but you can rest assured he lived quite a long time ago." Again, there is the fact that the Darling Downs is the home of many celebrated fossils. A few years

(2). Professor Nathorst, of Stockholm, perhaps the greatest authority on fossil plants, declares that in the Jurassic period—that is, when the Queensland and Victorian coal measures were formed—there was more or less continuous land from Australia and Tasmania to the South Pole, and he also adds that there was, no doubt, at the same time a large area uniting Franz Joseph Land and Spitzbergen, and both these islands with England! Compare these distances with the 1,625 miles only which separate Auckland and Rarotonga, north-east of New Zealand—a mere nothing.

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ago the finding of the skull of a Talgai man set the world talking, while at different times, after a flood, the bones of many giant marsupials have been discovered on the banks of the Condamine River. During the sinking of wells, bones have been found at depths of scores of feet beneath the surface. The largest of the animals so far found is the giant Diprotodon, whose skull is about a yard in length. A few years ago, when a well was being sunk on the property of G. Kleidon, at Brigalow, the skull of a large animal was found at a depth of between 60 and 70 feet. Unfortunately the skull, which was minus the lower jaw, was broken into about 70 pieces during the well-sinking, but all that could be produced was forwarded to the Queensland Museum (Mr. H. A. Longman), and they demonstrate a new and surprising type of animal. The skull is about two feet in length, and an astonishing feature is its width, which is two inches more. Although undoubtedly allied to the group of fossil marsupials known as the Nototheriums, which are smaller than the Diprotodons, the Brigalow specimen stands out as a distinct type. In proportion of its skull it occupies a unique place in the whole mammalian group throughout the world, living or extinct, being relatively the widest-faced mammal known.

Nor is it a very severe stretch of the imagination to draw a line embracing Macquarie Island, Campbell Island, Antipodes and Chatham Islands, the Kermadecs, the Fijis, and other present-day island outposts bathed in glittering waters under a tropical sun.

A great continent it must have been to have included the moa and the rat, the flightless kiwi and the travelling kuaka(3), the banana and other tropical fruits, as well as the humble lichens and the eidelweiss of the Southern Alps. Suppose the flora and the fauna do in this age differ—and in many respects they are singularly similar—that, to my mind, only suggests the vastness of the continent to which I am referring, a continent the insular remains of which include the glacier and the alpine areas, the sun-burned hills and valleys, and the tropical growths in profusion. The mere fact that the eucalyptus family is indigenous to Australia and not to New Zealand proves nothing against the theory of a great southern continent, nor does the fact that the kauri does not grow in the south prove that the North and South Islands are not of equal age, though parted only by a narrow strait; but the discovery of kauri leaves in the southern coal measures proves a great deal(4). As a matter of

(3). Rewi on one occasion after Omarunui, speaking at Taraha's pa, Waiohika, compared himself to "the travelling kuaka."

(4). So does the fact that the kauri grows in Queensland, and bears a gum also. The timber is not so hard as the New Zealand kauri, nor is the gum of such good quality—the more rapid growth explains these two facts.

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fact, however, the North and South Islands are of different ages, for, geologically speaking, New Zealand is a bundle of contradictions([5]), and it has been shown that the lower rock systems of the south are very much older than those of the north.

The Wragge Theory.

The investigations and even the speculations of Mr. Clement Wragge regarding the old Lemurian continent are highly interesting and important, and I cannot join with a section of the New Zealand press and some savants in dismissing in quite an airy manner some of that gentleman's scientific theories. For it may be, as he states, that a vast and magnificent continent once linked up Asia and Malaya with Australia, New Zealand and America, and even then each part of the continent would produce the fauna and flora fitted for it. Those who have assumed, by geological deduction, that England, together with the greater part of Europe, once lay beneath a polar ice cap, can easily also understand that what we now call the South Pole was not just where Amundsen and the ill-fated Scott found it; if they did, they might assume wrongly. Like a certain ancient saying, there are more things in our philosophy than we even dream of. The late Clement Wragge, besides being a weather prophet of the alarmist type, once put forward a theory as to the origin of earthquakes to the effect that the earth in swinging round on its axis occasionally went out too far, and in wrenching itself back we got the earthquake. In setting out this theory he also put forward a rather singular but still a clever theory as to the use of the spiral by the ancient Maori people in their carving and tattooing. He says:—"Many million years ago the sun at the northern solstice was directly vertical over the North Pole, from which position it would spiral or gyrate. An early man of Aryan ground root race copied this solar motion in his personal adornment and also on his canoes, etc., and later migrated for Polynesia, then part of Lemuria, when by eccentricity in the earth's orbit the whole of the northern hemisphere thereafter became glacial, and the southern hemisphere genial in turn. There was a time when the elliptic surely cut the equator at right angles, and hereby lies an episode in the wondrous romance of the earth." During the Tertiary period the geographical configuration of the globe was steadily approaching that of the present day, but in the earlier part of that era there still existed the equatorial ocean, Tethys, and there is evidence that North Europe, North America, Asia, Australia, Africa and East India were probably severally united by land connections.

(5). Captain Bollons, when master of the "Tutanekai" not many years ago, found sedimentary rocks in the Macquarie Islands, about 600 miles southward of New Zealand. This is fairly good evidence that sedimentary rocks form a part of the group—another link in the chain of evidence to support the theory that New Zealand was once connected with a great Antarctic continent.

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As the period advanced, the earth's crust began to be folded up, giving rise to the Alps, Himalayas, Carpathians, and other great ranges. The climate in northern latitudes seems to have passed from temperate to subtropical, until towards the close a rapid lowering of temperature ushered in the Glacial period. There is evidence that a gigantic glacier once extended as far north as might be bounded by a line drawn from New Plymouth to Mahia. Thus it was, probably, that our country was bared of its limestones—swept off by the grinding of the glacier, and in the same way was the shingle carried along and left in patches.

Viewed in relation to man's position on the earth, no geological changes have had a more profound importance than those of the Glacial period, and the influence of this period on the distribution of plant and animal life in northern latitudes can hardly be overestimated. In the Glacial period all parts of the world suffered a marked lowering of temperature, accompanied in Northern Europe and North America by glacial conditions not unlike those which now characterize the polar regions. It was during the Tertiary period that the huge reptiles of the Secondary rocks vanished with great rapidity, while the mammals, hitherto small and of no great importance, suddenly assumed new forms, and appeared in great numbers and extraordinary variety. The only evidence which has been available to scientists up to the present is now generally accepted as carrying the existence of man into the period of post-glacial drift, in what is now called the Quaternary period, an antiquity of at least tens of thousands of years, but the existence of man beyond this time has been disputed heretofore; nor dare we deny that the whole or practically the whole of the South Island was a glaciated territory. Dr. Mawson's discovery of a belt of coal 1,200 miles long and 200 miles wide in Antarctica goes to show that in the earlier stages of the earth's history, before it began to cool off as we now find it, the present tropics were burning sand wastes, and the present poles temperate, or perhaps almost tropical, and producing that rich vegetation that laid down the coal beds Dr. Mawson found recently. And if polar exploration to the south should disclose the petrified remains of semi-tropical plants, or at least the growths of temperate regions, I should not be in the least surprised.

Without, therefore, touching on the theological aspect, or even suggesting—which I certainly do not—that religion and science do not agree, it is certain that "the world we live in" is much older than the best men of science have stated—all the best modern geologists admit this much—and the true "Story of the Earth and Man" has yet to be written. Hutton and Drummond suggest that in "The Animals of New Zealand." The

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writers there point out that towards the close of the Cretaceous period New Zealand was only a small group of islands with a scanty fauna and flora. Then in the Tertiary period it was elevated until it became a continent of great extent, stretching away north through New Caledonia and Fiji, joining the mainland at New Guinea. Then when this occurred, the birds moved south in almost countless numbers and in great variety. It is even contended that the moa reached New Zealand by way of South America, and I am not going to say it did not, but it may be that it came by way of the Austral-New Zealand bridge ages ago(6).

The Great Sinkage.

Be this as it may, it is clear that there did come a time(7) when some mighty convulsion of Nature, approaching a cataclysm, broke up the great continent into smaller ones, entirely sweeping away the river systems. The great lakes or inland seas vanished beneath the ocean waves and the sea rolled over all. But in place of the great continent there now only was left an almost innumerable host of islands with great volcanic peaks towering above the all-devouring sea, which hisses audibly for many miles as the red-hot lava falls into its almost fathomless depths. Micronesia, mayhap, was born at that time, the connection with Antarctica was severed, and New Zealand, instead of having been fished up by Maui, of Maori fable, was simply broken off, isolated and made ready for a higher race of men to dwell therein. Subsequently it became raised or lowered on one coast or the other according to the locale and force of the still smouldering subterranean influences(8). Naturalists tell us that when the "kuaka," or the godwit, already referred to, first began to migrate from New Zealand to Siberia the birds had many resting places which they now have not, but true to instinct they still migrate the same way though their stopping places, including the larger New Zealand, are now beneath the ocean.

(6). "New Zealand is a continental island that has been separated or isolated from neighbouring continents for an enormous length of time. . . . The connection with the former Malayan and Melanesian continent existed probably at the end of the Cretaceous or the beginning of the Eocene period; that is at a time of immense antiquity."—Marshall.

Professor Macmillan Brown, of Christchurch, said in a recent interview that his investigations led him to the conclusion that the Polynesians began to arrive on the Pacific coast of America when the race had still the blonde hair and blue eyes of which traces are still to be found in the Urewera Country in New Zealand, in the islands of the Pacific, and in South America. The islands of the Pacific had been sinking for thousands of years, and great bodies of the people migrated to find a new home in South America, probably about 10,000 years ago!

(7). In 1885 the coast line from Wellington to Cape Palliser, if not further, was elevated from five to nine feet, and in the case of, say, Ahuriri, it would not take a very great rise to again set the rivers flowing the other way.

(8). Marshall, already quoted, is quite emphatic in the belief that New Zealand has been alternately rising and falling under the slow heaving of the earth, and that in fact the foundations of the North Island, in particular, are unstable and in a state of change.

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A remarkable discovery has just been made as a result of the putting into operation of the Japanese mandate over the Caroline Islands by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles. Japanese scientists have discovered in the volcanic island (Caroline group) titanic architectural remains, and they say that the work was the work of Japanese of centuries ago. Scholars in England, if not in Japan, knew that there were such remains in the Caroline group, but the achievements were never till now attributed to the Japanese. The islands were discovered by the Portuguese nearly 400 years ago, taken in 1686 by the Spaniards, and sold by them in 1899 to the Germans, from whom the Japanese have now taken them over under the Peace Treaty. We have heard much of late of the mysterious gigantic sculptures of Easter Island, and the mystery is yet unsolved; but this puzzle of the Carolines is greater still. For the Japanese report that the architectural work on Ponape is of the most prodigious character. There is a castle there, they say, that must have taken thousands of men years to build in an age when there were no other stone buildings within hundreds of miles. They tell us of ruins 1,000 feet in length and 100 feet wide, within whose massive walls the sea ebbs and flows through what were once magnificent gardens. Without is the tropical jungle; within a veritable Venice of the Pacific. This mystery, of course, will have to be cleared up. How came such tremendous works there? How did the islands derive what must have been a teeming population? Whence did these people acquire their art, and what became of them? Were they, then, islands at all, or were they not part of a great lost continent? Enquiry into the Japanese claim is sure to result, and it may be that much light will yet be thrown not only on this lost continental area but on the birth of Micronesia generally. There was also another quest about to be undertaken by no less a personage than Sir Ernest Shackleton (now dead) for the location of two lost islands, one of them Tuanoki or Tuanaki. This island is mentioned in the traditions of Polynesia as an island to which many voyages were made in the days of the dim past, also that the Maoris used it as a resting point on some of their voyages to Aotea-roa; it is also stated that some of the canoes which visited Tuanaki never came back. The following islands were said by Maori tradition to be in one group:—Motutapu, Tohua, Porapora and the missing Tuanaki. The Mamari, the Nga-Puhi ancestral waka, is said to have called at Tuanaki to try and get the people there to cast in their lot with the emigrants for unknown lands to the west, but it does not appear they succeeded. In 1844 attempts were made to locate this island, a Mr. Williams having obtained some information about it from the Natives of Aitutaki; these claim to have visited the islands some years before. It now seems the island has gone

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the way of many others—to the bottom of the sea—and Sir Ernest Shackleton's quest was bound to be fruitless.

But though some may still deny it, there remains the fact that New Zealand was once beneath the sea, either wholly or in part, and probably more than once—for she herself supplies the evidence. The discovery of beds of diatomaceous earth at Middlemarch (Otago) and elsewhere goes a long way towards proving the statement, and the depth of the bed at the former place shows that it must have taken very many ages to form the deposit referred to. The diatomaceous earth is a species of white or buff-coloured rock or indurated clay, which easily powders. It is said—and no doubt correctly—to be composed of shells of unicellular organisms of minute size called diatoms —a very low form of life. They were first discovered in 1702, and their movements were more fully noted in 1782, but the invention of the compound microscope threw a new light on this most wonderful work of Nature. It was shown that these diatoms of most exquisite shape and pattern, these specks of dust invisible singly to the naked eye, live in enormous numbers at or near the surface of the sea in the cold, temperate, or even arctic latitudes, and the mud of the sea bottom is almost entirely composed in many localities of the shells of dead diatoms which have been falling for centuries upon centuries, in a steady increasing rain, from the surface of the sea to its bed. The very minuteness of these diatoms cannot but convince the reader that it must have taken an immense period to lay down a deposit of sixty or seventy feet, even though in some cases volcanic agency or the changes of temperature of the water may have hurried the process of aggregation or deposit—a not unlikely theory(9). Whence do we get all the limestone rocks if the whole country was not once beneath the ocean for ages upon ages? Whence came the oyster, scallop, mussel and cockle shells(10) embedded in the limestones if they were not fused into the rock by a fervent heat? What is the papa rock—to give it its popular name—but layers of mud laid down in successive strata, and in which we might expect to find the footprints of giant saurians or water fowl left there when these islands lay almost awash by the ocean? Why these dipping strata—once laid down level by Nature as by a cunning workman—if they were not tilted or folded over by later volcanic agencies? Sure evidences of these

(9). Man makes use of even these dead diatoms, and sometimes even in the deadly arts of war; for diatomaceous earth is used, not only as a polishing powder, called tripolite, and as a non-conducting material in connection with boilers, but for silicious glazed paints, and it forms an absorbent for nitro-glycerine in the manufacture of dynamite.

(10). In the huge boulders found in the North Auckland district there have been found no less than 45 kinds of fossilised shells of ammonites, closely related to those in such far-distant spots as India, California, and even Chile; these creatures are said to have lived at least 20 million years ago.

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conditions are to be found in the layer of pumice just above the clay, and superimposed on this the humus which makes the valleys and plains fertile areas for the sustenance and enjoyment of man, and wherein man's industry may cause the once wild spots of Earth to blossom as the rose. Poor, puny man! So great in his own imagination and estimation, and yet incapable of laying down even one of the many strata which have grown with the ages after a regular plan decreed by an All-wise Creator.

The Park Theory.

So much for my own speculations, and timidly as I put them forward, they have recently been more than borne out by Professor Park, of the Otago School of Mines. He holds, inter alia, that, although now so small and isolated, New Zealand possesses a geological record far more varied and complete than that of Australia. On the other hand, its structure is simple, and free from the complexities of the continental areas of the Northern Hemisphere. The central ranges, he says, have a very long history, but the low-lying lands have witnessed many changes. During the Tertiary Age New Zealand has been rising and sinking with great regularity, at one time extending out to sea so as to include New Caledonia on the one hand and the Macquaries on the south. At another time it was reduced to a long chain, with descending ridges, the seas being studded with islets. In the most recent geological age before that in which we now are, the South Island lay under an ice cap, and further back in time there was, apparently, continuous land connection with the Antarctic continent. What broke up the continental areas and converted them into islands? Submergence and subsidences. In the Bible—the oldest book record of geography—we are told that the earth was once without form, and void, or empty; that there were ages in which there were no great oceans to limit the spread of the human race; that afterwards the waters receded to the poles, and there they became frozen. Subsequently the earth was divided, the waters separated the people from each other, and many lands and cities, perhaps, were buried beneath the oceans, and only remnants of man's work like those at Easter Island remained to tell the story of vanished ages and vanished peoples and their art.

Professor Percival, of Freiberg University, who visited New Zealand several years ago, considers that in comparatively recent times, judged by geological periods—which may be anything from 10,000 to 100,000 years—New Zealand was raised from the bottom of the sea, Mount Eden (Auckland) furnishing the dead shells of molluscs still to be found on our shores. He fixes the upheaval in the Pliocene Age—the period when the Tahaenui and Springhill rocks were formed. At that time the lost

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Atlantis Continent was in existence. The Panama Isthmus, now the scene of canal-engineering triumphs, did not exist, and North and South America were separate islands. All the evidence, he says, points to the fact that the numerous scattered islands, including Easter Island, with its marvellous stone figures, must have formed part of a great continent, because insularity is against the spread of architectural knowledge. Owing to some stupendous volcanic action this great continent sank into the ocean bed, and New Zealand was raised above its level. Volcanoes belched for a time, but gradually became quiescent, and some day, perhaps, Ngauruhoe and Ruapehu may cease to act the part of safety valves for New Zealand, for seismic action, it is agreed, is on the decline.

The Wairoa Evidence.

However, just now, it is not of New Zealand as a whole, or even of any part of it, that I would treat, except the district known as Te Wairoa and its immediate hinterland. In it we find all the evidences needed to prove the theories I have advanced in bare outline. At Waikaremoana, and on the very highest peaks, may be seen, embedded in the rocks thrown out over the lip of the mighty basin(11), various kinds of shells which once housed living creatures when Waikaremoana was beneath the ocean, and many of these shellfish are identical with those left behind by the Maori migrants in the traditional Hawaiiki. The same thing may be found on the top of Te Whanui, on the old coast road from Mohaka to Napier, and on the Maungaharuru ranges; and although New Zealand is geographically young, there are rocks in her hill-tops and along her coasts which are of great age, especially in the "ika whenua" or backbone of the islands. The traveller to Napier via the coast road, who stands upon one of the hill-tops, cannot but observe that as far as the eye can reach there is nothing to be seen but a series of hills in almost regular lines, most of the valleys opening to the coast. Nearly all these hills appear to have about the same elevation, and a line laid across the tops of them for more than 25 miles would be almost level—in fact, the land here was once a great plain as it lay beneath the sea. Then when it was gradually heaved up it was for a time almost awash, and the action of water cut down all the softer strata, and left the harder rocks to form the hills as we now see them. In process of time, as

(11). Some authorities go the length of saying that Waikaremoana never exhibited any volcanic activity. It was formed during a great volcanic outburst, and landslides also contributed to the formation of the basin. Apparently a slip did occur on the eastern side of the outlet, but it is of much more recent occurrence. Waikaremoana was probably once a submarine volcano, and the sea dispersed most of the ejecta. Furthermore, the great depth of the lake bed forbids one to think of it only as a valley. At the same time I am not going to suggest that Waikaremoana was ever active since it rose from the sea, but who can say it was not when it lay beneath the ocean?

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the land continued to rise, rivers cut down the valleys still more, in their progress to the sea, and thus we get a serrated country, which had once been a plain, from Mohaka to Waikari(12).

The Great Cataclysm.

Mr. H. Hill, formerly Chief Inspector of Schools for Hawke's Bay, a geologist of no mean repute, and a keen enquirer into the arcana of Nature, corroborates in the main a great many of these generalizations (13). That gentleman, discussing the geological changes which took place in Hawke's Bay and the immediate coast line of Te Wairoa in the ages long gone by, points out that the east coast of this island, between East Cape and Cape Turnagain, at one time extended much further seaward than it does at the present time. So far indeed did it reach out into what we now call Hawke's Bay, that a mighty river, which he has named the Great Wairarapa, once flowed past the present mouth of the Wairoa River, of which the latter was but a tributary! This great river system rose in the back country to the westward of Poverty Bay, and flowed out a considerable distance to a point over which the ocean now rolls. Then trending away towards the south-east, the river made a bend to south by west, and flowed on past Mahia through what is now but a sandy isthmus, and thence through Hawke's Bay, and south-west into the valley bearing the historic name of Heretaunga, and then on to the Wairarapa. In its lengthened course it became swollen to considerable dimensions by the waters of the various rivers flowing from the highlands to the westward. These latter carried down, through many ages, perhaps, a considerable amount of silt, shingle and pumice, to be used up by Nature in forming plains of deposition. The high country was thus bared of its limestone covering as it existed at the end of the Pliocene period.

(12). It has always appeared to me a great pity that our modern writers will persist in writing the name of the district south of Mohaka as "Waikare," thus confusing it with the shortened name for Waikaremoana. "Waikari," as the name should be written, is synonymous with "Waikeri," and means a ditch. If used as two words—Wai (water) and Kari, to dig for or to rush along violently, as the river Waikari does.

(13). "The Great Wairarapa: A Lost River," by H. Hill, B.A., F.G.S., in the "Transactions of the New Zealand Institute," Vol. XLI, 1908.

Mr. Hill, in the maps illustrating the course taken by the Great Wairarapa, which he kindly permits me to reproduce, shows it as taking an almost straight course from Mahia to the Heretaunga Valley. I am inclined to think this river followed a very tortuous course through the great Hawke's Bay plain, now under the sea, and that it ran through what is now known as the Whakaki Lagoon, part of which is 70 feet deep, and possibly on through Ohuia and out to the eastward of Whakai-ihu-pakake bluff, near the Wairoa Heads. There are also evidences that at one time the Wairoa River—if not the great Wairarapa itself—flowed past the signal station at the Heads and out at the Whakamahia bluff. Here the several river terraces show that the land had been heaved up a good many feet successively, since the river flowed round there.

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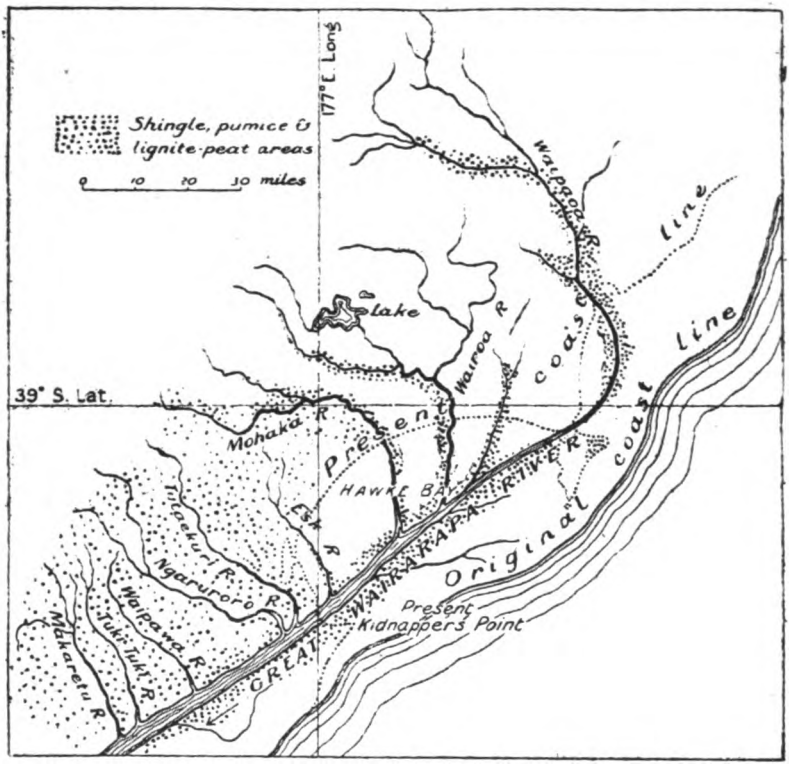
Towards the close of this geological age and the opening of the Pleistocene period wonderful changes took place. Great volcanic energy was experienced in the interior of this island, and the east coast was shaken to its very foundations; a large portion of the coast disappeared beneath the ocean, and the Great Wairarapa as a river ceased to exist. Part of its bed now



EAST COAST BETWEEN 38° AND 4 ° BEFORE SUBSIDENCE.

lies beneath the sea, and the rest of it can still be traced in the shingle deposits left along its course right away to Dannevirke. Hawke's Bay and the Wairoa Gulf were then formed, and what were formerly tributaries of the Wairarapa became river systems of their own, with a mighty work to perform, namely, to make up losses and heal the scars made on Nature's face.

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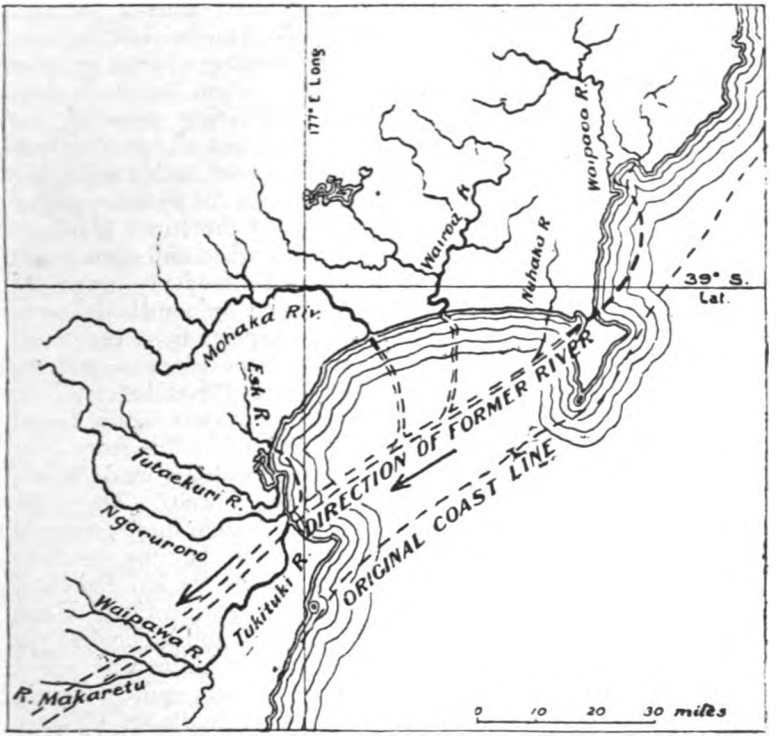
Maori Evidence.

The old Maoris assign a similar cause (subsidence) to account for the formation of Lake Taupo. They also account for the underworld taking fire by declaring that a noted tohunga, when near Tongariro, was in danger of being frozen to death, seeing that as everything was snow-covered he was unable to light a fire. Then he called aloud to his sister on White Island to assist him, and lighting a torch she carried it to the brother by an underworld passage and started up old Tongariro, setting fire to the underworld all the way; thus has Rotorua its present-day famous thermal springs and geysers.



EAST COAST, SHOWING RIVER SYSTEMS AS AT PRESENT.

Mapu, grand-uncle of Paora Kaiwhata, a great chief of Ngati-Hinepare, who reigned at Omarunui in its palmy days, used to tell how the Napier beach along the Parade and out to Petane was formed. A great storm from the north-east broke

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on the land near Napier, flooding all the Heretaunga plain(14). When the storm abated it was found that the sea, lashing the land in its fury, had cast up the shingle beach. The pent-up waters, aided by the still rising rivers, broke out at or near a spot called Keteketerau, near the present village of Petane, where Taraia stayed when he led the Ngati-Kahungunu invasion, and where the pounding of the sea on the beach sounded like his war trumpet. The story runs thus, and it may be given here by way of digression. The entrance to the Inner Harbour at Ahuriri lagoon was at one time at a place called Keteketerau, opposite the island of Roro-o-kuri, about a mile or so on the Napier side of the present-day Petane. This entrance, through the elements, was eventually blocked up, and an entrance to the Inner Harbour was subsequently made at Ahuriri, and has remained so right down to the present day. The name Keteketerau is composed of two words, "ketekete," which is the making of that peculiar sound or noise produced by clicking the tongue on the palate, as when urging a horse forward or expressing surprise, and "rau," which means a hundred; and from this we get "a hundred surprises." According to the Maori story, a Maori named Tara, who lived at Wairoa, left that place in his canoe, paddled across the bay, and came to the entrance of the Inner Harbour. He urged his canoe a little way up the entrance and then ran it ashore. As soon as he jumped on land he suddenly heard the strains of his "pu torino," or flute, played by somebody away back at Wairoa! He gave vent to his surprise by a prolonged "ketekete," or clicking of the tongue, and the entrance and the village on the bank was thereafter known as "Keteketerau."

This outlet blocked up soon, and the waters again found vent at the site of the Iron Pot. Mapu, who told this story, was eight years of age "when Captain Cook sailed round Scinde Island" and anchored at a spot now called Poraiti. There the Natives stole a couple of bars of soap, which they promptly placed in the Maori oven with the other food, but the resulting cookery gave them a very bad impression of "te kai Pakeha." It may be mentioned here that at 80 or 90 years of age Mapu grew his second and a splendid crop of teeth, and he died at the reputed age of 130 years. This statement of Mapu was seized upon by the Ahuriri Natives or their advisers quite recently when making a claim to the land now covered by the sea (Napier Inner Harbour), alleging that it once was a freshwater lake. Mr. H. Hill was called to rebut this, and he explained how at one

(14). The Maori is never at a loss for an answer to a question, however difficult it may be. He would never say "I don't know," and sooner than do so would set about inventing an explanation wherewith to answer the querist. One such is that Manukau Harbour was once a lake, and that a volcanic disturbance caused a fracture between the bed of the inland waters and the sea. Looking at the spot, as I have done, dare I deny the possibility that the Maori is right in his conjecture?

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period the whole of what is now the Heretaunga plain was covered by the sea, and that the flood waters from the Ngaruroro and Tutaekuri had deposited the material which formed the plain. At that time the coast line extended from the present Petane, along the Inner Harbour to Taradale, and on to Omahu. The rivers poured their silt-laden waters into the area between the places named. The shingle-beds from Gordon's station to Napier were formed, and the shingle was carried northwards and pushed seawards. Whilst the shingle beaches were forming, beaches were constantly being made, so that at one time or another every portion of the beach was being washed by the incoming and the outgoing tide. The Inner Harbour had always been a saltwater area from the period of the great subsidence, there being no evidence whatever to sustain the claim that it was once a freshwater lagoon. And as showing how mistaken the Natives were, Mr. Hill quoted from White's "Ancient History of the Maori," where it is stated that "Tamatea, of the Ngati-Kahungunu, who arrived in New Zealand by the Takitimu, came down the East Coast with his son, Kahungunu. On reaching Hawke's Bay the party struck inland, and when at Pohokura, on the Ruahine mountains, they looked back to Haretaonga (Heretaunga) and saw seagulls flying and screaming over Tapu-te-rangi (Watchman Island); and oh! the thought of eating the thick-sided 'patiki' at 'Ti-ere' (Roto-o-kuri Island) in the Napier harbour, and mealy fern root at Pukehou (Petane), the fat rats at Ramareke, near Arapaoanui, and the glutinous 'paua' nearby."

Three generations later than the above, said Mr. Hill, still probably quoting from White, the ancestors of the present Hawke's Bay Natives left the Turanga district and journeyed to the southward(15). At Whakaari and Heipipi, near Tangoio, stood the pas of Tautu and Tunui, where the Turanga Natives were told by Totara that there was abundance and goodness of food in the Haretaonga (Heretaunga) district. To this a chief called Tawao remarked: "Te Whanganui-o-roto (Napier harbour), so celebrated for its shellfish, shall be the 'mara' (garden) of Tawao." Taraia remarked, "Ngaruroro, celebrated for its fish, 'kahawai,' shall be the 'ipu' (bowl) of Taraia." Then Rakai-te-hikuroa and party from Turanga went to the mouth of the Ngaruroro stream and drove Hatupuna, Awanui-te-rangi, and Whatumamoa and their people off the land and captured

(15). White is certainly wrong about his suggestion of a second Kahungunu invasion of Heretaunga. There was but one, in the time of Taraia and Aomatarahi—generals of Kahungunu. The ecstasies about the excellence of the food prospects were quite characteristic of Kahungunu, as most native historians depict him. It is true, however, that historic Otatara sustained at least three sieges.

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their principal pa, called Otatara (Redcliffe), near Taradale. Thus the Native claim was ousted on the evidence of the long-deceased conquerors of Heretaunga.

But this is, perhaps, a digression on my part, and I return to the subject of local topography. At the entrance to the Wairoa and Mohaka Rivers, in almost every knoll and hill, may be seen shingle, and away back to the river near Wharekiri, on the Wairoa-Turiroa road, and as far up as Frasertown, there may be seen evidences to bear out these statements. It is also noticeable that these outcrops of shingle are not of great depth, but rest upon a bed of clay. After the subsidence of the east coast, plain growth began, and thus we get the rich Wairoa flats—land laid down in layers of silt or other materials—and the work is still going on, slowly it may be, but surely, though imperceptibly even to one or two generations. The Whakamahia (16) lagoons were once not far from the course of the Great Wairarapa, and now only prevented from being the ocean boundary by a thin strip of comminuted shingle cast up by the waves. Whakaki is rapidly filling up, and anyone who has watched it for 40 years must admit the fact. Indeed, even if the aid of science had not been called in to drain the area now covered by water, there will be, in a few generations, nothing left but a small number of deep water-holes. And what, after all, is a period of 40 years in the work of Nature? Merely a day, an hour, or perhaps but a minute.

Fifty years ago the Wairoa flat was half covered with water near the bases of the hills, while the land by the edge of the river is even now higher than any other part of the plain, except the Awatere block, which slopes to the river. These two facts indicate that the river brought down the materials for building up the plain, and when the Wairoa River was first formed the water flowed all over the land on the north side of the river long after that on the south side had been elevated by deposits. On the north side of the river recent road cuttings have disclosed a number of concave depressions filled with pumice. In these depressions the larger particles of pumice lie at the bottom, which proves, as I have stated, that the site of North Clyde was once water-covered, and the pumice collected in the eddies, the

(16). I have used the word Whakamahia here, and shall continue to use it though it is not correct, but perhaps best understood. "Te Manga" is the proper name of the lagoon, the creek at the western end is the "Whakamahia." The Poututu or Honui stream flows out at the Poututu bluff. The Makareo in between issues from a small lake of considerable depth on the Kiwi estate called "Upokoiti," a name which signifies that it had a limited source of supply. Further, Maori tradition states that the eels in this lake present two curiosities in natural history, in that some of them are double-tailed, "hikurua," and others are stump-tailed, "hikumutu." I must say that I have not seen either, but I am informed that not only have the double-tailed eels been found, but four, six and eight-tailed, and the capture of any of these presaged death or defeat in battle.

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coarser materials filtering to the bottom. Quite recently, not far from Awatere, I found it possible to lift with a spade layers a quarter of an inch thick of what appeared like sandstone in course of formation. This was above the pumice deposit, which is therefore much older than I had previously thought it to be. It appears certain, however, that the last overflowings were across the Paeroa and Orangitirohia flats, the point of re-entrance to the river on the way to the sea being on the west bank of the Awatere River near Te Uhi pa.

Proof of this wonderful plain growth is to be found in the Wairoa river-bed at various points, opposite and not far from the present Wairoa town site; fully ten feet or more below the present level of the plain there still stood straight up in 1876 the trunks of giant trees, or the hearts only, the lateral roots of which lay just beneath the surface of the foreshore. Now, most trees, if not all, have their lateral roots just a foot or two beneath the surface of the soil; some, indeed, are barely covered; hence I must conclude that the river laid down the land to the depth we now find the tree roots below the present level of the earth. These trees were, no doubt, depressed when the Hawke's Bay subsidence referred to by Mr. Hill took place, and then the river silts covered them up. And what was this river-bed once, but a great earthquake crack extending from the mountain rim of Waikaremoana, and joined by the crack running to the westward, the Waiau, and to the northward the Wairoa? Then when the "crack" became wider and worn deep down, the rivers ceased to overflow the banks—Nature's work was so far finished.

In fact, the history of the Wairoa plain is quite easily read by those accustomed to scan the face of Nature and read the lines traced thereon, though it be in the rocks, the clays or the silts. The Wairoa Gulf, then, once extended round by Turiroa and up to Frasertown, if not beyond it up the Waiau. Into this extensive land-locked bay the rivers discharged their silt-laden waters year by year, whilst at the same time the detritus from the neighbouring hills was helping slowly to shoal the gulf, and thus began the formation of a plain of deposition. Then there came, through volcanic agency, one of the many gradual elevations of the land and sea bottom, and the rivers wound their tortuous courses to the sea, the boundaries of which had been pushed further out. Year by year the Wairoa and the Waiau, with the many small creeks, deposited the silt along the banks, and layer by layer there was built up the level plains we now see. At the same time the shingle deposited on the sea bottom began to be pushed up from the depths and impelled forward by the prevailing winds—for this is the only way in which the shingle, that *bete noir* of navigation, appears to travel. Stopped by the

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projecting bluffs on the coast at the mouth of the river, a curving bank was formed, closing the Mahia Strait, enclosing the Whakaki and other lagoons([17]), and holding the silt-carrying waters of the Wairoa. Here let me remark that when the bluffs at the Heads extended much farther out than they do at present, the enclosed water area was much greater, and as the bluffs wear away—if nothing artificial takes their place—the sand-bar will be pushed farther in. Finally, for all I know to the contrary, the same process of marine deposition is now going on in the bay outside the Wairoa Heads. The thousands, nay, millions of tons of shingle and silt from the rivers and the materials of crumbling cliffs do not go far out to sea, and cannot be lost—Nature is making ready for another plain upheaval, or rather for a re-elevation of land that once went down into the depths when the Great Wairarapa ceased to be.

The same agencies that closed the Mahia Strait are still at work, and some day another great plain will be built up in the north-eastern bight reaching into and past Waikokopu, but that will not be in the times of our children or their children. But the work is going on and must continue—Nature waits on no man. What might arrest this silting up would be the construction by some future generation of a canal through the Mahia isthmus giving a short maritime route from Gisborne to Waikokopu, Wairoa and Napier.

These remarks on plain growth apply equally to Nuhaka and Mohaka, as well, of course, to the Heretaunga plain, and it would not take a very great coast elevation to reverse the direction of the great Hawke's Bay rivers or obliterate them altogether. That this part of the East Coast did once sink beneath the ocean is also proved by the almost invariable dip of the several strata towards the sea. It did not go down very far either, the bay not being deeper than 400 feet. That it was a great plain once may well be believed by the absence of islands off the present coast, for such would probably have been left had the country so suddenly submerged been hilly.

(17). It appears tolerably certain that the Mahia Strait has not been long closed (that is, comparatively speaking), though Nature, by the action of wind and wave, was working at both ends of the water-way. I shall show later on that some of the canoes of the migration passed through, and old whalers say that the schools of whales heading north always make for this point, and then work back along the coast to round Portland. Those who know anything of the wonderful instinct of the beaver and the godwit will not complain if I suggest that the leviathans of the deep once took a short cut to the north through the Mahia Strait, and though unable now to negotiate the passage they endeavour to take that route still. Such is transmitted instinct, if I may use the term.

In the middle of the Whakaki Lagoon may be seen, still standing erect, great trees which were buried by the deposits of the ages.

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A Day of Terror.

It may have happened something in this wise. On a certain night in the year——a date which no man now living can attempt to fix, "Kopu," the Evening Star, shone with unusual brilliancy; in fact, so brightly that she (or he) seemed to drive all the other stars into oblivion. The pre-Maori people looked on it as a portent, an "aitua," or evil omen, and they slept uneasily the first part of the night. As time wore on, the air became still and oppressively hot. The night birds screamed uncannily, and the native dogs uttered dismal laments and moanings. The men of the pas could not stand it any longer, but got up, and walked about in the "marae." They did not talk of deeds done long before by famous ancestors, or tell of battles fought and won in olden days. They were silent in face of the awful stillness of the air. The women also rose, but did not go outside the sleeping-places, but congregated round the doors in a sitting posture. They did not gossip or laugh, but looked into each other's faces and then glanced at the children, who alone slept on. The morning came at last, and the sun rose in his accustomed place, flooding with his light the extensive plain then stretching from the Mahia to Cape Kidnappers, and well into the present Ahuriri plain. The pre-Maori inhabitants sprang into life in a moment, as it were, in the thickly populated pas along the coast, glad of anything to relieve the awful tension. The women, always up betimes, cooked the early meal; a further addition to the heap of bones by the "haangi" or oven was made —the bones of giant struthious birds which had, not many days before, roamed free on the Kaimanawas and Kaiwakas(18). Then the young men launched their canoes and went sea fishing. Some went to the banks of the Great Wairarapa to examine the eel-weirs if haply some tuna had been entrapped there. The old men examined the palisading of the pas to see if all was still secure against possible attack. The look-out man was relieved from duty on his elevated post, or the guards were changed. The women left for the cultivations, and the children with them. The "tohunga" relapsed into contemplation as he consulted the "atua." Overhead and all around, all seemed again bright and peaceful, when—

Lo! A terrific rumbling and roaring, as of a thousand mighty cataracts falling over high precipices was heard inland.

(18). This statement, I need hardly say, is pure fiction, but I could not think of any other bird the pre-Maori people might have hunted. The late J. A. Wilson, in his book "The Story of Te Waharoa," published in 1866, says:— "The ancient inhabitants hunted the moa until it became extinct. The last bird was killed with a taiaha by a man at Tarawera. . . . It was supposed to feed at night-time, for it was never seen to eat in the day-time. Hence the proverb "Moa kai hau," as it always seemed to have its head in the air eating wind. It may be interesting to mention here that the phrase is rendered in Hindustani—"Moa hawa (wind) khata kai (eating is)." As the word "kai" in Maori also includes the taking of food, and we know that "hau" means wind, the analogy seems complete.

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The earth began to rock, the great plain presenting the appearance of undulating sea waves. Then Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, Tongariro and perhaps Waikaremoana(19) belched forth what is commonly called fire and smoke, but in reality steam from superheated water, and the reflection of gigantic masses of red-hot rock hurled out. Lightning flashed over a wide extent of the heavens, and the thunder seemed to rival the roaring of the volcanoes. The great black clouds, charged with pestilential vapours, spread far and wide, and driven by a fierce gale they soon quite obscured the sun. All this time the earth continued to rock laterally, and then a tremendous upward explosion occurred, as though the final cataclysm had come. The land was heaved up several feet and then suddenly went down fathoms deep beneath the sea, engulfing every living thing from the coast line back to Scinde Island, Mohaka and Te Wairoa, and Scinde Island, Parke Island and a few other small islets near Petane alone remained. The sea rolled over all the drowned plains and valleys, and when the mighty volcanoes had spent their force, and the skies cleared, there was nothing to be seen but broken canoes, parts of dwellings, and some of the bodies of the ill-fated inhabitants. The outer fringe of the coast went down the farthest, and the inner edge but a few feet(20). But the face of Nature was completely changed by the gigantic forces which had wrought such terrible destruction in a single day. Pihanga and the rival lovers had indeed wrought a terrible destruction.

The story, in brief, is that Pihanga, a long-extinct volcanic mountain rising straight up towards Rangi from the shore of Rotoaira Lake, bush-clad, beautiful Pihanga, was once affected

(19). The Maoris have a legend regarding Tongariro, Ngauruhoe, Ruapehu and Taranaki (Egmont) which suggests that they had handed down to them, through the ancient people, a story of a great battle between these volcanic giants for the love of the "Lady Mountain," the graceful Pihanga, rising from the shores of Roto-aira—they describe, in fact, a great combined earthquake movement such as I have suggested may have occurred. It is peculiarly significant, too, the saying common in Tuhoe Land, when speaking of Te Wairoa: "Wairoa tapoko rau" (Wairoa, where hundreds sink), as though they had handed down the story of a great catastrophe, such as I have endeavoured to portray. This, however, is not probably the meaning of the phrase, for the mighty convulsion of Nature suggested above must have occurred ages before the advent of the Maori. "Wairoa tapoko rau" was the ancient name of the river draining the Wairoa watershed, and the reference is to the fact (well known at Tuhoe) that their people became lost in hundreds, i.e., great numbers, amid the dense and influential peoples of the coast, or swallowed up by the workers of witchcraft, for somehow or other, Tuhoe appear to have attributed a more than usual share of the "black art" to the sons of Kahungunu.

(20). Hawke's Bay is described by Marshall as a "broad, shallow indentation." The chart of the bay, which now lies before me, shows the following depths:—Nine fathoms off Napier and Mohaka, eight fathoms off Waihua, four to six off the Wairoa bar, increasing to nine and ten fathoms off Whakaki and Nuhaka. On the line from Napier to Wairoa the depth of water runs from seventeen to twenty fathoms, whilst from the Kidnappers to Portland Island the depth varies from seventeen to thirty-two fathoms. Near the coast and in the centre forty to seventy-two fathoms mark the depth of the central valley below sea-level. The bottom of the bay is chiefly mud, gravel, and fine sand, with a few rock patches off Mohaka and Waikari.

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by "the madness of Love." Many ages ago, when the Mists of Time lay heavy on the great inland sea, Pukehaupapa (Egmont) stood between Ruapehu and Tongariro, all gods of the ancient Maoris, lighted up by the fires of the underworld, looked down with supreme contempt on the puny things of Mother Earth around them. They were happy, these giants of earth, till woman came on the scene, as represented by Pihanga, beautiful in shape, her graceful contour set off by clothing that man might not make but which he has always been willing to mar—the lovely bush of Maoriland. The "Lady Mountain" soon caught the eyes of the gods, and a rivalry for the hand and heart of sweet Pihanga was set up that bid fair to rend asunder the whole of Maoriland. Tongariro married her and they lived and loved, greeting each other in the songs and gentle breezes that kissed them by day whilst "Kohurangi" (the Mist of Heaven) was a mantle by night. But even with the gods the course of true love runs not smoothly at all times. Taranaki, or Pukehaupapa (Egmont), on the presumption that he was taller and a more fitting spouse, sought to steal her love—as lovers will do. This brought about a great battle, the Battle of the Mountains, the Maori calls it. They fought long and fiercely. The land quaked and rocked from side to side, blazing rain was sent up to Rangi and then fell in showers on the heads and shoulders of the gods. Taranaki, not well supplied with seismic energy, could not deliver an effective reply, and though a mighty god, had to flee. Wrenching himself free from the spot on which he stood—Nga-puna-a-Tama—he tore off in a towering rage to the south-west over the great plains, leaving behind him a deep scar, which afterwards became the Whanganui River. Up the west coast he pushed from the shore of the "Moana" to the Western Cape and there he settled down, a disappointed wooer, yet to-day he woos the travellers—the White Maoris—by sea and land, for though flouted by Pihanga, he courts the admiration of all beholders of his majestic beauty.

. . . . . .

What happened before may occur again. A further subsidence may take place; and if so, the waters of the Pacific may roll over the rising town of Wairoa, and its waves lash themselves against the bases of the mountain chains encircling Frasertown. Or the plain so suddenly submerged may again be heaved up, and a great land area reconnect Mahia peninsula and Cape Kidnappers. Who can tell which it shall be? The most we can do is to reflect that all these secrets are in the keeping of Him Who knoweth all things.

This is, however, but a preamble or species of introduction to the local geography and geology, and was necessary to enable

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my readers to form some idea, however inadequate, of a country which is not only rich in fertile hills and valleys, but in geologic and, perhaps, mineral treasures. Certainly it is passing rich in ancient folk-lore and traditions of long vanished and still vanishing peoples, who in succession trod the hills and valleys of Te Wairoa bent on missions of peace and war, life and death, intermingled with love, heathen rites, superstition and mythology.

The Wairoa Plain.

And now for a few lines on the local topography and geology, the latter by an authority which cannot be questioned. I am now referring to the latter. Many districts in New Zealand take their names from the main river flowing through the same, and this was the case with this district([21]). The full name of our magnificent river, as mentioned in a former note, is "Wairoa-Tapoko-rau," and from the shortened designation we get the entire district named Te Wairoa, as well as the town itself, despite the name of Clyde given to it by the Pakeha. For the purpose of the remaining portion of this chapter, I shall merely refer to it as Wairoa County. This was constituted under "The Counties Act, 1876," very soon after the abolition of the provincial form of government. It occupies nearly the whole of the north-western and northern arm of Hawke's Bay bight, lying generally towards the south-east, while the hinterland, back in the Waikaremoana district, rises to a height of over 3,000 feet above sea level. The county, which contains an area of 1,887 square miles, is somewhat rhomboidal in shape, measuring approximately 44 miles on the south-west, 54 miles on the north-west, 40 miles on the north-east, and a line from Pakuratahi, near Tangoio, to Paritu, north of Mahia, would be about 72 miles. These boundaries have only been altered slightly since 1876, by the severance of a portion of the Mohaka riding (added to Hawke's Bay), whilst additions to the north and north-west make up for most of the loss.

Some Local Details.

This large expanse of country, which is mostly hilly, is drained by the Wairoa, Mohaka, Waikari, Waihua, Nuhaka, and Tahaenui Rivers, and numerous small streams, and is admirably adapted for the grazing of sheep and cattle. From these hills and valleys every season the farmers of "the barren lands of Wairoa" (*vide* Rev. W. Colenso) annually dispatch great droves of well-grown cattle and sheep to the fat-stock markets of the Dominion, or else to the local freezing works and those of Poverty Bay and Napier. The rainfall is abundant and fairly regular, as the subjoined records will show:—

(21). Te Wairoa is also the name of a locality in Wharekauri (the Chathams).

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1906—	1.08	2.62	3.86	3.63	9.61	5.42	7.16	1.40	4.03	3.81	7.26	0.91—50.79in.
1907—	3.55	3.76	3.29	5.04	8.14	1.91	7.96	2.22	2.78	3.80	0.69	1.69—44.83in.
1908—	0.48	2.87	12.46	6.36	3.64	2.82	5.51	5.09	1.49	4.64	1.06	6.76—53.18in.
1909—	0.24	5.55	5.25	7.84	4.20	0.50	5.30	2.01	4.47	5.24	4.13	5.02—49.75in.
1910—	5.32	4.30	12.45	4.34	3.61	6.19	9.96	3.07	1.22	0.28	3.29	2.11—56.14in.
1911—	1.85	7.76	6.83	8.80	9.13	3.49	3.83	4.98	2.26	1.08	2.10	2.19—59.30in.
1912—	2.95	4.97	4.78	2.59	2.86	10.23	5.48	5.60	2.48	7.26	3.25	0.52—52.97in.
1913—	0.77	1.17	2.22	7.63	1.70	3.82	1.84	4.57	0.82	4.48	3.48	2.69—35.19in.
1914—	0.14	2.39	11.71	2.70	20.38	2.49	1.73	2.93	0.43	1.85	2.26	0.40—49.41in.
1915—	1.42	2.29	10.86	0.73	5.04	4.21	5.34	4.04	2.23	1.76	6.89	3.66—48.47in.
1916—	1.08	2.62	3.86	3.63	9.61	5.42	7.16	9.86	2.35	4.95	2.21	3.79—56.54in.
1917—	4.91	8.53	3.60	4.92	5.39	11.90	3.39	6.12	2.99	3.92	6.68	3.01—65.36in.
1918—	5.65	3.05	7.10	6.48	4.06	1.37	4.22	3.14	3.32	1.65	3.40	5.57—55.01in.
1919—	0.30	4.52	1.18	1.96	4.19	2.59	6.40	7.88	1.83	3.18	1.37	2.65—38.05in.
1920—	3.69	2.54	2.41	6.30	1.84	5.81	2.45	5.50	4.58	3.24	1.23	0.74—40.33in.
1921—	1.58	4.24	0.10	1.46	5.57	5.72	4.85	4.81	1.98	4.46	2.72	2.10—39.59in.
1922—	17.47	8.50	2.47	3.52	7.88	8.22	4.54	0.75	3.46	0.83	1.87	7.06—66.57in.
1923—	2.45	2.56	1.96	10.09	5.34	3.26	6.76	6.73	1.89	4.23	1.65	0.16—47.08in.
1924—	6.09	3.00	14.60	4.90	14.50	5.36	3.15	7.81	1.47	4.39	1.84	2.10—69.21in.

Average for 19 years—51.46in.

This, with the nature of the subsoil, makes the Wairoa hill country look quite green when other parts of Hawke's Bay, overlying the shingle, take on a burnt appearance in summer. Along the various rivers there are alluvial flats, though none of any great extent except those of Nuhaka; but these are very fertile, and under capable management yield heavy crops of various descriptions, while most of the terrace lands are eminently suitable for growing fruit, especially apples, and in some dry areas excellent lemons, oranges and grapes. The capital town—population, 1921 census, 1921(22)—is called Wairoa after the generic name for the whole district, and though the Government originally called it Clyde, and named the streets after Indian heroes and place-names, it was never taken seriously, and is now never spoken of. The northern side was named North Clyde, and that only has survived. An extension of this suburb, named Tynron, has had a hard struggle for existence as a name, and need not be expected to survive. A fine bridge, built on cylinders 120 feet long—of which half the length is in the ground—spans the river, which is tidal for 16 miles and could be navigated by coasters but for the closing of the bridge to meet other public utilities. This bridge, which was named "Kaimoana," after a famous Wairoa chief, stands on the lines of communication with Waikaremoana and with Gisborne via Tiniroto, Mangapoike, Nuhaka, Morere and coast settlements to the east. The Wairoa, about 50 miles long, is a continuation of the Ruakituri and Hangaroa Rivers. The Waiau rises to the west and the south of Waikaremoana, and is about 50 miles long. The Waikaretaheke

(22). Exclusive of Maoris, the county population in 1916 was 2,203 and the borough 2,453, making in all 3,746. At the 1921 census the county population was 2,453 and the borough 1,921, in all 4,374. The estimate for 1924 is 2,505.

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flows from Waikaremoana and joins the Waiau. Mohaka River is 80 miles long, and rises in the plateau bounding Lake Taupo on the east. In average seasons the main river discharges at the rate of 8,000,000 cubic feet per minute, and of course in flood time it is very much greater, estimated at 12¾ million feet per minute. It enters the sea about two miles below the town, and there it is choked by a sand-bar, making navigation very difficult, sometimes shoaling to a few feet or closing up altogether, although at some distance above the town there is a considerable depth, and this could well be maintained if dredging operations were carried out in the lower reach. This sand-bar has been receiving attention at the hands of various engineers at considerable expense to the ratepayers, but so far without much success.—I am afraid the works undertaken stopped short at the very spot where they should have been pushed on out into deep water.

The fine alluvial flats bordering the river and its tributaries are capable of carrying a much larger population, especially if the intense system of cultivation on small areas which prevails in several European countries were adopted. That, however, is contingent on the institution of successful harbour works at Wairoa or Waikokopu, the completion of the East Coast railway, and the provision of abundant and cheap hydro-electric power from Waikaremoana and Te Reinga.

The Local Geology.

The geology of the district, states Mr. Henry Hill, is easy to understand. There are no rocks within its boundaries older than what are known as belonging to the Tertiary formation, whilst the rich lands along the rivers and in the several deltas are of comparatively recent date, and therefore younger than the Tertiaries. At the pilot station, near the mouth of the river, the hill is composed mainly of conglomerate shingle covered with clay. Similar rocks appear in a number of places along the coast, always topping the blue clays. At the mouth of the Mohaka River similar shingle conglomerates are met with, so that shingle at one time spread over a good deal of the country, replacing the limestone, which then lay on top of the blue clays, just as it does to-day on Te Whanui and Moeangiangi hills. Inland from the mouth of the Wairoa River shingle is found in the hills, often very high up, on either bank of the river, mostly in isolated patches or drifts and in varying quantities, usually mixed with earth, the Mohaka deposits being of greatest extent. But it is not found far inland, and it is a curious fact that shingle does not occur in extensive areas inland to the north of the 39th parallel of latitude(23).

(23). The line stretches from Puruwhitau on the east to Ngapouau, Runanga, on the west, and crosses the Wairoa-Frasertown road south of the new racecourse at Te Kupenga.

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North of that the limestones prevail to some extent. Practically all the hills are composed of blue clays, with here and there banded sandstones, as may clearly be seen in the harbour works quarry on Ohuia, or on the roadside leading from Wairoa towards Mohaka. These same rocks occur in all the hills as far back as Frasertown. Younger rocks occur beyond that point as the traveller approaches the river going towards Marumaru. These rocks are Pliocene, and correspond to the rocks that are to be found on the roadside at Tahaenui, where impure limestones occur([24]). In the hills near Frasertown, and onward towards the north and west, a good deal of pumice is mixed with the limestone marls.

It would be useless to speculate as to the length of time that has passed by since the country was swept by a great shingle-carrying river which flowed along what are now the tops of the hills([25]). Time is a factor that no geologist will dare to estimate. He sees the results, he knows what changes must have occurred to bring about the results, but how long it took to produce them he will not say—he is unable to say.

It may help the reader for me to state here that a Tertiary period covers an enormous range of time. It is divided into three, or as some say, four great formations, known as Pliocene, that is the youngest, Miocene, i.e., the middle period, and Eocene, i.e., the oldest of the Tertiaries. There are Eocene rocks in the Wairoa district, but all the hills, as before stated, are Miocene. There is, following the Pliocene, what is known as the quaternary system, which includes the Drift and the Alluvium. Our shingle conglomerates constitute the Drift, and the rich flats make up the Alluvium. This, in brief, is the geologic story of Old Wairoa.

(24). Recent analyses made by Mr. B. C. Aston, F.I.C., Government Analytical Chemist, show that for agricultural purposes the limestones are good, samples taken from Te Reinga and Tahaenui yielding 89 and 90 per cent. of quicklime.

(25). Between Frasertown and Opouiti I was shown, only a few days ago, an old river-bed of the Wairoa, over half a mile from its present course, but hundreds of feet higher up. That this is true is proved by the terrace and the boulder-strewn bed. It was not far from this spot that moa bones were found in a bed of conglomerate 70 feet below the surface.

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CHAPTER III

THE ANCIENT PEOPLE

THE TUHOE FOLK—THE TANGATA WHENUA—NOT EVEN TAUIRA—THE ASIAN HOME—NO MISSING LINK—THE APE MAN—THE SUSSEX MAN—THE INDIAN MAORI—IN THE FIRST CENTURY—THE GREAT UNREST—THE ARYAN MAORI—THE CUSTOMS TEST—FROM HAWAIIKI.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—This chapter, together with portions of other sections, was specially intended for the information of my Maori readers, but I hope it will be found interesting to Europeans as well. It is only fair to the Maori that he should be told something of the ancestors of the human race. Certainly, the Maori who glances at the illustration facing this page need not, as far as physique, lineament and mentality go, compare himself adversely with "our ancestors," who fought the great beasts of the earth in the Dark Ages of the Past with clubs or claws.]

As intimated in an earlier part of this work, it is not my province to give a detailed account of the ancient peoples of New Zealand, but rather to tell something of those inhabiting Te Wairoa in the earliest days ere the rays of the setting sun glinted on the prows of the canoes from far Hawaiiki. It would, however, be impossible to do this without enquiring somewhat into the history of the race that peopled these islands prior to the coming of the later Maori, and before I try to tell aught of the latter let me submit what I can regarding the former.

The Tuhoe Folk.

Long before the days of Tuhoe Potiki, nearly 20 centuries ago, a very ancient tribe occupied all the lands of Waikaremoana and Ruakituri, as well as down the Waiau to the mouth of Te Wairoa River, which debouches into the Great Ocean of Kiwa (the Pacific) near the modern town of Wairoa. The Urewera, descended from Te Tini-o-Maru, trace their ancestry back a long period into the dark ages of the world, and not without justification. Mr. S. Percy Smith, when president of the Polynesian Socitey, published some notes concerning the pre-Maori people, taken down 50 years ago from the narrations of Matorohanga, a great Wairarapa tohunga. The Maru-iwi, or the tribe of Maru, were the first to people Aotea-roa. Kupe saw no people in the land 1,000 years ago, but after his visit a people came from the North(?) and occupied many parts of the country, so that when the next great navigator visited these shores he found the best parts of the coast lands taken up. Dr. Buck (Te Rangihiroa), discussing

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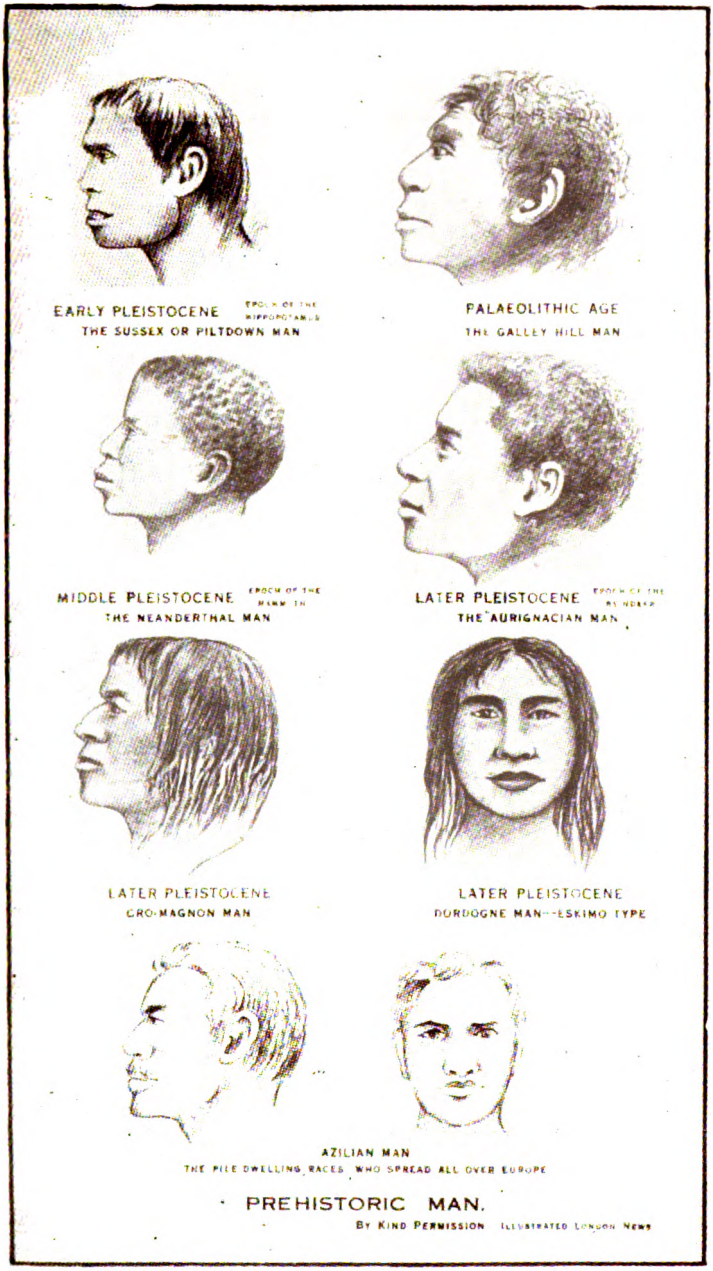

Our Ancestors

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the Maru-iwi people, said the name of the chief was given by Mr. Elsdon Best to the whole of the ancient tribe. He added that "Maori tradition stated that these people were thin-shanked and very dark-skinned, and that they had bushy hair standing upright, flat faces, broad noses, protruding eyebrows, and up-turned nostrils." All this description supported the supposition that they were of Melanesian or negroid extraction, and that they must have been a race totally different from the Maoris. It had been said that the Maoris had adopted certain weapons from these people, who used various projectiles in their system of warfare—quite unlike the Maoris, who were accustomed to hand-to-hand fighting. Among the weapons used by the Maru-iwi was the bow—evidence of which fact was to be found in the discovery of a bow, like the Melanesian bow, in a drain in the Auckland district. The Maoris, however, did use a bow at one time—it was called "kotaha." Dr. Buck has also stated that the Maru-iwi first landed at Taranaki, and that, after the wars with Toi's people, in which they were nearly exterminated, the remnants fled to the Chatham Islands in seven canoes, their descendants thus being the Moriori people of the Chatham Islands. On the other hand, the Moriori people stated that their ancestors went to the Chatham Islands in two canoes about 26 generations ago, which would place the date somewhere between the date of Toi's landing and the Hawaiiki emigration to New Zealand. The supposition that they originated from the Maru-iwi people was further discounted by their physical characteristics, which showed that they were true Polynesians, and in some respects truer to type than the Maoris. The description applied to the Maru-iwi did not fit the Moriori in any way.

But even this statement of Matorohanga does not settle to what race the pre-Maori people belonged, nor does it disprove the theory that there were even other "tangata whenua" before Kupe was born. I may say that the fine carved lintel dug up in the vicinity of the Awanui drains confirms the view that a large and art-loving population occupied the land before "the historic migration." Professor Macmillan Brown says: "That so delicate a piece of carving has kept its outlines so well indicates no such antiquity as the chert adze and its sandstone sharpener found in Bruce Bay, in the south of Westland, in 1868, 14 feet below a surface that had evidently borne a succession of giant forests, or the Maori oven found on the Manuherikia Plains in Central Otago, also 14 feet below the surface. Even allowing for some wood-preserving element in the moisture of the soil, it cannot be more than a few centuries old. Probably it may have been buried in the wars and turmoil that must have ensued on the arrival of the new and masterful contingent of warriors

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from Polynesia in the fourteenth century. The much less fragile wood-carvings that have been rescued from the caves in which they were hidden for safety for a few generations have often lost much more of their sharpness of outline." After comparing this lintel with famous carvings on Maori canoes and houses, the spirals of New Guinea and Polynesia, he says, in conclusion: "Still less are they to be compared with this newly-discovered type of carving from New Zealand, so delicate is it in its tracery, so unexpected in its style and method. The contrast is as great when we come to the finials: they are meant to be conventional figures, that inspire terror like the fierce bird-headed Manaia, with its snake-like body and coils. But this conventionalized, crocodile-jawed creature has been so manipulated as to be in harmony with the refinement of the rest of the carving. One might also conjecture that it has been suggested by some saurian skeleton uncovered in the rocks by an earthquake fracture, perhaps the genesis of the earth-burrowing taniwhas of Maori myth. . . . If we are to judge of the people for whom this carving was made by the face of the little figure, we should say that they were unwarlike and unsophisticated, a perfect contrast to the tongue-thrusting, haka-loving warrior we are familiar with as Maori." The finds at Pukepoto, near Kaitaia, of large wooden carvings in the shape of a human head, with the body and tail of a dragon, as well as water-worn stones taken from the swamp exhibiting rude carvings of human faces quite unlike the Maori, are highly important, serving to prove the existence of great pre-Maori races in New Zealand. The Maoris were great carvers, and in ancient Maoriland Rua was the god of carving, and duly invoked when any great enterprise had to be undertaken. The importance of Rua in the Maori nomenclature is evidenced by the full designation of the following districts:—Gisborne ("Turanganui-a-rua"), Seventy-mile Bush ("Tamaki-nui-a-rua"), Whanganui ("Whanganui-a-rua"), Whakaki ("Whakaki-nui-a-rua").

The Tangata Whenua.

Toi and his Rarotongan friends had no particular liking for the half-negro people—the "tangata whenua"—and they called them "black-skins" in contempt. Dr. Buck, touching on this question of a black race, said that "one of the characteristics of the negroid race was the broad nose, and it was worthy of attention that the Maoris of the Urewera, where the Maru-iwi were supposed to have been very thick, showed a greater percentage of broad noses than the remainder of the Maori people(1). Another

(1). I am not very much enamoured of this theory of a negroid race anywhere in New Zealand, and still less in the country of Tuhoe, except as accidental incidents of successive migrations many hundreds of years apart. The story of the "Patu-pae-arehe" is far more credible as suggesting a fair-skinned race.

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evidence of the previous existence of a negroid race was to be found in indications of human sacrifices under some of the posts of very old fort ramparts near Opotiki. This was a Melanesian and not a Polynesian custom." Some other evidences in support of the negroid theory were also cited. Dr. Buck's reference is, no doubt, to pa Tawhiterahi, near Opotiki. When the site changed hands and the ramparts were being levelled, it was found that in each of the post-holes there was a human skeleton. This was a very ancient pa, and the practice of such general immolation was not a characteristic of the Maui-Maori, or even of the Hawaiiki-Maori race. As related in the chapter headed "The Story of the Pa," the sacrifice of one victim was practised even in Wairoa in very olden days. To resume the negroid question, a story is told by an old member of the Ngai-Tahu-Ngati-Mamoe tribe that arrived in very early times in a canoe called Nga-Pakatua. The name of the tribe was Hawea, and a southern lake perpetuates the name. He said they came from the west, which is problematical. These people had dark skins and curly hair. Another and a more numerous tribe reached the South Island from the north-west. They were called Te Rapuwai, and had red or copper-coloured skins. After those came Waitaha and Ngati-Mamoe from the North Island. Some of these were, no doubt, pre-Maori migrants. The Maru-iwi and Rua-tamore people are described by the old tohunga as "a thin, upright, tall people; a large-framed race, with big bones, with thin calves to their legs; their knees were prominent and protuberant Their faces were flat; the eyes were 'kanae,' that is, glancing out of the corners like lizards. The nose was 'patiki,' or flat, on the bridge, and the ridge was narrow, with the nostrils bulging out, and was blunt. The hair was straight, and some had very lank hair. Their skins were reddish-black, something like 'tutu' berries. They were a tribe sticking close to the fire, and were lazy, sleeping constantly. They lived in 'wharau,' or lean-to sheds. They wore little or no clothing, only a kilt; their food was the wild fruits of the forest, and salt and fresh-water fish. They were treacherous and given to murdering their wives, and this was one of the reasons why their women preferred the people from Hawaiiki, because they were kind to their wives, were possessed of food and clothing, and also because of the superiority of the men in stature and bearing." May I submit that, omitting the domestic shortcomings of the Maru-iwi, the photograph shown in this chapter of the Moriori fits this description. In no case do the Hawaiikian immigrants speak well of the "tangata whenua," and they were almost wiped out, save a small section that escaped to Wharekauri, as already stated, and possibly became the progenitors of the now almost extinct Moriori. Among the "tangata whenua" were the Wai-o-hua, of North Auckland,

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whose terraced works are still a wonder to contemplate. The "tangata whenua" in Wairoa included not only the Pane-nehu, "the buried Head," but also the mythical fairy folk of Tuhoe and elsewhere, but there were many ancient tribes or hapus bearing fanciful but ancient names. Some time after Kupe's arrival in Aotea-roa, three canoes were carried away by a gale from one of the islands. These were "Kahu-tara," "Okoki," and "Taikoria," as related to me by the late Major Large. They struck the Taranaki coast, and the immigrants settled near the present-day New Plymouth. Here they increased in numbers, and eventually occupied a considerable area of Auckland, the Bay of Plenty, and our own Hawke's Bay. The Maoris did not think much of them, and I have given elsewhere their opinion on the subject. They did not leave even an oral tradition behind them, except that they came from a large island to the westward. The Maoris called them the Maru-iwi, and their descendants afterwards became the Moriori of the Chatham Islands.

Remembering that the Moriori were not a warlike people, and that the island invaders were, it needed but the lapse of a few hundred years, and war broke out all over Aotea-roa, and the Moriori as a race ceased to exist, only a remnant surviving. Migration to "Toi's land" (Wharekauri) was decided on, but so reduced were they that it took less than a dozen canoes to carry them south, and in Toi's land they were marooned for many years till "discovered" by Lieut. Broughton, R.N., and later Te Rauparaha the Terrible practically wiped them out. I have claimed for the Maori navigators great antiquity, and the following table of Maori and English history is singularly illuminating:—

Date A.D.	New Zealand History.	British History.
900	Kupe's voyage	Alfred the Great built the first English fleet (?)
	Coming of the Moriori (?)	
1200	Voyages of Toi and Whatonga. First Maori settlement of New Zealand	King John ascends the throne (1199)
1220	Voyages of Manaia, Nuku, and others. Introduction of Polynesian food plants	Henry III's 5th year of reign
1250	Moriori settle the Chatham Islands	Henry III's 35th year of reign
1350	"Fleet" arrives at New Zealand	Black death in England
1500	Tuwhirirau sails from New Zealand to Polynesia	Sebastian Cabot lands in America (1497)
1640	Pahiko and others sail from New Zealand to Polynesia	Long Parliament meets
1642	Tasman's visit	Civil war begins
1769	Captain Cook lands at Poverty Bay on his first visit	British troops occupy Boston to overawe the American colonists

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But though the Urewera people are fairly ancient, their claims to antiquity cannot now, in the light of history, actual and inferred, be allowed to stand.

Not Even Tauira.

Tauira were not the first of the island invaders by a long way. Mr. S. Percy Smith, the late Surveyor-General, and a keen enquirer into the origin of the Maori, does not think so, and though many philologists—more or less famous—have daringly traversed his opinions, few, if any, have put forward a more feasible theory as to the probable origin of the Maoris(2). Of course the farther back one goes the more difficult does the subject become, and the deepest thinker, while becoming engrossed in the subject, soon becomes entangled in a maze which fails to disclose a way out, and the farther he goes the more distant does the desired place of emergence into clear daylight appear to be. At best we have but rude tradition to go upon, and when it is attempted to pierce the mists that hang heavily over a space of 1,000 years, the stupendous nature of the task is revealed, the resultant sum being mere theory—supported, perhaps, by language tests, but still mere theory: not at all convincing to the ordinary lay mind, but perhaps sufficient to whet their appetites for a more thorough search over ancient fields of discovery.

The Asian Home.

The traditions and genealogies of the ancient Maoris referred in many cases, doubtless, to what shall be shown later on as their original home in Asia, and in other cases to one or other of their many Hawaiikis. In the course of ages these traditions of the early past and the later past became inseparably interwoven, and though there is a substratum of truth running through all the traditions, like fine gold in a poor leader, yet it is not a very payable field for the writer of history; for just when he thinks he has struck a rich patch the "strike" may give out, and leave the prospector in the realms of history with blank dismay written on his brow. The question of when these islands were first peopled will only be settled when prehistoric remains of man shall have been dug out of the most ancient strata, the age of which may be known, approximately, to geologists. This will not be until New Zea-

(2). Colonel Gudgeon, writing to me from Devonport some years ago, gave his opinion that the Tauira tribe were undoubtedly the ancient tribe, and the Wairoa Ngarengare were only an interloper of the Ngaitahu; and, no matter what may be said, Tauira were not conquered. When Tamai-ona-rangi, Te Wainohu, Te Kahu-o-Te Rangi and others led all the tribes of Te Wairoa to attack Te Uhi pa, Te Kawiti of Tauira was chosen as chief, and he and Te Otane utterly defeated the war party and took all of their chiefs prisoners. "I judge," he says, "that Tauira were either descendants of Potiki, the ancient ancestors of the Urewera tribe, or they were from an old ancestor, 'Toi, the wood-eater.' So also was Tamatea Moa and Te Uoro. As for the Taniwha tribe, of whom I have written, I consider that they were a remnant of the aborigines. Of one thing I am quite certain, and that is that Tauira once owned all Wairoa and that their ancestors did not come in any of the modern canoes, such as Takitimu, Arawa, etc."

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land is more thickly populated, when great excavations for canals, tunnels, docks or harbours shall lay bare the treasures of the ages for our enrichment(3).

Just as this chapter was completed comes a remarkable verification of my opinion, expressed as far back as 1908, by the discovery of many miles of submerged drains in Awanui swamp, five feet wide and five feet deep, dug, as Macmillan Brown suggests, to provide additional arable land for the dense population then peopling the north. These miles of drains not only suggest engineering minds, but digging tools far in advance of the Maori "ko."

Recent excavations made on Fanning Island have disclosed the fact that the island was once inhabited by a skilled race of men. The remains of a large building, 200 feet by 50 feet, were unearthed, the stones of which were not held together by either cement or mortar, but neatly mortised one into the other. In the building was found a tomb containing a human skeleton, a necklace of teeth of a cachalot, the skull of a poi-eating dog, and other articles. Truly a most interesting find, and though it does not point in the direction of a lost Maori art, it may be connected with the earlier Polynesian race.

The Maori never was a builder in stone. His Aryan forefathers were nomad cattle tenders, and lived in tents, which were easily removed from place to place. The find, however, suggests that Fanning Island may have formed part of a great submerged continent, fragments of which did not disappear beneath the waves when the great continent broke up. The find made some years ago at Sandy Bay, Whangarei, on the East Coast, of two skeletons—"a high type of man, not a Maori," and a low-grade skull—is a case in point in a small way, and not only very interesting, but important. I have not obtained any later particulars, but it appears that the skull found in the lower stratum is said to be even of a lower type than the famous Neanderthal skull. Mr. Cheeseman, rightly enough, did not attach much importance to the first-mentioned skull, since many if not most of the Maoris possessed the high-type cranium to a remarkable degree. The other skull is likely to prove a puzzle to anthropologists, who maintain that New Zealand was not populated until the advent of the Maori as we now find him, traced by means of his own genealogies and traditions. It is idle, however, to speculate whether a race somewhat below the ape once inhabited these islands, or whether the bony specimen found at Sandy

(3). Mr. Clement Wragge believes he has discovered in the far north of New Zealand evidences of a prehistoric occupation of these islands by a race that left its hieroglyphic history on the rock columns. This is still in the regions of pure speculation, and I can only just mention the fact.

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Bay was that of an Australian or Tasmanian slave picked up by some of the early Polynesian navigators. Professor Arthur Keith dealt a great blow to the evolutionists when he dissented from the opinion held by the great majority of anthropologists that the Neanderthal man had gradually shed his ape-like features and become "transformed" into the modern type. He himself had, at one time, held the same opinion, but he had, in the face of accumulated opinion, abandoned this view.

If correct, there must be found some time or other a missing link; but no, the Neanderthal man became extinct. All the discoveries of this peculiar race of humans in France of late years belonged to a late phase of the Pleistocene period—a period corresponding to the formation of the lowest terrace of the Thames Valley. But long before that, in England and on the Continent, men of the modern type and not the semi-evolved simian existed (4). There was, if I may quote the instance, the famous case of the human mandible, which Boucher de Perthes, the founder of our knowledge of paleolithic man, discovered near Abbeville, in the Valley of the Somme, in 1803. He took the specimen with his own hand from a deep and old stratum belonging to an age that long preceded the Neanderthal period in France. It was identical with a mandible found in a coprolite pit near Ipswich in 1855. Several of the Pleistocene crania of France were in date pre-Neanderthal, but yet were of the modern type! The most remarkable, perhaps, of all the discoveries of early man was that made by Professor Ragazzoni at Castinedolo between 1860 and 1880. In strata belonging to an early Pliocene period, and in conditions which showed that the strata had never been disturbed, he found, in a period extending over 20 years, parts of four human bodies, one being the almost complete skeleton of a woman. They were all found to be of the modern type! But anthropologists of the evolution school turned their backs on the discovery because it was a blow to their preconceived notions: it is not singular that even savants do not find what they do not look for. Professor Keith, already referred to, thus writes of the "Galley Hill man," by which is meant the man whose remains were found at Galley Hill in the Thames (England) Valley:—"Turning to what can be told of this ancient Briton from a study of the remains, one is struck with the modernity of the type. It is true that there is not probably a single individual now in these islands that shows all the features of this man, for man he was, and not ape. The extreme length and narrowness of his head may be approached by some, his short

(4). A recent cable, referring to the skeleton of a prehistoric man found in Kent in August, 1912, shows that the living being had a brain capacity of 1,500 cubic centimetres. There are no traces of the overhanging brow ridges as on the skull of the Neanderthal man. The teeth were much worn. Flints found near were of the late Palpeolithic and early Neolithic periods.

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stature—a little over five feet—by many, but few would show the curious features of his thigh-bones. Very few would be found to possess the same relative dimensions of teeth, but in many men an equally retreating chin and a corresponding form of forehead can be seen. His brain was somewhat below the average modern man in size, but bigger than is often found in highly intelligent people."

The lesson that the Galley Hill discovery has brought home to anthropologists and archæologists is that the modern type of man—the man who has shed all traces of simian traits in face, feature, and body—is older than we have hitherto supposed. The history of man in England does not commence 5,000 years ago, with the invasion of Celt or Saxon, but at a period of which 5,000 years is but a small fraction. Sir Ray Lankester, in *Science from an Easy Chair*, says:—"Behind the three periods of comparatively modern prehistoric men of this European part of the world (for we do not know the rest of the world so well)—(1) that at the dawn of the use of iron, (2) that of the use of bronze, and (3) that of polished stone weapons—there is the great Pleistocene epoch of river-gravels, of cave-deposits, and of sands and clays piled up by glaciers, which during intervals of increased cold extended over Northern Europe. Man existed all through this Pleistocene period, and has left evidence of his presence in successive deposits containing his rough flint implements, his carvings, and his paintings on the walls of caves. This long Pleistocene geological epoch is called sometimes the Quaternary . . . and is also called 'Palæolithic'; or the epoch of ancient stone implements . . . to distinguish it from the Neolithic . . . or epoch of the newer 'polished' stone implements with which modern conditions and ways begin. The British Islands in the olden time were part of the Continent of Europe, and . . . from 20,000 to 50,000 years would probably suffice to carry us back to those earlier conditions—from the earliest cromlechs and stone circles and lake dwellings of the Neolithic Age to the Pleistocene. . . . Man was there all the time, even when the earliest Pleistocene sands and clays were deposited, and before that. The Pleistocene epoch is conveniently divided into three ages or sub-epochs—the later, the middle, and the early—and these are divided into successive periods, indicated by the occurrence of different kinds of weapons, implements, and artistic work discovered in the successive layers of gravels in the river valleys, and of deeper and higher deposits in the caves, proving the existence of successive groups or races of man characterized by distinct industries and degrees of culture."

A very important discovery was made not long ago in a wild and romantic spot in Norfolk, England. The landscape was

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found to be marked by a number of cup-shaped hollows, and these have long been a mystery. They run in clusters, and cover about 20 acres of the plateau. Archæologists have now solved the problem. The cup-shaped hollows are found to be the mouths of partly filled in shafts about 30 feet deep, and the same in width at the top. These were made by men in the Stone Age, seeking below the chalk for veins of flint of approved quality for the manufacture of cutting instruments, weapons, etc. Primitive men they were, yet distinctly human. There were found not only the deer-horn picks used to flake the flint, but picks piled like a stand of arms as the workmen left them, also burnt flints used to heat water, fragments of pottery, and drawings in the shafts. There were also found human bones, those of a sturdy primitive race, very far removed from the monkey type.

The skull of what is known as the Piltdown man has been reconstructed by both Dr. Smith-Woodward and Professor Arthur Keith, the former allowing 1,070 cubic centimetres for the brain, and an ape-like jaw. The discrepancy is partly accounted for by the fact that the workman's pick did serious damage to the skull, for which Dr. Smith-Woodward did not make sufficient allowance. Professor Elliot Smith has been lately reviving our interest in "our ancestors." In an interview, he said that an extraordinarily keen controversy took place in England over the historic importance of the skull known as the Piltdown skull, which had been discovered in a flint deposit near a public road. The skull, Professor Smith said, was perhaps the most important remains of early man that had ever come to light. In the skull, which was essentially human, there were a number of features which had hitherto not been found except in the skulls of apes.

No Missing Link.

The skull represented probably the nearest approach to the hypothetical "missing link" between the apes and man that had yet come to light. Considerably more than half of the skull was still preserved. The formation of the jaw was quite new. If it had been found alone most people would certainly have called it an ape's jaw. Many people still maintained that it was an ape's jaw. There was no doubt that it belonged to the skull, because the teeth which were in the jaw were plainly primitive human teeth, and not an ape's teeth. Although the skull was obviously human, it had certain primitive features which no other human skull was known to possess. The bone was remarkably thick, and altogether the discovery dispelled any doubt that might have remained of man's relation to the ape. "I suppose," says the Professor, "the life they led 50,000 years ago—which is the minimum age

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of the Piltdown skull—was very much like that of the Tasmanians, who are now extinct. So far as equipment was concerned, the Tasmanians, when they lived, were certainly the lowest race on earth. They were more isolated than other races, and retained up to modern times an equipment not very much greater than that of the man of the Piltdown stage." Here he produced a rough piece of flint, which had come from Piltdown, and which, he said, had done service as some kind of implement in very remote times. He thinks the Australian blacks are now the lowest type of human being. Professor Smith puts forward the theory that in the ancestors of man the brain reached its human status before the features of the face; . . . that man reached his human estate by virtue of his development of the brain, and that afterwards his features became refined as a result of his definite selection. As his æsthetic taste became elevated, he exercised a higher mental discrimination in selecting his female partner. "Man's ancestors were certainly arboreal," he said.

"You find in popular journals," he said, "the idea often put forward that either the Peruvians came from Egypt or the Egyptians came from Peru. That is grossly inaccurate, though there is, I believe, a germ of truth in it. My opinion is that the influence of Egypt and Western Asia extended around the Mediterranean into Western Europe and the British Isles. I am preparing a lecture, in which I propose to show how the influence gradually extended from Egypt and Central Asia to Southern Europe and the Persian Gulf." That is to say, in quite remote times there was a lot of maritime intercourse between the different races, and some of the customs of each race would thus be carried to the others. They certainly spread towards India and down towards the Indian coast to Ceylon, and from Ceylon across to Sumatra, the Malay Peninsula; and the influence was gradually diffused throughout the whole of the East Indies. To a certain extent Northern Australia was influenced by this process. Mummification certainly got into Northern Australia in that way.

The Ape Man.

This brings us to the parting of the ways as regards the so-called evolution of man from the ape. The historian, however, is nothing if not impartial. In *Man and His Forerunners* Professor H. von Buttel-Reepen gives an account of recent discoveries of remains. In 1892 Dubois discovered in Java fragments of bones in a fossilized state, supposed to belong to a creature called Pithecanthropus, intermediate between man and the ape—in fact, "The Missing Link." Since then, namely, in 1907, a huge human jaw was discovered near Heidelberg, which scientific men think belonged to a being geo-

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logically contemporaneous with the Pithecanthropus. The two existed before the use of fire was known; they lived in a world where roamed beasts like the mammoth, the Elephas Meridionalis, standing 20 feet high, and rhinoceros larger than any in the known world. They defended themselves—the Pithecanthropi—with "coliths," roughly shaped lumps of stone. That is about all that is known of them—not much, the reader will say, on which to support the evolution theory.

Passing over the important results that may accrue as a consequence of the almost world-wide excavations now being made, it may be as well to summarize the conclusions in the foregoing chapter, and I contend this will show that man to-day—and certainly not the Maori man—does not supply any evidence of descent from monkeys. If the latter were so descended, then someone of the "human" race must at some time or other have "thrown back" to the monkey type. Sir Arthur Keith, dealing with the discoveries made in Australia and Java, and their bearing on the theory of man's evolution, said "the only discovery of fossil man yet made in Australia made it clear that mankind had reached the largest of the isolated continents at a much more remote date than had hitherto been believed. The art of navigation was usually supposed to be no more than 5,000 years old; but the discoveries made in Australia compelled us to believe that the first settlers of that continent had mastered that art, either by accident or forethought, 25,000 years earlier or more. The Australian aborigine was the most interesting and most primitive of all breeds of modern man. When the anthropologist looked round the world to-day for a type which would serve as a common ancestor for black as well as white races of living men, the Australian aborigine came nearest to his ideal. Somehow the ancestors of the aborigine had passed over from farther Asia to Australia. Under the most favourable geological conditions he had to cross a belt of sea 30 miles wide. The shape and characters of the skull found at Talgai, in Queensland, left no doubt that it belonged to an early kind of Australian aborigine—an Australoid, he might be called. His brain was above the average of the modern Australian aborigine; his jaws and teeth were also larger and more primitive than theirs. Indeed, with the exception of the Piltdown man, no fossil type known to us had teeth and palate so reminiscent of the anthropoid ape as the Talgai had." Referring to the recent discoveries in Europe, Sir Arthur Keith said one was at Omercassel, opposite Bonn, in Germany, the remains belonging to the Ice Age, and these were estimated as belonging to a race which lived about 12,000 B.C. The discovery was made in a bank of stratified sand, and two skeletons, those of a man and a woman, were found. The formation of the skull showed that this man was

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of the Nordic or Scandinavian type. The jowl of the skull resembled that of Robert the Bruce. There was clear evidence that the men of the Scandinavian type were in the valleys of the Rhine at the end of the Ice Age, 10,000 or 12,000 years before Christ. The woman's skull was similar to that of a modern Nordic woman. The best of the Nordic races were the Celts, especially those in the Western Highlands. Sir Arthur was definitely of opinion that these skulls showed that at no time was Europe peopled by Eskimos or Mongolians. This was confirmed by the "Chancelode man," found in France, whose nose was similar to that of the Basque race of Spain to-day. The remains known as the "Solutre man" were found in the Rhone Valley, and were from 15,000 to 20,000 years old. Sir Arthur mentioned the curious fact that above the human remains was a stratum of horses' remains, 100,000 carcases of horses having gone toward the making of this stratum. The remains were those of a man and a woman and two babies. Two upright stones were found projecting above the ground near the bodies to mark the grave, and this custom was found among some primitive tribes to-day. Indeed, we know from Maori history that even the sacred spots where famous canoes rested for all time had such upright posts to define the place of deposit. The Solutre discovery showed that the round-headed man had come into Europe much earlier than had been anticipated. Sir Arthur also gave a brief description of the discoveries at Predmost, in Czecho-Slovakia, where some 40 individuals, men, women, and children, were buried in a common grave. These remains dated back to 15,000 to 20,000 years ago, and at the present time that is about the sum-total of what is known of prehistoric man, but even now the question of ancestry is unsettled, except that modern man has come from a common primal stock of humans and not mere baboons.

Later, Sir Arthur Keith, lecturing before the Royal College of Surgeons, related more fully the circumstances under which the skull and some bones, together with the bones of several animals, were found in a cave at Broken Hill. "The skull," he said, "was that of a type of man unknown before the discovery of these remains in 1921. This was one of the most important discoveries of ancient man ever made, because they could not fit him in with any kind of man with which they were familiar. He is an absolutely new type to us; a type of man that we had no idea of before. He is a man of extremely primitive type, so primitive, so unlike other races living, that we had to create a new species for him," added Sir Arthur. He estimated that "this man belonged to the Pleistocene period, and had lived at some time between 100,000 and 200,000 years ago. The bones of the animals found in the cave were identical with the animals living

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in Rhodesia to-day, and this led some scientists to believe that this cave was not so very old." As against this, Sir Arthur pointed out that the fauna of Africa had not changed to anything like the extent that the fauna of Europe had changed. The bones showed that this man could walk in an upright position, and was 5ft. 9in. or a little more in height. Although the skull had strong resemblances to that of a gorilla, this man was not so very low down in the scale in respect to brain, being even higher than some of the low type of human beings to-day. "This discovery," concluded Sir Arthur, "is one of the most important that has ever been made, or probably ever will be made, a discovery that throws new light and a strong light on our early history."

However, recent news from London is such as to gladden the hearts of the evolutionists, should the most recent find be verified when a consensus of savant opinion is brought to bear upon it. The story is that there has been found in South Africa a skull said to be the oldest in the world, and believed to be the missing link between man and the ape. Sir Arthur Keith, who has hitherto been sceptical on the subject of the missing link, says of the recent find:—"I know Professor Dart, who is an Australian anatomist, well. He is particularly interested in the brain. If he has found a cast of the brain, his evidence is well founded. Professor Dart is most capable, and, therefore, he must be taken seriously." Professor Elliot Smith said:—"Professor Dart is unlikely to make a mistake. He was with me when the Rhodesian skull arrived." The anatomical professor of the Rand University announced that the gap had been filled between the most primitive man and the most advanced ape. The individual to whom the skull belonged was not an ape-like man, but a man-like ape, probably unable to talk, but more intelligent than the gorilla. The discovery was made at Taunga, in Bechuanaland, and as the distance from the world's centre of scientific thought is not very great, we may expect to hear more definite pronouncements at no distant date.

The Sussex Man.

In 1912 there was unearthed what is known as the Sussex man—or, rather, his skull was—and it represented an age in which man had begun to use his brain to support his existence. Then comes the Neanderthal man. As far back as 1856 it became known that there existed in the second interglacial period a being lower than the lowest human and higher than the highest animal. In 1908 a Swiss archæologist at Dordogne, in France, found the skeleton of what was pronounced to be a young member of the Neanderthal race, who had been buried—the very earliest record of an interment. The account says:—"He must have

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been about 15 or 16 years old. He was lying in a sleeping posture on his right side, with his right elbow under his cheek and his right hand at the back of his head. His head rested on several flint plates, which had been carefully chipped and formed a sort of pillow. There were numerous partly-buried bones of aurochs lying near the skeleton, which seems to imply that the friends of the deceased desired to provide his spirit with food, and a well-chipped flint implement lay by the lad's left hand. A moderate estimate places the date of the interment at 150,000 B.C., and other authorities consider that it is more than twice as ancient as that." A reviewer of the book says he was a strange being, and rather uncanny. He was not human; much lower than the primitive Bushman of South Africa. He was not animal; much higher than the most sophisticated baboon which does its tricks before a music-hall audience. He was in the shadowy borderland in which he groped for glimmerings of light, and in the struggle gradually acquired a soul—the phrase is not mine. He and his people were a short, sturdily-built race, standing about 5ft. 3in. The author himself says:—"They had short legs, arms of medium length, and were probably very hairy. They walked upright, though doubtless not with military precision. It seems likely that they clothed themselves, and they roamed about armed with great wooden cudgels. They lived in hordes, but probably no definite tribal organization was yet developed, albeit the strongest males held positions of leadership. This picture differs but little from that already given of Tertiary man, but the use of fire had been discovered in the interval, and the improvements of stone implements made the struggle for existence less terribly severe." The reviewer continues:—"Still it was terribly severe, and the conditions of life in those dim days are sufficient to account for the relatively small population of the world. The horde might combine to attack a cave bear or a mastodon, but in the interval the hand of each was against the other. It was the case of the survival of the fittest, and those who did survive unconsciously handed on the torch until during the third interglacial period we have, in the Aurignacian race, a type which is definitely human. Indeed, from their remains, in the shape of kitchen middens and rock paintings, we know that in some respects they were on the same plane of development (and in some cases on a higher) as our own aborigines and the South African Bushman. It may be an attractive thought that all these discoveries represent man in the direct line of his gradual emergence from the animal. Unfortunately, it is not so. Herr von Buttel-Reepen warns us against any such belief. We have no proof and no sure ground for supposing that any of these people were our ancestors in the direct line. It is quite possible that they, like ourselves,

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were offshoots from some primal stock which has yet to be identified." As a matter of fact, the various races of man became extinct from various causes, as in the case of the lower animals. And when God said "Let us make man in Our image," it marked the creation of the modern type, but there were men —of a kind—on the earth before Adam, as there were reptiles and animals of gigantic size. The great saurians, nearly 100 feet long, crawled over the semi-liquid, slimy earth when man could not have lived upon it; nor can we conceive man, as we know him, being contemporaneous with the Gigantosaurus Africanus, 160 feet long and 22 feet high, unless it was perfectly true what the Bible writer states, that "there were giants in the earth in those days"; and if there had not been other races before Adam, whence the phrase "the sons of God" and "the daughters of men"? It is clear that evolution does not help us in the least. Supplementing the above, it may not be uninteresting at this stage to state that in 1908 Professor J. W. Sollas laid before the Royal Society the result of his study of the cranial and facial characteristics of the Neanderthal race. Comparisons of the skulls of this race with those of recent Australian aboriginals shows striking relationship in certain features, and almost identity in cranial capacity.

The joy of the evolutionists, however, has been very short-lived. The missing link is still missing. Sir Arthur, already quoted as interested in the recent "find," and who occupies the high position of Conservator of the Museum and Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons, asserts that the skull found in Bechuanaland by Dr. Raymond A. Dart, an Australian, is definitely that of an anthropoid ape. The view that the skull provided the missing link between the ape and the human was based on incomplete earlier reports. The creature was probably a cousin of the gorilla and the chimpanzee, and more human than either. It was more likely to have been the ancestor of man than any other type of ape. "It is the first long-headed ape ever found," Sir Arthur added. "This is a human characteristic. The jaw and teeth are more nearly human than those of the chimpanzee. The skull may not be as ancient as supposed."

In an earlier portion of this chapter the prediction was made that probably, when New Zealand began to engage in large engineering projects involving extensive excavations, the remains of prehistoric man would be revealed. That prediction, to all present appearances, seems to have already been verified just as this work was going through the press. High up in the face of a cliff at Arapuni, where extensive hydro-electric works are being undertaken, but buried at least 100 feet, alleged human remains have been laid bare in the heart of the rock. They

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comprise remarkably lengthy hip-bones, though no skull or skull-bones have yet been found. It is too early yet to expect a definite pronouncement that the bones are those of prehistoric man, because it is only a comparatively short time (geologically speaking) since New Zealand was tossed about, and in some places turned upside down, by violent seismic action. The find is the first made in New Zealand of what may prove to be the remains of prehistoric man, and no doubt the best authorities in the world will soon begin their investigations. With this we must be content at present, but it is only fair that I should place on record the observations of Mr. C. A. Moore, of Putaruru, on the subject. "One wonders," he writes, "if the bones are those of a race of people pre-Maori in origin, perhaps prehistoric cave-dwellers who at some early period, by earthquakes or volcanic disturbances, have been overwhelmed. On examining the bones, one finds them deeply grooved by muscles and tendons, with abnormally well-developed traction epiphysis (markings made by the movement of muscles over the bones). This proves that the people to whom they belonged were a well-built, muscular race, and, as the bones show by their length, remarkably tall. One thing, however, which is hard to explain, is why no skull-bones have as yet been discovered. That the bones are of a prehistoric people is a reasonable hypothesis, based on the locality of their discovery and the depth at which they lay. At present we have the fact of the bones being there, right in the heart of the rock, centuries old. Anybody with any imagination at all must conjure up visions of the people to whom they belonged, and wonder what grim tragedy of the past led to their burial in such an unusual tomb. Further investigation, after the removal of more of the cliff face, may bring forth more data to work on, and at present I am keeping a keen look-out for implements, or shaped flint tools and weapons."

The fact that the skull has not been found belonging to the man, if man he be, or to the owner thereof may be explainable by the fact that he may have been decapitated, and his head carried away as a trophy, or the convulsion of Nature which buried this bone may have hurled the skull away some distance, and if not cast away too far, or crushed out of recognition, it may yet be recovered.

The Indian Maori.

Sir W. Turner classes the Nigrito, the Mongolian, the Malay and the Indonesian among the principal Asiatic races—the Indonesians are those most closely associated with the Maoris—and these were short of stature, with a brown skin and long, straight black hair, so characteristic of the older generations of Maoris in Te Wairoa. Their skulls were dolichocephalic(5) and their noses mesorhine

(5). Having the skull long to its breadth—long-headed.

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(6). The reader must pardon these somewhat crackjaw terms, but I shall offend as seldom as possible.

Mr. S. Percy Smith, already quoted, considers there are very strong indications that the race from which the present-day Maoris have sprung dwelt on a mainland which he believes to have been inland India, the plains and foothills of the Himalayas, with their borders touching the sea on the Persian Gulf. The people dwelt here for ages, became navigators, crossed the neighbouring seas, and acquired many customs and some of the language of a Semitic people(7), though it is somewhat disconcerting to find that they did not bring with them the slightest knowledge of iron or metals generally, nor did they understand the art of pottery(8). Thus, while we get the wooden carved images so like those of the Ninevites in some respects, though perhaps more approaching those of the dwellers in the land of the Pharaohs, not a pot or a slab of brick do we get, and not even a hieroglyphic—save in one case—to enlighten us as to the identity of the Maoris with the ancient Aryan race. All the knowledge has been lost in their wanderings, and now only there remain threads dropped here and there, from which to weave a web that may be presentable to the reader.

But a time came when an Aryan race of a superior type appeared in Asia, and before this race the present Polynesians gradually retired, until at last, having become experienced navigators, they migrated far east to Indonesia, and finally settled there, ousting the weaker race. Mr. Smith does not think the migration was wholesale, as it is his belief that the hill tribes of India represent those who remained. The insular nature of the new home made the inhabitants veritable sea-rovers, or Vikings, and he believes that eventually they made their way far into the Pacific.

In the First Century.

About the first and second centuries of the Christian era, the Polynesians came in touch with the Malays from the west and north-west. Again history repeats itself, and the Polynesians scattered before the more vigorous race, taking with them some of the customs and names of the Malay people, as well as the tribal gods and the traditions.

(6). Having the nose of medium width.

(7). It is a somewhat singular fact that among the Hauhaus, who were bent on the destruction of the "Pakeha," they had a dread of even unwittingly injuring anyone who could boast of Jewish descent. Here in this district of Te Wairoa, in the sixties, there were two men of whom it was stated that they could go anywhere among the hostiles in perfect safety owing to its being supposed that they were of Jewish origin.

(8). In one case, however, the ancient Maoris did show a slight knowledge of pottery. They were in the habit of collecting the "pungapunga," or pollen, from the raupo growing in the swamps, and making it into bread. When required in small quantities they mixed the pollen up with water, and laying it in small clay pots they placed these in the fire, and when the cooking operations were over they had their bread and their clay pot as well.

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While it is supposed that some of them reached even to Madagascar, and are represented to-day by the Hovas, the greater number, by far, proceeded towards the sunrise into the Pacific. Their own traditions—which should not be lightly set aside, hazy though they be—seem to show that the people voyaged along North New Guinea, and finally reached Fiji and Samoa, or as they called it, Hawaiiki. The original inhabitants of Tahiti, Hawaiiki and New Zealand—identical with the Moriori of the Chatham Islands—formed part of the first migration. As the Malays increased they shouldered out the Polynesians, who established themselves in Fiji, giving names to various places there quite unknown to the Fijians of to-day. The blood of these people and the Polynesians became mixed—of that there is ample evidence—and so did their customs and traditions, until those of either race became inseparable. The later people, however, seem to have quite overshadowed the original population.

Then came a period of great unrest—of which even the Maoris of to-day tell—but whether this was due to conflicts in Nature, such as great volcanic upheavals or subsidences, which broke up a great continent, to tidal waves, or to wars only, it is difficult just now to say. At all events there seems to have been a great necessity for at least one people to seek fresh fields and pastures new, though they had to cross a wide stretch of sea to do so. Before this occurred, I can fancy there must have been much voyaging to and fro, from island to island, seeking places of refuge. At last the Fijians, Polynesians, and the Tongans of Vavau and Haapi made a descent on Samoa, conquered it, and drove the weaker inhabitants to the hills.

The Great Unrest.

Generations passed, and the conquerors spread themselves out over the Pacific, and referred to by Fornander as migrating to Hawaiiki, where they secured a leading position, as well became such adventurous warriors and voyagers. They occupied Tahiti, the Paumoto group, the Marquesas and Rarotonga, and about 1350, if not earlier, migrated to New Zealand(9), stamping on its hills, valleys, rivers, and headlands by the names alone, if nothing else, the fact that their former home was indeed just where it has been described—the Maori transplanted in the new land the names he loved so well, just as we perpetuate in this Britain of the South the names of men and places sacred to every true Anglo-Saxon.

Those who have studied most closely the Maori physique and lineaments, and compared him with the fine, upstanding

(9). As witness, Kupe's discovery of New Zealand, described later on in this work.

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Moriori type, must admit that Captain James Cook well described them when he said they were "a strong, raw-boned, well-made, active people," and yet Captain Cook made the mistake of calling them "Indians"(10), just as we do still in so styling the aboriginal red men of North America. Tall and stalwart they undoubtedly were, and not the stumpy fat men like those of the Kahungunu, whom Te Kooti impertinently described as "fat Leicesters." Activity must be admitted by all who ever saw them dance the "Tu Ngarahu," or war dance of the tribes. Mr. Sterndale wrote of the islanders a quarter of a century ago:—"Their language is so far identical that they understand one another without the aid of an interpreter. Their social customs are analogous, their traditions and habits of thinking are the same, and they have but one name 'Maori'—whereby they distinguish themselves from the rest of humanity—if, indeed, they were ready to admit that there were any 'people' but themselves."

Though the ancient wanderings of the Maori may be traced by the words he used, the language test must not, in this century, be too strictly applied, for the language of Polynesia, or rather of the true Polynesians, it not now so identical with that of the New Zealand Maori as one might suppose. During the 500 years or more that the two people have been separated, fundamental differences have grown up. It is true that they have very much in common, particularly in the case of the Cook Islanders. The grammatical construction of sentences is nearly the same as that of New Zealand throughout the Eastern and Central Pacific, but there are very great differences in words and colloquial speech as now used, particularly in regard to certain letters. For instance, in the Tahiti dialect there is neither the "k" nor the "nga" so much used in other dialects; thus the word "kupenga," for instance, a generic name for a fishing net in New Zealand, in the Atiu (Cook group) and in other parts of the Pacific becomes with them simply "upea," and so on. On the other hand they have the aspirate, but they have no "h" in Cook Island language. Again, the Samoan is a sibilant language, or rather dialect, great use being made of the letter "s," which is altogether absent in the islands to the eastward of that group. These are only a few instances, but the greatest difference consists in different words and names for things in use. Perhaps the greatest difference is between the Maori of Niue (Savage) Island and that of New Zealand, and generally the language of the Cook Island is the nearest to that of New Zealand.

(10). Perhaps, after all, this "mistake" was not a mistake, to use an Irishism. If the ancestors of the Maoris came from India, as undoubtedly they did, then the people Captain Cook saw were really and truly "Indians."

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The Rarotongan tongue is recognized as the standard language throughout the Central Pacific and the islands to the north of the Cook group, because the printed Bible in that language is the one in use throughout—about the only book in the language —and, therefore, widely read and assimilated to the local dialects of those islands. The Tahitian version obtains in the Eastern Pacific and the Samoan in the west, from the same cause. Notwithstanding colloquial and wide differences in many words and names, the great Polynesian language, as spoken over a vast expanse of the South Seas, to the east of the meridian of Greenwich in the tropics and New Zealand in the south-west, is essentially one language, though differing dialectically in minor aspects.

I think, when I come to deal with the first wanderings of the ancestors of the Maoris, it will be readily admitted that their stay in the Pacific was of much less duration than that in their original Asiatic home. All these journeyings must have taken a long time, and as they wandered from island to island they took their traditions and customs with them to each new land, dropping some word, tradition or letter, and perhaps adding to the common stock of tales and legends. It may even be that New Zealand was visited more than once—perhaps very many times —as there appears sufficient evidence to show that when "the canoes of the migration" arrived they found a people already in possession, and had to dispute the ownership with them. All this, I contend, must have taken a great many years—indeed, I doubt not, a great many centuries; and though it may seem presumptuous in me to do so, I cannot accept the dictum of Marshall([11]) that "so complete was the geographical isolation of New Zealand that it was uninhabited by man until some seven centuries ago." The Maoris themselves are not silent regarding the people whom they found in New Zealand, though in some cases the stories seem like fables, especially when they tell of the "Patu-pae-arehe" or "Turehu." Te Tini-o-Toi or Toi-kai-rakau (the wood-eater) is claimed as an ancestor by the people of Waikaremoana as occupying from Whakatane to the East Cape (as it is now called), but they were occupying the land more than 700 years ago, and along with the Marangaranga fell a prey to the later migrants from Hawaiiki([12]). The fact goes clearly to show that even the lands of Old Wairoa away back in past ages were fully occupied by the tangata whenua.

(11). "The Geography of New Zealand," by Mr. P. Marshall, M.A., D.Sc., F.G.S.

(12). The Marangaranga—said to have been descended from the children of Tane Mahuta, or the trees of the forest.

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The Aryan Maori.

As, however, it is from this migration that the present-day Maoris claim to have descended, I must go back a little and ask my readers to follow me into a region which they have not, perhaps, yet explored—the foothills of India. Mr. Edward Tregear, in his interesting booklet *The Aryan Maori*(13), published in 1885, contends that the Maoris are in reality Aryans as we are(14); that their very language and traditions prove them to have been descended from a pastoral people, who afterwards became warlike, numerous and migratory; and that in the language of their Aryan forefathers they preserved the names of animals and implements, the sight of which they have lost for many centuries. He also contends that the Aryan forefathers of the Maoris left India as far back as 4,000 years ago, and that they have been in New Zealand quite as long. The birthplace of the Aryan Maori was northward of the Himalaya Range, and they spread towards the south through the Hindu Kush, over Persia and Media, the language being, of course, Sanscrit. He gives a surprisingly long list of Sanscrit and Maori words, as well as Latin and Greek, which are not only so remarkably alike, but absolutely convincing as to the origin of the Maori.

As further proof, the writer quotes words and phrases used in the pastoral life of the Aryans, and he finds almost identical words in the Maori language of to-day, though the Maoris of Cook's time had not till then even seen cattle or engaged in the slightest degree in farming or tending cattle or horses. As I have already stated, the language test must not be too severely strained, but when used in conjunction with the rites and customs of the old Asiatic home, such must be profoundly convincing.

That the Aryan Maori was originally a pastoralist, or a nomad cattle-tender, Mr. Tregear deduces from the number of graft words in their language which indicate the fact, and which are in use, not only among the Maoris of to-day, but amongst the Teutonic branch of the Aryan race. Thus he gives—

(13). The reader who desires to pursue this subject further cannot do better than procure Mr. Tregear's work, issued from the Government Printing Office in 1885.

(14). With Mr. Tregear I must own, and easily do so, that the ordinary European, who counts in his ranks the Bengalee, the Savoyard, and the Portuguese as Aryans, need not blush to own his brotherhood with the beauties of Hawaii or the braves of Orakau; and in the ages to come, should the Maori race not survive the shock of our modern civilization, when the skeletons of some old-time Wairoa chiefs be brought to light, the anthropological savants will not be able to say "This was an ape man" or "This one is the missing link."

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Maori.	*English.*
Pare, to ward off.	Parry, to ward off.
Topu, a pair.	Double.
Tai, the sea.	Tide.
Papa, a father.	Papa, father.
Po, night, blackness.	Bogey, the demon of darkness.
Nape, to weave.	Nap (of cloth).
Pata, to drop, as water.	Patter, to drop.
Ika, the fish.	Hake.
Kuri, a dog.	Cur, a dog(15).
Tari, to wait.	Tarry.
Kote, to cut.	Cut.
Pure, to remove tapu.	Pure, and purify.
Kete, a basket.	Kit (Gr. kiste).

and many others; and if the Aryan Maoris and the Maoris of New Zealand were not pastoralists, why did the latter call their clothing "kakahu," cow, or leather? They called their mats, according to the material of which they were made, "Kahu-kiwi" (cow kiwi, or leather kiwi). "Kahu-toroa" is cow albatross, and every animal of the bovine species is, to them, a "cow." The word came quite natural to them on the introduction of a beast of which they had long lost sight(16). The ancient word for cow was "kahu," and for sheep "pirikahu," both Sanscrit; "hipi," as used in these days, being merely pigeon Maori. So, too, with the word "kaanga," for corn or maize; the ancient name was "parati," again pure Sanscrit.

Mr. Tregear adopts the same plan in dealing with Maori mythology, and notes, as I have often done, the wonderful knowledge possessed, even by the present-day Maoris, of serpents, lizards, and crocodiles, and beings they called "taniwhas" when the "tuatara" was the largest of the lizard type the Maoris had ever seen in New Zealand—for I cannot conceive that the "kumi" was other than a fabled reptile. There can be no doubt that the Maoris came from a land where these animals abounded, some of which they dreaded and some they worshipped, as the Maoris understood the term—appeased would, perhaps, be the better word to use in this connection.

In the story of Maui-Tiki-tiki-o-Taranga, or Maui-Potiki, fishing up the North Island, we get a further proof of the connection between the Maoris of the migration and the Aryan Maoris. The shout of Maui as he made the final pull on his

(15). Our Maori word for dog, "kuri," is older than the Rig-Vedas (and they are 4,000 years old). It is still extant in India as "kudri." It had the "ku" of the Greek word "kuon," but added was the snarling "r," the strong letter, called by the Latins "litera canina," the dog's letter, from which older form comes the Latin word "curro," I run, and English "cur," a dog that runs away.—Tregear.

(16). Most people would be inclined to say that "poaka" (pig) was pigeon Maori, but it is not, for "puoa" was the ancient word for pig, and Captain Cook states it was known to the Maoris when he arrived. The Polynesian word is "puaka," now corrupted to "poaka."

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"fish" was "Ooi!" and this, or "Oi!" merely, was the shout of the tohungas when invoking the gods of Heaven and Earth, or Tu, the god of war, but none others. And this was also the war cry of the Scandinavians—also of the Aryan race—as well as of the Anglo-Saxons in their pagan state(17). The address to the war god was triplicated for the purpose of emphasis—"Aoi! ooi! ooi!" not so very dissimilar to the "Hau! Hau! Hau!" of the followers of Te Ua, the mad Taranaki tohunga.

The Customs Test.

The institution of the "tapu" was known to the Aryans as a means of protection for the persons and property of those high in authority, and sacred things as well, and the European word taboo links us up once more with the Aryans of Asia. The Indian "kumara" (18)—like that of New Zealand—was "tapu," so were all the cultivations, and many of the Maori rites and ceremonies are to be found in India to-day—even the "tohunga" is but the fakir who still inspires terror on the banks of the Ganges.

One of the Aryan customs was that of naming each weapon or article of property as if it had a personality of its own, and when the Maoris gave names to their paddles, to their "patus" and manuka spears, or to their guns at a later period, they were doing exactly as their forefathers did on the foothills of India many thousands upon thousands of years ago. I am aware that Mr. Tregear's deductions and his philology have been attacked, but I find in the latest book on the Maoris remarkable support for his views(19). Dr. A. K. Newman, M.P., of Wellington, who in his day devoted much time and thought in the investigation of the claims of various schools of thought as to the whence of the Maoris, presents a wonderful mass of detail in justification of his theory, and incidentally of Mr. Tregear and Mr. Percy Smith, as to the Indian origin of the Maori. He presents ancient records of India, Burma, Assam, Malaysia, and ransacked the museums in Honolulu, London, Oxford, Cambridge, Calcutta, Amsterdam, Batavia and Singapore, and even drew upon the sacred temples of Benares and Karanasi.

The learned doctor concludes:—"I have cited a long list of authorities all agreeing that the continent of Asia was the land from which the Maoris came. As we find them distributed over so many lands, they must have been a numerous people

(17). In the island of Efate, the wonderful "fisher" is Maui tuki-tuki; in Futuna, New Hebrides, Mo-Shisiki; in Tanna, Ma-tiki tiki; so that the tale of the "fishing" exploit is very general.

(18). The Aleta (in the Philippines) called the sweet potato cumar, a food largely used in Peru. Among the Polynesians it is called kumara and umara.

(19). The reader is advised to procure and study Dr. Newman's book "Who are the Maoris?" published by Whitcombe and Tombs, a work which unfortunately is not in my possession.

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when they dwelt in Asia. The many different tribes of Maoris and their racial differences show this. Though they had many different dialects, we know they spoke a common language. There are many differences in their rites and religions, but they had a common religion. They are one people—'Tangata Maori' in India, in Indonesia, and in the Pacific. The varied legends and sacred chants, from whichever branch of the race we cull them, are singularly confirmatory of each other. By their race, by their customs, manners, habits, and by dropped colonies along the route of the Great Migration we can confidently trace them back to India. And if we search out the names of their cradle-lands, we can find them all centred in Northern India. Thus the legends confirm all the other evidence. The foods they cultivated—the rice, the 'kumara' and the 'taro'—were all three cultivated in India, and planted with the same religious rites. All their customs, bush rites, marriage rites, antenatal ceremonies, their baptism and burial rites are the same as their forefathers practised in ancient India—the rites of the 'Sangata Mauri,' or the 'Kanaka Maoli' of India. Their language and their script is of Indian origin. Their fortified pas, their weapons, their mode of fighting is Indian. Their canoes and canoe sails and their rafts are Indian. . . . Thus, however much we search into the past of the Maori, all the evidence leads back directly to Northern India. It could not be from any other land in Asia—not from China. Their Caucasian ancestors in Asia could only have been in India. The whole Maori civilization is that of Northern India of the 'Sangata Mauri,' but little changed in the 3,000 years since they left Hawaiiki." The use of the word "Hawaiiki" here refers, of course, not to the last "Hawaiiki," but to India. Dr. Newman quite upsets, not too tenderly either, Mr. Macmillan Brown's theories in his *Whence of the Maori?* He says:—"There have been many rash statements made about a prior Caucasian race having dwelt in the Pacific Islands. There is not one fact to confirm this view. There have been statements that they came from South America, founded on such airy trifles as the finding of two or three Maori adzes in Peruvian collections and that the kumara is there called 'kumar.' There have been equally preposterous statements that they are the remnants of a race which lived on a vast continent, of which Maori-inhabited islands are the tops of sunken mountains." Dr. Newman then goes on to show that the Maori and Pakeha come from a common stock, and thus he bears out Tregear, whose theories I adopted with some fear and trembling at first. "Deniker," he states, "speaks of the Aryans and Indo-Germans. It would appear as though there had been an original fatherland of the Aryans west of India, perhaps on the banks of the Caspian Sea, and that one branch went into cool climes and became

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Germans and English with paler complexions, while another branch passed east and became the Aryans of India, their skins darkening as they dwelt for centuries beneath a tropical sun, and after mingling with Mongolic people travelled on till they reached Hawaii, Easter Island, and New Zealand, where the Western or white branch of the Aryans and the Eastern or the brown branch met once more."

It is only fair to Professor Macmillan Brown to say that that gentleman has recently recanted his former heresy. A recent account says: Professor Macmillan Brown, the greatest living authority on Pacific ethnography, has definitely abandoned the notion that the Polynesians originated in the Malay Archipelago. In a University lecture in Dunedin he advanced the theory that they were Aryans from Central Asia or thereabouts, with Melanesian elements, the latter being the result of raids on and the abduction of women from islands in the Melanesian group. He referred to "a persistent and most definite Maori tradition" that the original inhabitants of Maoriland were giant blonds, fair-headed and blue-eyed, and cited other examples of Polynesian folk-lore harking back to a country where the trees had leaves only half the year, and the people "walked on the water." But, traditions apart, the Professor is satisfied from the appearance of Polynesians that they derive from the Aryan branch of the human family, for he has found a distinct element of blondism throughout the Polynesian group. He has noted Polynesian faces that were pure Grecian types; and he points out that a large proportion of the children have bronzy hair. Moreover, the custom of liming the hair, which waves like the European's and is totally unlike the Malay's, is, in his judgment, another indication that the race has a blond ancestry behind it. In fine, the Professor believes that the Maoris, Hawaiians, Samoans, etc., "are almost pure Caucasians; they clearly belong to the same great division of the human race as ourselves." He mentioned incidentally that the remains of docks for keeled boats, and huge stockades, evidently for protection from a foreign invader, had been found on the coast of South America. A Maori "mere" had also been picked up there, and there were indications that Polynesian adventurers had reached the other side of the Pacific. "But I feel sure," the Professor added, "that if they did land there they never came off again." Possibly, they rounded the Horn and tried to get back by way of Africa and Australia. The late William Paterson, manager of the Western Australian Agricultural Bank, told the writer that he had once found the battered remains of a Maori boat below Rockingham, on the Westralian coast. This, however, does not prove anything. The circumstances might have been purely accidental. Notwithstanding the above recantation, which is that of an honest man who

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finds he is mistaken, there now comes into the field Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who, after a sojourn of about twenty minutes in Maoriland, declares (according to a recent London cable) that the Maoris are Europeans, and came from Europe! Sir Arthur is more at home in the domain of spiritism, and furnishes another illustration of the saying, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," but may I add that increased knowledge may help the thinker to further elaborate the "whence of the Maori." It is true that I am not greatly concerned with the Hawaiiki or the Hawaiikis of the Maori, but reference cannot be omitted in the view of recent pursuits after knowledge regarding these various migrations.

At the recent Science Congress (1923) Mr. F. W. Christian said the question of the origin of the Maori was bound up with a wider and deeper one, the possibility that South America was discovered by voyagers from the Indian archipelago. From the testimony of the physical geography of the Maori and of the red men's tradition, and by the cumulative and mutually supporting evidence of the language, a strong case seemed to be made out for the claim that the early Indonesian voyagers crossed the Pacific, following a course some fifteen degrees above the equator, and discovering Hawaiiki or the eight islands of Hawaii. Some of them stayed there and became the ancestors of the light-brown Polynesian races, ultimately reaching New Zealand by a circuitous course via the Marquesas, Mangareva, Tahiti, and the Cook Islands. Some of them appeared to have gone on till they struck the coast of South America at the Guayaquil harbour. They not only brought the "kumara" from Java into the wide Pacific, but also brought it to Peru and Equador, where the Inca, the red men of Peru and of Gvito, call the white potato the "kumara" to this very day.

I have already given as much evidence as I could find space for, connecting the migrants with their ancient Indonesian home by means of names bearing a similarity in spelling and in significance to the thing described. Mr. Christian, at the Congress already mentioned, illustrated from a skilfully drawn map the influence exerted by the mighty parallelogram of forces formed by the ocean currents and trade winds in carrying forward and scattering flotilla upon flotilla of emigrants from Indonesia in their great sea-going canoes, until they occupied islands and archipelagoes up to the very shores of the great continent. In support of the testimony of physical geography and native tradition, the lecturer quoted many tree and bird names, together with the names of reptiles, insects, fishes, colours and metals, to prove that far north-western origin of the Maori in Java and the neighbouring islands of the Indian archipelago. He then traced great migrations outward past New Guinea and the great

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duel between the black man and the brown man for possession of the archipelagoes and scattered islands. The lecturer showed that many New Zealand plant and tree names, such as "totara, kahikatea, karamu, whiro, whara, hinau or whinau, kutakuta," etc., were Indonesian and Indian names, some of them being even ancient Semitic, dating back to the far-off days when the southern Arab and Phœnician sailors visited Java and the Malay Peninsula. The name of the "kotare," or kingfisher, was traced back through Tahiti to the Carolines, thence to Flores and Java, and the names of the frigate or bo'sn bird and other birds to the ancient sacred language of India. The "ngarara," or monstrous man-eating lizards of Maori tradition, were shown to be identical with the Sanscrit name of the crocodile of the Ganges. Maori colour names for white, black, red, green, yellow and blue were carefully analysed, and were shown to have ultimately belonged to India and South-eastern Asia, where the forefathers of the Maori had a very fair knowledge of dyeing and of dye stuffs. The lecturer claimed that out of some thousand words in Rarotongan, 60 to 65 per cent. were of Aryan origin, either quite pure or slightly modified from contact with Malay, and that 25 per cent. represented a very early Semitic element acquired from some language akin to the early South Arabic of the Phœnician. Only about 10 per cent. of the words suggested the deeply submerged and almost entirely buried substratum of the black or Melanesian element. "The evidence now available," he concluded, "seems to prove the Maori to be about three-fourths Aryan, and to support and vindicate the theory of Fornander, and the latter-day views of Mr. E. Tregear and the late Mr. Percy Smith." Yes, indeed, as I had previously ventured to assert, not only three-fourths, but perhaps wholly Aryan.

From Far Hawaiiki.

I am now come to what I may not inaptly call the parting of the ways as between philology on the one hand and Maori genealogy on the other. If I ask the modern Maori whence he came—and I have put the question to many—the invariable answer is "from Hawaiiki." Ask any of the South Sea Islanders whence they came, and the same answer is given—from Hawaiiki. The English immigrant speaks of the Homeland as his birthplace, the German sighs for "the Fatherland," and the Irishman tells of "the ould sod," where the grass always grows green, whilst the Maori sighs, and looks away towards the Hawaiiki, ancient cradles of the race many degrees apart. The Maori traditions give some sailing directions which go to show that their home was really in an Asiatic Hawaiiki, though this does not in the least discount the migration of 1350:—*Me titiro ki te putenga mai o te whetu, o te ra, me waiho te iho o te waka reira.* That is: "When you go, look at the rising of the star and the sun, and keep

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the prow of your canoe to it." Had the migrants from the Hawai-iki of the South Seas done this they would never have struck the shores of Aotea-roa where they did. These were clearly the directions given when the Aryan Maoris left Asia; and doubtless there were navigators in those days, in which case the wave of population may have been stayed at various points for generations and the Aryans may have mingled with a Semitic people—for that some of the Maoris have Semitic features, customs and traditions cannot be denied. Sir Elliot Smith, already quoted, says:—"The thing I am relying on chiefly is the custom of building great stone temples and things like pyramids: we call them dolmens. Then these things spread right out through the Pacific. You will find them in widely-scattered places, as far South as New Zealand, as far North as the Sandwich Islands, and right out to Easter Island, which is, perhaps, two-thirds of the way across to America; there is no reason why you should not carry it the rest of the way: that is to say, if the people were swept out of their course to Easter Island, a large number of them must have reached America. Thus, in Peru and Mexico, shortly after the beginning of the Christian era, you find all kinds of these curious customs making their appearance—mummification, the building of pyramids and stone tombs and temples, and all sorts of things, which cannot be mere coincidences. There are all sorts of funny little things. In modern Egypt—and probably it goes back some time—married women, for instance, tattoo their lower lip in a curious way, just as the Maori women do. On the other hand, the migration may have been by land, for there is abundant evidence that the land surfaces of the globe, even 4,000 years ago, were not as we now find them, especially in Asia, and the advancing wave may have been checked there also, but certainly it went towards the sunrise originally." But I do not see anything whatever of conflict between Mr. Tregear and, say, Mr. Percy Smith. Both convince me that the Maoris are of the Aryan race, like ourselves. A valued correspondent([20]) in the South Sea Islands, who has made this subject a study, contributed the following:—The ancestors of the race have been indirectly traced to India, and no doubt they came from further west in remote ages, perhaps even from Egypt, for they had certain ceremonies in common with the ancient Egyptians, and they both have the same name for the sun—Ra—while there are many other links. Driven out of India by a more warlike or numerous race, they took to the sea, and made their home first amongst the most magnificent of the Eastern archipelago. It is thought by some that Java or Hawa is the root of the name Hawai-iki—"iki" being simply a variation of "iti" (small). That as the Maoris pursued their course

(20). Major J. T. Large.

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eastward they sojourned for long periods on various islands, which they called Hawaiiki in remembrance of their old home in Java (Hawa)—the pearl of the archipelago. . . . On, on, towards the rising sun. Savaii, in the Navigators, may have been another resting place, where they acquired the Melanesian or negroid strain, which shows up in many members of the race. Thence to the islands of the East Pacific was another step, and there we find that the ancient name of Raiatea—one of their most sacred islands—was Hawaiiki, and it was from there via Rarotonga that the ancestors of the New Zealand Maoris came some time in the thirteenth century, as traced by Mr. Percy Smith, for when I first visited Rarotonga and the South Seas in 1892 I ascertained from the best authorities that the names of the identical canoes and ancestors that went to New Zealand so many generations ago had been handed down to them from their ancestors. At Raiatea, subsequently the home of Turi—a famous Maori emigrant ancestor, who many years before had been driven out of that beautiful island—I learned that he left with his people in the Aotea canoe to seek a new home in the west. Then there was the offshoot of the Polynesian race that went north of the Line and peopled the lovely Hawaii group, another variation of the name of the ancestral home—

"From island unto island to the gateways of the day"

—spread over the vast Pacific, from New Zealand in the South to the Sandwich Islands in the North, from the Navigators in the West to Easter Island in the Far East.

The Maori as we now find him, lounging in the billiard rooms and hotels, or frequenting the racecourse and the dancing halls, is no more like the Aryan Maori than the Indian hawker is like the lordly Rajah of Seringapatam or Gwalior. The wrenching away from his former simple pastoral life began the work of deterioration, and our laws and customs bid fair to complete his demoralization, unless the arrestive process makes speedier headway than it does at present. When the Maori forgets his own language and converses with his fellows and the Europeans in pigeon Maori, he is doomed as a distinctive race. It would probably be safe to prophesy that in about 100 years English will be almost a universal language, but probably only for trading purposes. The new rulers of Ireland are endeavouring to restore the ancient Gaelic language, and the best friends of the Maoris would do well to see that even the coming race should learn the pure native tongue before it is too late even to secure qualified teachers. Once let a native race forget its own language and its customs, then that race is doomed to mediocrity.

But I must cease these wanderings amid the wilds of ancient India, and apply myself to matters nearer home.

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CHAPTER IV

DOWN THE AGES

REASON TO BOAST—PEOPLING THE LAND—THE MAORI DEFENCE—WHENCE?—THE SPEAR OF GOD—CANOES OF THE MIGRATION—KO AOTEA!—COMING OF TOI—THE TAKITIMU—THE LAND MISNAMED.

As I have already remarked, there is great mistiness about the various migrations from "Hawaiiki," to use the generic term for the many island homes of the Maori. The traditions are so many, so vague and so varied, as to puzzle the very best of our historians and ethnologists, and "where doctors differ," I, a mere layman, cannot be expected to decide. I shall, however, submit some reasons that may account for much of the discrepancy that exists. All I can promise to do is to give as fair an outline as I can of the ancient Maori inhabitants of our district, and in doing so I shall endeavour not to overlaud the subjects of what must naturally be an imperfect sketch(1). Nor am I disposed to look at the Maori from the standpoint of present-day Europeans, or judge them by the average sample seen in our streets.

To understand the Maori people aright, my reader must endeavour to look at them from my standpoint. To do this he must project his mind back 100 or 200 years ago to find a fair average specimen of the race. He must do as I did not long ago —take a stand on the old crumbling walls of the ancient pa, mark its lines and its flanking bastions covering all approaches. At my feet once stood the attacking and defending forces, and in the centre of the old pa are the "kumara" pits still to be seen, where the sacred roots were last stored 140 years ago. Then let the reader take his stand with the "toa" who leads the "taua" up the slope to the pa, or stand within the projecting "pekerangi," and watch the preparations for defence. Or let him observe the Maori in his customs and ceremonies, pagan as they were, and try to imagine what he was like, take part in feast and "tangi," or mayhap follow him to the "haangi" and the distribution of food. Watch him in the direst peril and sorrow, or exultant in victory, and then, perhaps, the reader will come to the conclusion that the ancient race is at least worthy of study if not of admiration, and for that reason the preservation of the race in its purity is worthy of our best efforts.

(1). I have witnessed the passing of the old-time Maori, and even in 1876 he walked and bore himself in our streets—every inch a rangatira among men. I have seen the Waiau chief Waata Taiaroa parading Marine Parade, taiaha in hand, and yet not conscious of any inequality with the Pakeha.

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Reason to Boast.

Every nation on earth has something of which it can boast, though many national traits of character or individual actions were best forgotten. The Spaniards may boast of Christopher Columbus, the Dutch pride themselves on the achievements of Abel Tasman, and Britishers may tell, with all their national pride of heart, of the voyages of Captain James Cook; but none of them were such wonderful navigators as the voyagers from Hawaiiki who sighted New Zealand nearly 150 years before Columbus saw America. The European voyagers had all the nautical science of the day at their command. The Maoris had nothing to guide them but the sun by day and the moon and stars by night, and sometimes nothing but the trend of the sea or the flight of the birds as they winged it to distant lands.

Yet it was not by mere chance that the 27 canoes, or perhaps more, visited these shores. For not only did they discover New Zealand, but more than one sailed back again to Hawaiiki to tell the news and bring back the "kumara." Wonderful navigators they were, and fully justified in any national pride they may possess; and when the "kaumatuas" still left in the land try to tell, with their wonderful imagery, what the Maori people accomplished, let not the European laugh, for not so very long before, our own ancestors dwelt in the forests of Britain, and attended afternoon parties in a brand-new suit of paint! Nor let the Pakehas pretend to survey, with a lordly sweep of the eye, the whole of this fair land and claim it theirs, as though they had at some time or other conquered the Maoris, for the white man has not done that on the field of battle, though the Maoris admit they have been defeated by the white man's "civilization."

Peopling the Land.

There are people in these days so devoid of the knowledge of the ancient history of New Zealand that they will tell us the Maoris never occupied more than a mere strip along the coast, and perhaps some little distance up the great rivers. That all the interior was a sort of "No Man's Land"—therefore territory to be annexed, confiscated, or seized, whichever be the correct term, by the Crown or by private individuals or land rings. This is unadulterated nonsense, based on pure ignorance of Maori and pre-Maori history. Long before even the more vigorous Maori came, New Zealand was thickly populated, and even to-day there may be seen on the hill-tops and in the valleys evidences that they carried a fairly dense though perhaps a primitive population. The ancient people did not, as some may imagine, just squat down haphazard on the bush-clad, pinnacle-shaped hills, or bur-

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row holes wherein to dwell, nor did they seek refuge in the caves, or in the craters of extinct volcanoes, or live a life of ease in the steaming waters of New Zealand's Wonderland.

They did none of these things. Freed at last from the cramped life they had lived on the atolls of the Pacific, the emigrants at once fell in love with their new land—"the Long Bright World"—and did all they could to hold it. They selected, through the eyes of their leaders, the most suitable hills for fortifying purposes. These were, usually, not a continuous range, but separate conical hills of great height, generally unscalable on one or two sides. The Pakehas were not the first bushfallers who invaded the virgin forests of Aotea-roa, for long before the white man set foot on New Zealand's shores the valleys were extensively cleared as well as the hill-tops in the neighbourhood of the pas. It was not the white bushman's axe that first resounded in the valleys, but that of the brown "children" of the sunny isles.

But day by day, with great regularity, could be heard the dull thud of the rude stone axe in the hands of the Maori or the pre-Maori; and as one man made his allotted number of strokes, another took his place, until, chip by chip, the work was done, and the boles of the monarchs of the forest were patiently cut into till the trees fell with a crash, laid low after the expenditure of much time and labour—for the former was of little value to the Maori unless pressed by a foe; and as for labour, the people were "numberless," and then, as now, many hands made light work.

The Maori Defence.

Scarcely had the echoes of the falling trees ceased to break the solitude in the domains of Tane-Mahuta, than the Maoris set to work on the cleared hill-tops, and there they built their forts, with a measure of skill and intelligence worthy of the engineers or the sappers and miners of to-day. They levelled the crests and scarped the cones, and then surrounded themselves with substantial earthworks built to the truest ideal of a defensive plan —structures that defied even British artillery in the olden days, as witness Orakau, in the North.

From these defences they looked out in times of peace on the cultivations flourishing in the clearings on the hill-sides or down in the valleys by the purling brooks. In times of war they gathered behind the defences, keenly scrutinizing, it might be, the advancing "taua" of whose approach the scouts had just given notice. As the enemy advance up the hill the dwellers in the fort gird themselves for the coming battle, and try to measure the strength of the attacking party. They do this without fear, for they know none. The "tohungas" have already given

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The Coming of the Maoris

From a painting in the Auckland Art Gallery by F. [illegible] and L. J. Steele. Reproduced by permission of the Auckland [illegible]

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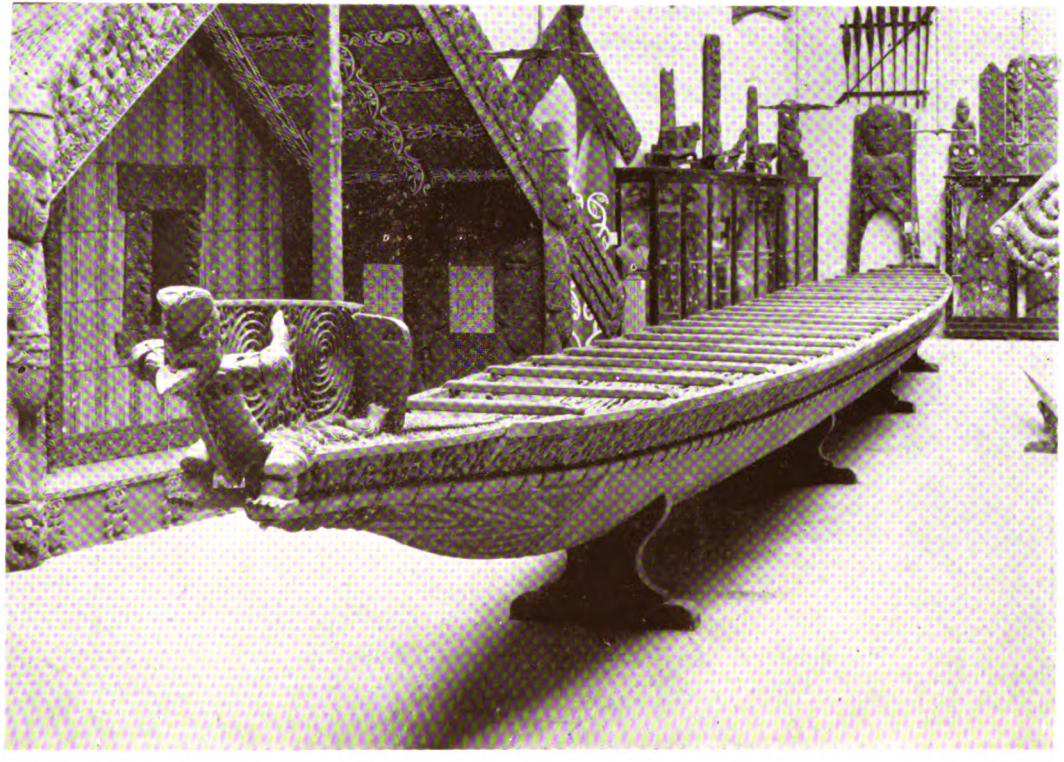

Te Toki-a-Tapiri Canoe in Auckland Museum

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a favourable verdict, the "tu ngarahu" is danced, and all eyes turn to the principal "toa" perched in the "kotaretare." If the decision was to fight in the open, they went out to meet the enemy, and hurled him back, or perished in the attempt. If the plan adopted was to meet the assault at the trenches, they first mounted the "puhara," and hurled defiance at the enemy, then crouching low behind the breastwork, each man gripped tightly his ponderous club or his favourite "patu," or made ready to dart the spear at the oncoming enemy, till victory or defeat decided the fortunes of the day. Was not this occupation of the land in every sense of the term? I think so.

But even admitting all this, the pre-Maori must have roamed the whole country when they hunted the moa to its death(2), and the giant wingless birds became extinct. They gave names to every hill-top, river and creek, cape, headland, and beach. The reader has only to ascend the Wairoa River a few miles, and he or she will find these statements fully proved. Every tributary, river, or creek, every waterfall and every rapid—even the ocean itself—bears a Maori name(3) given to the various localities by the users and occupiers of the soil. They also named the fishes of the sea, the lakes and the rivers, also the birds of the air, the trees of the forest, the beautiful blooms of the bush and the bright-hued berries. Nay, they even named the stars(4) in the heavens above them, and when on sea guided the frail craft by their direction. Was not this also evidence of occupation? Again let me say, I truly think so. Whether or not the Maoris of to-day have need for all the land in their possession is quite another matter, and one that must be settled by our statesmen; but let us not, even in the interests of settlement, by a system of special pleading, try to justify robbery or confiscation of Maori lands. For whatever the Maori is now, our laws have made him; but passing over that, it is certain that in the past he occupied the land in his millions(5), and life

(2). Mr. Hill denies, and rightly so, that the Maori people proper ever saw or hunted a moa, but the pre-Maori people no doubt did so.

(3). This practice is still followed by chiefs. Maori nomenclature is largely perpetuated in the Nuhaka district, thanks to Sir James Carroll in most part. The first Nuhaka bridge was named "Kahungunu," after the father of the tribe; the dairy factory was christened "Kahu-kura-nui," after his son; and the second fine bridge, on the road to Morere Hot Springs, after his grandson, Rakaitaaka.

The Samoan "v" represents the Maori "w," as in "va'a" "waka," a canoe, and "vai," as in "wai," water. On their arrival in New Zealand, the Maoris, presumably, recognised a likeness between the weka and some bird they had known in their former home and gave it the same name, but similar names do not always indicate similarity of form.

(4). In Sir George Grey's "Moteatea" the smaller stars are designated "whetu maori," that is common or ordinary stars, as compared with Tawera or Tahua, which they deified.

(5). Mr. Hamlin, writing in 1842, gives the North Island population at 120,000, of whom 40,000 were fighting men. In this total the East Coast, from Cape Runaway to Mahia, contained 11,240 fighting men, the total population in that area being 33,720. He gives the figures for Mahia or Nukutaurua district alone as 12,120, with 4,000 fighting men. Three years later—1845—the estimated Maori population of New Zealand was given as 109,550, and of this total the East Coast, from Tauranga to Napier, had 30,000.

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swarmed over every acre now imagined once to have been only the habitation of primeval solitude.

Whence? Whence, then, did they come? I have shown, or tried to show, in the simplest manner possible, that the progenitors of the Polynesian Maoris—the Aryan Maoris from the plains and foothills of India—left what has been, not inaptly, called the cradle of the human race very many centuries ago; what they left for is not so very clear, but there is no such mistiness about the departure of what is called "the historic fleet," for this is the starting point of all accepted Maori genealogy, and anything that went before may have referred as much to the ancient home in India as to Polynesia. Among the many craft that landed on these shores, perhaps the most important were the Tainui, the Takitimu or Takitumu, in which Ngati-Kahungunu claim to have come, the Arawa, Mata-atua, Tokomaru, Aotea and Matahourua—seven famous canoes, to which ought to be added an eighth but for the conflict of opinion as to whether Horouta came with the main fleet or long before it.

By the way, the loss of the steamer Matatua in St. John's Harbour (New Brunswick) brings to mind the early history of New Zealand, the name being that of a migrant canoe in which the Maoris came to this Dominion. In order that the legend might be made more widely known, a pressman waited upon Colonel Porter, C.B., and he being a gentleman well versed in Maori lore, kindly consented to explain the old legend. "The name Matatua should be written Mata-tua, being two distinct words," said Colonel Porter. "The meaning is 'point or spear of God,' and the name was given to the first migrant canoe that came to New Zealand from the far-distant Hawaiiki, 28 generations ago." The arrival of this vessel and its freight of natives has received the attention of the painter's art, and there is a picture in the Auckland Art Gallery (reproduced in this work) which shows a canoe nearing the New Zealand coast, with its occupants in the last stages of starvation, and the warriors with a set determination on their faces to reach the goal which they set out to seek. The commander of the canoe was Toeroa, and it was not until ten generations afterwards that other migrant canoes, with their loads of Natives, sighted the coast of New Zealand. It is from the Natives who arrived by the Mata-tua that the Urewera tribe claim descent, the canoe finding its final resting-place at Whakatane. Strange to say, the first landing-place in New Zealand was Island Bay. It was summer time, and the chief, as he stood in the prow of his vessel, upon opening up the snow-capped ranges of Kaikoura, being unable to discern the lower slopes of the mountains as his craft approached from

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the eastward, cried, "Te Ao Tea-roa" (Yes! truly this is the long, white cloud.) Crossing Cook Strait, Island Bay was entered, and the order was given for the skid-bearers to place the skids in position so that the canoe might be beached. The skids were not needed, however, as the incoming tide lifted the canoe on to a flat rock tnat may be seen at Island Bay to this day. The Natives, believing that God had prepared skids for the coming of their waka, named the island "Motu-tapu-te-ranga" (the island of the sacred ways). After a sojourn of a week, the voyage was continued along the coast, until a landing was eventually effected at Whakatane. Here the surf on the coast was found to be extremely heavy, and as there was every probability of the canoe being swamped, men were directed to jump over the side and pull the craft stem on to the waves. The men hesitated, and a young Maori girl named Muriwai, grasping a line in her hand, jumped into the water, crying as she went, "Te Whakatane, ahau" (I will become the man), and the others soon followed. Finding the country fertile, the Natives decided to stay, and set about the construction of a village or "pa," naming the two principal houses "Mata-tua" and "Whare-tapu-te-ranga." But as I have elsewhere stated, the great migration of 1350 was not the first, though collectively the most extensive migration. For instance, Ngati-Kahungunu claim that their ancestors came in the Horouta, but a craft bearing that name is stated to have arrived on the shores of New Zealand 150 years before the main fleet, and went back again, but probably the later Horouta was not the same vessel, though similarly named(6). White, in *The Ancient History of the Maori,* states that the principal chiefs of the Horouta canoe were Ruawharo, Rongokako, Tamatea, and Kahungunu. This latter statement of White's is not borne out by present-day beliefs. It is now known that White did not make sufficient allowance for the unveracity or want of knowledge on the part of those whom his collectors interviewed. Mr. S. Percy Smith disbelieved that the Horouta and Takitimu were synonymous, "because Tamatea, the captain of the Takitimu, was Tamatea-pokai-whenua"; and Sir Walter Buller, in an address to the Native Land Court in 1882, stated that Tamatea-pokai-whenua was "alleged" to have come to New Zealand in the Takitimu. He had his doubts—so have I.

But it seems quite certain that the place-names on this coast, and for a considerable distance inland from Mahia to the East

(6). Colonel Gudgeon says: "It is a significant fact that no tribe of Maoris claim Horouta as their ancestral canoe, though many of the East Coast tribes assert that it was identical with the Takitimu. The editor of the "Polynesian Journal" suggests that further evidence of Horouta being a different canoe to Takitimu is to be found in the name Tamatea, who in several traditions is given as the captain of Takitimu under the full name of Tamatea-pokai-whenua, who was, according to other accounts, father of Kahungunu."—J.P.S., 1892. I have never seen it suggested, but it may be that the double canoes of the navigators may have been doubly named though joined to form one craft; thus may Takitimu and Horouta be synonymous.

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Cape, are survivals of familiar names in the various islands of Polynesia, and it is on them that the stories of the navigators are mostly founded. Thus we get Wawau from Vavau, Hikurangi, in the Waiapu district, and less than a mile from where I am writing towers a hill called Atiu.

Mr. S. Percy Smith placed the occupation of Fiji (Whiti, or Viti) and Samoa at A.D. 450, that of Hawaii later by 200 years, namely, A.D. 650, and at this early date, over 1,000 years ago, the islanders began to make voyages to New Zealand. Now, although this is going very far back, it is not at all an unreasonable theory, for many authorities give a much earlier date, though not suggesting a purely Polynesian occupation. How did these people reach our shores? That is a question that cannot be easily solved, for the distance was great, but there may have been lands, now submerged, and I think it is very probable, between the places of departure and New Zealand, more "Hawaiikis," of which the Maoris tell.

Canoes of the Migration.

As to the vessels in which they came, it is difficult now to get any Maori to describe the canoes of the migration, for to most they are almost as shadowy as the fabled taniwhas. But that they did come is certain, that they used not only single canoes, but double craft of considerable size(7), as well as outriggers, such as are still used among the islands, and in which they made many long voyages. When the Maoris left "Hawaiiki" they sailed to the south-west, into the eye of the setting sun, successfully negotiating the many terrors of "the vasty deep" in the shape of taniwhas, whirlpools, maelstroms, and specially named waves. Three of these are worth mentioning, because one at least that I know of has the name perpetuated in this district, not very far from the landing place of the Takitimu—"Tai-aropuke" (the wave that rises like a mountain), "Tai-pupuni" (the towering-crested, breaking wave), and the "Tai-wanana" (or the foaming billow). Pupuni was, indeed still is, a common name among the Maoris, and at Mahia I find a beach named "Tai-wananga"—the words are identical, because the Society Islanders drop the "g." These three waves were very well known to the people of the Takitimu, and two specially named paddles were prepared to circumvent their designs on the craft(8).

(7). In an account of Rarotonga, which I have read, it is stated that Karika landed at Murivai, and the Maoris bestowed the name on Murewai, between Morere and Gisborne. Similarly I learn from an old account that when Tangiia fell out with his brother, Tu Tapu, in Tahiti, the former took to the sea and landed at Vaikokopu, in the island of Rarotonga. And that is how we get the Wairoa Waikokopu.

A famous picture in the Auckland Library, a copy of which appears in this chapter, depicts the whole story.

(8). "Rapanga-te-ate-nuku," and "Rapanga-te-ate-rangi." The ancient Aryans also named such articles as weapons of war, trumpets, etc.

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As far as can be gathered, it was over 1,000 years ago that Rakahaitu(9) visited New Zealand, and then, about 850, came Ti-waka-waka in the Ara-tau-whaiti. From him sprang the great ancestor of many of the Wairoa people—Toi-kai-rakau(10), or "The eater of the forest foods," which did not, I am sure, include "kai-tangata," or man meat, as I still stand by my belief that the earlier Maori people were not cannibals. "Maui's Canoe," or Nuku-tai-memeha, arrived long before Takitimu, and the name is perpetuated in many parts of the South Island. Kupe and his voyages are as well known to the Maoris as Captain Cook and his travels are to us, though there is no certainty now as to whether his canoe was the Ara-hura or the Mata-hourua. A very old account which I have read states that some time after this island was successfully "fished" up by Maui there arrived one Hotu-roa in the canoe Tainui, bringing with him the "kumara," the gourd, and the "taro."

It is stated he first landed at Mahia(11), where he left several persons on shore and then went on to Kawhia, where he eventually arrived. Set up on the seashore at Kawhia are some stones said to mark the bow and stern of this famous canoe. They were set up by Hoturoa, the commander, and his chief "tohunga," Rakataura, the "tuahu" or sacred altar being erected at Ahurei, close by; the stones are 80 or 90 feet apart, and the Maoris allege the canoe is buried there beneath the sand. On this sacred spot not a stick of manuka grows, while there is plenty all round, and this the Maoris attribute to the "tapu." The bow stone is called "hani," meaning a destroyer of persons, and the stern "puna," a spring, or a preserver of persons. This little space is now reserved from alienation by the descendants of those who came in the Tainui.

It is well it should be so. It is an historic spot, for even the trees are famous, one of them, "Papa-o-karewa," commemorating an ancestral chief. On the Maketu is another called "Tangi te Korowhiti," or "the Whistling Cry," and many a tale centres

(9). This explorer of Aotea-roa became a demi-god and was credited with having formed most of the South Island lakes by scooping the earth out with a gigantic spade, equivalent to the Maori "ko," which was used to form earthworks at the pas in Old Wairoa.

(10). Takaanui Tarakawa, who claimed descent from Toi-Kairakau, informed Mr. S. Percy Smith that Toi-Kairakau came in very early times in the Ara-tawhao canoe. He ate his food raw, the mamaku, pith of the fern tree, pikopiko (young fern sprouts), and nikau palm trees. He did not possess fire, hence his name, Toi-Kairakau, the wood-eater, or eater of forest foods.

(11). Waikawa is the usually accepted name for the island known as Portland Island, on which the lighthouse stands. The Maori name for the rest of the peninsula is Tuara-hiwi-o-henga, or "the back of O-henga," from a fancied resemblance to the back of a man lying prone upon the sea—his right and left arms being represented by Nukutaurua and Long Point respectively. O-henga is stated to have been one of the captains of the Karamu-rau-nui, which landed in the Tahaenui Creek. Her remains are now pointed out as a streak of black mould on the bank of the stream, where the vessel finally rested. There is another name printed on the Admiralty chart, "Tera Kako," of which the Maoris cannot give any explanation.

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round these monarchs of the forest. A spring of water below the cliffs is named "Te Putu-o-Koata," the latter part of the name representing the wife of Kawharu, a mighty man among the Maoris, noted for his jumping powers. Here also may be seen "Kawharu's girdle" and "Kawharu's footprints." But to resume: Raka-taura(12), one of the crew left behind, is said to have taken his chief's desertion so much to heart that he dived under the island, and emerging on the western shore, arrived at Kawhia by the underland route before the commander of the famous canoe, and there he laid out "nekes," or short pieces of logs on the beach over which the canoe might be hauled up. Kupe was on the same vessel, and not being such a famous diver as Raka-taura, procured another canoe—hence the confusion of names—and went round the west coast, causing the waves to rise so high that it soon became a "whakatauki," or saying—"No canoe can go where Kupe went."

Kupe, it is stated, was chief of Tahiti, Rarotonga, and Raiatea Island, and observing closely the flight of birds in a south-westerly direction from Tahiti, he provisioned, in the tenth century, two canoes, for the purpose of exploring unknown lands. One of these he commanded himself, and the other he gave in charge of his brother-in-law, Ngahue. They are said to have sailed into the eye of the setting sun, and after traversing a long distance they sighted land near the North Cape.

It was there that a circumstance occurred which first gave New Zealand its Maori name. Kupe's wife—for unlike modern navigators, the women folk were not left behind—and his five daughters were on board the craft. The wife, looking ahead, saw some great white clouds, which she at once associated with the presence of land, and called out loudly: "Ko aotea! Ko aotea! kua a tatau," meaning, "Behold the white cloud, so we have arrived at the land." Ngahue went down the east coast, and Kupe by the west coast to Onehunga to obtain some food, for by this time their supply had been exhausted. Kupe then went back to the North Cape and followed after the other canoe, which was overtaken at the modern Castlepoint. They rounded Cape Palliser, naming the various headlands as they went.

At what is now called Plimmerton they found a white stone on the beach, which they used as an anchor, and later on took back with them as proof of their discovery. The two canoes, cruising together, passed over the strait and down the coast of the Middle Island, back by Foveaux, and up the east coast on

(12). A Maori writer in 1893 stated that after all the other canoes had left Hawaiiki, Mata-atua and Kura-haupo were left behind, but the latter was found unseaworthy—indeed, broken up by witchery—and Te Moungaroa (a captain without a ship) boarded the Mata-atua and so came to New Zealand, but called himself the Kurahaupo, though that canoe never crossed the sea to Aotea-roa.

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the way back to the north. They touched at Whanganui, where they thought they heard the voices of men, but found only birds. At Patea they landed, and Kupe set up a mark by which he took possession of the country for his people.

Returning to Hokianga, Kupe laid in a stock of provisions for the return journey to Tahiti. While there one of Kupe's daughters suggested they should hold a great feast to commemorate the annexation of the country, and this was carried out, the locale being between the Bay of Islands and Whangaroa Harbour —where the late Mr. Clement Wragge found the basaltic columns. These are said to have been the pillars used in supporting the great heaps of food, and Hokianga was the name given to the spot by the explorers—"Hokianga a Kupe," meaning "the returning of Kupe."

The party then went to Eastern Polynesia, first landing at Rarotonga, then at Raiatea, reporting their great discovery at both places. At Tahiti Kupe gave a description of all he saw, mentioning that he went right round the new country and saw neither smoke, fire nor any sign of man. This was as early as A.D. 925, and in the same century there came the first known regular line of immigrants, now spoken of as the Moriori, or the tangata whenua. How they found out the way has not even been made clear, but it may be they had certain knowledge from Kupe, and being fearless navigators they had no fear of the "moana," for had they not gods many to protect them? These people were at one time called the "moa hunters," but I am still unconvinced that the moas and the humans were contemporaneous. Toi-kai-rakau, a very great chief and ancestor of the Maori people, dwelt in Tahiti, "somewhere about the years 1100 or 1150," and no doubt Kupe's itinerary to and from Aotea-roa had been preserved for future use. The next migration was really the result of an accident. On the occasion of a canoe-racing contest, Toi's grandson, Whatonga, was blown out to sea by a strong east gale, and landed, it is said, at Raiatea. Toi set out to search the island-studded seas for his relative, and though he visited Samoa and Rarotonga, he failed to find him. Then he returned to Tahiti, but he could not rest, and even sleep fled from his eyes, so he decided to again set out to seek Whatonga in "the land that Kupe found." He first discovered Wharekauri (the Chathams), and then reached the shores of New Zealand; here he found many people, for the Moriori of 925, being a peaceable people, had greatly multiplied. Getting no news of Whatonga, Kupe settled at Tamaki. In the meantime Whatonga had again made the shores of Tahiti, and soon he had equipped a canoe and started off to find his grandfather, turning the prow of his canoe towards the setting sun, towards "the

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land that Kupe found." His was no mere chance or drift voyage, for he knew more about his destination than did Columbus. I do not like, as a chronicler, to hear the sailing abilities of the ancient Maoris called in question any more than their naval handicraft. They were both expert canoe-builders and sailors of the hardiest and most daring type. Blown from island to island they were, but the several migrations were no mere accidents of that type. They were voyagers to a new land of which they had heard, and as the cause of departure was probably war (caused through women and land) they perpetuated the fact in one of their oldest proverbial sayings. Wars and other troubles arose in the land, and there were many who were determined to emigrate to "Kupe's land." This was about the year 1350 that the Great Migration took place. But it is not fair now to claim for Kupe the honour of first discovering and circumnavigating Aotea-roa; and as he revealed the land to the brown race, as Captain Cook did to the whites, is he not equally entitled to a lasting monument in memory of the great achievement?

An able article by Mr. S. Percy Smith deals further with the wonderful navigator. It is based on his translation of the story written nearly 50 years ago by an old Wairarapa "tohunga," Te Matorohanga. The date formerly had only been conjectural, but Mr. Smith, by taking the mean of a number of genealogical tables, fixes the approximate date at A.D. 925, or 39 to 40 generations back from the present time, and he suggests that Kupe is identical with a great South Sea navigator called Te Aratanga-nuku, mentioned in Rarotongan legends as having lived about 900 or 1,000 years ago. Kupe, according to the "tohunga," came from Tahiti or "Hawaiiki," as the Maoris speak of it contradistinction to another near-by island home of the ancient Polynesians known as Raiatea, in the Society group. There was then no sign of man in Aotea-roa—or at least Kupe saw none. He sailed right round the coast of Aotea-roa (the North Island) and Waipounamu (the South Island), stayed some time at Porirua and Hokianga, from where he finally sailed away home. He visited Queen Charlotte Sound and the Arahura River on the West Coast, where he and his trusty lieutenant, Te Ngaki, or Ngahue, found the greenstone. Nowhere did he see man or the smoke of his fires. It was a great lone vacant land. So at all events Kupe told the tribes when he returned to Tahiti:—"I found no one there; what I did see were a 'kokako,' a 'tiwaiwaka,' and a 'weka' whistling in the gullies. Kokako was ko-ing on the ridges, and tiwaiwaka and a weka was flitting about before my face." But ten generations later came Toi by way of Samoa and Rarotonga, and he found the land full of people. Kupe's story, though full of interest, does not settle the question as to the pre-Maori

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inhabitants of New Zealand. At Tahiti, made famous by the visit of Captain Cook, the intrepid British navigator, an event occurred long before Cook's time, namely, 30 generations ago—a regatta, in fact, on one of the many lagoons where the water was calm, the "Tai-Wanana," or "Tai-tama-Wahine," in fact. The canoeists, not satisfied with trials of speed on the calm, must finish the day on the tossing waves. Then a storm arose, and they were driven out of sight of their homes. Some were lost, but others reached Samoa and Raiatea; here it was that Whatonga, grandson of Toi, settled for a time. On their return to Tahiti, they learned that Toi had gone to the westward, into the eye of the setting sun, to look for them. He found some of the shipwrecked people, but no sign of Whatonga. Concluding he must have emulated Kupe, he shaped a course for Aotea-roa, but did not make a very true landfall, making Wharekauri (Chatham Islands), then uninhabited. Eventually he landed at Tamaki, but it was not now the great lone land that Kupe spoke of. He had either to fight the "tangata whenua" or absorb them by intermarriage, and he chose the latter.

It was while Toi was at Maketu that one of his party, Rua-kapanga, accompanied a party of Moriori on a bird-snaring expedition. In the course of the same, Rua mounted a high hill and espied a huge bird walking by the water below him. Soon others joined the great bird, and all fed on oblivious of the fact that an enemy was near. The bird was the kura-nui (later called the moa), and when the native dogs were set on to them the giant creatures lined up for the defence, and soon one of the dogs was killed, and, later, one of the men. But one was trapped, and these were the first moas seen by the immigrants from Tahiti, and the fact is mentioned in their songs and legends as "The Great Bird of Rua-kapanga."

The name of one navigator who got round New Zealand by water requires to be very carefully pronounced for fear of injury to the gentle reader's "jaw tackle," for he rejoiced in, or was burdened with, the name of Te Wakatapauruarikikoatikirahauca. Hapurangi also got round by sea from Mahia. While these happenings were going on the Tainui went round the North Cape to the west coast, and everywhere that Hotu-roa touched became exceedingly fruitful. The waves caused by Kupe, however, annoyed him very much, but by means of a powerful "karakia" (prayer) he stilled them and reached Kawhia, where the sight of the logs laid down by Raka-taura annoyed him very much, and he had to own himself beaten. He was in consequence compelled to mix with the rest, and eventually sunk into the position of being a very ordinary Native compared to Raka-taura, the wonderful diver.

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There is a great similarity in this to some of the other tales, suggesting forcibly that it is but a localized variation of one original tale of migration to this part of New Zealand. Then I must not forget to say that Ngahue, too, not only sailed from Rarotonga to Aotea-roa, but back again, bringing with him to his former island home a small consignment of tinned moa, or so the old authorities state, the "tin" in this case being a calabash, for the friends he had left behind him, and as a proof that he had indeed visited the land he set out to seek—Kupe's land or Aotea-roa.

The Rangiua-mutu was commanded by Tamaki-te-rangi, but she did not favour the east coast of the North Island, nor did the Arai-te-uru. There was the Kura-te-po, which brought some of the ancestors of Ngati-Kahungunu. There was also the Kura-haupo([13])—probably identical with the Kura-te-po—the Whaka-ringa-ringa, and many others, in all about 27; but I think I have given the names of the principal ones. And as to these the particulars obtainable are very scanty, though in a lengthy genealogy I have seen the names of many of the passengers and crews may be traced.

There were 60 or 70 aboard the "Kura-haupo," or the vessel that represented this craft, when she sailed for Rarotonga; and it was almost a game of hide and seek, for Whatonga soon found that Toi had gone in search of him, and he, too, set sail for the, to him, unknown land; he brought up on the Taranaki coast, again encountering the Moriori. He proceeded north, rounded the stormy North Cape, then down the east coast to Maketu, where East again met West.

The Maoris of the present day prefer to trace their descent back to the commander of one or other of the first seven canoes mentioned in one of the preceding paragraphs—seven canoes of "the historic fleet," and bearing a far closer relation to the Maoris than the wicker coracles of the ancient Britons did to the modern Britisher and his ocean liners, for the former were warships as compared to the little basketwork craft of the Britons.

Ko Aotea?

The Aotea people came from Raiatea Island, in the Society group, and they peopled Taranaki. It is said the others all came from Tahiti, with Rarotonga as a port of call. They landed mostly on the North Island, but the Takitimu went on to the South Island; her people, however, settled at many points on this coast ere she found a resting place at Murihiku. The Aotea (whose captain was Turi),

(13). The Kurahaupo (or the vessel that answers to that name) was commanded by three chiefs. Ruatorea had the steering paddles; Whatanga was in charge of the bow, and Popoto in the centre, the latter's duties being to promptly squelch any go-slow tactics. The craft landed at Nukutaurua, Mahia, where the vessel became turned into stone.

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after rescuing the crew of the Kura-haupo (or Kura-te-po), wrecked on an island said by another authority to be in the Kermadecs, landed on the Taranaki coast, and Turi established himself at the mouth of the Patea River(14). The Hotu-rua, the Tainui, and the Arawa arrived together, landing near the East Cape, the former proceeding on to the Tamaki River; and from there an attempt was made to drag her over the isthmus to Manuka (the modern Manukau). The Toko-maru also came from Tahiti and Rarotonga, but landed on the west coast of the North Island, and the people had to fight to effect a landing; and the fact that they succeeded shows that the "tangata whenua "(15) could not have been a very warlike people, because landing in the face of even a moderately armed force is always hazardous. The Arawa, commanded by Tama-te-kapua—a name famous in Maori history—was minus a " tohunga " at the time of starting, but to sail without one would never do, so Captain Tama-te-kapua used stratagem to get one on board his vessel, which was certainly not a proper thing to do to a high priest of Hawaiiki. In some way he got Ngatoro-i-rangi and his wife Kearoa on board, though they had already " booked " their passages to Aotea-roa by the Tainui(16). The captain, after starting, did not behave in a proper manner towards Kearoa, wife of the " tohunga," and the latter, in revenge, allowed the great double canoe to get into a whirlpool, which nearly brought about her destruction. She landed eventually at the East Cape(17).

The Takitimu Canoe.

The Takitimu was commanded by Ruawharo, the " tohunga," and she also brought several other chiefs of note. Her people were the ancestors of Ngati-Porou and Ngati-Kahungunu. She had a very long voyage, and cannibalism was resorted to by the starving people. She brought the sacred relics, as well as the living repositories of the old-time lore of Hawaiiki. Mr. James Cowan states in his interesting book, *The Maoris of New Zealand,* which I would advise all to read:—" The Takitimu (or Takitumu) canoe brought Tamatea and other chiefs, Rua-wharo

(14). Where Kupe established his sovereignty long before.

(15). In Rarotonga—"Tangata enua," or men of the land.

(16). Not only did Tama-te-kapua carry off Ngatoro-i-rangi and his wife Kearoa, but he carried off by stratagem Whakaote-rangi, wife of Ruaeo. Two great thefts did Tama commit, hence the proverb, "A descendant of Tama-te-kapua will steal anything he can."

(17). Sir George Grey, in his "Polynesian Mythology," says that Tama-te-kapua, of the Arawa, was nine feet high, and Rua, who was entrapped on board with Ngatoro-i-rangi, was eleven feet. The account says:—"These men were giants . . . There have been no men since that time so tall as these heroes. The only man of these times who was as tall as these was Tu-hon-rangi. He was nine feet high, six feet up to the armpits. There is a tradition mentioned in Sale's translation of the Koran regarding the gigantic stature of our first parents, Adam being as tall as a high palm tree, and that when he stood on Pico di Adam in Ceylon, one foot was in the sea. Eve, it was stated, was so tall that when her head lay on one hill near Mecca her knees rested on two others in the plain two musket-shots asunder.

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being her priest. Her crew were the ancestors of the Ngati-Porou, Ngati-Kahungunu, and other East Coast tribes, and also the ancestors of the Ngaitahu tribe of the South Island. Her voyage from Hawaiiki must have been a very protracted one, seeing that, according to legend, some of her people, probably slaves or children, were killed and eaten at sea, because the food supplies had given out. She sailed down the East Coast, calling at various localities, and leaving some of her crew here and there, and ended her voyage in Murihiku, Southland, where the Takitimu range of mountains is called after this Hawaiikian pilgrim ship. Takitimu was a very sacred canoe, not only by reason of the many and varied ceremonies performed over her by the tohungas to render her seaworthy and proof against the waves and tempests of the Great Ocean of Kiwa, but because her chiefs and priests were the repositories of the ancient lore ('kura') of their race, and it was they who brought much of the old Hawaiikian knowledge taught in the whare wananga, or lodges of instruction, to the new land of Aotea-roa. There is," says Mr. Cowan, " a celebrated East Coast chant and chorus, frequently performed by the young men of the Ngati-Porou tribe, which embodies a portion of the ancient paddling-song of the Takitimu. This canoe chant—' hautu-waka '—is a fine example of the rhythmic songs, with their regular beats and frequent repetitions, in which the Maori delights. The original is said to have been chanted by the chiefs of the Takitimu on their voyage from Polynesia to New Zealand. It is an excellent time song for canoe-paddlers."

When the people of the migration arrived, says a Native authority, they certainly found many tribes already settled in Aotea-roa—Ngati-Kura, Ngati-Korako, and Ngati-Turehu, besides others—all said to be hapus of the Patu-pae-arehe. The names of the chiefs: Tahurangi, Whanawhana, Nukupori, Tuku, Ripiraitu, Tapu-te-uru and Rangi-pouri. The pas, says the narrator, are not to be seen by mortal eyes, but their spirits are seen, that is, the spirits of the Patu-pae-arehe. When heard paddling in the river or traversing the bush the question would be asked: " Who are these?" And the answer would be: They are not " tangata Maori," but the " atuas," the Patu-pae-arehe, or Turehu.

With the exception of Mata-atua I have now mentioned briefly the best known of the canoes of the migration. Mata-atua landed at Whakatane, and though the Urewera do not claim any of the canoes, it is said that some of these people are descended from the passengers by the Mata-atua, and others of the same tribe came by the Horouta. Near Whangaparaoa, or Whangaparaoa-mai-tawhiti, a name which signifies that it was

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brought from a distance (from Hawaiiki, of course), is the reputed landing place of one of the immigrant canoes. The Natives to this day regard their chief Manihera Waititi as the guardian of the landing place of their ancestors' canoe, much as the Pakehas mark the place of Captain Cook's landing at Turanganui. The remains of many old fortifications in the historic district of Whangaparaoa suggest that the "tangata whenua" must have disputed possession with the island invaders. Further parties soon arrived, Manaia in the Tokomaru and a much larger party distributed between three canoes—the "Waimate" and the "Tangi-apakura" (double canoes), the third "Te Houama," a single outrider canoe. It was really the pursuit of a vendetta, in fact an "utu" mission, that Nuku was on, for Manaia had slain some of Nuku's people and then fled. But Nuku in his light canoe caught up to Manaia near Paekakariki; a fight followed, both on sea and land, then peace, and Nuku sailed back to his island home. When Manaia came in contact with Toi he found him living on berries, fern-root, etc., hence the name "Toi-kai-rakau" (Toi, the eater of forest foods).

Space will not permit any further extended descriptions, especially of the canoes that did not land on this coast, but I must not omit to mention the Aro-tawhao, which, with an aboriginal crew, left New Zealand 700 years ago to bring back the "kumara," thus showing that the 1350 migration did not come by chance, nor to a land of which they did not know anything. They had, I am perfectly sure, some very clear sailing directions from others, among them from Kupe. The names of a few must suffice—Manga-rara, Nuku-tere, Rangi-matoru, Otu-rere-ao, Rua-karamea, Wai-papa, Papa-ka-toru, Ariki-Mai-tai, Rere-kakara, Moa-kakara, and others. But I can no longer dwell on the subject of the canoes, for the passengers are already landing with mixed feelings and some regrets for the far-away Hawaiiki, but they are mainly glad at again reaching terra firma, even if they have to fight against the tangata whenua for a foothold on this new strange land.

Year followed year, and the pohutukawa blossom flourished and faded; and for several hundreds of years Kupe's land was visited by adventurous men; indeed, one woman guided a craft over the intervening seas. Then came the sailing of the "Historic Fleet."

The Land Misnamed.

But what land is it? "Aotea-roa!" Hail to the Land of Brightness! There is much confusion abroad—though much has been cleared away of late years—respecting the ancient name of New Zealand, so many had a hand in christening it, long before Abel Tasman sighted the "great, high, bold land," or James Cook rounded the Mahia Peninsula. Thus we get "Te-

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Ika-a-Maui" for the North Island, and "Te Wai-pounamu" for the South Island. We also get "He-mea-hii-nga Maui," which is certainly long enough, even if it is not sufficiently comprehensive. We have "Aotea-roa" sometimes translated as "The Long White Cloud," and "The Long Lingering Day," and "The Land Made Bright by the Rising Sun." There are still others, "Nuku-roa," the Far-stretching Land, as compared with the almost circular islands and circumscribed atolls of the Pacific.

To the captain of the Takitimu is generally attributed the bestowal of the name Aotea-roa as he sighted the white cliffs near Whangaparaoa, on the East Coast. The Ngati-Porou, however, claim that this name was given by Paikea, a migrant from Hawaiiki, who arrived here long before the Takitimu, and disdaining the ordinary sea-going craft, travelled on the back of a monster taniwha—the variation is quite in keeping with Maori mythology in general. No doubt there is a substratum of truth in both versions if one could discover it, but great allowance must be made for the lapse of time, tribal preferences and prejudices, and imaginative tohungas. The explanation may be that each migration to these lands resulted in a new name, or perhaps a new interpretation. Those who came by "Mata-atua" canoe may have bestowed one appellation, and those by Horouta another; while yet a third, at the moment of sighting, may have given utterance to his thoughts unconsciously, those of sadness, perhaps, but uppermost came the name of his far-away home in Hawaiiki. There can be no doubt that when Tamatea or Ruawharo (or even Paikea) caught sight of these shores, one or other, or both, may have exclaimed in joy "Aotea-roa!" and then bestowed the name of which there are many translations, some correct and some otherwise. In the early sixties the Wellington press, taking exception to the Dutch-bestowed name for the infant colony, could not think of anything so poetically appropriate as Aotea-roa, and suggested a better name would be "Ingarania" (as the Maori might say "England") in memory of the old land. Fortunately it was not looked on seriously. The late Major J. T. Large, formerly of Te Wairoa and Mahia —once a sheep-farmer, a Volunteer and a licensed interpreter from 1874, later on a journalist, and one who has always taken a great interest in Maori matters, gives yet another translation. He states that the Hon. W. P. Reeves' interpretation of Aotea-roa as "The Long White Cloud" is not correct. He believes that a better rendering of the word is "Long Daylight." The latter part of the word means "long," and "aotea," he states, is a slight variation of the common Maori word for "daylight"—"awatea." The Natives of the island of Raiatea, from which several canoes came to New Zealand by way of Rarotonga, use the

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word "ao" for daylight, and when it is remembered how frequently one letter is substituted for another in the Maori language, he thinks it is reasonable to conclude that "Aotea-roa" has the same meaning as "awatea-roa," or "avatea-roa," as the Cook Islanders give it, which is Long Daylight(18). He expresses an opinion that the Maoris who came to New Zealand from the tropical islands of the Pacific, and reached these shores in the height of summer, would be more likely to call the new country "Long Daylight" than "Long White Cloud." "I join with many others," he says, "in the hope that our country, even in name, will not rest any longer under this 'long white cloud,' or any cloud, but will emerge into the bright sunshine of 'long daylight,' a happy augury of its future destiny. I also trust that when Mr. Reeves issues another edition of his excellent book, *Aotea-roa,* he will adopt this suggestion, and give the famous name its more correct and happier interpretation."

(18). Since the above was written in 1909 Mr. James Cowan gives a similar interpretation, adding yet another, "The Long-lingering Day" and "The Long Bright World."—"The Maoris of New Zealand," page 94.

Mr. S. Percy Smith states that Aotea-roa was the ancient name of Tahiti, and in one of their chants they refer to "Aotea-roa-o-te Maori"—the latest Aotea-roa, evidently.

[I am indebted to Mr. Wi Kaimoana (now deceased) for much of the information in this chapter. I have seen his genealogy, and it covers the whole period from the arrival of the main fleet to the present day. It is quite an illuminating "whakapapa tipuna," and I am sorry that the need for saving space compels me to omit it.]

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CHAPTER V

THE LAND OF THE FAIRIES

LAND OF TUHOE—THE FAIRY FOLK—THE VARIOUS TYPES—THE LAND OF MYSTERY—TYPES OF FAIRIES—THE TUREHU—THE TERM PAKEHA—THE LAKE LEGENDS—STORY OF RONA.

Land of Tuhoe.

In the mid-seventies, about the time when my acquaintance with Wairoa was first made, there was one portion of the district of which I heard very little—because so little was known of it. That was the "Urewera Country," or as it should be properly called, Tuhoe Land. The little that was known of it was gained in pursuit of the Hauhau chieftain Te Kooti, and as a matter of fact the Wairoa district could be scarcely said to extend in that direction much beyond Frasertown, for west of that the rebels held sway. It is necessary, therefore, that I submit a simple sketch of some of the ancient people of that secluded territory, and recount a few of the many quaint legends and tales as told by the old people, who still live on the glories of the past. The old generation is fast passing away, and only here and there may be found a hoary-headed "kaumatua," able and willing to yield up some of the treasures stored in their fertile brains. With the passing of the old generation, there must go also into oblivion many of the beautiful and all-absorbing legends of the hill and cave-dwellers of Tuhoe Land, for they are, to me at least, in this new land, quite as interesting as the tales of Virgil, Homer, or chatty old Herodotus—the Father of History—and quite as likely to be true. The story of Polyphemus, whose staff was a pine tree, is, if anything, less reasonable than that of Te Otane, son of Te Maha, whose "maipi" was so ponderous that it took two men to carry it, and his rotundity was stated to be such that four ordinary men could get inside his belt. The young Maori men of to-day, as a rule, know little, and care less, for old-time history—even that of their own people. They are too eager to copy the Pakeha, shall I say, in his vices or his virtues. It must, indeed, be stated with regret, that for very many of them there is more attraction in a horse-race or a football match than there is in the work of preserving the records of a fast vanishing race.

Tuhoe Land(1) is, as I have already stated, miscalled "The Urewera Country," and the tribe now inhabiting it have by this

(1). My friend the late Major Large questioned my use of the term "Tuhoe Land" and prefers that of "Te Urewera," with which he is most familiar. I am, however, following just now the nomenclature of Mr. Elsdon Best.

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A Beauty Spot—Lake Waikaremoana

In Lake Waikare-iti

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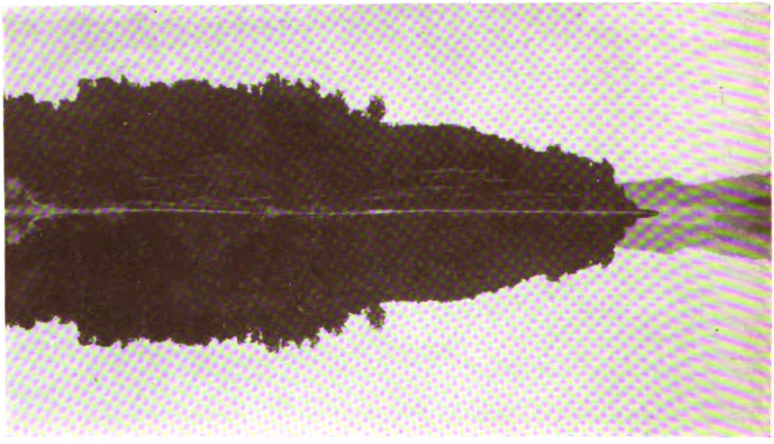
Picturesque Fall—Waikaremoana



Reflections—Lake Waikaremoana

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means had attached to them a past glory to which they are not altogether entitled. It is true that Te Urewera claim no "waka" as the Ngati-Kahungunu claim the Takitimu, or the Arawa the canoe of that name, though it is generally admitted that the ancestors of Tuhoe and Te Urewera came in the Horouta canoe(2). Te Urewera have been in the past and are even now sufficiently clamant as to their importance without Europeans setting up for them claims that have no foundation in fact, whatever the ancient Tuhoe nation may have been. For instance, many Europeans have wondered why a weak and comparatively poor tribe should have sent such a large proportion of men into the field during "the King Movement" and the later Hauhau troubles to dispute and, if possible, destroy British sovereignty. Time after time were they defeated in their hill pas and in the forests, losing not only men, but wasting their scanty substance, raised with great difficulty in the hilly country bordering Lake Waikaremoana, until it passed into a proverb(3). That the Urewera believed themselves to be the hub of the Maori universe is proved by the reason they give for being so overburdened with patriotism. They accepted the story of Maui having fished up the North Island from the depths of the sea, and claim that it is their duty to keep the fish alive. The harbour of Whanganui-te-ra (Wellington) is the head, the east and west coasts the fins, Auckland the tail, and Tuhoe Land the "ngakau," or viscera, or the vital part(4). Even if the two fins and tail were cut off, the fish could still live. What though the west coast was snatched out of the grasp of Titokowaru, and Te Kooti failed to make good his hold on the east coast? Was there not yet the "ngakau" intact, and here Te Kooti and the malcontents rallied to prevent the piercing of the "ngakau" by the soldiers of "The White Queen." Hence the strenuous efforts made to subvert Pakeha domination, and later on to seek to exclude him from the territory in question, until in the early sixties it was a kind of

(2). The Horouta, or Tu Horouta, said by Mr. Tregear to be synonymous with the Takitimu, is stated to have arrived on the shores of New Zealand 150 years before the main fleet. Mr. Elsdon Best states that a number of black men of the tribe Nga Tama-whiro came in this canoe, speaking a different language to the Maori, and some of their descendants may be seen in the Wairoa district to-day. Nga-Paerangi, of Whanganui, is descended from Paerangi, son of Paoa, who also came in the Horouta and landed near Hikurangi, E.C.

(3). "Tuhoe maumau tangata, maumau kai"—that is, "Urewera, wasters of men, wasters of food."—Col. Porter, C.B.

There is another interesting proverb, "Nga uri o Punga aruaru kai." The offspring of Punga (Taranaki), who scared away food. On his approach all vegetable and animal food withered away—even the ugly tuatara lizard hid his head in shame.

Mr. Elsdon Best puts it more expressively:—"'Tuhoe moumou kai moumou taonga, moumou tangata ki te Po' (Tuhoe, wasters of food and property, destroyers of mankind)—a saying applied to the Tuhoe tribe, who from their rugged mountains were wont to raid down upon the lowlands, devastating the country and despatching the people thereof down to Hades."

(4). A Maori writer, giving an account of the expedition of Patu-one and Tu-Whare and Ruaparaha to Whanganui-a-tara, 1819-20, says:—"The branch of the sea at Poneke is the right eye of Maui's fish, and Wairarapa is the left."

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unwritten law that the white man must not go beyond Te Kapu(5)—except on sufferance. In reality Te Urewera are but a minor hapu of the greater and no doubt most ancient Tuhoe nation. Mr. Elsdon Best states:—"The hapus of the Tuhoe tribe are: Ngati-Hine-kura or Ngai-Te-Riu (the sub-hapus being Ngati-hora-aruhe, Ngai-te-ua, Ngai-te-rurehe, and Ngati-rohe); Ngai-Tawhaki (the sub-hapus being Ngati-Tamakere, Ngati-Koro, Ngati-Tuhea or Ngati-Tu-haere-ao, and Ngati-Taokaki); Ngati-kaira; Ngai-tumatawhero; Ngati-rere-kahika; Nga-Potiki; Ngati-Ha; Ngati-Maru; Te Upoko-rehe; Patu-heuheu (allied); Tuhoe-potiki; Ngai-taraparo; Ngati-te-umu-iti; Ngati-Kakahu-tapiki; Ngati-Ruri; Ngati-Hamua; Ngati-Koura; Ngati-Rongo-karae; Ngai-Turanga; Nga-maihe; Ngai-Tama; Ngati-manunui; Tama-kai-moana, or Ngati-huri, being the descendants of the ancient Nga-Potiki."

The same authority states that the Ngati-Ruapani tribe of Waikaremoana are an ancient people, and have dwelt in that district for many generations. The principal hapus or sub-tribes are Ngati-Hine-kura, Ngati-Tahu, Ngati-Haua, Ngati-Mate-wai, and Ngai-Te-Amohanga. Among them are also a few Ngati-Ira, who came from Opotiki to the lake, via Ruatahuna, about four generations back. It is these people who figure so largely in Tuhoe Land, and their country is to-day almost as it was nearly 40 years ago, a dark mysterious territory, alleged to be rich in mineral treasures, as well as "passing rich" in old-time Maori folk-lore, quaintly woven into the life of the people, and at the same time fantastic in the extreme. Alleged also to be inhabited by a fierce, turbulent and untamable tribe of Maoris. Veritable Ishmaels of the hills, indeed, whose hands were at all times raised against their fellow-man, brown as well as white, on every occasion that offered, and as a consequence, men who drew down upon them the heavy hands of the Pakeha and the "Children of the Rising Sun"—the East-coasters—in the sixties and seventies. Rich, indeed, is Tuhoe Land in Maori folk-lore, which goes away far back to pre-Ruapani days, or those of the aboriginal people. No small quantity of this folk-lore goes away to the dim past—to which I have already referred—when Aotea-roa was not the small cramped island or islands that constitute it to-day. In the far-distant past, when its sunny valleys stretched away to the northward and eastward and, mayhap, southwards, over which leagues upon leagues of the Pacific Ocean now roll, Tuhoe Land was inhabited. And why not? Nature herself truly abhors a vacuum, and why should not this—one of the fairest spots on earth—with its wealth of lake, mountain and forest, be peopled?

(5). It was on March 30, 1878, that at a public meeting held in Te Kapu it was agreed to no more call the township Te Kapu but Frasertown, after Major Fraser, of "the fighting Fifty."

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The Fairy Folk.

Yes, Tuhoe Land was surely inhabited, but by whom? Aye, there's the rub! Gods many, taniwhas by the legion, enchantment, mystery, magic overshadowing all as the mists overshadow Huia-rau. The present-day remnant of the Tuhoe people speak of what they called a race of men that dwelt in this little-known region—a smaller, much more gentle, and almost if not wholly white-skinned race of men and women—a race that now only lives in the traditions of the conquerors, and known as "Te-patu-pae-arehe," or the fairy people(6), probably as mythical as the Banshee in Ireland, or fairy folk-lore generally in all parts of the world. Nowhere else in Maoriland are there such extraordinary varieties of legends treating of Te-patu-pae-arehe to be heard than here, in wild and turbulent Tuhoe Land, when nightly the "kaumatuas" make the flesh of the little children creep with tales of dread taniwhas, magic spells, incantations and witchcraft. It is a somewhat singular and curious anomaly, at first, to find that amongst these wild bush dwellers of the hills and valleys of Huia-rau—the Tuhoe people—there should be such legends, treating almost solely (when Te-patu-pae-arehe is spoken of) as a people—or demi-gods, rather—but with soft forms, bright white faces, and gentle loving ways of living, generally speaking—so very different to Tuhoe.

Again, be it remembered that the fierce and warlike islanders who preceded the advent of the Maoris by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years(7) to these islands of New Zealand, killed all the aboriginals they could lay hands on, or else chased them far inland, until they took refuge in cloud-capped Huia-rau. Thus were "Te-patu-pae-arehe" conquered, because they knew naught of the arts of war, and they lived the best life they could, considering their miserable surroundings, penned up, as it were, continually on wind-swept and ice-bound Huia-rau. Safe for a brief season from their sanguinary enemies—but only for a season—as these same enemies giving way to the *dolce far niente* of the beautiful enervating climate of the lowlands, forgot, after a time, perhaps many generations, the warlike attributes

(6). The Tuhoe people claim to be the direct descendants of the aborigines whom the Maoris found in New Zealand on the arrival of the fleet of canoes from Hawaiiki about 1350, and many of them have light or reddish hair even to this day. I again saw some of them only a few months ago.

(7). "It is certain that the Maori immigrants of the Tainui and Arawa period landed in a country that was already fairly well peopled. I am convinced that more than a thousand years before Captain Cook first explored these shores in the 'Endeavour' the brown-skinned, restless Polynesian, probably with a strain of the Melanesian black, had already settled in New Zealand."—James Cowan's "Maoris of New Zealand."

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of their own ancestors(8), and thus, in turn, became the easy prey of other and more vigorous island invaders. These meted out to the enervated lowlanders the same fate as befell the then, perhaps, far-away and dimly remembered(9) "Patu-pae-arehe."

And then, when the wild, dark solitudes of Te Huia-rau ranges were invaded by the remnant of "Te-patu-pae-arehe's" old-time conquerors—now themselves a conquered and hunted people—all old feuds were forgotten, if remembered at all. The old-time conquered and the newly-conquered peoples mingled and became one, to again, in course of time, make way for or be slaughtered by a fresh band of refugees from fierce island invaders. Hence there may be found to-day in Te Wairoa, as in Tuhoe Land, among the people we call "the Maoris," many variations of race, colour, customs and legends.

The Various Types.

There is the true Aryan-shaped head, and a face, save in colour, not unlike the best type of the Anglo-Saxon. There is also to be found the man of Semitic cast of countenance, the "urukehu"(10) or red-haired people, the woolly-headed, thick-lipped people, the true Moriori, and occasionally the man bearing the low-type prognatious skull, and, of course, in these days, the Maori with the unmistakable European blend. All these I have seen and studied, and they suggest to me what I have tried to describe as the successive peoplings of Maoriland by various races having, perhaps, only a few characteristics in common. Such a theory may, of course, be derided—that is an easy thing to do—but to say that the arrivals in the first seven or eight canoes—if these were really the first—from which, in reality, all present-day Maori genealogy begins, were the first to bring man, as we

(8). This was practically the fate of the Moriori, or ancient people of the Chatham Islands, who arrived from Hawaiiki in Kahu's canoe or in Rangihoua and Rangi-mata canoes, the latter over 700 years ago. They had a law against man-slaying and man-eating. It was promulgated by Nunuku-whenua, and was so well observed that in 1836, when the Maoris, bent on slaughter, arrived there, the Chatham Islanders had lost the art of war, and easily fell a prey to the "Kakaupeke," as they called the invaders ("wicked and mischievous people," or "nanakia").

(9). "Descendants of the Dimly Seen."

"Two thousand years before Christ," says Mr. Tregear, "one great wave of men went flowing westward into Europe, fighting their way through the dense forests and the deep morasses, crossing broad rivers, overrunning and absorbing the settlements of the aborigines. Thus the Greeks, the Romans, the Celtae, the Slavs and the Teutons had their origin. Why not, then, should the Aryan Maori have a knowledge of a white race, which they quaintly called Patu-pae-arehe?"

(10). The Urukehu, or "the White New Zealanders," with red hair, lived about nine or ten generations ago at Heruiwi and the tract of country south and west of the Mohaka River. They were attacked, so the late Judge Wilson states, by Wharepakau and his nephew, Patu-heuheu. These chiefs secured a strong mountain pa, Whakapoukoriho, and soon destroyed the Urukehu, who were not a warlike race.

Here again we have mention made—and by the Maoris themselves—of a red-headed man, and, for some reason or other, they are almost invariably a factor to be reckoned with by the tohunga of the various tribes. It will also be noted further on that a red-headed girl was, unintentionally on her part, the cause of Tai-whaka-huka's heart being sought for so persistently by Te Otane.

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know him, to these islands, is utterly absurd. Who has not listened with all-absorbing interest to the recounting of a "whakapapa tipuna," or the genealogical tree among the Upper Whanganui people, the Tuhoe, and those of Tu Wharetoa(11)? In all of them, with amazing preciseness, a pre-Maori or "tangata whenua" or "tangata koraha" (Man of the Wilderness) is unmistakably spoken of, and nowhere with more amplification or extent than in Tuhoe Land. I have been given, in some eight or nine genealogies from Tuhoe Land, clear and undoubted proofs of from 34 to 37 generations, covering 925 years; three genealogies of 41, one of 49, and one of 54 generations, the latter covering a period of 1,350 years. Then there is the genealogy mentioned in a previous chapter, covering a period three times that(12).

What a field, then, does Tuhoe Land offer—and now only for a few brief years—to the ripe Maori scholar, who has the time in hand, to go in yonder and live among the Tuhoe, far back from the shores of the Great Ocean of Kiwa, far from "the madding crowd," and gather up this rich harvest of old-time legend. A day, a month, a few years at most, and the legends are lost for ever; lost as much as if the last dweller in Tuhoe Land had taken them with him in the final plunge of the spirit of the Maori from Te Reinga into the Unknown.

[Author's Note.— Since this chapter was written, Mr. Elsdon Best has undertaken this great work.]

The Land of Mystery.

Nowhere else in this North Island of ours, save Tuhoe Land, will such wondrous tales be told, and in such quantity and such variegated shapes, too, of taniwhas, fierce and unrelenting, of weird wailings in the forests, and whispers from the still waters of Waikaremoana. Every nook almost in that gully yonder, or this dark swirling pool at our feet; that cave-like dwelling in the face of the cliffs; that indenture in the lake shore over there; every leaping cascade; every nook and cranny in the land of Tuhoe was inhabited by fierce and implacable taniwhas.

These creatures—and truly their name was legion—were always on the look-out to devour the unfortunate male or female of the genus homo that strayed their way, all unconscious

(11). Some of the ancient people, the "tangatu whenua," were known as "Te-iwi-a-Maui," or Maui's Nation, for they traced their descent back to Maui, the semi-deified Polynesian navigator, whose canoe, "Te Nuku-tai memeha," is said to have been the first that reached the shores of the North Island of New Zealand. Hence the claim that he fished up, or in other words, "discovered" the North Island. The first explorer to land in the South Island (so it is stated) was Rakaihaitu, in the Urao. He lived forty-two generations ago, or as far back as 1,000 years. Tuhoe people therefore make no very extravagant claim to ancient ancestry.

(12). When, therefore, the reader occasionally hears the Vere de Veres, the Cecils and the Howards tracing their ancestors back to William the Conqueror, let him remember that the Maoris of New Zealand go back almost to the Flood!

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of the doom awaiting them, until one begins to wonder how it was possible to live in such a dark demon-haunted land, and the little brown babies of Tuhoe must have had a gruesome, awe-inspiring lullaby or "oriori" crooned to them every night. But the cunning "tohunga"—like the Indian fakir, the sorcerer of the Dark Continent, or the Medicine Man of the Americas—always had a charm of some sort or other, some "karakia" or incantation wherewith to cure or at least to counteract the fiery blasting breath, or to close the hungry jaws of the fiercest "taniwha"—that is, of course, for a substantial consideration, to him "duly signed, sealed, and delivered."

And so it was by placating the tohunga that the Tuhoe folk managed to play "tiddlewink"(13) with the legion of taniwhas that were always ready to gobble them up, or cast upon them "the evil eye" at every turn. But with the little white-faced lively sprites—"Te-patu-pae-arehe"—it was different. These little people loved to hang about turns-off and junctions of two tracks or more, and on the narrow foot-ways of the mountain fastnesses laughingly bewilder the larger and darker-skinned inhabitants of the land(14). They loved to bewilder and puzzle him or her as to which was the right track to take, and here it is suggested that as Te-patu-pae-arehe knew where all the country tracks led to, therefore they were the older inhabitants.

Or again, "Te-patu-pae-arehe" would be met with gambolling behind the myriads of tree trunks to be met with in the forest, and anon up aloft in the leafy branches and forks of the trees they still sought to delude—always with a smiling face—for these gay little people never wore other than bright smiling faces as the Tuhoe-landers describe them(15). "Te-patu-pae-arehe" were at all times only too willing to wheedle away to their far-distant forest homes or cave-dwellings(16) the larger and darker-skinned sojourners in Tuhoe Land, wheedle them away

(13). The spiritualists and the "mediums" must not suppose, in these days of enlightenment, that they have been the introducers of the art or trickery, whichever it be, that can call up the spirits of the dead or make the message suit the situation. Judge Maning mentions one instance of this, which, with slight paraphrasing, would fill the bill at a modern spiritualistic seance.—"Old New Zealand," pp. 147-152.

(14). The Arawa have a somewhat similar tale to tell of "Te Patu-pae arehe." On dim and cloudy days, when the mists hang low on Ngongo-taha, 2,554 feet high, the old Maoris declare the fairy people are abroad, and not one would venture up even after a pig, let the larder be ever so low: for could they not hear "Te patu-pae-arehe" singing in their leafy bowers on the hill-top, at the trysting place of the fairies, "Tuahu-o-te-atua," or the Altar of the god!

(15). Elves, properly mountain fays or fairies; they have fair golden hair, sweet musical voices, and exhibit the undefinable melody of Nature.—Brewer's "Phrase and Fable."

(16). First glances would, perhaps, suggest cave dwellings; but though the houses appeared low they were not so, because they were excavated out of the solid, then roofed with timber and finally covered over with earth. When the charcoal fires were started, and all the chinks closed up to keep out the air, it was no wonder that the relatives found many dead on the occasion of their periodical visits. The general exclamation then was: "Oh, the 'Patu-pae-arehe' must have done this!"—Not ignorance. Oh, no!

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by the charm of their song or gesture, or both. But woe to the Maori or pre-Maori who was so enticed away from his kindred or home—he was never seen again by his people. No legend ever tells what became of the myriads of such deluded wanderers beguiled or enticed away by the artful and intensely bewitching "Te-patu-pae-arehe." "Taken by the fairies," however, did not signify that any ill had befallen them, any more than the same phrase, as applied, say in Ireland, implied torture or ill-treatment, for in neither case was such ever dreamt of.

Types of Fairies.

Another most important fact in connection with these little people was that they had no power whatever over those men and women (rarely the latter, however) upon whom they cast their spells, if the heart of the one to be beguiled was good and true. In other words, "correct living" saved the situation at all times. It was only over "Nga tangata whakaaro rere ke"—men whose minds were not pure or true, or who travelled from the correct path of life—that the very amiable "Patu-pae-arehe" could cast their spells of magic power, and it is to be hoped these most potent spells brought about their redemption. All this, and very much more, in connection with "Te-patu-pae-arehe," points undoubtedly to a something altogether different from accepted and purely Maori history, as handed down through various legends—points, in my opinion, to a pre-Maori people who lived in Aotea-roa ages upon ages ago(17), before even the far-away "Ruapani" or aboriginal "Moriori" occupied these islands. That the legends refer to a white and perhaps a very diminutive race seems certain. For this reason: The redskin and the negro consider that all coloured skins other than their own are an evidence of inferiority, and I cannot conceive of either of them constructing tales of a white race with attributes grander than their own, nor can I imagine the Maoris doing so either; these tales are but the survival of a knowledge of a white race, but whether that was in New Zealand or in one of the many Hawaiikis of the Maori I am not prepared to say. But whether the story of "Te-patu-pae-arehe" refers to a pre-Ruapani people or merely to fabled persons akin to the elfins or elves of the hills and forests of Northern Europe, or the "leprechauns" or "good people" of Ireland, I am not prepared to say either. But who will affirm, with any degree of absolute assurance, that the accounts given of "Te-patu-pae-arehe" may not refer to an ancient people, though described as half-human, half-divine, in the fanciful language of the Maori(18).

(17). In the South Seas, the Tahitian is the fairest race, far superior in that respect to the Pukapuka islanders, to whom I shall presently refer.

(18). "New Zealand was first peopled by Polynesian immigrants, probably over a thousand years ago. There was already a considerable aboriginal population, at any rate along the coasts, when the historic fleet arrived on these shores six centuries ago."—"New Zealand," by James Cowan.

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Here may be found, among other quaint superstitions, one which finds a counterpart in Europe. Thus Te Waiwai, of Ruapani, says: "I was in my canoe, fishing for maehe at Tawhitinui, when I heard a strange sound, and two great waves came rolling in from the lake. Then resounded two loud reports like the cannon of the white man. Then I knew that the 'taniwha' was angry. Friend! I quickly plucked a hair from my head and cast it into the water, at the same time uttering a 'karakia' to render the demon harmless ('hei whakaeo i te taniwha') and to render calm the waters."

And after all, these tales are not less interesting and not less true than those recorded in the classics of ancient Greece. These little people were not peculiar to Tuhoe Land, though the dwellers there claimed a monopoly of them, for they were known all over New Zealand—at least from one end of the North Island to the other—in the character which I have attempted to delineate, that of woodland elves, pure and simple—though they may have been something more, such as are described in some of the most beautiful legends. For instance, the late Major Large states that in the Wairoa district tradition states that the Taramarama peak, near Whataroa, could never be burnt off formerly, because as soon as the Natives set fire to it the "Patu-pae-arehe" would be heard shouting "Tineia! Tineia!" (extinguish it! extinguish it!), and the flames would be smothered by invisible hands.

But whether the pre-aboriginal dwellers in Tuhoe Land were peculiar to that district or common to all New Zealand does not alter the fact that there were such light-coloured specimens of the Maori race, and that they are particularly common among Tuhoe and Ngati-Porou. That these pre-aboriginals were white, or, at least, very fair-skinned, that they were driven from the coast littoral further and further inland, until reaching the nowaday Tuhoe Land they lived a quiet unassuming life—fearfully at first, for all their environments were so dissimilar from their beloved and never-to-be-recovered coast homes—seems to me a feasible theory.

But gradually, as all of the genus homo do, getting themselves used even to the life they lived in their wild mountain homes, these fair-skinned people lived for many generations unknown to the warlike and predatory peoples with the darker skins, who had hunted "the white folk" to the mountains. Then these coast people, in their turn, had to give way to a stronger and more vigorous, indeed a warlike, inrush of far-away islanders who invaded "Aotea-roa" and conquered it easily in detail, killing or enslaving their enervated enemies, or driving them pitilessly before them into the mountains, where probably hundreds

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Te Tangi-o-te-Hinerau Fall, Lower A-niwa-niwa

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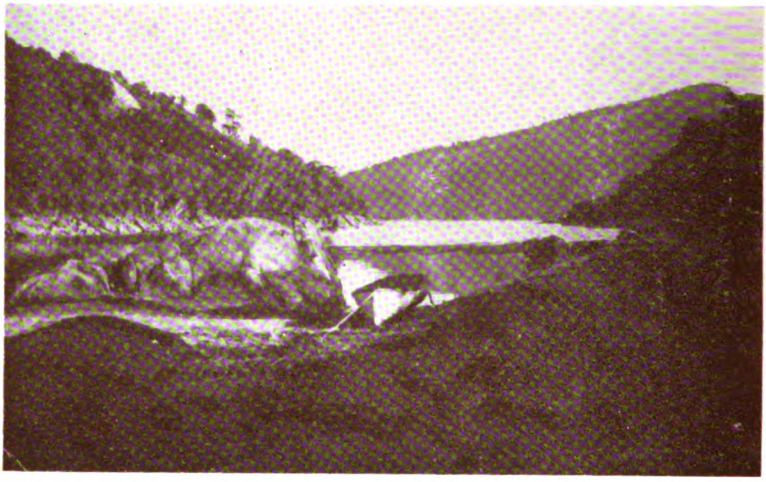
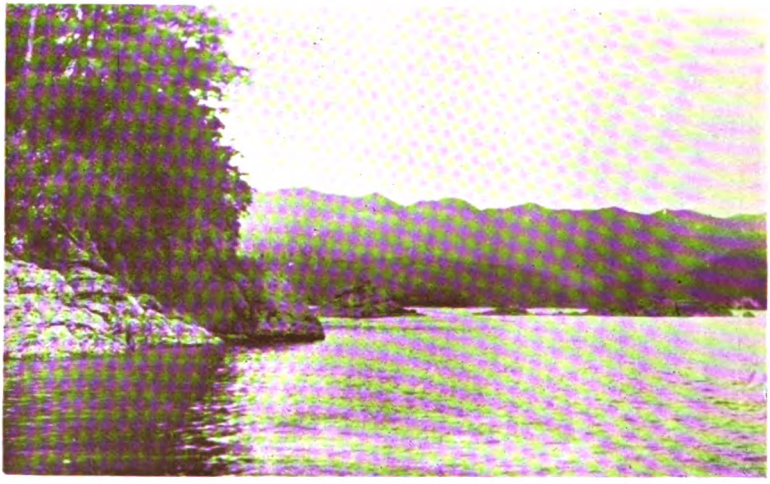


Onepoto—Lake Waikaremoana



Lovely Marau-iti, Waikaremoana

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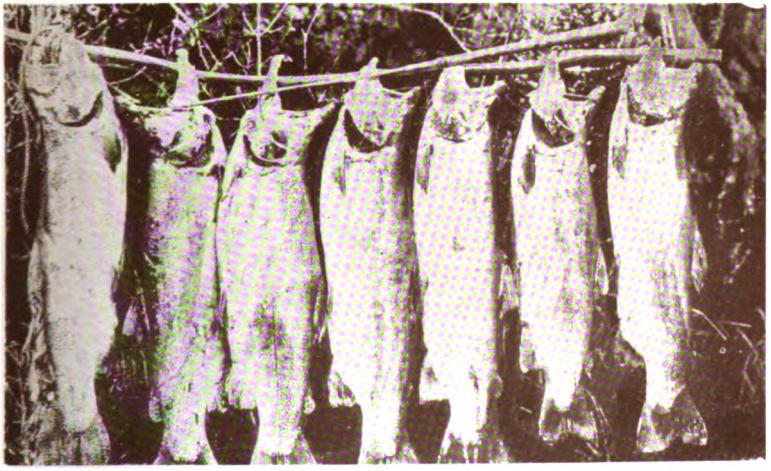
Herricks' Redoubt, Onepoto, Waikaremoana



Fine Day's Catch by Constable W. Torr at Waikaremoana

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The Outlet—Lake Waikaremoana

The Enemy in Council: The Chief gives Orders

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or thousands of years before they themselves (through their fierce ancestors) had driven the fair-skinned "Te-patu-pae-arehe."

And as a fit corollary to what may, perhaps, be called this absurd theory of mine, is the undoubted fact that nowhere else in Maoriland will so many albinos(19) and red-haired Maoris(20) be met with as in Tuhoe Land of to-day.

I am indebted for the greater part of the foregoing, save the notes, to the genius of the late J. P. Ward, formerly of von Tempsky's Forest Rangers Company No. 2 and B Division of the old Armed Constabulary Field Force. Mr. Ward, when manager of Lake House, Waikaremoana, had a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with Tuhoe Land, and was specially engaged to assist in preparing this chapter to the point indicated; and though I have added to, I have not taken away anything from his account of "Te-patu-pae-arehe," the fairy dwellers of the Huia-rau.

May this description of the present-day inhabitants of Danger Island, north of the Cook group, the Pukapuka of the Maori, and the San Bernardo of the Spanish navigator, fit the "Patu-pae-arehe." Mr. Sterndale says: "They are of a light copper hue, and pleasing countenance. They never practised tattooing or any other disfigurement; they have not, and never did have, any weapons of war. Crimes of violence seem never to have been known among them. They are, as a people, simple, contented, honest, and perfectly amiable, very ingenious in the manufacture of their clothing and implements. . . . They speak a language more nearly identical with that of the North Islanders of New Zealand than any others in the whole Pacific(21)."

The Turehu Folk.

Mr. S. Percy Smith mentions—and anything he has taken up deserves careful attention—that the traditions of the "Pakehakaha," or "Turehu," have, like so many others, become localized; and hence we find many hills in New Zealand assigned as their dwelling-places. The Urewera will tell you that their sleeping-places, edged with stone, are to be seen to this day on Te Kauna range(22). When we come to enquire into the origin of this tradition of a white race, it is most natural to ascribe it to

(19). Korako.
(20). Urukehu.
(21). This latter is not, in some respects, quite correct. Sterndale was not, I am informed, a Maori scholar, though he knew the islands fairly well, and his statements regarding Pukapuka or Danger Island are somewhat exaggerated or overdrawn—if not indeed erroneous. In their heathen days they differed but little from the people of the Cook and other groups, and certainly the Tahitians are far lighter in complexion.
(22). A high authority on the "Patu-pae-arehe" suggested that they were identical with the ancient Indian race known as the "Bandu-Paiere," and that this word "Paiere" is the Sanscrit form of the Persian "Peri" and Celtic "Fairy."

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contact with a light-coloured race in very ancient times: it is difficult to conceive of a brown race inventing such a distinguishing racial characteristic. The number of Urukehu, or light-haired people, among the Polynesian race seems to support this theory; and the Urewera learned men say that this feature runs in families, and has done so as far back as their traditions go. Maori history says they learned the art of making fishing nets from the "Turehu," or light-coloured race, from which we may be authorized in assuming that their teachers were a seafaring people, probably visiting the shores of India when the Polynesians dwelt there. Wyatt Gill says that in Mangaia the god Tangaroa had sandy hair, and fair-haired children are called "Te anau keu a Tangaroa," the fair-haired children of Tangaroa. He concludes that whatever the true origin of the tradition may be, it is clear that by the middle of the last century the remembrance of it had become extremely attenuated, and the light-coloured people had to the Maoris lost their tangible forms and become fairies, inhabiting the misty cloudy mountains, but still having human forms and attributes. Not only red-headed people were found in New Zealand in early days—and many may be found still—but also some very white people, not half so shadowy as the "Patu-pae-arehe." Crozet, in 1777, found many among the Nga-Puhi, of whom he said that a few of the men were as white as the French, and a girl of about 15 "as white as our women."

Sir George Grey, in his *Polynesian Mythology*, mentions that when Kahu-kura came upon the spot where the "Patu-pae-arehe" had been cleaning their fish, his first thought was that the traces he saw were left by ordinary (or real) men—"hua noa na te tangata maori"—but finally he came to the conclusion, and quite a different one, in the following words: "E hara i te mahi tangata maori, na te atua tenei mahinga, mehemea na te tangata e kitea te whariki o te waka." These words Sir George Grey translates thus:—"These are no mortals who have been fishing here; spirits must have done this. Had they been men, some of the reeds and grass on which they sat in their canoes would have been lying about." The Maoris seem, therefore, to have placed the "Patu-pae-arehe" in a position somewhere between gods and men, with perhaps more in common with the latter than the former: disembowelling fish is certainly not a very godlike occupation! On the summit of Moehau, the highest point on the Coromandel Peninsula, so say the old Maoris, there once lived a race of little red men they called "Turehu." It was mostly on rainy nights or in misty weather that the voices of the Turehu were to be heard. A certain sceptical Pakeha, endeavouring to destroy this legend, has said that the voices were those of native frogs, which were plentiful in the wet mosses near the summit: a "Pakeha

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kino," surely! Why not permit the Maori people to have their weird, romantic fairy tales as well as the peoples of Northern Europe? In any case, the voices of the elves of Tuhoe and of the people at the foot of Moehau were far more musical than those of frogs.

The Term "Pakeha."

Mr. S. Percy Smith, referring to the visit of Captain Cook to New Zealand in 1768 and following years, says:—"For the first time the Maoris became acquainted with a white race far superior to themselves in all the arts and sciences—acquainted, that is, personally, for they have embalmed in their traditions the far-off recollections of a fairer race than themselves, which their ancestors encountered in some of their distant wanderings. Hence the name they gave the white man, 'pakeha,' which means pale, or fair."

The immediate origin of their name for us is undoubtedly derived from "Pakehakaha," a name for a mythical white race, otherwise called "Turehu" or "Patu-pae-arehe," and said to be a class of sea-gods. The reader will remember it was from these people the Maoris learned the art of net-making, and by some Maoris called "Waraki"—a name often applied to white men. The Maoris also called the whites "Tangata pora," or ship-men. "Maitai" was another name given to the white race, a word which means "from the sea"; but this was also the name given to iron—indeed, this is still the common name the Urewera and other East Coast tribes use instead of the more general name, "rino." Then "Korako" is another name applied to the "Patu-pae-arehe" (or fairies), and probably meant white originally, for it is also the Maori name for an albino. "Tupua" is another name applied to white people, but refers more to their superior knowledge, ways, and customs than to their colour.

In White's work there is a passage referring to Captain Cook and his men as "tupua," being like men, but not generally human; from another world, yet not such "tupua" as the Maori god, inasmuch as they ate the food of this ordinary (or real, or human) world. The Maori gods ate the shadow of their food, but Cook's sailors ate the substance as well! It appears quite certain that the ancient Maoris looked on the white men as gods, who travelled on the backs of the taniwhas round the curve of the ocean, as the following incident illustrates:—

On the occasion of the Sydney pageant in 1901 to celebrate the birth of the Commonwealth, Tamahau, a leading chief of the Wairarapa, was one of those who represented New Zealand at the historic function. On his return he consented to give the *New Zealand Times* some of his impressions. As a preliminary to his narrative, Tamahau wished it to be made known how much

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he appreciated the *entente cordiale* which existed between the Maoris and the Europeans throughout the colony. There had been differences and misunderstandings in the past, but the future would draw them together—cement them eternally as one people. "For your prosperity is our prosperity; your Queen is our Queen, and your God is our God!"—a fine sentiment, admirably expressed.

Then he spoke of the longing which for years had possessed him to view with his own eyes the great continent of Australia, of which he had heard so much. Like many other voyagers, over his experiences of the Tasman Sea he preferred to draw a veil. "The sea was very angry," he volunteered, "and a strange feeling came over us, but all on the 'Mokoia' were very kind, and when we left the shores of Niu Tireni and entered into the Pacific Ocean, there the waves were peaceful: it was as level as the surface of glass." Sighting Port Jackson within three days, they sailed into Sydney Harbour, where lay a fleet—being the most wonderful collection of shipping which Mahupuku had ever seen. Accommodation being scarce, the Government placed the "Tutanekai" at the disposal of the chiefs, "so that we could always enjoy the breezes of the sea to cool us in that hot country. I must tell you that when I got there all the sickness which I had felt during the voyage disappeared, my body became most peaceful; no troubles to disturb my inner parts, and I felt I was a new man.

"Then I began to look round. I seemed like one in a mist. Night came on, and it seemed as if the stars of heaven had been brought down and placed upon the housetops, and on the masts of ships, and in the streets. The whole firmament was ablaze with fire, and lights twinkled in all the water. Our Maori traditions say that is was the stars of heaven which guided our forefathers across the waters from a far country to this land. In Sydney I found stars brought from heaven to guide the footsteps of the coming nation. I said to myself, 'These people are second gods.' In the streets I saw great houses made of rocks towering up into the sky. I saw the tramways—they had no horses. One was something like a train, and was drawn by an engine. Another had hands which grasped a wire, and was drawn along. I never saw the wire, but was told it was in the earth. A third was conveyed by a small wire hung up, and another wire was thrust up from the car and the two were married, and the car moved. This tram was a wonderful tram. It was the fastest of all—faster than our trains. I said to myself, 'I have seen wonderful things to-day.'

"On the 1st January, the great day of that demonstration, I beheld thousands and thousands—yes, a great multitude of

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people of all kinds, races, and denominations. We were taken up to the housetops on a building containing, I think, four floors. We saw the great procession down below. There were the Imperial troops and the Indian troops. Both appeared so stately in their magnificent robes, their swords glittering like diamonds. It was indeed a great spectacle. We sat gazing in astonishment from 10 in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Then the next thing was at the monster pillar where that great and illustrious child the Commonwealth was baptized. The people massed in thousands round that monument, and I was astonished to see the order of those who were present, and the capable management, there being no crushing and no disorder whatever during the whole of that sacred ceremony.

"Then, next night we were taken on board the 'Mokoia' into the harbour, and were made witnesses of the fires lit by the Europeans. I saw wonderful sights. Thunders seemed to appear at the hands of the white people; the lightnings flashed as from heaven. In fact, that fire display was of great splendour and magnificence."

Mahupuku then went on to explain how he was introduced to Lord Hopetoun, to whom he extended an invitation on behalf of the Maori people to accompany the Queen's grandson to New Zealand. Afterwards he went to Botany Bay. "There we saw some of the Mungomungos, or what you would call the Maoris or the aboriginals of Australia. There were about 30 in all. I and my companions approached very close to them, so that we might see the make and form of these people, their physique, and also their fighting weapons. I saw that these people seemed to be a hardy race, but as to their faces I was unable to judge, as they were all covered by some kind of paint, and I could not see what they were like. I saw that their eyes were set far back into their sockets, and their eyebrows projected and almost made a shade. Their bodies were covered with hair, and I witnessed that their fighting weapons were very dangerous. I may say that I had my taiaha in my hand at the time. The Europeans all wanted to feel and see what it was like; and although the weapons of the Mungomungo were of various kinds, and numerous, the Pakeha said the Maori weapon, the taiaha I had, was more picturesque with its carvings and mountings than those of the natives of that place. Also the greenstone symbols of Maori chieftainship were much admired by the people of that country, and the 'pikihuia' (plumes of the huia) which decorated our hats also proved interesting. Then a demonstration took place representing the landing of Captain Cook and the hostility of the aboriginals. All these sights which we have seen have im-

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pressed the whole of our minds and bodies of the vastness of that country and its inhabitants. This is printed in our hearts permanently—'ake tonu atu'—for ever and ever."

Tamahau summed up his impressions as follows:—First, astonishment at the vastness of the great city built on the side of the harbour; second, its fine and imposing buildings; third, the astonishing fact of three different lines of tramways running in the same streets, amid all the other traffic, and apparently without inconvenience or accident.

"No accidents. Yes, one! I saw with my own eyes an old man who fell just in front of a tram; then, like a flash, a scoop was let down and the man was shovelled up and gently thrown on one side. The tram passed on, and the old man got up and shook the dust off him and walked away unharmed. I say this is a great people. I was so amazed, I stood there and looked at the old man. I was amazed. I had no words to say. I could not speak, and then I walked away astonished."

Mahupuku then went on to describe the wonders of Sydney Harbour; the deep waters close in-shore, the trees sprouting luxuriously from the huge rocks, the presence of trees and shrubs which he had always thought indigenous to New Zealand and which made him think of home, the surprising greenness of the vegetable gardens in such a hot climate when similar weather here would have parched everything.

As to the hospitality of the New South Wales Government and the people of the country: "It will live for ever in our hearts, and we will implant it in the hearts of our children, and advise them to hand it down to posterity." Tamahau desired also to thank the Premier and Native Minister of this colony, who were most kind to them during the whole trip. "It is my desire," he said in conclusion, "that some of the young educated Maoris should travel more into other countries, to benefit their minds and to learn the progress of those countries. This trip opened my eyes to such an extent that it took me two nights to shut them after leaving that great place. I tried to sleep, but my eyes would not let me. I kept seeing all those wonderful things. When I return to my home in the Wairarapa, it is my intention to call a great meeting of Maoris from different parts to recite to them the sights that I have described to you, that they may hand them down to their people; and it may be the means of advancing the Maori people. But no matter where I may go, what sights I may see, and what things I may be brought into contact with, there is no place to me like New Zealand. Long may you representatives of the Press live. God guard over you all, and guide you to higher, loftier works. What I have just

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given you are my impressions—the things that hit me in the head—while I was over at that great land." And with these impressive words, the interview ended.

The Maori visitor had at the back of his mind the idea of godlike attributes on the part of the Pakeha to produce all the wonderful things he saw. He looked on it, too, as the realization of the vision his ancient tohungas had seen, of a godlike tribe coming on the backs of great taniwhas, not once nor twice but many times—" te atua mai-tawhiti."

According to Judge Maning—and he was a good authority—there were all sorts of " Pakehas " among the Maoris, such as " Pakeha pakeke," a hard Pakeha, one who drove hard bargains; " Pakeha taehae "—a miser, who kept his goods (" taonga ") to himself; and the *summum malum,* a " Pakeha kino," a bad, hateful Pakeha.

I must not omit to mention that the term Pakeha was applied (so Mr. Percy Smith states) to the Ngati-toa tribe when they migrated from Kawhia to Cook Strait in 1821. With such a consensus of learned opinion, can any deny that the " Patupae-arehe " of Tuhoe Land had an origin common to some very ancient race? And as I am not too desirous of obtruding my own opinions, let me submit one more quotation. A recent writer in the Sydney *Telegraph,* discussing the late Mr. Clement Wragge's alleged discoveries of the work of prehistoric men in the Bay of Islands, says:—" These will doubtless be held by some to confirm the theory that when the Maoris of the Great Migration stepped from their canoes they found other inhabitants already here—no doubt they did—and these they called 'the people of the land.' The Maori traditions are rich in reference to fairies with white skins and fair hair. These fairies, legend says, were living in New Zealand when the Maoris came, and were divided into three tribes—' Descendants of the Red One,' ' Descendants of the Albino,' and ' Descendants of the Dimly Seen '; the last-named is a title of unique fitness as the designation of a fairy race. The Maoris claim to have learned the art of net-making from these fairies, who, being makers of nets and eaters of fish, must have had a distinct corporeality. Besides the fairies there were elves and ogres and tree-sprites that haunted the bush in their thousands. It is agreed that the fairies and such wood-dwelling peoples were really remnants of a conquered race, surviving thus in the midst of the conquerors, upon whom from mountain cavern or gloomy glen the dispossessed people of the land struck in retaliation and revenge, until they came to be feared as beings something less or more than human. Possibly in this way, it has been suggested, the original inhabitants of New Zealand still survive in the Maori fairy tale."

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In the very forest which Mr. Wragge had been exploring legend locates a yellow-haired tribe of cave-dwelling fairies called the "Karitehe," who often seized Maori girls when out flower-gathering, the girls so captured never more returning to their people. "It may be urged," says the writer, "that the Maoris brought their fairy folk-lore with them from Hawaiiki as they brought their sweet potato and their dogs when they set forth to voyage to a new land in their great canoes. Indeed, one Maori legend actually relates that they carried the fairies with them in a special canoe. But there is other evidence to show that New Zealand was a populated country when the Maoris descended upon it. The people of this country (Tuhoe) are described in the folk-lore, which has passed on from tongue to tongue, as a small-bodied race who were easily conquered. White-skinned and yellow-haired, they had no affinities with the Malays, and seem to have been some far-wandered branch of the fair races who reached New Zealand in the course of a forgotten migration now hidden in the mists of Time."

So, now, I have come back to that point when I set out to tell of the "Patu-pae-arehe" that once inhabited the fastnesses of Tuhoe Land.

The Lake Legends.

More than eighteen generations ago the ancient tribe of Tauira held the lands of Waikaremoana, through the Waiau, and round by Ruakituri. They held it not only by virtue of possession, but by reason of the strong arm and the multitude of braves. That they were a very ancient tribe must be admitted; for they traversed Huia-rau long before the two first canoes arrived from Hawaiiki.

They were gods in those days—Maahu, Te Tauira, Manaia, Hau, Rua([23]) and others. The proof that Maahu was a very ancient chief is that he fought with Haere([24]), the rainbow god, and, like the famed "Kilkenny cats," they destroyed each other. Moekahu, says Mr. Elsdon Best([25]), was an "atua kuri Maori," and appeared in the form of a dog—an atua of evil omen—and peculiarly the deity of Ngati-Kahugunu and Nga-Potiki; and this may, in some measure, account for the fact that Ngati-Kahugunu were, except in individual cases, more famed in the fields of witchcraft than in the fields of war. So, at all events,

(23). Rua was the inventor of carving, and his name is perpetuated in many places in New Zealand (including this district). There was a connection between Rua and the hinau berries used for meal, but I have not been able to trace it.

(24). The ancient god Haere, called in the Sanscrit Hare, says Mr. Tregear, was a spirit or god supposed to reside in fragmentary rainbows or detached clouds.

(25). I have drawn somewhat largely in this chapter on "Waikare-moana," by Mr. Elsdon Best, published by the direction of the late John McKenzie, and by the Ward Government recommended as the best authority for my purpose. Those who desire to pursue the subject further should consult the booklet mentioned.

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Tuhoe believe; but then, the men of this great nation of the past may have been somewhat prejudiced against the "Children of the Rising Sun."

Prominent among the tales peculiar to Waikaremoana, as may be expected, are those concerning the lake itself, and its origin. Manaia (or Maahu) and his wife, Kauariki, with their child, Hau Mapuhia([26]), lived at Wai-koti-koti, on Wairaumoana, and here the latter grew into a fine young man. His education, however, seems to have been much neglected, or else he was a spoiled child; for one day, being ordered to bring a calabash of water from a neighbouring spring, he flatly refused to do so. His indulgent father—poor foolish old man—thereupon went instead, but he was away so long that Hau went after him. When the father saw his son coming, the idea entered into the old man's head that he ought to kill him for his disobedience. He therefore seized his son and thrust him into the waters of the spring, holding him beneath the surface. Here was the disobedient Hau in a dire predicament; but he called on the gods of the ancient people to help him, and they transformed him into a "taniwha" or water-god, endowing him specially with all the powers of demons. Thus indeed Hau Mapuhia forced his way through the solid ground and formed the great dry basin in which now lie the waters of Waikaremoana. It was while forcing his way through the ground that Hau Mapuhia formed the numerous inlets of the "Sea of Rippling Waters." The fiercest struggle he had was when he forced his passage from Te Puna, and the efforts made were so great that the waters which followed him were greatly agitated, and since then the lake has been called the "Sea of the Dashing Waters." Hau Mapuhia first tried to escape towards the west of the great basin, and formed Whanganui inlet to Hereheretaua; but Huia-rau stopped him. Next he tried another direction, and Whanga-nui-o-parua resulted, but the ranges still barred his way. Then he turned towards the east, where the roar of the great Ocean of Kiwa fell upon his taniwha ears, and he determined to reach it before daylight. So down he forced his way again at Te Whangaromanga and endeavoured to burrow through the ranges, but when he reached the present outlet he became blocked there([27]). In his sad position he wailed aloud—very much unlike a god, indeed—and Maahu, who had gone down to the ocean, heard him.

(26). Stated to be a son of the god Maahu. Maahu-Tapoa-Nui was an ancient name for the father of the lake-forming hero. Some authorities declare that Hau Mapuhia was a woman, but the Urewera do not so say. The ancient Maoris would not be likely to attribute such Herculean labours to a woman.

(27). "Onepoto" means literally "short beach." Only when the lake is high is there a rush of water through this narrow cut, which proved such a barrier to the progress of Hau Mapuhia. Underneath the outlet, however, there is a subterranean passage called "Haumu," through which the lake empties itself into the Waikare-taheke, which is notable also for the fact that the stream never becomes muddy.

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Filled with the pangs of remorse, he called upon the "tuna," the "koiro," the "kokopu," "maehe," "korokoro" and other fishes to go up Waikaretaheke and provide food for his son; and Tangaroa heard(28); but the "koiro" would not face the fresh water, and the "tuna" were unable to pass the Waiau, so the "maehe" and the "korokoro" (lamprey) were the only fish that reached Waikare-taheke to sustain the taniwha. And Hau Mapuhia still lies at the outlet, turned into stone. His head lies down-hill, his legs extend up the hill-side, and the lake waters flow through his body to form the Waikare-taheke. Other accounts state that the father of "the first engineer at Waikare-moana" was Maahu, his full name being Maahu Tapoa-nui, and a descendant of Toi-kai-rakau, the Eater of Forest Foods. There is much mistiness about the origin of Maahu, father of Hau Mapuhia, but there seems a solution in the following lament:—

I tawhiti ano te rongo o te pu,	Whilst distant was the fame of the guns,
I ki ano koutou, "Ma wai ra e ho-mai?"	All said, "Who will dare to bring them here?"
Ki te kainga o Maahu-tapoa-nui,	To the home of Maahu-tapoa-nui,
Ki a Tu-ma-tere ra,	To Tu the swift, indeed,
Ki te oke ki te pae.	To strive within our bounds.
E koro! ki nui, ki patu, ki tata-e!	O Sir! of great, of warlike words and blows,
I te rangi maori	Heard in this ordinary world,
He mea ra kia kapi te waha	'Twas so said that mouths should be closed.
Ka kitea a rikiriki,	Now, indeed, is seen inconsolable grief;
Ka peke mai Tini-o-Irawaru,	Spring forth the descendants of Ira-waru*
Hei poke mo koutou.	To worry and tease you all.
Takoto mai ra E koro E!	Rest thee there, O Sir!
Koutou ko whakahina	Thee and thy grandchildren,
I te hara kohuru	Through the evils of murderous war.
Nau era ngohi,	Thine are the slain.
E ware koutou ki Te Toroa ma?	Have all forgotten Te Toroa's death?
Tera te Poturu nana i kai atu.	Still lives Poturu, who consumed them.
Takoto mai ra E koro E!	Prone thou liest, O Sir!
I roto o Tauri	In the vale of Tauri
I hea koia koe ka aho ai i to tapu-wae	Where wast thou that thou charmed not thy steps?
Ata tu mai! ata tu hihiko mai,	Stand forth! arise with vigorous strides,
He hihiko hei hiki mai i a koe	Strides that will bear thee on
Ki te rangi i runga ra	To the heavens above us;
Ko aua wai ano to mata nei wha-kataha.	To those other waters turn thy face aside.

* Irawaru, the father of dogs.

(28). "Tangaroa," states Elsdon Best, "is the Neptune of Polynesia, the tutelary genius of the Great Ocean of Kiwa. Indeed, in many of the islands he was the supreme god and creator of all things. He is represented in the legend as dwelling in a house beneath the ocean, and his tribe is composed of the fishes of the great sea. Maroro, the one member of Tangaroa's tribe who escaped the wrath of Rua, is the flying fish.

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Story of Rona.

There is another story connected with this spot which it is as well to give here, for it will take the conceit out of those Europeans who long thought they had a monopoly of the "Man-in-the-Moon" story:—Opposite the outlet there is a singular rock called Te Kuha, and this is its origin. On the lake shore in the dim past there dwelt an old and famous chief, who, being consumed with thirst, sent one of his women for a calabash of water. She went obediently enough, lighted by the full moon, but as she neared the water the "Marama"(29) became suddenly darkened—and no Maori, however brave otherwise, likes the darkness(30). Incensed at this, the woman used the "kaanga," or curse, against the moon for her fickleness, which so angered the moon that she sent down Rona (the-man-in-the-moon), who cast the woman into the waters and transformed her into stone, where she still appears stooping as if in the act of lifting a vessel of water. Her head points towards Wairoa, and it is from the figure that the Waikare-taheke flows subterraneously in such a wonderful manner. Some readers may take this as a later tale of the outlet or as a rival to that of Hau Mapuhia, or another version of the taniwha story; I cannot decide.

There is yet another version which states that a woman named Rona went out to gather sticks by the light of the moon; but the moon passing suddenly behind a cloud, the woman cursed it, using the terrible expression "Upoko-kohua" or "Boil your head." Immediately the irreverent creature was seized by the Powers of Darkness and cast into the moon, where with the bundle of sticks she still remains, a warning to all addicted to cursing. It seems, therefore, pretty certain that this Maori objurgation was greatly feared, as the following will show:—In the early times Ngati-Tama dwelt at Taupo, and while there were visited by Poutu of Ngati-Raukawa, who took a very great interest in the tribe, asking if they were well treated by Ruawhaea, their overlord. They had no complaint except that when their protector sounded his trumpet to give notice of his approach the words seemed to be—"Upoko kohua! tou roro! tou roro!"—"Boiled heads, for your brains! your brains!" On the very first opportunity that presented itself Ngati-Tama killed the owner of the trumpet and all his people but one.

There is, however, another version of the Rona story, which shows not only a connection with the Aryan Maori but also with the people of Northern Europe, who also migrated there from their original Indian homes. It tells, with very remarkable

(29). Marama, the moon. This, according to Tregear, is compounded of "Ma," the moon, and "rama," light.

(30). Tuhoe were also styled "He Iwi Haerepo," or "the tribe that travels in the dark."

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succinctness, that Rona went to collect sticks by moonlight, but the moon getting behind a cloud, she stumbled over a stone, whereupon she cursed the moon in approved Maori fashion by saying "To Upoko-kohua!" The woman was then seized by some invisible power and thrown right up to the moon, where, upside down, she may still be seen with her bundle of sticks. No Maori that I have met with has been able to give the exact meaning of the curse. They only know that it was a very bad curse, and so "Boil your head" is given as a free—a very free —translation, because to make any reference to a person being cooked was about the greatest insult that could be offered to a Maori. Only in 1910, in the Wairoa Magistrate's Court, was this word mentioned and this translation given, as having been provocative of a fracas at North Clyde, which the Court was investigating.

Mr. Tregear says:—"The marvel is explained when we find that Rona, up in the moon, is the Hindu goddess Rohini, the principal and beloved mate of the god of the moon, once Rohini, then Roina and later still Rona. In Williams' dictionary the curse referred to is written as 'Upokoko-hua,' which he considers correct, having doubtless been indicated by some ariki or priest who knew the real meaning of a curse so terrible that a most bloody war once took place in the North Island in consequence of its use."

Mr. Tregear holds that the word is a long-remembered survival from the cattle days (of the Aryan Maori). It is "Pok-o-ko-hua"—egg or fruit of the pig or cow; and as the pig was an unclean animal in the East, it was like saying "Spawn of filthiness" or "A heap of rubbish," as I have heard a Maori witness swear to.

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CHAPTER VI

TALES OF TE RAWHITI

DEARTH OF MATERIAL—TUPAHEKE TANIWHA—TAPUAE AND TE MAHA—HINE'S LOVE STORY—TALE OF THE KUMARA—DESCENT OF UREWERA—CARRIERS OF FERN-LEAVES—TANIWHA TE IHI—PICKED THE UGLY ONE—TE TANGI O-HINERAU—TE RAU-O-PIOPIO—MAORI ARTIFICE—DEATH ON HUIA-RAU.

Dearth of Material.

It is unfortunate for the historian that this part of the East Coast does not furnish much material for a chapter headed as above. There is not in this district such an outstanding romance as that of Hinemoa and Tutanekai. Romance does not appear to have been a strong point in the lives of the East Coast Maoris since the days of Tu-te-Ihonga, the famed beauty of olden days, for whom at least one chief led his warriors on an expedition covering a distance of 50 miles. It would indeed seem that war, supplemented by a good deal of the black art, occupied most of the time of the dwellers in Old Wairoa, who also on many occasions had to struggle for the vantage-ground gained by the members of the migration from Turanganui. The material for building is scanty, but such as it is it must be built into the fabric, which I have chosen to call "The Story of Old Wairoa."

Tupaheke Taniwha.

Just inside the Wairoa River entrance, a little to the west of the present fairway, there lies a flat-topped conglomerate rock partly awash at low tide. This rock, which at one time was very much higher and pointed in shape, is said to be the guardian taniwha of the Wairoa River as it enters the sea. It is named "Tupaheke." It is said that the taniwha, who lives beneath the rock, has arms like a great crab. It is perfectly harmless to local people, but let strangers beware how they touch it. Should any such go upon the rock or interfere with it in any way, he is sure to meet with misfortune. Merely to touch the rock alone is enough to bring up a "souther"—and no Maori or European likes southerly weather. It will be remembered that the Harbour Board tried to blow up this rock, but signally failed. Was not the engineer a "stranger"? The Board let a contract to one William Williams,

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better known as "Bristol Bill," and he certainly failed to shatter the home of the taniwha, as the Maoris predicted would be the case. Personally, I think that poor "Bristol" knew as much about blasting (except verbally) as he did about squaring the circle.

Tapuae and Te Maha.

There are two other taniwhas connected with the Wairoa bar—"Tapuae" having his home on the west side of the river, and "Te Maha" on the east side(1). Between these two there was a perpetual contest going on as to where the entrance to the sea should be. When the channel was on the east side of the river Te Maha was happy because he had only a short distance to go to catch fish on the great Ocean of Kiwa, and Tapuae was correspondingly "pouri" (sad), and vice versa. When, therefore, the authorities cut the new channel near the bluff they took a mean and unwarrantable advantage of Te Maha, who is always doing his best to drag the entrance back to his side of the river; hence are the Wairoa folk troubled with the shifting bar, pulled eastwards or westwards at the whim of these renowned taniwhas.

Hine's Love Story.

Mr. D. A. Strachan, Inspector of Schools, obtained the following little Maori legend from the Rev. R. Kohere on the East Coast, and kindly allows me to use it:—"Along the yellow sands of Turanganui, when the evening sun was low and the white rollers made sweet speeches to the happy beach, only one disconsolate mortal could be seen. He was sad because the beauteous maiden of his choice would not give willing ear to his advances, and had fled away to far Opotiki. Between Turanganui and Opotiki the Maoris claim descent from the warriors of the Takitimu canoe, so the fair one had placed the extreme limit of distance between them.

"'I know what I shall do,' said the youth; and he took up a cockle. Into its ear he whistled a 'karakia,' then threw it far out where the ocean current shoulders its way along the coast. 'Go, tell her what I have said.'

"So the cockle sailed away.

"Now, in Opotiki the Maori maiden went fishing for pipis. She dived from a rock, but saw only a cockle. She tried another place, but saw only a cockle. Again—but the same result. This made her angry. 'I shall soon fix you!' She seized the offending shell-fish, gathered some dry wood from the sea beach, and when she had skilfully lit a fire she placed the cockle near.

(1). The Hokianga natives also own a pair of taniwhas. They were called "Tamure" and "Araiti-Uri," and they resided on the Hokianga bar. The first-named was a chief, and the other a slave, who served his master by never obeying him!

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"A little heat makes a cockle open its dewy lips and utter a whistling sound, and this was no exception. It sang of the song of the love-lorn boy of Turanganui. Poor Hine's heart was overcome. She saw again the beautiful low hills all cobwebbed with morning mist; she saw the yellow sands, and the heart-broken Taka wandering by the shore. The lure was irresistible; she took the long trail past Lottin Point, East Cape, the Waiapu and many another scene famous in Maori story, and came at last to him who loved her, and he made her the ancestor of most of the great fighting chiefs of the Coast."

Tale of the Kumara.

"When and by whom," says the writer, Mr. Ben Keys, "the actual introduction of the kumara into New Zealand was effected cannot now be known. The Maoris had many stories relating to the matter, but legend has so obscured tradition that the facts are lost in oblivion. Some of the accounts are mere fantasy—as, for instance, that which says Pourangahua, a wanderer returning from Hawaiiki, brought some tubers with him as he rode through the air on the back of a great bird. Others probably have a basis of truth, especially those which aver that the people of the Great Migration brought the kumara with them in the canoes."

A typical legend is that told by Ngati-Hokipu, one of the divisions of the Ngati-Awa tribe. On the heights overlooking that part of Whakatane now known as Te Whare-o-Toroa there lived in the pa Kapu-te-rangi (of which the main earthworks are still extant) a chief named Toi Kai-rakau. He was of the original inhabitants (i.e., of the autochthonous race), and, as his name indicates, he was a vegetarian. One day there landed at the mouth of the river two men, Taukata and Hoake, who had come from Hawaiiki in a canoe made of pumice-stone! In search of fresh water, they made their way to a spring below Kapu-te-rangi, where they sat down to refresh themselves. Being cold, they recited an incantation to cause the sun to shine, and while they were so engaged a man came from the pa to draw water. He went back and told Toi Kai-rakau of what he had seen and heard. (I fancy the words of the incantation must have amused Toi, for they were distinctly abusive of the Sun's wife.) Toi had the strangers brought before him, and offered them such food—bracken root, young stems of tree-fern fronds, berries, etc.—as the country afforded; but these things were very distasteful to them, so they mashed up in a wooden bowl some kao, or dried kumara, which they had with them, and gave part to their host. He found it so delectable that he inquired whence it came, and was told it was the product of a plant growing in Hawaiiki. Immediately a canoe (to which the name of Te Aratawhao was

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given) was constructed from a drift totara-log lying on the beach, and a party was sent to Hawaiiki to fetch some fresh tubers, and special soil in which to plant them.

Thus was the kumara introduced into this country. The garden in which the tubers were planted (the reddish coloured soil is still distinguishable at the base of the hills behind Te Whare-o-Toroa) was called Matirarau. The commemorative proverb, as applied to delicious food won at great cost, is "Te iti oneone i kapua(2) mai i Hawaiiki" (the little bit of soil brought in the hollow of the hand from Hawaiiki).

Descent of Urewera.

As already mentioned, whilst the Maoris of the migration trace their descent back 19 generations, the Urewera claim to go back 26 generations. It is likely that they then occupied the coastal areas, but were finally driven to the hills. The tribal name "Urewera" was thus explained by the late Col. Porter, C.B.:—"It traces the descent from Murakarake, the original ancestor of the tribe. That historic individual was escaping across the inhospitable Kaingaroa plains, after a terrible defeat of his people, accompanied by his two sons, Tama-Kaimoana and Tuhoe Potiki. When near the Whakatane River, being both hungry and thirsty, they stopped to rest for awhile. There being no food available, Murakarake ordered that the sacred dog be killed, and the choicest parts given to the younger child. This was done—at least the killing part was—but the elder son was given the lion's share, the ears only being reserved for Potiki, who wept copiously at the bad treatment accorded him. The wailing of his child aroused Murakarake, who was 'pouri' (sad) on the tribe's losses, and he reproached the elder son for his disobedience. They both, being undutiful sons, only jeered at their old father, so that he fell on to the fire in a fit and was so burned that he died; hence the name Urewera was derived."

Carriers of Fern-leaves.

A story is told of the Rongo-whaka-ata sub-tribe bearing on a nickname suggesting falsehood and deceit, and in the Poverty Bay district, till lately, if a man's statements were considered doubtful it was enough to say "Are you a descendant of Te Kawenga Rarauhe?" (the carriers of fern-leaves). It appears that, some generations before, this sub-tribe was at cross-purposes with another branch of Rongo-whaka-ata, holding a fortified position at Waerenga-o-kuri. They could not take this pa by assault, so retired for a time; then suddenly they reappeared, about 100 in number, each bearing "ketes" (baskets)

(2). Observe the elimination of the letters "ng," a usual thing in the islands, and thus "kapua" (hand) in the islanders' vocabulary becomes "kapunga" in Maoriland.

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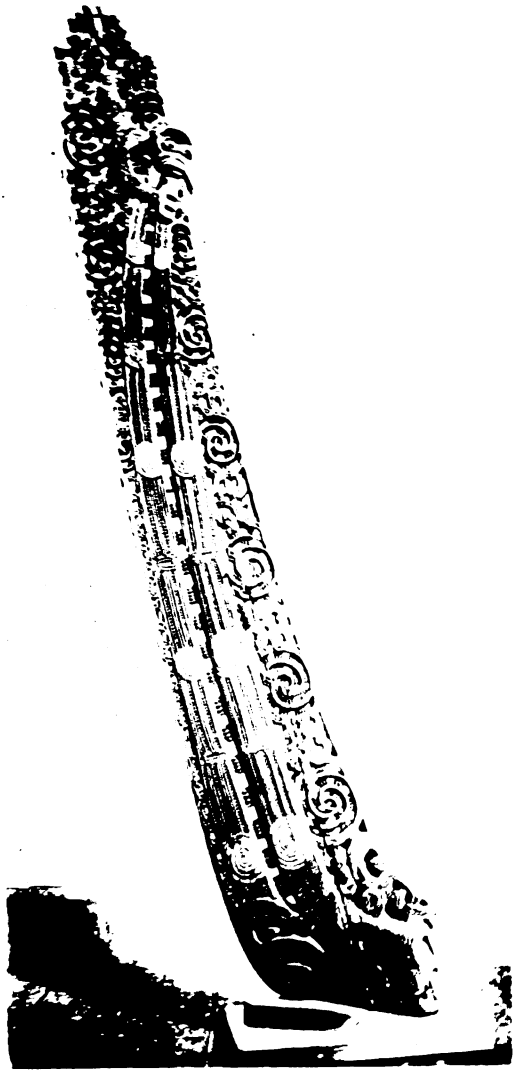

Stern-piece of Maori War-canoe, found in the sands at Opoutama, Mahia, Hawke's Bay, and now in the Dominion Museum, Wellington

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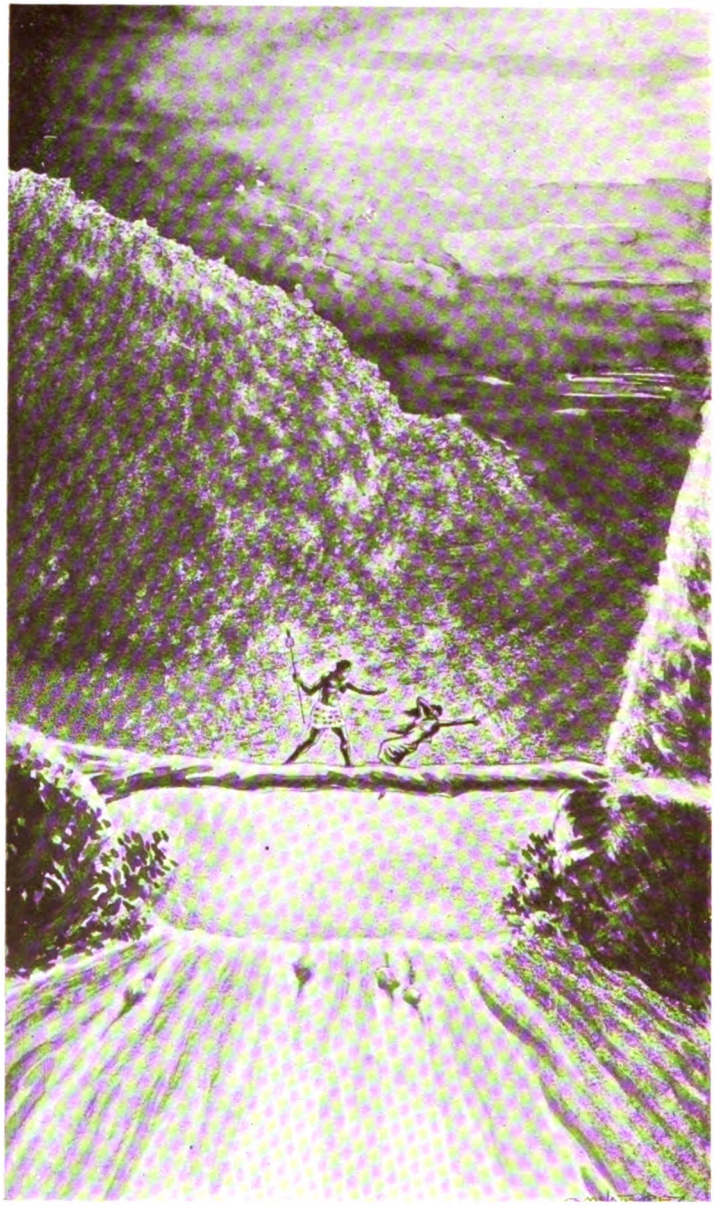

Death of Rakahanga at Te Reinga Falls

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on their backs as if carrying food. Nearing the pa, they made signs of peace and sat down to rest. The Rongo-whaka-ata, completely deceived, came out and invited the visitors in. This the latter did, and depositing the ketes on the ground they drew from them the hidden weapons, and then ensued a terrible slaughter of the people. Hence the nickname "a carrier of fern-leaves." This ruse, it will be noted, was also adopted in the attack on Whare-o-koro at the Wairoa Heads.

Taniwha Te Ihi.

Maori readers will recall the warlike exploits of Te Heu Heu Tukino, of Tu-Wharetoa in this district, and the following will be, to them at least, interesting as an old tale. Mr. H. Hill, who has done a good deal of exploratory work at Taupo, says the lake contains many taniwha, of whom Te Ihi is the chief. It was a taniwha, according to Native legendary lore, that in 1846 played such havoc at Te Rapa. Te Heu Heu Tukino, the man whose "mana" was greatest among the central tribes of the country in those days, could not exercise his powers to stay the devastation of the taniwha that dwelt in the hills at the back of Te Rapa. Taniwha in the lake had often destroyed parties of two and three, sometimes near "Tamatea's dogs," sometimes when passing the taniwha Horomatangi. Everywhere taniwha had at times destroyed warriors, in the mountains and crossing the rivers and plains, but never before had taniwha attacked and destroyed a whole hapu of the Ngati-tu-Wharetoa tribe by removing a hillside and submerging a village with hot mud and rocks and boiling water. Was it Te Ihi, the chief of the Taupo taniwha, that had done this? On that never-to-be-forgotten night of thunder and rain, wind and lightning, Te Heu Heu Tukino went forth from his whare and his wives to quell the spirits that Te Ihi had sent forth. He reached the top part of his whare, holding in his hand a famous greenstone and wearing the Kau Kau Matua ear ornament that Tama-te-Kapua carried in the Arawa canoe from Hawaiiki. Calling on his gods Rongomai and Uenuku, he went through his "karakias," his "kuruki-whaka-taha" and others, feeling that now everything was safe. He returned to his whare with words of assurance and comfort to his wives, and laid himself down on his mat to sleep, but which soon became his grave and his shroud. Rongomai came not to his aid. Te Ihi, the chief of the Taupo taniwhas, with the lesser taniwhas, the patu-pae-arehe, maeroa and taipos, the uncanny imps of Maoridom, were all active on the memorable night. The tokens of their activities were the movements on the land behind Te Rapa, and the boiling of the waters in the lake, producing great waves and commotions and disasters. The Natives of Taupo think that Te Ihi, the chief of the Taupo taniwha, still lives in the lake, and "only in January last a leading Native

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informed me," said Mr. Hill, in all seriousness, "that he had seen a few days previously Te Ihi the great taniwha moving across the sky from the direction of Opepe bush and dive into the lake near the place where the boiling up of the water even now occurs at intervals." But the end of the race is drawing near. Te Ara-tuku-tuku, the mother of Te Ihi and the great progenitor of all the taniwhas, is dead. She was killed by the Natives for having prophesied the death of Pupiri, a chief priest who dwelt at Mototere, who presumed to go afishing during the time she was engaged in prayer. So great was her mana, that at her death four pas were swallowed up at Taupo, and to this day Te Ara-tuku-tuku, the progenitor and queen of the taniwhas, is looked on with awe, for fear she might once more return to lead her offspring in the dark doings and ways of the taniwha race.

Picked the Ugly One.

The story of Rakahanga, connected as it is with the ancient people of Waikaremoana, is a quaint one, and worth retelling. Rakahanga-i-te-rangi, to give her her full name for once, was a betrothed virgin of ancient times, very beautiful, and she lived at Turanganui (Poverty Bay). The chiefs of Tauira, who lived on the shores of Waikaremoana, determined that if possible the fair Rakahanga should choose one of them for a husband. A party of 60 or 70 men, all of fine physical appearance and size, and accomplished in every possible way, was selected to visit the fair one. Just before the party left, the chiefs decided that Hau, one of the number, was too ugly to have a chance, and he was ordered to stay behind. This, however, did not suit Hau, who, possessing a fair measure of conceit and some wondrous powers of witchcraft, concealed himself in the bow of the canoe, and so reached the village of Rakahanga as a stowaway. After all the wooers had landed—for they seem to have gone by the Wairoa—Hau did the same, but concealed himself until darkness fell. In the evening all met in a big whare, where the visitors, like the troubadours of old, were to sing of their great deeds in battle, and otherwise show off their many charms and to seek to captivate the fair Rakahanga. In the middle of the whare was a fire built of such wood as would not emit much smoke—as matai charcoal, for instance. But the wily Hau, by means of incantations uttered in secret, caused the place to smoke so much that all had to rush out into the darkness. In the gloom Rakahanga was met by Hau, and by means of his magic powers he managed to win her affections, and in order that she might know him in the morning she marked his forehead. This she accomplished with a mixture of red clay like the ruddle used by sheep-farmers. This was called "horu," and it was prepared with shark oil and the expressed juice of the

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poroporo shrub, a plant of the Cape-gooseberry species. Then Rakahanga slept and dreamt of the man of her choice. Next day she sought among the crowd of suitors for the man she had branded as her very own, but when Hau put in an appearance she was much chagrined at finding she had verily picked the worst of the bunch! The others were, of course, much disconcerted also—and no wonder!—and one good-looking chief, Kiwi, took her for himself unceremoniously, setting aside, as only a great chief could, the claims of Hau. Kiwi started for Waikaremoana, accompanied by Weka, his *fidus Achates* or best man in the adventure. Hau, baffled in securing his matrimonial prize, the fair Rakahanga, started in pursuit, and overtook the three at Waimaha. With a famous greenstone battle-axe he killed Kiwi, the others escaping through the forest. Thus Weka and Rakahanga traversed the hills till they reached Te Reinga, the lovely falls at the junction of the Hangaroa and Ruakituri Rivers. The night was dark as they arrived at the falls, and as they traversed the summit of the cliff over the engulfing waters, Rakahanga became frightened and advised caution, but Weka bid her cease to fear. Then when they reached the most dangerous spot he suddenly turned and thrust poor Rakahanga over the edge of the rock into the abyss below—all because she favoured the ugly man at Turanga. Thus perished the famous beauty, her last words being, "He po Rakahanga i raru ai" (By darkness was Rakahanga confounded). It is very doubtful if she would have had time to make such a long speech, and most likely this was really an utterance of Weka, her murderer(3).

Te Tangi-o-Hinerau.

Hinerau, a Maori maiden of Tuhoe, living at a kainga at the foot of Huia-rau, was famed for her beauty, and many suitors sought to win her for a wife, but though the maiden liked them all she loved none. Yet she was not unmindful of the fact that some day she must choose between one or other of her lovers; so she did as other Maori maidens did—she made herself as attractive as possible; and one thing she liked to do was to keep her heart and mind clean and true and her person sweet. She therefore sought out all those sweet-smelling plants for which Huia-rau is famed wherewith to prepare the ointments and perfumes dear to the Maori maids. One day in her quest she went into the bush and climbed a high hill, going south; so soon she lost her way amid the trackless forest, for one tree was like another, and one fern the same as the one just passed—not even one of the "Patu-pae-arehe" did she meet; though these, perhaps, might have led her into still greater trouble. Just as night was

(3). There is a similar story told of Wairaka of Mata-atua canoe, but the marking of the wrong lover was not followed by a tragedy, Wairaka stoically accepting the situation and marrying the man, though intensely ugly.

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coming on she caught sight of a great sheet of water she had never seen before: it was the Sea of the Dashing Waters. Here, she thought, might be found someone who would put her on the right track again for her kainga, but no one could she see. Then came a still greater misfortune. Suddenly the land began to shake with a terrible shaking, causing Hinerau to become sick with fear. Some of the land went up towards Rangi and some down to the Reinga, or the depths; and everywhere she saw tumbled masses of rock. A great cliff rose above her, which not even one of her lovers could climb, and surely not Hinerau, though she was young and supple of limb. Below her were the agitated waters, and on her right and left great gaps in the land, one being like the open jaws of a taniwha, sometimes open and sometimes closed. But at last the shaking ceased, and the jaws remained wide open, so that there was no way of escape for Hinerau. Shelter there was none, except what a few flax bushes and some tumbled rocks afforded, one of which hung perched above her head, and which looked as though a push might send it down and crush her. Hinerau slept little, and she thought of the lovers who would all fly to her rescue if they only knew the sad trouble which had befallen her. She called to all the gods of the Maoris, especially beseeching Rehua to send someone to her aid. Then she thought what she would do; so she got a flax leaf, and with a sharp shell which she found she wrote a message on the leaf, asking the finder for help. The leaf she cast far out into the waters after uttering many karakias. Soon the Marama shone out in the heavens, flooding the waters with her light, and then the maiden heard sweet, weird-like music on the waters; soon there came into view in the path of the moonlight the "rakau tipua," sailing along by its own mystic powers, singing as it progressed. The end of the log caught the flax leaf and carried it round to the other side of the lake. Meantime Hinerau wept and wept, and wept yet again; many tears did she shed by the side of the great chasm, and the tears falling into it became a rivulet, and soon the rivulet became a torrent, and the many tears falling over the rocks became a cascade; hence the fall is called Te Tangi-o-Hinerau. A night and a day passed, succeeded by another day and night, and Hinerau became hungry; so she called to the gods again for sustenance, and soon Rehua sent the kakas in numbers, circling round the head of Hinerau. She caught some and thought of how her brothers bit the heads off when hunting in the forest, but this she could not do—especially as she thought she saw something like a canoe crossing over. That morning at daylight Te Toru, a chief of Ruapani, walks by the shore; soon he sees rakau tipua, and the blade of flax adhering to it; a little wave pushes it off and it lands at the feet of Te Toru. The writing catches his eye,

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and he reads the appeal signed "Hinerau." The maiden he had heard of but never seen. Here now was the chance the gods had sent him. But how to cross the Sea of the Dashing Waters? Turning about he saw high up in the forest a small canoe fit for one man to handle, if but he were a skilful one, and this Te Toru claimed to be. Soon she was in the water, and then indeed she looked smaller still. But, thought Te Toru, "Hinerau, the dainty maiden of Tuhoe, must be small: I shall venture." Hastily dubbing out a paddle with his jade axe, he pushes off. Soon he reached the spot where Hinerau was marooned, and Te Toru, like the masterful chief he was, took her in his strong arms to the "waka" (for she was very weak) over to the other side—and then to his own home; and Hinerau became the wife of Te Toru, and she gave him many sweet-faced maidens and brave warrior-sons to do battle for Ruapani. Te Toru made a god of the rakau tipua that brought him the flax-leaf message from Hinerau, the cascade maiden of Tuhoe Land.

Similar in their weird beauty and quaint mythology are the legends of Maahu and Haere (the rainbow god); the story of Rua, the inventor of carving, and Tangaroa, the legend concerning Rua-Kapanga and the giant bird, not omitting the tragic account of how Moetere and her lover-husband, Houhiri, perished amid the snows of Huia-rau. Of Maui, too, who fished up the North Island from the ocean, and various other heroes, not omitting the sequel to the great fishing feat itself.

Te Rau-o-Piopio.

Among the many fantastic stories attaching to the mountain fastnesses of Old Wairoa, perhaps none are of more interest to the student of Maori history and mythology than those connected with Wakapunake mountain, to the north of the county of Wairoa. Of all the many descendants of Ruapani(4), the Ngati-Hine-hika and Ngati-Pohatu of Te Reinga are of great interest, seeing that their great ancestor, Tanekino, is stated to have intermarried with a race of taniwha, who were the original inhabitants of Wakapunake and Te Reinga. Judge Gudgeon told me that, according to the statements of Ngati-Hine-hika, the first six generations from Iwhara to Hine-Korako were not quite "men" and "women" as we understand the term to-day, but were a species of man-god or water-spirit. Be this as it may, the human side got the upper hand when Hine-Korako fell in love and cohabited with Tane-kino, bearing a son, which the pair named Taurenga.

(4). The "children of Ruapani" were very numerous, and from them nearly all the inland Wairoa tribes have sprung. Rua-rauhenga (the eldest child of Ruapani, by his chief wife, Wairau) became the first wife of Kahungunu. Rua-tapu-nui was one of the ancestors of Ngati-Hine-hika, of Te Reinga. The most important was Rua-tapu-Wahine, wife of Kahu-kura-nui, her grandson.

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When this child was born the mother was subjected to many taunts and sneers on account of her taniwha ancestry. Accordingly she forsook both husband and child and returned to her watery home under Te Reinga falls—the probability is that the poor creature was simply driven to suicide. Since then she has been the tutelary deity of the Falls, to watch over the interests of her descendants when the call came. The last time when Hine-Korako appeared to aid her tribe was during a very heavy flood in the Hangaroa River, when the Ngati-Hine-hika were flooded out in the dead of night. While attempting to cross the river to higher ground the canoes were swept down towards the falls. Just at the psychological moment—when death and destruction seemed imminent—one old man so far kept his presence of mind as to enable him to call aloud upon Hine-Korako for help. Immediately the rush of the canoe towards the falls was stayed, and the frail bark moved upwards in the eddy without the help of the semi-paralysed crew. These people owned the country on both banks of the Hangaroa and the left bank of the Ruakituri, but their usual place of residence was at Te Reinga, and it was to Wakapunake, the last home of the moa and various taniwhas and tipuas, that Ngati-Hine-hika and other tribes resorted in troublous times, as it abounded in natural fortresses in which one man could defy numbers. Wakapunake sheltered the Wairoa tribes also after the disastrous defeat inflicted on them at Te Matatu in 1828 by Te Heuheu and Te Whatanui. These chiefs had been invited by Ngati-Porou to avenge the death of Te Rere-hourua, slain at Tolaga Bay by Te Amaru. The taua had no grievance against the Mangapoike people, but slaughtered as they journeyed, just to keep their hands in. In the early days of Old Wairoa the Wakapunake forests and caverns were not only the abiding place of many birds which the young men set out daily to trap, but the caves were the homes of many taniwha and reputedly the home of the great dragon called the Kumi, and the last resting place of " Manunui "—the great bird the Pakehas call the moa. It may be that the many taniwha tales of this then wild region were spread abroad in the nature of an unwritten-law notice, or " rahui ": that is to say, " Hands off," or "These are our preserves; touch them not." Judge Gudgeon does not think there is much authority for the statement that the Wakapunake was the last home of the moa; but 26 years ago he told the story only retold last year in the Wairoa Appellate Court about the finding of a moa feather. Ten or eleven generations ago a woman named Kowhai-kura, of illustrious descent from Ruapani and Rongo-mai-tara, found a moa's feather under the frowning cliff which forms the south face of Te Toka-kaiaia, or main peak of Wakapunake. The feather, the subject of the following legend, was found in this cave, as many other feathers

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have also been found in similar caves. It soon became known to the Natives all over Aotea-roa as Te Rau-o-Piopio, and the fact added greatly to the value in the Maori mind among the Ngati-Whainga, the then owners, who styled it "The diamond of the land." The feather fell into the hands of the tribes of Turanganui, for Tamahou is said to have had it in his custody; from him it passed to his son, Te Waka. When, however, Te Kakari II of Ngai-Tahu died, Te Waka attended the burial ceremonies, and as a mark of the utmost respect and affection went to the corpse and stuck the noted feather in its hair. Ngati-Hine-hika declared the feather was buried with the corpse. According to Judge Gudgeon's informants, the feather was finally lost; but the fact is that it became an heirloom in the family of Tapuae, who reigned as chief in Wairoa about 200 years ago. When Tapuae's great-grandchild died, the moa's feather, Te Rau-o-te-Piopio, was tied to the lintel of the whare, and from this incident the name Te Paritipua originated, meaning "The Wonderful Feather." What eventually happened to the feather of Tapuae I have not been able to discover.

The term "Piopio" is used, or was used, in Hawaiiki to express the work of a sorcerer, probably as destroying the work of another. It is also applied to a whistling call in many of the ancient legends. Te Rau-o-Piopio, states the editor of the *Polynesian Journal,* is the poetical or emblematical name given to a plume of moa's feathers, which were formerly worn by the ancient Maoris (or pre-Maoris) and which were said to grow on the bird's sides. These feathers are said to have been reddish ("puwherewhere") in colour, and were much esteemed as plumes by chiefs.

Maori Artifice.

When the Whanau-a-Tu-Whakairiora tribe of the East Coast was engaged in the work of consolidating its own position by exterminating its neighbours and absorbing those easily incorporated into the tribe, there was afforded an instance of Maori artifice worthy of the Greeks of old. Among these neighbouring enemies were the Ngati-Rua-Nuku, a tribe said to have been brought by Tahu from the South Island. As a first instalment the Whakairiora and allies attacked Rua-Nuku at the battle of Hika-tawatawa, and once again at Tapuae-rau; but this victory did not annihilate them, though the next did. Paka-nui of Turanga, a grandson of Mate, when he grew up, prepared to complete his grandfather's task. He first attacked the descendants of Tauhei-kurei and Tamatea-kota, who had slain Tu Purupuru, as told in "The Coming of Kahungunu," and driven Taraia and Aomatarahi to Hawke's Bay. He was fairly successful in this, and then with 120 men went against Ngati-Rua-Nuku. However, he found

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them too well prepared, and resorted to artifice. Paka-nui noticed that the enemy went very often with hand-nets to certain rocky pools to catch fish called "kehe," and on this slender fact he based his plans. He and his men armed themselves with short heavy patus of tawhiwhi wood, easily concealed, also hand-nets, and joined the enemy in fishing. Each man took up a position next one of the enemy, Pakanui himself taking a place at Kaitango, the pool of Rangi-rakai-kura, chief of Ngati-Rua-Nuku. On the signal being given, each man cast his net over the head of the man nearest him, and he fell, as did the chief, Rangi-rakai-kura. This was called the battle of Ika-korapa-rua. Four pas were taken and Rua-Nuku fled for dear life, only a small remnant surviving the treacherous onslaught.

Death on Huia-rau.

Manu-nui-taraki was a descendant of Tane-atua, who came to Aotea-roa by the Mata-atua canoe, about 1350, and the generations from Manu-nui to the men of this time are eleven. Houhiri, son of Manu-nui, married Moetere, of the ancient tribe of Nga-Potiki, which tribe originally held all the lands from Maunga-pohatu to the waters of Tama-hine-mataroa. And these two dwelt at Tuku-roa, near Mata-atua, where they erected a house and snared the birds of the forest, which were very numerous in the days of old. During one winter they resolved to ascend the Huia-rau mountains in order to hunt the kiwi, for these great ranges are the home of "the hidden bird of Tane." They separated at Te Umu-roa, Moetere following the course of the Rua-tahuna Stream, which heads at Rua-tahuna mountain, while Houhiri ascended the peak of Whakataka. On arriving at the base of Huia-rau, Moetere followed the stream which now bears her name even to the summit of the great range. But while they were hunting the kiwi and kakapo in that rugged country a great snowstorm came, which lasted many days, and the snows piled high on Huia-rau. Then these forlorn people sought shelter from the fierce storm, and Houhiri crept into a rock shelter on far Whakataka; while Moetere, after vainly trying to make her way through the deep snow, gave up all hopes of life and lay down to die upon a rock which stands by the side of a small lakelet on the drear mountain. And so she died, and that rock has ever since been known as Tapapatanga-o-Moetere. Died alone in that lone spot, while in the gloom-hidden crest of Whakataka her husband, Houhiri, was chanting his death song. "And our love still goes forth to our ancestors who perished alone on the Great Snowy Range," said the narrator.

When Manu-nui heard that his children were lost to the world of light, he resolved to search for their remains, so that he might take their bones to his home by the great ocean, that the

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In Wairaumoana—Reflections

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Whititaua, the God of Plenty
Supporting the roof of Te Whaia-o-te Motu

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[Photo by Mr. W. A. Neale

Te Whaia-o-te-Motu
The Runanga Whare built by Te Kooti at Ruatahuna

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Lake House—Waikaremoana

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sacred ceremonies pertaining to the dead might be performed over them, and that they might be laid away in the sacred place of his fathers.

So the old man journeyed to Rua-tahuna, to Te Umu-roa, and to Te Mimi, where he entered the dark forest towards Whakataka. And as he went he murmured an ancient prayer of the Maori to enable him to find the bones of his son. Behold! by the power of that prayer did Manu-nui succeed in his quest, and the remains of his child were revealed to him by the gods of the ancient people. And the patriarch raised his voice in the wilderness and wept as he gathered the bones of his loved son, bleached by the snows of giant Huia-rau.

Then the heart of the old man went out to his daughter Moetere, and he traversed the rugged backbone of the ika-whenua in search of her death camp, that the bones of his children, who loved each other so well, might lie together through the holy "pure" in far Whakatane. And as he went by low peaks and through the darkling woods he uttered the sacred karakia, which contracts or draws together the earth, for such were the powers or strange works of the men of old. Neither was it in vain, for it brought him to the dark pond where stands the lone rock, and on that rock lay the remains of Moetere and a few fragments of her clothing. Even so did Moetere and her lover perish on the great mountain, over which lies the trail of the sea of Waikare; and the childless old man went down through the silent forest to the low lands, bearing his sad burden to the shores of the sea of Toi. When he came to Whakatane the sacred "pure" (fire) was kindled, and the cry of Manu-nui-tataki went forth: "O children! Here is food for the holy fire which gleams on Mou-tohora." "The bones of our ancestors were then placed upon a stage, and a portion of the sacred food was given to the dead—that is, the 'aria' of such food was absorbed by them, not the substance thereof," so runs the tale told by Mr. Elsdon Best, and I have never been able to gather why these Maori lovers did not, as true lovers should, die on the same lonely rock in the snowy ranges.

There are many more Maori legends I have not mentioned, a large proportion of them touching on the Great Migration of 1350 (and probably others of an earlier date), but many of them are very shadowy. At Mahia recently an old Native woman showed me a spot quite three chains from the present-day fore-shore, at the extreme southern part of the Opoutama beach, where "Ruawharo's whale" was stranded. There is nothing now to be seen but what looks like a group of bones about 120 feet in length, crushed and powdered by the hand of Time.

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Mrs. Maata Kirinini, of Opoutama (Anglice, Martha Greening), writes me anent Ruawharo and Pou, great ancestors of the Mahia Maoris, which Mr. W. Cooper, of Gisborne, has kindly translated for me as follows:—" Greetings. I have received your letter requesting me to let you have the history affecting Ruawharo. That is well. He (Ruawharo) was the first to migrate here from Hawaiiki, he and Pou. The name of their canoe was 'Aotea-roa.' That is why the name was given to this place (North Island). This was the first canoe to come over, 'Takitimu' came after. When Ruawharo come over, he brought the whale and sand. The idea was for the sand to increase, as he (Ruawharo) proposed that no burials be made in soil, but only in sand, which, being light, would not hinder the return of the spirit. Hence the song:—

'Depart, my son, who art buried within the sands,
Transported by your ancestor, Ruawharo, from Hawaiiki.
This drifting sand now flying about us like the wind.'

" Then Ruawharo noticed that there was no kumara (in this district), so he requested Pou to proceed to Hawaiiki to fetch some. On reaching there Pou was given the bird called Rua-kapanga to assist him in bringing the kumara over. Rua-kapanga brought Pou back with the kumara. In course of time whales increased at Mahia, when Ruawharo thought that he had better have some regard for Wairoa, so he sent one of his whales to Wairoa to act as guardian for the chiefs of the Wairoa district. When at sea this whale was called Tutarakauika. On occasions when they are out at sea in a storm and there is danger of their canoes capsizing, the assistance of this whale is sought to take them back to the seashore. Enough of that. Ruawharo had two children; one was called Matiu and the other Makaro. Matiu was placed at Mahia and the other at Wellington Harbour. There is a stone there representing this child; hence the song:—

'My footsteps hurried towards Ruawharo,
The supernatural being, who gave away
His pets that now stand upon the shore
As Matiu and Makaro.'"

The translator remarks, and I must say I agree with him: " I cannot altogether accept the 'snatches of history' given by her." Aotea-roa, for instance, was not, so far as I know, a canoe name: it was always recognized as being the name given to New Zealand (North Island) when its shores were first sighted by the canoes that first came over. She says that Ruawharo came by that canoe. It is common knowledge in this district that the Takitimu canoe was stolen by Ruawharo and his people from its original owners in their homeland (Hawaiiki). I have read the manuscript of this story, written by one of our late ranga-

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tiras over 50 years ago. This old chief in his time was recognized as an authority on these matters, and his version was exactly as I heard it from other sources. There is, however, some differences of opinion regarding the identity of Takitimu canoe and Horouta canoe, some saying that these names applied to one and the same canoe, Takitimu; others saying that they were separate canoes. The later school of young people are inclined to take the latter view, particularly if the version given by an old Rarotongan chief to the late Percy Smith is to be believed, and that is that Takitimu returned to Rarotonga and is now buried there; in which event its occupants, who were supposed to have gone over to obtain supplies of seed kumara, would then have returned on another canoe, which they might have named "Horouta." If this view is the correct one, then the different views regarding the personnel of these canoes would be solved, as the Horouta school, while admitting that Ruawharo came on "Takitimu," otherwise "Horouta," strenuously assert that Kiwa and Paoa, who existed about eight generations after Ruawharo, also came over on "Horouta."

That, however, is beside the point. If Maata's version about Ruawharo is correct, then the well-recognized story that Ruawharo stole "Takitimu" canoe at Hawaiiki is wrong, as he could not be here and there at and about the same time. Regarding the story about Pou and the bird Rua-kapanga, I think there is some reference to it by Judge Gudgeon in one of his works. The kumara was first brought to New Zealand by Pou on the back of this bird. The spot where it was first planted is called Manawaru, in the vicinity of the school at Manutuke, near Gisborne. It is true that, according to our traditions, Ruawharo had control of the whales of the sea, and as such formed a mound at Mahia to represent whales and implanted in it the governing spirit or life principle of the whale family, as a result of which it is said that whales periodically visited Mahia to pay homage. The story regarding Ruawharo's twin children I have heard differently. It is stated that these children were favourites of his, and notwithstanding their cries and pleas to be taken, he left them behind when making his voyage to New Zealand. They stood on the shore watching and weeping until the canoes were out of sight. The incident was given in song to show how hard-hearted Ruawharo could be.

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CHAPTER VII

WAIKAREMOANA

MANY-SIDED PEOPLE—LAKE BEAUTIES—STRAIT OF MANAIA—ON HUIA-RAU —LITTLE WAIKARE—LAND OF MOUNTAINS—THE FIRST LAKE TOUR— TE REINGA FALLS—NEARING THE LAKE—CROSSING OF HUIA-RAU—A FALSE PREDICTION—YET ANOTHER ESTIMATE—THE TOURIST ROUTE.

"In hushed seclusion from the careless gaze,
'Neath dome of emerald waving in the breeze,
Pensive she reigns, for thought of vandal days
Brings echo from the sighing trees of loves long gone."

Three generations ago an English pioneer described the Maori thus, and I quote him lest the reader may feel indisposed to accept my own estimate:—"No soft Paphian islander(1), nourished on breadfruit pap; but a black (brown) Scandinavian of the South, a very clever and ferocious six-foot savage, who ate the dog and shark, drank blood, scoffed at death, and who, any day in the year, would fight his enemy to the death for the prize of the corpse to feast on. A fierce but shrewd pagan, wont to procure his food and enforce his rights by the *argumentum bacculinum,* the mere and the war-club"—a statement which "Paddy" might translate as "a taste av a shtick." Such might have been written of the Tuhoe Land Natives as they appeared over 100 years ago. Of the coast dwellers, the "Children of the Rising Sun," a somewhat different character has been given. Eighty-six years ago the following appreciation of the Maori people in general was written, and, without counting temporary lapses, it fits the people now called Ngati-Kahungunu, with whom the fierce Tuhoe often had to struggle on the battle-fields in the territory of either. The writer from whom I quote says: "A brave and warlike race of men, with the important addition to their character of being as affectionate, intelligent and industrious as they are hardy, active and ingenious; possessing minds capable of receiving and profiting by instruction, and hearts that bear a grateful sense of any kindness they receive." This, it

(1). A reference to Paphos, a city of Cyprus, where Venus was worshipped. All that I can say is that, whatever else the Maori worshipped, he certainly did not worship Venus.

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must be admitted, is a true description of the old-time Maori; and though prejudiced Europeans may not acknowledge it, even the Waikaremoana tribes possessed all these characteristics in great measure.

Fierce in battle and cruel to enemies in the full flush of victory, they were savages, pure and simple, yet of fine physique and magnificent proportions. Tall, lithe savages, with bone and muscle in proportion, with a keen eye and unerring aim, a sure step and a stealthy tread; and though not so brave as the Arawa, the Nga-Puhi, or the Waikato, they frequently gave a good account of themselves. Though they by no means declined to eat their enemies, they did not sully their name by entering on man-slaying and man-eating expeditions, like Rauparaha, Rangiheata, and others. Valiant in attack when well led, and very resourceful in defence, they were patriots, every man and woman of them. They loved every bay, river and hill-top in their rugged country, and as the young men dubbed out the spears or polished the lance-heads the old men sat and told of days long past, when one migration met an older one in the shock of battle, furnishing deeds that would have won the Victoria Cross had some ancient laws established such a reward. They loved their country then just as warmly as the civilized races, and perhaps more so(2), and their greatest privilege was "to die for the land they loved." They fought us, it is true, and in the only way with which they were acquainted; and if the arm of the white man was too strong they went down to death still "for the land," and feared not(3). They made war a regular business, to be carried out to the bitter end; clemency they knew nothing of. They never asked or gave quarter. When they went to war they went to kill, not to take prisoners. If any fell into their hands, it was the recognized custom to kill them, not solely for the sake of the larder (though it was often borne in mind), and the value of the victory was measured by the total number slain. Women and children, as well as the wounded, were included—each one killed was an enemy less(4). Holding, as they did, that killing was no murder, they could not understand why the Europeans should so execrate the slayers of women and children, and men punished for such deeds were looked upon as martyrs. They, however, were sufficiently just to admit that the Europeans only did what was right in seeking

(2). Indeed, I doubt very much if in all Maoriland in olden days there could have been witnessed as much disloyal sentiment as might be heard in one day in Wellington Labour circles.

(3). At Rotorua in 1836 a noted chief exclaimed, "Let me die upon my land." The call rallied the tribe, who repulsed the enemy.

(4). A Roman Emperor held a similar view. When informed, after a battle, that though victory had been won he had lost many of his mercenaries (paid foreigners), he callously remarked that there were so many enemies of Rome the less!

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"utu" for Mr. Volkner's death, but they had no right to call Kereopa Te Rau a murderer. And in holding this view the Maoris are not singular.

Many-sided People.

But taking the Maori even as we find him to-day, he presents a kind of polyhedral or many-sided character, not omitting those characteristics he copied from the Pakehas of the olden days—from men who were certainly not the noblest specimens of our race. Thomson well describes the later Maori:—"The New Zealanders have the minds of children and the passions of men. They respect ancient laws and customs, but are ready to embrace new opinions given out by men in authority. Futurity is seldom looked into, although, like all mankind, they long for what is unknown and regret what is lost. Fondness for novelty is a passion, but it is almost impossible to excite wonder. Vanity, arrogance, and independence are universal, but they are more vain than proud. . . . A New Zealander could not brook, in word or deed, an insult when witnessed by others. . . . Wounded vanity caused much strife and cruelty. They value life, but die with indifference when death is inevitable. Theft is rare amongst them, revenge being their strongest passion, and this feeling is kept alive for generations(5). . . . Of their deeds they are boastful. They accost their equals without levity, and their superiors without awe of any kind." Such in part is a true description of the Maori by one who knew him well; and I might also add that he was a past master in politeness, in this respect putting to shame the high-bred Pakeha. There are some still left of the type to which I refer, but the number is being sadly diminished as the years go by, and the Europeanized Maori is not a theme to descant upon, but a problem to solve.

And what happened to the ancient inhabitants of Tuhoe Land is happening to the Maori of to-day, degenerate though he be, and the decay must increase in a progressive ratio unless some more stringent measures are taken to check it(6). The Pakeha has come from the land of the Great White Queen, as the older Maoris designated Victoria the Good; the "mana" of

(5). It is on record that a Maori woman of some note, whose husband had been killed in battle, married solely for the purpose of raising up a son, whom she educated in the Maori vendetta till he grew to man's estate, and duly wreaked vengeance on the slayers of his mother's first love.

(6). Only a short while ago I was on the borders of Tuhoe Land, and was shocked to observe the poor physique of the Maori people, the unevenness in stature, and the undue proportion of dwarfs and hunchbacks. Why, I wondered, do not these people cease marrying within a narrow circle of blood-relations? Why not marry the stalwart, healthy women of the coast and rear up strong children? Is it to save the wider dispersal of landed interests?

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the chiefs has waned away(7) during the last 50 years in a most remarkable manner, and soon the Maori "king" will be a personage of the past; and by war, pestilence, and civilization the Maori population has been thinned out till but a mere remnant now exists—a remnant, too, that is rapidly forgetting the deeds that made their ancestors famous. And some day, perhaps, the last representative of the Tuhoe nation shall stand on Huia-rau(8) and, gazing upon the verdure-clad valleys at his feet, cast his eyes upon those beloved hills for the last time—hills now carrying the flocks of the white invader, whose homes dot the valleys, north, south, east and west; and as he thinks of the moa, the giant birds that his ancestors hunted, and whose bones only may now be found in the land, then shall his spirit flee into the Unknown from the weird Te Reinga, and a new race shall take his place in the land(9).

Lake Beauties.

But this is, perhaps, sufficient introduction to the historically interesting and naturally beautiful district of Waikaremoana. Variously described under the heading of "Waikaremoana," or the "Star Lake," from its shape, or the "Sea of the Rippling Waters," and sometimes the "Sea of the Dashing Waters," is one of Wairoa's grandest natural assets—lovely Lake Waikaremoana, wholly within the Wairoa County, yet not infrequently claimed by the Auckland *Weekly News* under the letterpress "Waikaremoana, Auckland"(10). Hitherto the lake has not been a very tangible asset, owing to want of communication with the outside world, but it will doubtless be so when the Hydro-electric Board's aim has been achieved, when the port has opened up the district, and when the iron horse makes the beauties of the lake easily accessible to the busy merchant or the leisured globe-trotter, many of whom travel long distances to view natural beauties that might be called insignificant compared to those of the "Star Lake." It is situated 2,050 feet above sea level, perched up among the clouds, and embosomed in some of the loveliest bush to be seen in all New Zealand. The area is 21 square miles, and the measurements 12 miles long and 6¼ miles broad. The

(7). Only a few days ago an old Maori remarked to me, with sadness in his eyes and speech, "There are no chiefs now: all men are equal." It may be so.

(8). It is alleged by some authorities that the Maoris are on the increase. I hope so, but am inclined to doubt it. Better methods of enumeration, through the breakdown of prejudice and the removal of access disabilities, account for the apparent increase.

(9). Macaulay's New Zealander may never stand on the ruins of London Bridge and contemplate the decay of Old England, but on Huia-rau may turn his face towards the Reinga, or Maori Spirit-land, and say: "Farewell to Tuhoe Land, the habitation of the gods, the taniwhas, the whispering trees and the magic arts! Gone are the heroes of Tuhoe Land, great in name and mighty in battle! Let there come forth some dread taniwha and slay me with this patu dyed in the blood of my enemies, so that I shall go to Hawaiiki. Farewell! Farewell!"

(10). Admittedly it is within the Auckland provincial district.

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drainage area embraces 128 miles. The approximate discharge per second is 772 cubic feet, and its maximum depth is 846 feet(11).

"Bounteous Nature loves all lands," and she has adorned many places in her choicest attire; and surely Waikaremoana has been very bountifully bedecked. Let me say at once that she easily rivals Killarney, and that is praise indeed. "See Naples and die!" is a very old and trite saying, but not in the least applicable to the "Sea of the Rippling Waters." Rather, "See Waikaremoana and live!" Live to wonder at the rich profusion of woodland life and beauty to be found in a comparatively small area; live to wonder if it be possible that one of the denizens of Te Wairoa has missed the feast of beauty spread out for him there, missed gazing upon and drinking in a most magnificent panorama, Nature's own picture gallery, where the accommodation is unlimited and the admission free. Yet, of all New Zealand's many beautiful lakes, Waikaremoana only admits one rival—Manapouri. Situated almost directly to the northwest of the coastline at Te Wairoa—from which it is visible on a clear day—the circling peaks stand up in bold outline round the basin of the lake, only 31 miles distant, the road practically following the Wairoa, Waiau and Waikaretaheke all the way; yet many of our Wairoa folk, on the principle, perhaps, that "familiarity breeds contempt," have never yet gazed on its beauties or noticed "kohu-rangi" (Mist of Heaven), descending gently on the now peaceful waters, or melting away before the rising sun, whose beams every morning first kissed the "Children of the Rising Sun" ere they penetrated the dark caverns and forests of Tuhoe Land or danced upon the waters of the lake. Kohu-rangi (Mist of Heaven) is only the shortened name of the goddess Hine-pukohu-rangi (the Maid of the Mist), also claimed as an ancestress, and have not I seen it driving down the lake surface to the west before the rising of the sun?

Eleven miles in length, there it lies, a crystal reservoir in the heart of the mountains, and what a treasure it would be if close to some great city, with its icy cold waters, never contaminated by mud or other deleterious matter. Star-shaped as

(11). It is fed by the Wai-horoi-hika Stream—misnamed by many the Huiarau; by the Opu-ruahine, Mokau, A-niwa-niwa and Wai-o-Paoa, all names suggestive of very ancient ancestries and occupation. By the way, why will people who ought to know better write and pronounce the name as if it were "Anniewaniwa," when it ought to be A-niwa-niwa!

Lake Waikaremoana is the third deepest lake in New Zealand, and only exceeded by Manapouri, 1,458 feet, and Wakatipu, 1,242 feet. Te Anau is 40 feet less in depth than Waikaremoana.

The outlet was named Te Wharawhara, or Te Wha-nga-romanga, as it is still sometimes called. In dry weather the lake waters fall until the outlet is dry, and the water escapes only by one of the many subterranean channels, the largest being near the outlet itself. The outlet is fourteen feet wide and from sixteen to twenty feet deep, and falls into the Waikare-taheke, which has a fall of 1,500 feet in four miles.

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Storm Rising at Evening—Lake Waikaremoana

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Moonlight Effect on Lake Waikaremoana

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Pa-Te-Kaha

The famous burial place of the Puketapu and Ngati-Ruapani, off Te Puna Bay

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Motu Ngarara—In Wairaumoana

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it is, and so dented that the traveller would need to voyage well nigh upon 90 miles, while ever-changing scenes cause him to lose all sense of time and distance unless purposely measured. Unlike many other lakes, the greatest part of Waikaremoana lies spread out like a map before the beholder, and one of its many charms lies in the fact that not a glimpse of its beauty can be obtainable until the traveller rises over the rim of the basin, and then the entire scene bursts upon the astonished vision. The pen absolutely fails to convey any adequate idea of the scene before us. The painter with his brush and palette or the photographer with his camera may give a more adequate conception of the varied scenes here to be found. None but a Turner could paint "Moonlight on Waikaremoana," for

"Here planet speaks to planet
Through the light,
Revealing beauties
Ravishing the sight"—

or limn the rising of the storm, when Nature lashes bush and sea as though she were angrily dealing out direful chastisement. The eye and the mind trained to discern the grandeur in Nature can alone properly grasp the sights to be met with at every turn as the traveller skirts or dashes over the bosom of the lake in boat or launch.

Looking north-west, in the direction of Tuhoe Land, there towers to the left, 2,000 feet above the waters, the grey cliffs of Panekiri, fissured here and there, like the face of some aged man, by the waters which have dashed the slope for ages upon ages. Yet even here Nature relieves the ruggedness by planting foliage to charm the eye. To the right of the beholder—still standing spellbound—nay, on every hand, almost—rise the dark-blue ranges, clothed to the summits and down to the water's edge with a dense and varicoloured bush resonant with the notes of the tui and the bell-bird—the sweetest singers of the New Zealand bush, not omitting the inquisitive and noisy kaka. Above them all towers the serrated Huia-rau, commanding the lake on the north, and dominating a rugged barrier of canyon and snow-capped peak between Waikaremoana proper and the mysterious Tuhoe Land.

Strait of Manaia.

Looking straight ahead down the lake can be seen the famous Strait of Manaia, between Waikaremoana and Wairau-moana, called by the ancient people Te Tine-o-Kauranga-o-Manaia, after a chief of Te Tini-o-Tauira(12). An historic spot this, for it once guarded the entrance to Wairau-moana in the old fighting days when the pas were full of warriors, and when the lands around

(12). "He is said to have swam across this passage in those bygone times, when his people held sway there; thus the strait has ever since been known by the above name."—E. Best.

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the lake fit for cultivation yielded a rich harvest of one kind or another. Beyond the Strait of Manaia are the islet-strewn, glassy, iridescent arms of Wairau-moana, where a beautiful inlet named Ohiarau runs up into the mountains from the north side of the branch. Most beautiful to behold is the Mokau inlet on the north side of the lake and the falls at the head. Here, in a forest-framed lovely valley about 25 feet wide, descends for over 100 feet a sheet of water, which, striking on a semicircular abutment of rock, spreads out in a sheet of foam. To the west is the indented Whanganui inlet, so land-locked as to seem a lake of itself, and bush-clad like the rest to the edge of the water. The entrance to this enchanting spot, as well as to Mokau Bay, is dominated by Tiki-tiki on the one side and Matu-ahu pa on the other, where the aboriginals and the Pakeha sought to close in battle in 1870, but that the brown children of the forest were too wily to be caught by a bait which they could see from their point of vantage.

The traveller, steering south-west, and skirting Pukehou peninsula, enters the Strait of Manaia, already mentioned. At Onetapu, the sacred beach of Maahu, was where Te Kooti started to swim the horses he stole at Mohaka after the massacre, leading them between two canoes. Rich indeed is every yard of the shore of Waikaremoana. Songs and folk-lore, romantic, weird and tragic, telling of centuries long gone by, rise to the memory at every turn. Here, and in very few places elsewhere, may be heard tales of the dread taniwhas(13) of the lake depths, of the "turehu" or fairies singing on the top of Panekiri, or Tau-taua, the enchanted log—the "Rakau tipua," which went cruising about the lake on its own account, impelled by some invisible power, and singing as it went. Here will be heard tales of demon-haunted rocks and "tapu" trees; tales of gentle and savage peoples, of strong abiding love and of lusty hate.

Such, faintly, is Waikaremoana, the Sea of the Rippling Waters—not yet half explored, not yet half described. But I had to pause somewhere to allow the reader a rest from the contemplation of so much natural beauty; but I have not yet taken my readers over half of its magnificent beauty spots that charm the heart of every lover of Nature who beholds them. Proceeding along the western side of Wanganui-o-parua inlet the traveller passes Te Ana-o-Tuaraia, so named from an ancestor of Nga-Potiki. Here may be seen in the forest many dead

(13). Not long ago I approached a fairly-well educated Native and asked him to relate some of the old stories of taniwhas and monsters of the olden days, remarking at the same time, "Of course, I know you do not believe in those things now." He smiled back at my assumption, and restated his entire belief in them, though he admitted it was a hopeless task to try and convince the Pakeha.

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trees, and I am glad that this was not brought about by Pakeha vandals but by the Ngati-Kahungunu people of Te Wairoa(14), a tribe well known, so declare Tuhoe, for their powers of witchcraft and makutu. However, this seems but a case of the indispensable pot calling the equally useful kettle black.

On Huia-rau.

Mounting in imagination to the top of the mountain backbone, the ika whenua of the Maori, we face the south-east. There, away in the far distance, lies the Great Ocean of Kiwa, named after the mighty chief of ancient days. Towards the west there comes into view, tumbled hither and thither, rugged ranges and peaks and now peaceful valleys. These are the mountains and valleys of Tuhoe Land—Maro and Whawharua, Tarapounamu, and Te Ranga-a-Ruanuku, and others; and far distant lies the mighty Paeroa, and other giant mountains which look down patronizingly on Taupo-niu-a-tia. Among the giants of this area are Tutaemaro, 2,349 feet, and Ngamoku, 3,644 feet above sea level. Every hill-top tells of bloody battles fought in olden times, when Tuhoe Land was full of people, when the fighting was hand-to-hand, and when the warrior who had his long hair(15) first grasped by the enemy felt the full weight of the stone axe on his skull, and the hills ran red with blood. Of this, however, more anon. Every jutting rock, every swirling eddy and leaping, iridescent cascade—nay, almost every tree—had its tale of fairies, hobgoblins, all-devouring taniwhas, or adventurous lovers. On one of the peaks of the serrated Huia-rau may be found grouped in a most singular proximity many beautiful shrubs and plants —a veritable paradise for the botanist, and one that Mr. Colenso seems to have missed in 1841 in his hurried passage of the Huia-rau. Amid the upper forest growths may be found tawari, tawai and tawhero trees in profusion, also the koarere shrub, the sweet-smelling leaves of which were woven into chaplets for festive occasions by the simple-minded Tuhoe women; there is to be found also the tanguru-rake, similarly used, also the kotara and pua-kaito, said to be only found on these mountains—certainly Huia-rau is rich in this respect. These were frequently transplanted to some other localities, and some may be seen about Wairoa; but for some reason it was considered unlucky to move the kotara. Possibly the reason was in order to preserve them for the sole use of Tuhoe, or to prevent the plant from disappearing from its native habitat. For there were beaux and

(14). "Wairoa, where hundreds sink." The phrase probably means that the Wairoa coast tribes were so noted for witchcraft and the black art generally that Tuhoe-landers visiting there sank into oblivion and death and were no more seen.

(15). I must not omit to mention that the Maori warrior seldom went into battle with long hair. When time permitted—which was not always the case—he took care to cut his locks short.

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belles in Tuhoe Land even in those times, and though far from a centre of comparative civilization, they practised the devices of Cupid as well as engaging in war. The berries of the titoki were pressed, and the extracted oil mixed with the gum of the tarata and kopuru made a perfume that any Bond Street or Boulevard dandy might well envy but could not imitate.

They were Nature's own poets or poetesses in the making, those ancient Maoris of Waikaremoana and Tuhoe Land. They call the *Asplenium flaccidum,* which hangs in festoons from old and gnarled trees, "Nga-makawe-a-Raukatauri," or "the tresses of Raukatauri," a chieftainess of one of the sunny isles, and who is said to have been the inventress of the poi dance. The crimson-blossomed rata is called "the face of Tawhaki," and "the Loin-mat of Tane Mahuta," the god of the forests, and there are hundreds of other poetical descriptions of the wonders of lovely Waikaremoana.

Little Waikare.

And if there are not enough wonders in Waikaremoana, turn to Waikare-iti (little Waikare), lying in a northerly direction but 600 feet or so higher than Waikaremoana, and in extent about two and a quarter miles long and two miles wide. As late as 1878 it seems that Waikare-iti was almost unknown to the then generation of Maoris—and a good many Europeans also, though one or two obtained stolen glances in 1874. In October of that year a number of the old Waikaremoana Natives began talking about a lake which they stated lay in a north-easterly direction from Waikaremoana. They said they had never seen it themselves, but had heard of it from their forefathers; and now that the short candle of their existence had begun to flicker in the socket and needed but a ruder blast than usual to extinguish it for ever, they became anxious to hand down the tradition to their children. Major Goring, then in command of the Armed Constabulary, having heard of these rumours, set out with a party on December 17, 1874, and after travelling over a circuitous route a distance of ten miles over a rough bush track, they rose up a gentle slope and on reaching the top of the hill they were for some time on the edge of the lake without knowing it, so dense was the scrub; but the guide making a slight detour, the lake suddenly burst upon the view of the party, and for the first time, to the white man and the then generation of Maoris, Waikare-iti, isle-studded and forest-clad to the edge, was seen. The party found an old canoe near the bush, and launching it ventured on the water, where they were soon surrounded by water-fowl, showing that the lake had not been visited for a long time—probably not since Ruapani and Urewera fought each other in this remote territory. A little later, a Mr. Martin, photographer,

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with a party of seven, and two Natives as guides, got ready to start for Waikare-iti. The chief, Hori Wharerangi, ordered the party not to start, but as they were seemingly disinclined to forgo their visit he stopped the guides from going, and of course this stopped the early attempt to make known the beauties of this isolated spot. The excuse given was that "if the Pakehas saw the pictures of the place they would come and take the land." Mr. Colenso certainly missed seeing it in 1840; but he also missed Rotorua, though within a short distance of it.

Waikare-iti is a lovely sheet of blue, inconceivably blue, and lonely water. A most delightful spot, where Nature dwells in magnificent solitude; surrounded by low hills, covered with dense bush to the edge of the lake, the branches even trailing in its waters at many points. There are no great cliffs or mountain ranges or scattered rock masses as at Waikaremoana, nor are there any signs of ancient cultivations or permanent occupancy; it was evidently nothing but a place of refuge for the Ngati-Ruapani of Waikaremoana when hunted and harassed by Tuhoe or sections of Ngati-Kahungunu.

From the blue waters of little Waikare seven pretty islets arise, and the names of some of them are worth mentioning. Motu-toro-toro, Motu-ngarara ("Isle of Lizards"), Te One-o-tahu, Te Rahui, and Te Kaha-a-tuwai(16). On the top of the latter is another pretty little lake, hidden by the bush—a lake within a lake. On the A-niwa-niwa creek, the outlet of Waikare-iti, there are four beautiful waterfalls within a mile. Weird and silent Waikare-iti! Slumber on in thy grandeur and loneliness, and long may the hands of the civilising Pakeha be stayed in thy direction.

Land of Mountains.

Returning to Waikare, shall I turn my back on the historic island fort of Tuhoe-Potiki; to the bold peaks of Wakapunake, the home of quaint legend; and Te Rau-o-piopio, where the mountain fortress of Ra-kiroa fell to the army of Nga-Puhi, and Tuhoe and Tama-kakariki went down, and Te Uri-o-Whata was abandoned of men, and Wai-repo-repo(17) was deleted from the list of the pas of Ngati-Kahungunu? Shall I, indeed, turn my back on this scene and face the north-east to gaze on lesser wonders, or reap a less rich harvest to be stored up in the granary of the soul? There, in the direction of Ruakituri, comes into view the magnificent wooded spurs of Nga-pakira range, and at the Ruakituri River itself the scenery takes on

(16). Another authority gives the name of this islet as Rua-hanga.
(17). Wai-repo-repo means swamp. Fornander says that in Hawaiiki it is "Wai-lepo-lepo," or "moist earth."

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something of the rugged grandeur of Waikaremoana(18). From the brawling river rises Nga-pakira bluffs, shown on the map as towering skywards 3,250 feet above the sea, wooded on the sloping parts, but in many places showing great grey cliffs of bare rock along which not even a rat could crawl. From the Ruakituri River this range looks like a giant wall of solid rock guarding the entrance to this side of Waikaremoana as Huia-rau guards it on the north and west. There from hilly vantage points may be seen Pa-o-Taketake (its walls now crumbling to dust), where that grim old warrior fought nine generations ago; Te Harema, where the tribes fought the Native "soldiers of the Queen" in later days; and here we stand on the very battle-ground where the descendants of Pukeko fell in the old pre-Pakeha days. Up the valley are the crumbling forts of the once powerful Ngati-Mahanga tribe, who fell beneath the avenging spears of Tuhoe. There is great Ahi-manawa, so called from the fact that the chief Tarewa-a-rua was here slain by his enemies, his heart torn out, cooked, and eaten as a delicacy by his captors. Not far away is the Maori fort whence the braves of Kihi fled from the men of Tawhaki after their failure to carry Te Hika pa. Looking down on Rua-tahuna valley to the right may be seen Kiritahi, where in later years the Ngati-Porou, under Major Ropata, built a pa to hold the Urewera in check. From the top of Huia-rau, which to-day is bathed in a glorious sunshine, there may be seen the great bluffs which guard Kupe and Ngaki in the valley of the Waiau, where lie the Putere lakes, once the home of the banished "children of Manawa." Will there ever be an end to what may be seen from here?—the dark canyons of the Hangaroa, and the rising mist from Te Reinga, where the ill-fated Rakahanga went over to her death 500 years ago. Then the vision lights on Te Whakaki-nui-a-rua, near the Great Ocean of Kiwa, and rests on far-distant Mahia, where Waikawa islet(19) breaks through the haze 70 odd miles

(18). Strong efforts are being made to secure for the nation all the bush to the skyline, and surely the negotiations ought to include a certain area around the shores of Waikare-iti. To let this magnificent forest be destroyed would be little short of madness on the part of the leaders of the nation.—See Chapter XXVI, "Sources of Power."

(19). In October, 1769—about 160 years ago—Captain James Cook, the famous navigator and discoverer, sailed round Mahia Peninsula, naming Table Cape from its configuration, and Portland Island from its great resemblance to Portland in the English Channel. Rounding the island he bore in for the land in the direction of north-west, with a gentle N.E. breeze, which died away towards evening and obliged him to anchor. About five next morning, with a northerly wind, he steered in for the land and sighted Waikokopu, entering in his journal: "This arm I had a great inclination to examine"; and he evidently did not do so, as he sailed on to the southernmost point of the bay, which he called Hawke's Bay, "in honour of Sir Edward Hawke," then First Lord of the Admiralty. But in rounding Hawke's Bay, Cook appears to have sailed past Te Wairoa. He was at Mahia on 12th August, 1769, and anchored in 21 fathoms of water. On the 13th he was close in off Waikokopu, when nine canoes came out towards the ship; but not being sure that their intentions were friendly, he sailed for "a place that had the appearance of an opening but found no harbour." The description fits Wairoa, and though the time was evening he was followed by a large war-canoe, the crew shouting defiance. Then on to Ahuriri and the Kidnappers.

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away. Further inland, towards the Nuhaka hinterland, towers Moumoukai, 1,185 feet, once a Maori stronghold and said to be accessible only on one side. At Putere the remnant of Ngati-Manawa found, as I have already stated, a retreat when they fled from Te Waewae and Tarawera after the fall of Okarea; and though the Tuhoe people assisted at the siege of the latter place, yet they took the Manawa refugees from Putere to Ruatahuna, where they treated them fairly well, except by putting them to live in old kumara-pits instead of houses; wherefore it is not safe to this day to mention kumara-pits to Ngati-Manawa(20).

Now, as I look back, I feel that I have not described even half the natural beauties of the Sea of Rippling Waters. Show me the man who can so wield the pen as to fitly describe one half of the hundreds upon hundreds of natural wonders in and about Waikaremoana, and I will show you one who might earn his thousands sterling as a word-painter of Nature. The fact is, however, that it cannot be so done, for if one tries, he or she wanders at once into a maze inextricable, amid all the wondrous beauties of lake, mountain and hill, lakelets, rivers and waterfalls, forest, ferns and what not that crowd in upon the imagination, each calling for the attention of the beholder —

Through ferns and over boulders
The rivers wind their way;
Now gliding over quiet depths,
Then rising high in spray.

The writer drops the pen feeling that he has been all too brief with the charms of one gem, whilst another and another, and yet another, crowd in upon him calling for notice. Let those who have once visited this lovely spot try to paint it in words to his fellows, and he must fail to convey any adequate conception of the scenes he met with. But let such go and see for themselves—just drink in half a dozen of the myriad beauties of this wondrous region, inhale the ozone-laden breezes that invigorate all, and they will return from the trip healthier and happier, and fully resolved on two things: the first is that they

(20). This hill fortress was an elevated post of great strength. On one occasion when this pa, perched on an eminence, seemingly up in the clouds, made a brave resistance, it was found by the attacking party that there was a spring of cold water inside the palisades, and so the people held out.

The Maori name for kumara-pits is "rua." They were built partly underground. The "ponga" or tree-fern stems were split and used as struts, the strips of bark being employed to keep the earth from passing through the chinks. Earth was then piled against the sides and on the roof, which was completely covered with the native grasses. The door of the rua usually faced the east, in order that the light might enter readily at the hour when the women usually went to take out some of the tubers. Near the North Cape, however, on the route travelled by the spirits of departed Maoris, the doors faced the north. The reason for this was the fear that the spirits might be tempted to enter, and thereby render "tapu" the invaluable kumara.

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will return thither again as soon as possible; and the second, that they will induce all they love or care for to go and do likewise.

Not for me the slippery slopes, ice-bound peaks and wind-swept ranges of the Southern Alps, grand though they are. Nor let me seek to explore the steaming regions of the Wonderland of Rotorua, with its spouting geysers, hissing, boiling springs and spluttering mud-volcanoes, a thin stratum only separating the beholder from the Inferno beneath. But Waikaremoana, the Sea of Dashing Waters, the home of woodland beauty and the awe-inspiring taniwha; surrounded with mountain walls, tapestried in living green—the grand cathedral of Nature, where even the solitude is impressive(21); where the lordly ferns wave their fronds, and the birds seem to whisper paeans of praise to the great Creator; and where the traveller, inhaling the ozone-laden ether, lifts up his head to the mountains, and exclaims, as he gazes upon the grandeur on every hand, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?"

Writing of this lovely resort, Mr. James Cowan says:—"No sign of man; no smoke; no habitation, not even a Maori whare. Little Waikare lies as it did in times prehistoric; a spot of great enchantment. We found a boat at a place where the track ended, and pulled out among the fairy isles, where the giant ratas stretched their twisted limbs across the clear water. On one of these isles of calm we found a little lake. It was of amber hue, its edge abristle with fallen trees. No birds sang here in contrast to the kaka-teeming woods of the mainland. Many of the great trees, beech and rata, were dead, stretching age-whitened limbs aloft; they were ghost-like in their bearding of long swaying moss. There was a vague Maori legend that these trees lay under a spell, some ancient tohunga's karakia of bewitchment. They looked it." In connection with the above it is certain that in olden days rival tribes grew crops round Waikare-iti, when Tuhoe, Ruapani, and Ngati-Kahungunu met in conflict, and the latter, it is stated, are responsible for the evil spell cast on little Waikare—Ngati-Kahungunu were ever proficient in the black art, according to Tuhoe.

First Lake Tour.

Now, lest I be accused of overstating the case for Waikaremoana, let me reproduce the opinions of a man of culture and leisure who visited it 84 years ago. From a copy of the *Tasmanian Journal of Natural Science,* published in 1842, kindly lent me by Mr. H. Hill, then Chief Inspector of Schools for Hawke's Bay, I learn that the late Rev. William Colenso visited Waikaremoana in 1841. He left the

(21). The writer remembers camping in one of the many caves overlooking the lake, where, perhaps, the original inhabitants once took refuge. Gazing out upon the moonlit waters, in the inexpressibly solemn stillness, even sleep fled away.

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Kiri-o-Pukai-Lakelet, near Onepoto

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Lower A-niwa-niwa Falls, or Donne Falls

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Bride's Veil, A-niwa-niwa—Waikaremoana

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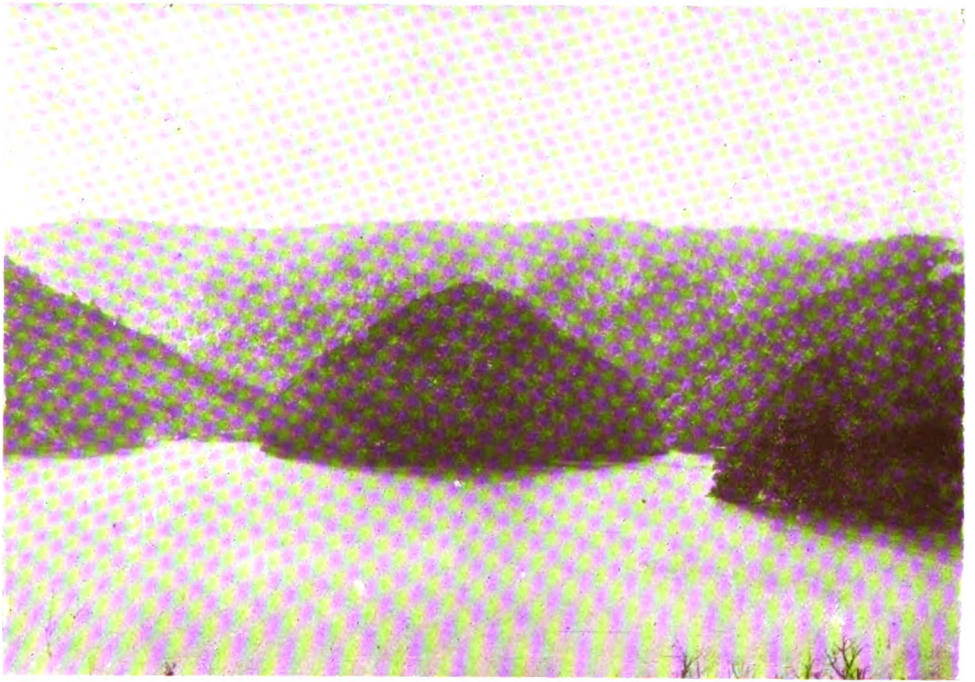

Te Horinga, near Te Puna—Waikaremoana

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Bay of Islands in a small vessel bound for Turanganui, sailing on 19th November of that year, and landing in due course at Cape Runaway. On reaching the embouchure of the Waiapu River he turned inland and ascended the northern bank. He was well received by the Natives, and at Rangi-tukia (a Ngati-Porou village) he found the people were all away at their plantations, but they had left for him a card—as the Europeans might have done; in other words, a notice written on a flax leaf informing him of the fact, stating when they would return, and directing him to the house he was to occupy. Referring to this practice of writing on the flax leaf, Mr. Colenso remarks: "In this they, unknowingly, imitate those nations from whom, doubtless, they are descended." He reported the Natives as very numerous, and so keenly intent was he on botanizing that he quaintly remarked: "I remained a few days, but had scarcely time to eat or rest." Near Hikurangi he visited a Native village he called Waka-witera, containing 3,000 or 4,000 people—one of the largest Native towns in New Zealand. He proceeded, on 1st December, along the sea beach to Whareponga without securing any botanical treasures by the way. He observed, however, great quantities of whole timber protruding from under the cliffs, buried in some places under hills of earth from 20 to 50 feet in perpendicular height, "a faithful testimony to the convulsions which Nature must formerly have undergone in these parts." To all questions concerning this timber the invariable reply of the Natives was, "No te hurihanga whenua"; that is, "Caused by the overturning of the earth"(22). This timber, Mr. Colenso stated, was of a very dark chocolate colour, mostly totara.

Tokomaru Bay—where Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander botanized in 1769—was visited. At Anaura he found hung up in the houses of the Natives a quantity of thick fucus to dry, which the people informed him they used as an article of food, mixing it with the expressed juice of the "tupahike" ("tutu shrub" on the East Coast) to give it the required consistency for the native palate(23). Near Te Kawakawa he passed several plantations of the taro. "These plantations," he said, "were in nice condition, and looked very neat, the plants being set out in quincunx order and the ground strewn with white sand, with which the large, pendulous, dark-green and shield-shaped leaves of the young plants beautifully contrasted. Small screens, formed of the young branches of leptospermum scoparium (manuka), to shelter the young plants from the violence of the northerly and

(22). According to Futuna (Horne Island natives), the god Mafu-isse-Fulu (Mahuika in New Zealand) sleeps at a great depth under the island. Once a year he turns in his sleep, and so causes the earth to shake.

(23). This was also used to sustain the besieged Natives in Kaiuku, Mahia district.

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easterly winds, intersected the ground in every direction. Of the taro plant the Natives possess two kinds—'taro maori' and 'taro hoia,' neither indigenous, and only the former introduced with the present race."

Tolaga Bay was visited and then Pakarae and Kaupapa, and on December 20 he was travelling up the Turanganui valley and coming into sight of "Waka-punake"(24), which he styles "the fabled residence of the gigantic moa"(25). Waikaremoana hills then appeared in sight. So far Mr. Colenso's botanical harvest had been slight, though everything new was seized upon, identified with its class or genera, then named and numbered. The farther he advanced in the direction of the lake the richer did the harvest become.

Te Reinga Falls.

At the Whangawa (Hangaroa) he obtained two canoes from the Natives and paddled down the river, two and a half miles to Te Reinga, the principal village of the district. He visited this lovely fall, of which he says:—"This cataract, from its situation, is exceedingly romantic; the most so, I think, of any fall I have yet seen in New Zealand. The bed of rock, or, rather, deposit of indurated clay, sand and mud of a very white colour, which obstructs the progress of the river (and through a narrow pass in which the water rushes) is filled with marine shells in a fossil state, although at a great distance from the sea and at a very great height above its present level. This bed of white rock is large, being not less than 200 feet in width; and when the river is swollen by the winter's rains, surrounded as it is by high and densely-wooded hills, the fall must present a very imposing appearance. The waters fall from rock to rock three several times ere they are swallowed up in the dark eddying gulf below. The deep gloom of the river in the gorge below, the different hues of the dense masses of foliage on either side, the sunbeams peering downwards through the tops of the trees, the enormous bed of rock above, as white as snow, the Natives who accompanied me, perched here and there upon the same, the little village in the background, combined together to cause an enchanting and undescribable scene, possessing a powerful effect."

After securing guides and baggage-carriers at Te Reinga Mr. Colenso resumed his journey, and after paddling about a mile up the Ruakituri in a very hot sun he landed on the north bank, and marched for hours through fern, fern, dry and dusty fern, but gained nothing save unpleasant experiences. Next day, stiff

(24). It will be observed he spells the name of this mountain without the "h" now usually inserted, and in this he was quite correct.

(25). There is no fable about the moa: it was as real as the Maoris of the past. What Mr. Colenso referred to was probably the fabled reptile called the "kumi," something that the Maoris never saw yet tried to explain.

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and sore and short of food, the party reached "Wata-roa" (Whataroa), where they were heartily welcomed and fed. The march was resumed, hill rising upon hill in rapid succession. The country traversed was barren and vegetation stunted. The soil was dry and dusty, and composed principally of broken pumice. Plant life was not encouraging to the botanist, but climbing a very high peak (probably Ohiwa) he had a very good though distant view of Hawke's Bay. Early next morning the march towards Waikaremoana was resumed, the old chief of Wakamarino leading part of the way.

Nearing the Lake.

An hour's walk brought Mr. Colenso to the Waikaretaheke, a rapid stream, then about four feet deep, caused by the exit of the waters of the lake towards the sea, and which here most outrageously tumbled over a long and sloping bed of rock. A bridge of trees enabled the traveller to cross. He says:—"We soon arrived at the village, situated on a high headland jutting towards the north side of the lake. The gateway was, as is often the case, embellished with a pair of huge and clumsily carved figures, besmeared with red pigment, armed with spears and grinning defiance on all comers. The wind now blew so very strong—it can blow, too, at Waikaremoana—that it was not possible to cross the lake in such frail canoes(26) as this people had at command, so I was obliged to pitch my tent here, although it was not an easy task to find a place suitable, owing to the very great unevenness of the ground, its unsheltered situation, and the very high wind. Here I was confined a prisoner until the 29th December, when the wind lessening I made my escape to the opposite side of the lake." Mr. Colenso discovered a large number of new shrubs, including a coprosma, called by the Natives "karamu," and many beautiful ferns, including Asplenium Colensoi, a Dicksonia lanata, and many others. Mr. Colenso found the climate cool enough to compel him to walk about briskly to keep himself warm, and as harvest had not yet commenced in that elevated region, two scanty meals a day of roots and herbs did not suggest the ad-

(26). Doubtless there were in the olden days—and the Natives still tell of them—some very fine war-canoes on Lake Waikaremoana, many of them capable of carrying as many as 40 or 50 men, and it will be seen in the chapter entitled "Hunting the Outlaw" that many of these were captured by the late Major Large and his small party in a daring raid he made. Mr. James Cowan, in his book "The Maoris of New Zealand," which is well worth reading, gives the names of some of them, as well as the paddling or hauling song. He mentions "Hinewaho," still a name that Waikaremoana Natives treasure. The "Hinerakai" is mentioned, also the "Tutonga" and the "Tarake," still household words at Waikaremoana.

Some of the ancient Maori war-canoes were so large that they would hold five ranks of men abreast. A canoe was found half-finished some 50 years ago in the Thames district. The hull only, without the stem and stern pieces, measured 110 feet in length.

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visability of too long a stay([27]). Regarding the Natives' houses, he noted:—"They are large and warm, and curiously constructed to keep out the severity of the winter's cold, being built over a large pit, or trench, the full size of the house. Thus, a house which on the outside appears to be only three or four feet in height is, when you descend into it, from five to seven feet high." Mr. Colenso judged the lake to be about six miles in diameter (he probably only saw one half), very deep and clear, and the bottom rocky. The only passage I find in his account that records his appreciation is: "The ever-changing woodland scenery appeared most lovely as we, in our little canoes, wound round the bases of these everlasting hills." Mr. Colenso was after ferns and plants, and had evidently little time to drink in the natural beauties, if even they moved him half as much as to pounce suddenly upon a new or rare fern, a flowering creeper or a moss. It was indeed a lovely spot where he landed on the north side of the lake, where he found the cryptogamic plants, ferns, lichens and mosses to his heart's content, not omitting many varieties of hymenophyllum, a new terrestrial orchis, and the beautifully fronded todea superba. On Huia-rau he encountered heavy rains, but failed to sight a single huia.

Crossing of Huia-rau.

Mr. Colenso then describes the march over Huia-rau:—"After a silent and a persevering march of some hours through the very cold rain—for in threading our tortuous way through the endless mazes of a pathless forest, in such weather as we now experienced, we found it impossible to keep ourselves warm—we determined on halting at the first sheltered spot. By the side of a rivulet at the bottom of a hill we found a deserted hovel, which, though open on all sides, offered us better shelter than we had expected to find in such a place. We repaired our hut with tufts of the different 'carices' that grew hard-by, and pitched my tent, and throwing off our dripping garments and kindling a fire, we endeavoured to make ourselves as comfortable as we could in our present circumstances. Fortunately we had a few potatoes with us, which, not knowing how long this weather might continue, we divided into three small portions, so as to afford us two meals for the morrow. The rain continued to descend in torrents—as only it can on the Huia-rau—swelled our little rivulet to a large stream, causing me to fear that the little level spot on which we were encamped would soon be overflowed." Mr. Colenso

(27). A peculiar sea-bird, called by the Natives "titi" (the mutton-bird), and which often flies irregularly at night, making a noise resembling "Tee-tee-tee-tee" rapidly uttered (whence its name), is sometimes taken here in large numbers. From the Natives' accounts it would seem that these birds resort at certain times to the tops of the highest and barrenest of the hills, where the Natives assemble and make fires on foggy calm nights, which fires decoying the birds thither, they are easily taken with nets. I have often heard these birds at night, but have never seen one.

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goes on to say: "Daylight next morning found us much the same as daylight last evening left us—with water on every side. The first night was one not to be soon forgotten. The heavy rain and rattling hail, which increasingly poured down, the vivid lightning and hollow-sounding thunder reverberating in never-ending echoes among the hills, the angry winds, which furiously rushed in fitful roaring blasts through the ancient forests, rocking and crashing and lashing the monarchs of centuries as so many saplings of a year, stripping their 'leafy honours' and cracking off their branches, hurled them to the earth, the hooting of owls and the shrieking of parrots, which flew affrightedly about, seeking shelter, all united to declare, in a voice too plain to be misunderstood, the great commotion Nature was undergoing. Fit knell for the departing year. The bard might, indeed, truly say—

> 'A thunder-storm! the eloquence of Heaven,
> Where every cloud is from its slumber riven,
> Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
> And felt Omnipotence around him thrown?
> How stirs the spirit while the thunders roll,
> And God, in thunder, rocks from pole to pole.'"

Here he sat shivering in light summer clothing, holding an umbrella over his head, till the storm swept across Huia-rau and Waikare was again in peaceful calm.

"The morning," states Mr. Colenso, "was most gloomy"—as well it might be after such a night on Huia-rau. "The rain still incessantly poured, and our cold, wet, lonely and starving situation was anything but pleasant, and then, as if we wanted somewhat more to taste of the very acme of churlishness, our only guide deserted us, returning to Waikare! He had intimated enough last evening to lead me to suspect him, and I had kept a watch over him, but he easily found an opportunity of leaving us. My other Natives were all from distant parts of the island, and knew no more of this neighbourhood than I did. We were now in a dilemma; to go back to Waikare was, from there being no proper path, not a whit easier journey than to go forward to the next village. The weather, however, confined us to our rude shelter, under which, clad in light summer clothing, I shiveringly sat, holding an old umbrella over my head! Towards evening the weather moderated, and though it was again pouring, we agreed, rain or shine, to proceed on our journey on the morrow, trusting somehow or other to find our way—a determination to which we were compelled through hunger, having consumed our last scanty meal."

Thus passed the last day of 1841, and the first day of January found the party on the march through dripping trees and rank vegetation, on empty stomachs, not sure of the direc-

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tion being taken. Even under these adverse circumstances the botanist instinct was keen, and here Mr. Colenso discovered the finest aspidium fern of the trip, some fronds measuring three feet, besides many others, some entirely new. About noon the supposedly runaway guide returned to the party bearing on his shoulders a large basket of fine potatoes, for which he had purposely gone back all the way to Waikare! On to Ruatahuna proceeded the party, climbing over high hills, down through the deep valleys, among gigantic ferns and underwood, decaying logs and fallen trees, all fern-clothed. Here Mr. Colenso found a fine arborescent fern, a Dicksonia fibrosa, attaining a length of 18 feet, with living fronds measuring six to nine feet. On through Te Whaiti, and sighting the giant peaks on every hand the traveller exclaims: "Here, notwithstanding the pleasurable height to which my imagination had been raised whilst engaged in contemplating the magnificence and extent of the prospect before me, it soon sank below its ordinary level on finding that not a human being dwelt in all that immense tract of country on which my eager gaze then rested([28]). The grass grew, the flowers blossomed, and the river rolled, but not for man! Solitude All. Even the very little birds, few though they were in number, seemed to think with me; for they flew from spray to spray around and about my path with their melancholy 'Twit, twit,' as if wishing to have all they possibly could of the company of a passer-by. Their actions were quite in keeping with my thoughts, and I feelingly exclaimed: 'Oh, Solitude! where are thy charms?'" And yet even the Kaingaroa plains were once a scene of great activity when the pre-Maori hunted the moa there.

A False Prediction.

Closing the account of this interesting trip, so far as it affected this district and the natural history collection made in it ([29]), Mr. Colenso made a prediction regarding New Zealand as a field for immigrants which has certainly not been borne out:—"The soils, in particular, of New Zealand have been represented as possessing a fertility unparalleled, and such everywhere abounding to an almost unlimited extent. Nearly ten years of residence has, however, convinced me that such is far, very far, from the truth. Few, indeed, are the districts which can in any sense be termed fertile, and where such exists the Native population is generally very great. New Zealand (the North Island)

(28). Mr. Hamlin, already quoted, gave the population of the Ruatahuna (Urewera) district in 1842 as 3,000, of which 1,000 were fighting men. Mr. Colenso seems to have quite got off their track.

(29). On this trip Mr. Colenso collected and observed nearly 1,000 specimens in natural history, upwards of 600 of which he considered new, two-thirds unknown to science, and most of them the wealth of the inexpressibly lovely Waikaremoana.

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is, on the whole, a barren country!—and, bearing in mind the absolute and prior claims of her own sons, unavailable to the stranger to any very great extent for agricultural purposes. Nor must it be forgotten that her best and most fertile portions, few though they be, are still in the hands of her children, whose eyes are now opening to the fact that they cannot part with such lands to the foreigner without detriment to themselves or their descendants. Her natural productions, her fisheries, her metals, her timber, her flax, her pork, and her barks for tanning and dyeing([30]) will, doubtless, prove an inexhaustible mine of wealth, but ere these can be available, the spirit of labour and industry, of energy and alacrity, must be infused into her present occupiers; contentment and unity must dwell among us, and self-denial be extensively practised." Surely the first part of the above prediction must be deemed an unconscious libel on the Heretaunga and Wairarapa lands, and the rich Poverty Bay, Opotiki and Wairoa flats and terraces, where the cocksfoot and clovers almost submerge the fences; to say nothing of the virgin forest lands of Ruakituri and Wakapunake, the Wairoa and Nuhaka flats, admittedly among the richest lands in New Zealand, where it is only necessary to apply skilful treatment to secure heavy crops of all the cereals and most of the fruits of the earth, including many of the products of the tropics.

Donald McLean, too, over 70 years ago, had a very poor opinion of the Wairoa country, then in a state of nature. "The interior of the country," he said, "between Te Wairoa and Poverty Bay is very poor and broken, presenting nothing to the eye, from the highest hills I ascended, but a continuous succession of fern-clad ranges, raupo flats and lagoons, with here and there a few patches of wood, and clearings where the Natives cultivate." Contrast this with the smiling Ruakituri valleys of to-day, and one can realize what the pluck of the pioneer and the wise expenditure of capital can do.

But the day of scientific and intense culture has not yet come, and when it does, the Wairoa lands will give forth a response such as the natural history collector never dreamt of, though he must, ere his death, have seen that New Zealand's brightest era had even then begun to dawn.

(30). No thought of wool, certainly not of frozen mutton, and yet Mr. Colenso lived to see the great ocean carriers departing for the Homeland laden with the wherewithal to feed and clothe England's millions. I think I shall venture the prediction that the time is not far distant when the "barren lands" of Ruakituri and Mangapoike will be helping to fill the liner lying off the mouth of the Wairoa River, or off Waikokopu.

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Yet Another Estimate.

Once more, lest the reader may be disposed to judge that I have seen in Waikaremoana beauties that did not exist, or that I have painted her too gaily, let me submit a sketch supplied to me by Mr. W. A. Neale—"the Hermit of Waikaremoana"—a keen lover of Nature in all her moods, and one well acquainted with the lake. He thus sets out his descriptive story:—"Lovely Waikaremoana, 'Sea of Rippling Waters'! Like a sapphire set in emerald bush, you are truly named. For beautiful and diversified scenery it is unequalled in the Southern Hemisphere. The native bush that clothes the hills to the water's edge gives a charm to the scene which cannot be limned by any painter's brush. To the tourist who wishes to see Nature as the Deity intended it to be seen, this spot above all others is the spot one ought to visit, as the vandal hand of man has not yet desecrated its sacred precincts. Noble Panekiri lifts its sombre head above the lake, 1,500 feet, in a sheer precipice. It was here in days gone by that many a tribal dispute had been settled by an appeal to arms. Here that the Natives under Te Kooti Rikirangi took refuge and finally escaped into the Urewera Country by swimming their horses across the Strait of Manaia at Nga-Whatu-a-Tama. Every island, every bay, every peak and every inlet is full of history and landmarks wrapt and enwrapped in Native mythology, love and war. Scenes of rapine and murder, of desperate valour and unflinching heroism have been enacted in one and all. A special feature of this charming spot is the numerous waterfalls that abound in all the creeks, emptying themselves into the lake, notably the Mokau, the A-niwa-niwa, and Papa-o-Korito Falls. Waikaremoana, to be fully appreciated, should be seen in sunshine and storm—and, may we add, in the glimmering moonlight, that soft, sweet, lambent moonlight, that looks down on lovers whispering sweet nothings and raises not a blush, for the Marama can be blind when she likes. In sunshine—calm and peaceful as a summer day, its sapphire bosom reflecting mountain peak and native bush in all its varied beauties. In storm all this serenity is changed into a seething cauldron of foam and wind-tossed waves, and, 'to the thunder of the wind and wave which mercilessly beat upon his rugged base,' Panekiri hides his head in a cowl of heavy mist. The road to the lake for the last four miles, rapidly rising 1,500 feet, and the scenery there from the different portions of the road, is truly grand. The Waikare-taheke River, issuing in a mass of foam from the various subterranean passages, in places 400 feet below the surface of the lake, is a sight worth seeing and never to be forgotten. Of this spot there are many stories—of Te Kuha turned into stone, of the Man-in-the-Moon, and hundreds of other legends. Proceeding on, the view from the road from

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[Photo by Mr. W. A. Neale

Otama and Hone
Two noted Tohungas, Urewera Country

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Te Tahi-o-te-Rangi [Photo by Mr. W. A. Neale

Gate of the fighting pa of Ruatahuna; Te Whenuanui and Hurae Puketapu on guard

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[Photo by Mr. W. A. Neale

Te Tahi-o-te-Rangi—Another view

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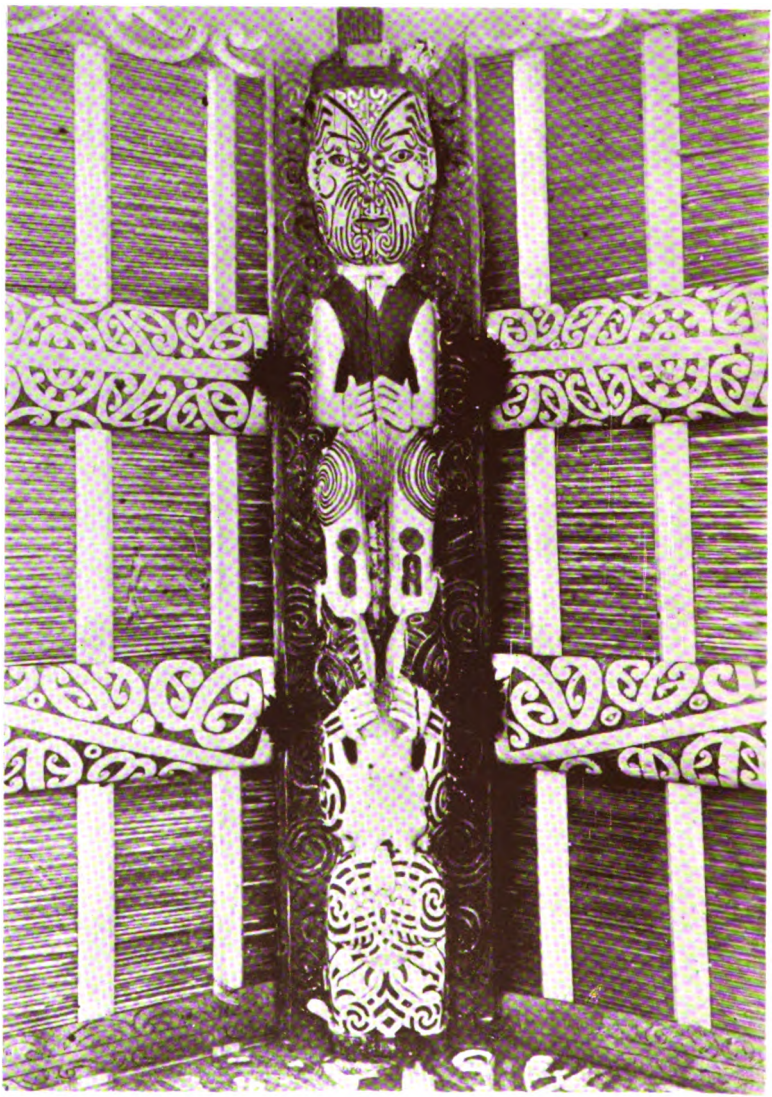

[Photo by Mr. W. A. Neale

Interior of Roof of Te Whaia-o-te-Motu, Matatua, Ruatahuna

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Onepoto to Lake House is one magnificent panorama of inland sea, bush-clad hills, rock-strewn valleys, rugged precipices and beautiful inlets. Not far from the outlet at Onepoto is a freak of Nature's strength, which is, perhaps, unique—a huge flat rock, weighing about 20 tons, held and suspended in the giant arms of a rata tree. This rock is not visible from the road, but a sign-post directs the traveller, who is left to imagine how it came about—and we are sure we are not going to try and explain the singular fact. The road at this point has been hewn and blasted out of solid blue rock, and to a geologist is a mine of wealth worthy of scientific research. The next point of interest is Awa-awaroa Bay, where, on a calm day, trout in many hundreds can be seen disporting themselves. This is the first of many lovely bays and inlets indenting the shores of Lake Waikaremoana. Not the least interesting feature of this spot are two huge over-hanging rocks, perched some 200 feet above the road, which gives one the impression of the battlements of some giant's castle wrought by the hands of Titans, and which seem so lightly balanced that the touch of a fairy's hand—one of the gay and lithesome little 'patu-pae-arehe,' for instance—would send them thundering into the abyss below."

Space would not permit a description of every beauty spot along the road; suffice it, therefore, to say that every bend opens up a new vista of unrivalled beauty. The shimmering water of the lake, as seen between the huge rimus, stately ratas, and kahi-kateas, whose feathery tops are lost in the azure blue of a Mediterranean sky, their moss-enveloped roots embedded in a carpet of fern, all harmonize in making a scene of enchantment that no artist's brush could depict. After travelling through so much beauty, a trip round the lake in the "Kohurangi" should be the first consideration, for in Wairau-moana will be seen some of the grandest scenery in New Zealand. This portion of Waikare-moana is full of historical reminiscences, so well portrayed in Elsdon Best's *Tramp Through Tuhoe Land and Waikare-moana*. The islands Pa-te-kaha and Nga-Whakarara are the ancient burial places of the Urewera and Ngati-Ruapani, and even at the present time as such. As the launch passes Ngati-Whatua-tama, the entrance of the Strait of Manaia, a scene is unfolded which on a fine day baffles all description. We pass on the left the Whareama Spur, and further on Ohine-kura Point, named after a great Princess of Fairyland, where in days gone by large pas existed, but all that remains at the present time are a few charred timbers, remnants of old rifle-pits, moss-grown mementoes of ancient days.

Now we come in view of Nga-whaka-rara, the last resting-place of the Puketapu, and from there we pass on to a lovely

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island named Te-ure-o-patae, opposite which is the estuary of the Whakenepuru creek. The boat can take one up this lovely fiord, deep water to the cliff's edge, navigable for about a mile. Oh, that we had a Turner on board! Thence we pass to Motu-Ngarara, a perfect island gem, and in the land-locked Te Kaha Bay the honeymoon couples and the picnic parties can camp with ease, see Nature at her best, and revel in her pristine beauty; and from the promontory of Te Kaha a magnificent view is obtained. Here in the foreground are small islets, verdure-clad to the water's edge. To the right is Onetapu beach, where Te Kooti and his warriors spent some time after the Mohaka massacre amusing themselves by holding races on the sandy beach with stolen horses. In the distance are the bush-clad ranges sweeping back to towering Huia-rau range, which in winter is usually clad with a mantle of snow, and now over all the soft coo of the native wood-pigeon([31]) and the tui's sweet notes produce a harmony in this Eden on the hill-tops that would soothe the most fractious child or crabbed old bachelor. Now we skirt the south-western end of the lake, a repetition of Nature's own handicraft, everywhere, creek after creek, bay after bay, abounding with the pakeha trout, the sedge-environed edges forming a refuge for black swan, grey duck and teal. At Te Korokoro-o-Whaitiri stream there are some small rapids, where magnificent specimens may be seen of the lycopodium (pahau kokaho), also of the creeping lycopodium and the coral moss. In the Marau Arm we see on a small scale the Southern Sounds, but Marauiti Arm in sunset needs the brush of a Gully or a Turner to portray. From there we turn and pass Te Taunga-a-Tara Point into the Waitotara Bay, passing Pa-te-Kaha Island, and from there into Te Puna Bay. This latter is a lovely spot for the photographic artist. At all times of the day one can get kaleidoscopic effects both in cloud, in bush, and in water, and we do not despair of seeing this region become one day the rendezvous for the greatest English and Italian painters. The return journey from the Strait of Manaia is rapidly made, and we fear to weary the reader with a description, no matter how exact and true in every detail, which, though apparently overdrawn, still underrates the beauty of this lake. The photographs to be found in this chapter will give the tourist an idea of what he may expect; but no pen can depict and no photograph can portray the vivid and ever-changing shades of colour on foliage, mountain-top and cloud. The mystic and ephemeral change of light and shade must be seen to be realized, and anyone who has been on the edge of

(31). I was recently taken to task for stating that the Maori name for the wood-pigeon was "Rupe" and not "Kereru," but I know I am right, as "Rupe" was the ancient name. Similarly there is in Samoa a bird very like the bell-bird and it is called the "Ma'oma'o," which is simply "Makomako" with the "k" omitted in the sibilant Samoan tongue.

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the lake at sunrise, and had seen the mist lifting and unfolding in waving billows over Panekiri, clothed in all its golden splendour, cannot fail to be raised to nobler thoughts, and can appreciate the Deity's wondrous handicraft. To do the trip round the lake thoroughly will take two days—it can be done in one, but to do justice to the Mokau Falls, the Mokau Arm, explore the cave at Te-Ana-o-Tikitiki and the ancient pa at Pukehuia, where carved images of bygone beauty and beautiful carvings are slowly crumbling into dust, will need two days, especially if we include the ancient fighting pas of Matuahu and Whakaari, on the northern side of the Mokau, also the Whanganui Inlet, Oporuahine Arm, Huia-rau Estuary, where Te Taunga-a-Tara Island makes a picture worthy of the camerist's trouble. Thence, as "the shades of night are falling fast" and there is no maiden to bid us stay on the bosom of Waikare, we steer for Oporau Bay, which we reach in about three-quarters of an hour.

Having done with the Sea of Rippling Waters as far as a penned description can go, we turn to Waikare-iti. Situated four miles from Lake Waikaremoana and 500 feet higher is Waikare-iti. The quickest way to reach it is to take a boat from the Government shed at Oporau Bay and pull up the A-niwa-niwa River, at the head of which, about half a mile from its estuary, one can hear the thunder of the lower A-niwa-niwa Falls. . Here a scene of beauty meets the eye, and in the pool below the angler loves to linger. We moor the boat, and after a sharp ascent reach the main road and enter the bush track about a mile further on. Now for a walk through Nature's conservatory, up a well-graded track some three miles long, where the asplenium bulbiferum, the adianthum Cunninghamii, the lamaria, Dicksonias, and hymenophylla bound our path on either side, whilst the graceful fern-trees spread their silver fronds above us. On the hottest day this walk is always cool, and the varied beauties of this bush make our journey all too short. Waikare-iti then greets our gaze. This lake, with its seven islands, is considered by connoisseurs of scenic beauty to be *par excellence* the best spot for a tourist to visit in New Zealand. Unlike Waikaremoana, the hills around Waikare-iti slope gently to the water's edge, clothed with a wealth of bush and many varied tints, carpeted with the kidney fern and coral moss which Nature lavishes up here with a prodigal hand. It is a paradise for a botanist, and would excite the envy of a Covent Garden florist. So clear is the water here that objects can be seen at a depth of from 40 to 50 feet, and the beautiful white sandy reach in Governor's Bay, where the water is only some two or three feet deep, affords a safe and healthy bathing place, where ladies and children can disport themselves in absolute safety. To take the

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boat and go to the different islands of Rahui, Te-Kaha-a-Tuwai, Te-One-a-Tahu, Motu Torotoro, Motu Ngarara, and Coral Moss Island is simply to scan scenery less rugged, more consecrated, softer, and, in the opinion of some, more perfect than that of Waikaremoana. Here may be seen the mallard and the paradise duck, liberated by the Government some years ago, and perchance the tourist may come upon a pair of that rare and solitary bird the giant crested grebe. These birds are both shy as well as rare. It is needless to say that this sanctuary for game is strictly protected by the Government, and it is a crime even to carry a gun there.

This lake can be comfortably explored in one day, and on the return journey, by walking up the Gisborne road a mile, the famous Papa-o-Korito Falls can be seen. Should the tourist be an angler, and his visit is timed for the open season, he can devote his time to fishing, and, by trolling in the A-niwa-niwa River or by casting the subtle fly, secure fish ranging from one pound weight to twenty-three pounds. Rainbow trout give fine sport in the lake and brown trout in the creeks; of one thing we are assured, the Waikaremoana trout angler need never go home to his bosom friends without a good many fish stories, all bearing the impress of truth and not in the least "fishy." To sum up briefly, if the tourist wishes to spend a holiday of a week's unalloyed pleasure, amidst unrivalled scenery, let him visit Waikaremoana, and we are sure he will ever after sing its praises.

Waikaremoana, says Malcolm Ross, has been described as "the most beautiful lake in New Zealand, but that is an exaggeration. In grandeur it is far surpassed by the southern lakes, while in point of beauty it must give the palm to Manapouri(32).

"But it is, perhaps, unfair to compare these different lakes. Each has its own individuality, and Waikaremoana has a subtle charm and a quiet dignity that must linger for a lifetime in the memory of the lover of Nature. Waikare-iti (the little Waikare) is even more charming than her big sister lake. The track to Waikare-iti winds round one end of the big lake, and then plunges into forest primeval, where beautiful ferns and mosses divide the attention with the great boles and feathery foliage of the giant beech trees. Perched amongst these forest-clad mountains, at a height of 2,500 feet, Waikare-iti must always be an ideal spot for those who care for scenery, or for the tired, nerve-shattered dwellers in cities, who would fain seek solace from the many trying demands of modern civilization.

(32). On the occasion of the parliamentary visit to Waikaremoana in 1921, southern visitors disputed the claim that Waikaremoana was the loveliest lake in New Zealand, giving the palm to Manapouri, but admitting that the southern lake had no history and no legends such as are possessed by Waikaremoana.

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Here there are no shrill whistling engines nor shrieking electric cars, nor even the chiming church-bells, but only Nature's own choir singing in the grandest of all cathedrals.

"Never shall I forget one glorious morning when, launching a little boat from a bower of greenery, we pulled out in the brilliant sunshine, on the unruffled bosom of the lake. The wavelets only whispered as they curled gently on the soft pumice strand, and all the waters were green with reflections from the forest-clad promontories and the beautiful islands. The scene was one of perfect sylvan beauty unmarred by the hand of man. The track—last sign of the destroying axe—by which we had come was hidden in the womb of the forest, and cut off from the outer world, we seemed to swim in space between the translucent green of the lake and the azure blue of the heaven, while around and above us were promontories and islands of fairyland. Of all the lakes of the Fortunate Isles—and I have seen them all—Waikare-iti, on such a day, for tranquil, flawless beauty bears the palm."

The Tourist Route.

Assuming that the tourist has arrived in Napier on his way to Waikaremoana, his first destination must be Wairoa. To reach this spot he has the choice of doing so by sea or land. A very comfortable and up-to-date twin-screw steamer, the "Tangaroa," will take him to Wairoa in four and a half hours at a moderate fare. Unfortunately this mode of transit it not at present to be absolutely relied on, on account of the shifting sand-bar at the river mouth, a drawback which has not yet been overcome, though much money has been expended in the attempt. Then there is the overland route from Gisborne via Tiniroto (inland) or via Morere (coastal), and from Napier via Mohaka, excellent car services, perfectly reliable all the summer. The coach service formerly took a day and a half and the motor run about four and a half hours. Arrived in Wairoa, the tourist will find cars running daily, or he may elect to go straight on to Waikaremoana in his own comfortable motor car. The road to the lake passes through Frasertown, the second largest township of Wairoa County, situated prettily at the junction of the Waiau and Wairoa Rivers. Here the river, which was formerly negotiated in a primitively designed punt, is now crossed by a fine bridge erected by the Public Works Department, and named Tama-te-rangi bridge after a noted Waiau chief of early days. From this spot the road follows the sinuous course of the Waiau for about twelve miles, till there is reached the junction of the famed trout stream Waikare-taheke, flowing from Lake Waikaremoana. It is easily seen that this river is an angler's paradise, and the local Rod and Gun Club is making every effort to increase the

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sport to be found on it. Placid reaches, rapids and pools of the deepest blue, shaded by willows and native bush, form retreats for the speckled beauties, which at times require considerable skill to lure them from their lairs. At Tarapatiki the traveller may, if he is so minded, have some refreshments. From there to Onepoto, the outlet of the lake, is a nine-mile run, and the tourist is in the angler's paradise of Lake Waikaremoana.

Waikaremoana district is now the scene of great activity, seeing that the giant power is to be harnessed up to provide light and power for the North Island. Occupying, as it does, a central position, it will be the best of three great power stations—Mangahao at the south and Arapuni in the north. More than a million sterling is now allocated for the work, and the subsidiary local scheme for which the Wairoa Power Board borrowed £100,000 is now in operation, supplying the borough of Wairoa and places *en route*, as well as other parts of the district, and the local industries with the much-needed power. Some day an electric railway will make Waikaremoana and Waikare-iti easier of access, and then these beautiful lakes will be visited by thousands where now only hundreds see them every year.

I cannot close this chapter better than by giving to the world of literature a few lines written 40 years ago by my friend the late T. J. Tunks, who once farmed "Windsboro," near Waikaremoana. They were first published in the *Wairoa Free Press* when that journal's stormy career was directed by the author of this work:—

Was thy basin formed by throes volcanic,
Or fashioned out by imps satanic?
Ne'er could the ambitious mind of man
Conceive, design, or frame thy glorious plan—
Waikaremoana.

Beauteous gem in Nature's massive setting
Of wooded hill and rugged peak that, fretting
The azure, tower in solemn grandeur where
The winds shriek forth like spirits in despair—
Waikaremoana.

Hath lover ever o'er thy limpid tide
Sped forth in light canoe to woo his bride,
And, as the stars revealed their lights above,
Poured out his oft-told gentle tale of love—
Waikaremoana?

Or doth some legend dark brood o'er thy waters,
And tell how one of a chieftain's daughters
Sprang in the night from out her lover's arms
And in thy darkling depths flung all her charms—
Waikaremoana?

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At early morning, in the ruddy beams
Of the sun new-risen, all golden seems
Thy calm surface, while with each bright'ning ray
Fresh beauties rip'ning break in play—
Waikaremoana.

At even, in the light of dying day,
Thy purple-tinted hills, by golden ray
Of setting sun outlined in beauty bright,
Break like a fairy vision on the sight—
The lady moon, gazing from out a veil
Waikaremoana.

Of fleecy clouds upon her image pale,
In thee reflected, smiles sweetly from afar,
Coquetting with full many a lusty star—
Waikaremoana.

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CHAPTER VIII

RELIGION AND CUSTOMS

THE LAST TREK—THE MAORI DEITIES—WORSHIP OF FEAR—THE TAPU—HEROINE OF THE PA—A TALE OF TAPU—THE LAW OF MURU—LAW OF UTU—A MAORI HERO—SOME FINE DISTINCTIONS.

The ancient Maori, though he was superabundantly versed in mythology, had no real conception of a Supreme Being that created and ruled over all things. His gods were all—except perhaps Rehua, the god of kindness—malignant and vindictive beings(1) who required constant sacrifice and propitiation to keep them from harming mankind, and truly they ruled their devotees with a rod of iron. The Maoris did not usually venerate—because I cannot use the word "worship"—carved images of wood or other material, counterfeit presentments of a Supreme Being, else would New Zealand be full of such specimens, though there are a few of such instances on record—possibly, however, the work of a pre-Maori race that came from afar.

But while asserting that the Maoris as a rule did not "worship" their gods, this must be qualified with the statement that the Aryan Maoris, in their Asiatic homes, certainly did so. The similarity in the names for the deities shows this. There is the Egyptian "Ra" and the Polynesian "Ra." The word "pa," meaning a town in the Egyptian, means a fortified post in Maori; and "pa-ra," "Sun-town," or Heliopolis in Egypt, meant just the same in Polynesia, and there are plenty of illustrations of Sun-worship even among the Maoris. Mr. Tregear has unearthed hundreds of Asiatic sacred words which have their counterpart, almost letter for letter, in Polynesia. Professor Sayce, the great Oriental authority, held that Ashtoreth, Aphrodite, Astarte, Artemis and Ishtar were one and the same goddess, and presided over inundations, such as the overflowing of the Nile. Hina, it is also shown, was a water goddess, and not only the sister but the wife of Maui. She was the moon-goddess

(1). "The Ngati-Kahungunu, as well as the Ngati-Porou, are descended from those who came in the Horouta and Takitimu canoes, and from the ancient Tini-o-Awa and Tini-o-Rua-tamore. These tribes regard Rongomai as their great and beneficent deity, and Kahukura as their malicious evil spirit."—W. E. Gudgeon.

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also. It further appears certain that Isis, the Eternal Mother, was appealed to in the hour of parturition by the Maoris under the name of "Hine-te-iwaiwa"(2).

They deified their ancestors, however, especially those who distinguished themselves, who might have been anything from a mountain to a tree, a taniwha to a dog or a lizard, and thus their gods were many and clothed with conceptions distinctly human. They have a very elaborate system of genealogies of their gods—scarcely understandable by ordinary European readers—and these include a great First Cause, who began creation at a period of darkness or void such as is described in the Book of Genesis. Many of the traditional ancestors of the Maoris are said to be demons or to have become "atua," but essentially evil, as Kahu-Kura, and, therefore, called for constant propitiation. Many of the gods had a form of incarnation called "aria," and represented, it might be, by a rainbow, a rock, a tree, or anything that took the Maori fancy. However, the Maoris did not make idols of these "gods," but addressed them as symbols. Sacred fires also entered largely into the Maori "worship," if such it can be called, and it was quite a common thing for any ordinary Maori to call forth a god to suit some ends he might have in view. Thus, a case heard in the Wairoa Magistrate's Court in recent years shows that superstition is not yet dead. A Native was charged with false pretences in allegedly taking money from his fellows on the pretence that he would produce on a certain day a quantity of gold revealed to him by "a high power"—the indictment charged him with invoking the "Kehua Maori," or Maori ghost (or spirit). It was proved that he invited his dupes to hand out their money "in sevens"—seven pence or seven shillings or seven pounds. He had made a basket of flax about a chain long and eight inches deep, attached to poles; there were seven handles on each side, one lot designated a god, "Hokowhitu-a-tu," and the other "Hokowhitu-a-whenua"; the latter represented the land side and the former the sea side, from which the gold was to come—though it failed to arrive. The remarkable thing about the case was that a young, fairly well-educated Native, who had attended the primary school, Te Aute College, and the Theological College at Te Rau, Gisborne, confessed that at the end of the meeting he believed in the professed powers of the accused man!

(2). The Maori people describe in a double manner the moon, or the Marama (in modern times the word meaning both the lunar month and the orb herself). Hinekeha, or Pale Hina, is applied to the moon when shining brightly in the heavens, and Hina-uri, or Dark Hina, during the dark nights; and it is as Hina-te-iwaiwa that the Maori woman turns to face the orb in the travail of childbirth.

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The Last Trek.

But to resume. Te Reinga(3) was, as I have stated in a note to the Preface, the place of departed spirits, hades, or the lower world, over which the presiding deity was a woman, Hine-nui-te-po. This weird, dreary-looking spot, from which there was hope of return under certain circumstances, was not chosen because of its weirdness, but simply because it was the nearest point of land in New Zealand to the much-loved Hawaiiki whence the Maoris came. Nearly every island of Polynesia had a Reinga, and they were similarly situated, at the western or closest point to the ancient home of the race. The spirits had to travel over the mountains, wherever the body died, to the westernmost point, and there jump off; hence the name, Reinga Wairua, "the Spirit's Leap." The Natives of the North Cape declare that they have seen a long way off companies of spirits journeying to Te Reinga, but they always disappeared on drawing near to a human being still in the flesh. The Samoans have a similar story to tell of the place of the departed—indeed, I doubt not that the Maori idea was brought from there, as one of their many Hawaiikis. The disembodied spirits of the Samoans journeyed to the Fafa—the equivalent of Te Reinga—in a westerly direction on each island, however small, throughout Polynesia, and always to the west from island to island until they reached the west point of Savaii. At the westernmost point of Upolu the land terminates in a narrow rocky point which is still known as "Fatu-osofia," or the leaping-stone, from which all spirits were said to leap into the sea. It is said of the dying in Rarotonga: "He is passing over the sea, to Avaiiki," the spirit world. To the Maori also, Hawaiiki was the land of spirits or ghosts, and at many of the Maori tangis it is not an uncommon lament: "Farewell! Go to Hawaiiki. Farewell!" The late Rev. W. Colenso, in relating one of these legends, says: "Then that boy went quickly below to the unseen world (Te Reinga) to observe and look about at the steep cliff in Hawaiiki. There he expressed his admiration of the kumara!"

The Maori Deities.

In the complicated Maori cosmogony Rangi (or heaven) was begat by Maku (dampness), whose wife was Mahora-nui-a-tiu (great spreading-out of light). But Rangi seems to have been a species of celestial Don Juan, or else a much-married man, or rather, I should say, personality, for his wives were very numerous, and his offspring almost countless—on a par with the number of the legends and the gods. Io was the great First Cause(4), and,

(3). Mrs. Yates, a descendant of Nga Puhi, who died some years ago at Parenga-renga, owned nearly 70,000 acres in the far north, including Te Reinga.

(4). Several great Maori scholars, among them John White, held that "Io" is really the God. He made heaven and earth. C. O. Davis wrote: "The oldest Maori prayers were those addressed to the sacred Io": the latter stating also that the sun and moon were placed under the "maru" (shadow) of Io.

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like the Israelites of old, it is stated the Maoris seldom uttered his name aloud—not, perhaps, because of reverence, but from fear. After this being, the other various descents were mostly personified as Light and Darkness, the former being the male line, headed by Ra, or the sun, and the latter, the female line, represented by Marama, the moon. With a people whose principal occupation was war, it will not be surprising to find that the principal god was Tu, the god of war, and man's representative. Tangaroa was the god of the ocean, and he, and not Britannia, ruled the waves, and all that dwelt in the waters. Ru-wa-moko-roa, generally shortened to Ru, was the god of earthquakes(5), and though he was never seen on earth he had made his presence felt and recognized. Tane-Mahuta was the deity that presided over all forests and everything that dwelt in the trees, and thus were the birds called "the children of Tane." The oldest and most treasured name for the bush was "Te-Wao-tapu-nui-a-Tane," which, if not long enough, is certainly expressive, for it means "the sacred deep forest of Tane." For was it not Tane who separated Rangi and Papa (Heaven and Earth) by the thrusting up of the former by means of the forest giants that propped up the sky till the Pakeha vandals cut them away?

Rehua, as I mentioned before, was the god of kindness. Rongo-ma-tane was the god of the kumara (which was a sacred plant) and of all plantations generally, and regularly invoked at the time of planting and harvest(6). Tahu presided over all feasts, and Tawhiri-matea, a kind of coadjutor of Tangaroa, ruled the storms and tempests, rain, hail, dew, etc. Besides these they had many minor gods "too numerous to mention," as the knights of the hammer say, and all these had their home in one or other of the Hawaiikis, the traditional country of the Maori, but whether that was in Polynesia or on the plains of India—and most of the names can be traced to-day in New Zealand, once more linking up past ages with the present—I cannot decide absolutely, but all the evidence points to India as the cradle of the Maori.

I have hinted at some shadowy connection between Io of the Maori and the Jewish name for the Supreme One, and the Maori traditions tell of Io creating Tiki, the first man, and Taane, the first woman—made out of clay—though Tiki, I must state, was subsequently deified. They have a story of a great

(5). That the ancient Maoris were acquainted with the effects of volcanic agency cannot be denied. One Native account of earthquakes, freely translated, reads: "The high fences shake and move from one side to the other for a short time with a trembling motion."

(6). Maui was undoubtedly equivalent to Ceres, and when the heavens were chequered with white clouds on a blue sky the god is said to be planting his potatoes, and when the Romans worshipped the Magna Mater "a left hand" was carried in procession. The left hand is called Maui by the Maoris. Maui was invoked, not only for the planting of the kumara, but for fishing operations also.

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flood sent on the earth because men would not believe in the creative power of Tane. The Maori name for the traditional deluge is "para-whenua-mea." It is mostly used to describe the advance of a war party, as though we might say, "The enemy came on like a flood." Furthermore, Maori tradition tells of the coming of death into the world—which existed not till Maui, the son of Taranga, was born, and it was through his "misconduct"(7) to Hine-nui-te-po, the goddess of Te Reinga, that death became one of man's unenviable characteristics; otherwise he would have been immortal.

Worship of Fear.

Io was undoubtedly the supreme god among the ancient Maoris, though it does not seem he was worshipped. They had, whilst in Hawaiiki, as in the land of the migration, their orders of priests or tohungas, and used sacrifices of blood—human or animal mattered but little, and the former was most easily attainable. All these rites and ceremonies would seem to have been brought, with many additions and variations, almost from the cradle of the human race along with the stories of crocodiles and taniwhas. But although there were many gods—one or more presiding over almost every branch of the Maori social system—Tu, Maru, and Tauhake were the principal ones, and even these were not held to be protectors of mankind, but ghoulish opponents; therefore they had to be propitiated by the aid of the tohungas, who became the medium between the Maori and the national or tribal atua. Worship, as the European peoples understand the term, or even as the American "Indians" addressed the "Great Spirit," was certainly foreign to the Maori. Not unlike too many Europeans, in times of trouble the Maoris at once turned to the gods, and as their main "troubles" consisted of war it was to Tu they turned as the older European nations in their pagan state turned to Mars. Therefore, in times of war, when preparations were being made for the despatch of a taua, or to meet one, it became an absolue necessity to propitiate the gods—at least the god of war—and at such times the tohunga was a personage of great importance, as he became the medium through whom presents were made to the deity, and vicariously accepted, to ensure the success of the war party setting out for "the front" or assembling on the "puhara" to await the onslaught of the foe. Favourable omens were sought somewhat in the following manner:—The tohunga would set up a number of reeds in the soil, and then commencing a series of weird incantations which no one—not even the tohungas themselves—understood, they

(7). In 1842 the late Rev. Mr. Hamlin obtained at Moetoa, in the north, from the principal chief, Kaihau, the statement that the "misconduct" of Maui consisted in wickedly laughing at the goddess during her accouchement, and thus the first dead child came into the world. Wicked Maui, son of Taranga!

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would hurl a number of short clubs among the reeds—a sort of game of nine-pins—and, according to whichever way they fell, the seers would predict victory or otherwise. But generally, if the largesse offered was considerable, the tohungas "prophesied smooth things" and eventual victory, generally doing a little "hedging" so as to save their reputations in case anything went wrong. Should the fight result disastrously—and it very often did, even when the tohunga was specially eminent—then that was through no fault of the tohunga, but due entirely to the war party not following out implicitly the directions given to the toas—as though any plans of battle could be carried out to order, in which the arrangements, strength or disposition of the enemy were not known. The tohungas generally escaped censure because they were intensely tapu, and they reaped rich rewards. Wily tohungas! Very frequently, as agents for Tu and his fellow gods, they obtained some choice and almost priceless articles, and held them against all comers, though sometimes these were stolen back again by the former owners despite the pronouncement of sudden death in the present world and the absence of rewards in the Land of Spirits.

The Tapu Law.

Two great institutions, with ramifications permeating every corner of Maoriland, ruled the ancient people, and I must mention them here, if even briefly, as they crop up frequently in this "Story of Te Wairoa." I allude to the law of "tapu" and the law of "muru." The former only still survives to a limited extent, owing to the advance of civilization and education, whilst the latter—that is, muru—can now be scarcely said to exist, the civil law alone being its destruction. Tapu was once universal, and applied more to the person of the chief and his belongings, though other things and personages were made tapu also, such as burial grounds or places, "torere" being the name of the secret repositories of the Maori dead in the forests or on the mountains, usually known only to the tohungas(8). The belongings of the dead were also tapu, most intensely so, and through the greed or thoughtlessness of the early Europeans much bloodshed was caused and race hatred engendered. The tohungas, of course, were tapu, and the greater the chief or tohunga the greater the tapu. A double instance of the ill and beneficial effects of the tapu was given me but recently by Mr. E. Chase, in which the circumstances were peculiar, if characteristic of "Old Wairoa." The people of Te Maha (brother of Tapuae) killed a monstrous eel, a "whakau," in the O-hakari creek, running into the Wairoa River near Springhill. The captors of the eel (who were really

(8). No one knows, except perhaps a couple of tohungas, where the bones of noted Wairoa chiefs are deposited. It is supposed that Te Kooti was buried up north, but that is not so; his bones lie in his native soil in Poverty Bay, and only a tohunga or two know the precise spot.

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conspiring to oust Te Maha from chieftainship) got a tohunga to "makutu" the monster tuna before it was brought to Te Maha, according to Maori custom. Te Maha soon took ill, during which time he was visited by his brother, Tapuae. On entering the sick chamber the first thing Tapuae said was: "What is the cause of your illness? I want to know before blood is shed." Te Maha replied: "It is these low people" (indicating the captors of the big eel) "who are the cause of it; look after our (his own) children with your own, and take these low classes for your slaves." Tapuae's closing words to his sick brother were: "Go! Go under (that is, pass away), and you shall smell their fat though you be underground"—meaning that though dead he would have the satisfaction of knowing that his enemies would be punished. Later Te Maha died at Rawera-nui, or Te Horo as it was also called. Tapuae then ordered his own children by Rua-Taumata to make a number of short clubs of "maire" suitable for concealment easily about the person. A tangi feast was called, and during the dance it was arranged that all the "low-class people" should be got into the centre, the visitors on the outside of what proved to be a veritable dance of death. Then all of a sudden the concealed weapons were withdrawn and great slaughter ensued. Among the intended victims was one man of note, called Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa, who was to be spared, but he also fell in the general melee. The party then rushed for the river, dragging the body of Te Moana-nui behind them, and met Tapuae on landing from his canoe. The latter asked whose body they were dragging, whereupon Tapuae laid a tapu on the whole, so that none of them could eat the bodies of the slain; therefore the fallen escaped the posthumous indignity of the Maori oven.

Te Rangitahau, half warrior, half tohunga, who is referred to in the account of Te Kooti's escape from the Chatham Islands, was described in 1901 by Mr. James Cowan as a "true warrior of the tohunga type, a bullet-headed, firm-jawed, sullen-lipped old savage, with white hair and moustache, and his face deeply scrolled with blue lines of the tattoer's chisel." He had, it was believed, the power of producing thunder and lightning, and as he also was believed to be possessed of the power of "makutu" he was greatly feared, even by the followers of Te Kooti, for the latter had only to give the order and the head of some obnoxious person fell from his shoulders. He died at Rotorua, and it is believed to this day that he fell a victim to the witchcraft powers of another tohunga.

In Maoriland it was not proper to pass behind a tohunga, though if he was the leader of a war party in battle he was supposed to have placed his tapu in front of him till the warriors closed up with the enemy.

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The war tapu was one of great moment, not only to the chiefs and the members of the war party, but also to those left behind, for these latter were supposed to fast, and often did so, until the return of the expedition. The custom as a whole, both as a protection to life and property—even though it only benefited the ruling classes—and also to chastity, suggests that it came with the Maoris from some far distant land, and not from the near-by Hawaiiki. Indeed, one of the tapu customs observed in war time(9) is clearly indicated in I Samuel xxi, 4-5—another link, surely, to prove that the Maori (of Arya) and the Jew must at one time have lived in juxtaposition(10). Virgins, "puhi," intended to be betrothed to chiefs, were often made tapu for the intended bridegroom, and woe to the man who failed to observe the interdict. But, generally speaking, chastity after marriage was well observed by the women of the pa, though not so rigidly observed prior to betrothal.

The real application of the tapu was to the chief and the tohunga. The chief, of course, was always tapu, his head more especially. His property was absolutely sacred and inviolable, and no Maori would dream of either stealing or using it. As a moral and social law, therefore, it was very useful—equal to the modern policeman and all the majesty of law rolled into one. But the custom was laughed at and ignored by the presuming white man, and he only had himself to blame for personal consequences; unfortunately, however, he involved others also. The early whalers, even those of Te Wairoa, were in some respects very little better than the Bay of Islands whalers in that they knew little of the Native race and their customs, and many of those who did know a little treated both in a very light and contemptuous manner. As a consequence they got into trouble, involving others by their reckless dealings. The honest observer must admit that in very many cases the uncultured Native rose superior to the so-called civilized race as then known.

The Rev. Herbert Williams states that among the Ngati-Porou, in the building of all large houses intended for meeting-places for the tribe or for the entertainment of visitors, on the erection of the main pillar or "pou-toko-manawa," a slave, or in some instances a member of the tribe, was sacrificed, and after the abstraction of the heart, the body was buried at the foot of the pou-toko-manawa. The heart of the victim ("whatu") was cooked and eaten by the priest, or tohunga, presiding over the work, accompanied by karakias. This was the practice in some

(9). Unhappily this was not embodied in the mongrel creed of Te Ua as expounded by Te Kooti in the 'sixties.

(10). Professor Bowles (Mormon) claims that the Maoris are of the House of Israel, and direct descendants of the House of Manasseh, a colony of which left Jerusalem 600 years B.C.

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districts, as, for instance, among the Arawa tribe; but the Rev. Mr. Williams tells us that the victim (whatu) was buried at the left-hand back corner of the house, at the base of the "poupou," in that corner. Amongst the Urewera tribes, the whatu was called "ika-purapura," and it was buried at the foot of the pou-toko-manawa. After some time the bones may be exhumed and taken to the "tuahu" (altar), and there used as a "manea" or means of beneficial influence for the owner of the house. "Manea" means the "hau," or spirit, essence of man, and also of the earth. It is related that the renowned Taraia, when he built his famous house near Te Karamu (Heretaunga), placed the body of his youngest child as a whatu for the rearmost pillar in the structure. Mr. Elsdon Best thus describes the ceremony of taking the tapu off a house—that is, making it common or fit for occupation:—When the building is finished and the people assembled to the "kawanga," the priest affixes to the "pou-tuarongo" a piece of the "petaka," or some other sacred plant, which is called a "maro." The object is to draw warmth to the house and to "bind" it there. The pillar is then named Rua. On completion the priest issues forth from the house, and taking a wand of "karamu" wood in his hand, strikes the side of the house, and then commences to recite the "kawa." After this he strikes the "riko" (corner posts of house) with his wand, then the "mahihi," the "tau-tiaki," and the "paepae-awha," reciting at the same time the kawa. The priest then ascends to the roof of the house and recites a "karakia-whakanoa," or invocation to make common, i.e., free from tapu. This, at all events, is the practice in Tuhoe Land.

Heroine of the Pa.

Of one of the Natives I have a tale of tapu to tell which illustrates most aptly my contentions, and also shows that the fast-vanishing type of Maori was to be found in old Wairoa even in the sixties. Not only were the men brave and fearless, but so also were the women, and many noble deeds, no doubt, were done by them could they be unearthed. Steeped still in superstition, living daily in the shadow of the tohunga's presence, restricted on every hand by the operations of the tapu, and still holding to most of the savage customs, yet at times they shone out as a most superior race of aboriginals. The women, as in the case of most aboriginal people, occupied a very inferior and degraded position—a mere chattel of their lords and masters—subject to violence and outrage without redress. But though savage, revengeful and blood-thirsty, there were some grand redeeming points in the old-time Maori. On account of these, therefore, and their fine physical attributes, they were looked upon as the finest aboriginal race in the world, and the traditional history

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did not exclude women from acknowledgment as heroines. As far back as the late thirties, in the stirring and sometimes tragic days of the whalers, ere the white man settled on the fair lands of Te Wairoa, there were many of Nature's noblemen and noble-women to be found in the land, and though, as I just now remarked, savagery held sway, many noble deeds could be recounted of the chiefs and the principal women. At the time to which I refer, four great chiefs held sway over a large Maori population, their mana extending from Poverty Bay to Napier. These were Paora Rerepu, of Mohaka; Te Apatu, of Waihirere; Rangi-mataeo, who lived at Hikawai; Ihaka Whaanga at Mahia, and Kopu at Wairoa—all long since dead—besides some minor chiefs. These men held absolute sway over the lives, liberties and property of the Maoris; indeed, Europeans also came within the scope of their power, for were they not then living on the lands of the Maori by sufferance? When my readers learn something of the intricacies and far-reaching effects of the law of tapu they will not be surprised at the incident I am about to relate. A young whaler—a Hindu, nicknamed Black Harry—had given mortal offence to Te Apatu, chief of Waihirere, by a breach of the law of tapu, and the consequences to the former bid fair to prove rather serious. According to one authority, it came about in this way:—At the time of which I am writing it was still not an uncommon thing for girls of high birth, who were intended to be mated to chiefs of rank, to be set aside or protected by placing them under the law of tapu. By some means or other the young whaler infringed the tapu in respect to a girl belonging to the pa, and her cause was taken up by a daughter of the chief, Te Apatu, and consequently he was condemned to die. Another version is that the infringement of the tapu was not in respect to the girl, but that the young man had killed and eaten a pig which had been made tapu because it had been seen feeding in the "wahi tapu" or the sacred burying ground of the Maoris. I am inclined to the belief that the first version is the correct one, seeing that the offence charged was a most heinous one in the eyes of the Maoris, and far more likely than the other to call for the infliction of the death penalty(11). Be this as it may, it is certain that immediate death faced the whaler, but unknown to him succour was at hand. Just before his intended seizure at the command of the chief, the latter's daughter, Rawinia, a girl then in her teens—the favourite daughter of Te Apatu, and the hapu—conveyed the whaler to a "whata," a structure raised on stout piles a considerable height from the ground, and used as a storehouse for food and whaling gear. When the party came to execute the sentence of death, Rawinia planted herself

(11). Furthermore, the first-named offence was one that the whalers frequently committed.

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in the doorway armed with a formidable weapon, a whale lance. Placing the doomed man behind her in the whata, she defied all comers, even her own father, and it is certain that had she not herself been a chieftainess death would have reached her also in seeking the life of the whaler. The defence lasted several days and nights, the girl succeeding in conveying food to the man, and keeping his enemies at bay until she had almost tired them out. At a critical time during the defence Rawinia turned the tapu to good account for once, by casting around the whaler her own mat, which had, for some reason or other, been made tapu, and thus he also became tapu. Then she managed, with the aid of some other women, to smuggle him into the bush, and eventually placing him on board a small craft he escaped. Subsequent to this Rawinia married a whaler named Christy, who became "the Pakeha" of the settlement. The marriage was according to the Maori custom of giving in marriage, and when the late Bishop Williams made his first visit to Wairoa she was baptized, and I believe married at the same time according to the rites of the Church of England. On the advent of the Europeans in the late fifties and the early sixties Mrs. Christy was foremost in meeting and receiving the whites, especially the women, being amongst them a frequent and a welcome visitor. Seldom indeed was it that she paid her visits empty-handed. On occasions she would bring with her a tastefully made "kete" or flax basket, eggs, fruit, fowls, rare fish preserved with great art, and the still rarer lampreys, a surfeit of which dish was so fatal to an English king. She died at Waihirere in 1909 at the reputed age of 103, and though blind for a number of years, she retained the rest of her faculties till the last. Her kindness to the Europeans was a household word, and her loyalty was unquestioned, for she gave a son to die for the Queen on the 25th December, 1865, at Marumaru. One of Nature's noblewomen is now crumbling into dust, but her deeds still live. The last of the race of Apatu, and the last link between the old Wairoa and the new, was snapped when Rawinia Apatu ceased to breathe her native air, and her spirit set out on its long journey to the Reinga.

In this district, even now, the younger generation of Maoris, who follow the cult of the football, or the scarlet jacket and cap, affect to deride the tapu; nevertheless they seldom fail to respect it when, say, a certain part of a river is rendered tapu by reason of a drowning accident or other fatality.

One phase of tapu is told in a story by Mr. Elsdon Best. "One Tokowaru, a warrior of parts," he says, "was taken captive by a party of enemies under the chief Te Putu one fine morn some 150 years ago. Knowing that his feet were already tread-

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ing the broad path of Tane to the spirit-world, he rushed at Te Putu, drew his 'tete,' a bone dagger, and stabbed him to the heart. As he did so he shouted: 'Tenei te huka a Tokowaru! Tena e rangona! Tena e rangona!' (Behold the last man slain by Tokowaru! It will be told all through the changing years!) As the rushing blood flowed from the dagger wound, Tokowaru caught it in his hand and smeared it over his body, knowing that the tapu of that blood would save him from the degradation of the oven. The next instant, Tokowaru, of the sons of Raukawa, lifted the old, old trail to the spirit-world. The killing of Te Putu was spoken of down the changing years," concludes Mr. Best, for, three months ago—six generations after—old Karaka Tarawhiti, a descendant of Tokowaru, sat on the bank of the Waikato River at Huntly, and told me the tale of old Tokowaru's blood-stained exit from the scene of his exploit to the spirit-world. Surely, indeed, was the law of tapu closely interwoven with the life of the ancient Maori.

A Tale of Tapu.

I have given some instances of the tapu proving irksome and dangerous to the health and peace of mind of the white man. Let me now give a case where it proved a benefit to him. When the present Waireka estate was first bought from the Government by the late M. R. Miller, he sent up as manager the late John Webb (brother of Mr. T. Webb, one-time stock inspector in Wairoa). He employed a number of the Urewera splitting posts, fencing, etc. These men, as usual, brought with them their women and children besides followers, who, although supplied by the station, practically haunted the cook-house belonging to the Europeans. However, the law of tapu was soon to put an end to the nuisance, and it came about in this way:—During Webb's explorations he discovered in a gully a large number of bleached skeletons lying on the surface of the ground—it was indeed a valley of dried bones, and probably had been an open-air burying ground, or mayhap the site of a battle in early times. Observing in the heap a fine-looking skull in a perfect state of preservation and bearing a splendid set of teeth, he decided to bring it home as a curio. Webb, being quite a new-chum as regards Maori customs, and knowing nothing of the law of tapu, one evening at the cook-house hung the skull up to the rafters with a blade of flax, intending to take it down to Wairoa first chance. This was a few minutes before the dinner hour, and the Urewera were gathered outside anticipating a good time when "kai" was announced. When they trooped in, the first thing that caught their eyes was the suspended skull, and with a yell worthy of a Chocktaw Indian they fled as precipitatedly as though a legion of

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"taipos"(12) or taniwhas was in pursuit. They never entered that cook-house again, greatly to the satisfaction of the manager. About October, 1909, when some Maoris were engaged cutting scrub for the late George Heslop on Te Kiwi, they came unexpectedly on a large Maori burying ground. One of the men fell suddenly through the undergrowth into a half-filled-in grave, but with a yell as of one possessed he was soon out again, and that night the drowsy god did not visit the scrub-cutters' camp, for had not taniwhas and all manner of evil spirits come to disturb their rest? In the spot mentioned were at least thirty graves, besides a larger one into which more than one body seems to have been placed. This apparently was the scene of the Kiwi fight, where the friendlies lopped the ears off the Hauhau dead.

There was a peculiar custom in vogue among the Nga-Puhi on the eve of a battle. When the taua was assembled the chief of each hapu took a lock of hair from the top of his head, and girt only in his "maro" he turned to what were designated the prayer-mountains of his district, Maunga Hirihiri, and repeating the prescribed karakia he cast a portion of the lock towards each mountain in turn where they buried the braves of past days. This was done so that the spirits of the heroes of other fighting days should arise and assist in the battle about to commence. The Maoris were not singular in this, for in times of great national stress do not our leaders invoke the names of such men as Nelson, Wellington and so forth, and in the Great War did not sundry folk hear Drake's Drum calling England to arms?

The latest example of the imposition of the tapu in this district was in 1924, on the occasion of a boating fatality at Whakaki, when three well-known Natives lost their lives, two of the bodies never being recovered. The elders of the Maoris met in solemn conclave, and so deep was the general grief that a tapu was laid on the lagoon waters, for from the bosom of the lake the boat started in which the men lost their lives. It also extended over the sea from Mahia to Aropaoanui—nearly forty miles of coast line—and it was decreed that for twelve months no tuna, carp, or other fish be taken from the lagoon or from the sea. Talk of the followers of Baal gashing themselves with knives for the sake of religion! This was nothing compared

(12). Writing with reference to the use of the word "taipo" by the Maoris, a correspondent to the Auckland "Herald" points out that it does not belong to the Maori language. The Rev. H. W. Williams, in his "Dictionary of the Maori Language," states that Maoris use it believing it to be English, and Europeans use it believing it to be Maori. The Rev. W. Colenso, one of the ablest of Maori scholars, suggested that the word is composed of two words, "tae" and "po." The first of the two words means "go," and the second means the place of departed spirits. This, apparently, was a missionary's joke, as the two words are not used in conjunction. Another suggestion is that the word should be "taiko," the name of the black petrel, which, as it flies overhead at night, certainly has a demoniacal character.

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with the self-abnegation of the Maoris, who by the edict deprived themselves of four-fifths of their food supply for a year as a sacrifice to the "manes" of their dead friends. But in a few months the pangs of hunger became more powerful than the tapu, and as it had been imposed by the ceremonial of the tohunga, or his modern representative, it was lifted by a ceremony at which another class of tohunga presided—an ordained Maori minister, still also called by the older Natives a tohunga. A memorial service was held, at which many feeling remarks were made about the dead men, then a beautiful wreath—an invention of the Pakeha—though the Maoris used the ceremonial circlet of leaves—was cast upon the "moana," and the tide bore it away, dancing upon the now peaceful waves which had swallowed up the men of the pa. Thus was the tapu lifted, and the tuna and the various fishes of the sea now again appear on the menu cards of the modern Maoris.

The Law of Muru.

The law of "muru," to which I have referred as not having survived the introduction of Pakeha law, signified the right of one man injured by another to plunder him of his goods as a penalty for his offence against his tribe or some member of it: the germ, it would seem to be, of our English law of damages. And in some respects the absurdities of our law are, even now, quite as great as those to be found in the Maori law of "muru" (or plunder), for the generality of defendants in our law courts emerge therefrom truly plundered in the most complete manner, and even the successful plaintiff pays more for his pound of flesh than it is worth; both parties are "cleaned out," whereas in the Maori law of plunder only one side is mulct in damages. Thus, owing to the fact that one chief plundered another in war, and "the common people" plundered each other under the law of muru, there was very little chance, in ancient times at all events, that any one tribe could become very rich, except, perhaps, in weapons of war, and he only could take these who had the power behind him in the shape of warriors. But the least excuse was sufficient to justify the setting out of a "taua muru." Supposing a man were to take his little boy out with him fishing, and the child was accidentally drowned, the wife's relations would most probably decide to plunder the unlucky father, who would probably be quickly stripped of everything but his loin-mat. The canoe which capsized and caused the death of the boy, or an axe which was the means of his death, would be especially liable to muru. The singular part of the whole affair is that, in many cases, to be deemed worthy of the honour of being "plundered" was quite self-satisfying to the Maori mind, and pleasing to his vanity; but if the event was passed over as a trifling affair,

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it was a sure sign that his fellow tribesmen thought him a person of no consequence. The enlightened Pakeha would, perhaps, call this institution robbery or theft. It was nothing of the kind. for theft, as Europeans know the term, was not so common among the ancient Maoris as some of the anti-Maori writers of the past would lead the world to believe; for though covetous eyes were often set upon some article for a long time, the Maori would wait patiently until he could establish a legal claim to seize the aforesaid article—in other words, to plunder under the law of muru was no more stealing than killing for conscience' sake was murder in the bad old days in Europe.

It is related that on one occasion Te Kooti, ignoring the tenth commandment, as recognized by the Pakeha, coveted a neighbour's wife, and got her away by means of a clever ruse. On a day arranged for between him and the false wife, Te Kooti rode up to the kainga with a dead "poaka" in a sack. Getting the wife to take the place of the dead pig, Te Kooti rode off in the darkness with his inamorata. A plundering raid under the law of muru followed, when the Te Kooti followers were stripped of their possessions. A counter raid followed and much damage resulted.

Law of Utu.

Somewhat akin to muru was the exaction of "utu," or payment for offences, real or imaginary(13), though utu was exacted more out of revenge, and the account might be in abeyance for years—there are instances of a man or woman waiting long years for a son to be born and grow up to demand utu at the hands of an enemy of his parents! The Maoris, with a keen sense of justice, recognized the right of the Pakeha to utu, and frequently a British victory was merely looked upon as payment for some former success of the Maoris. Thus, too, the capture and execution of Kereopa Te Rau was considered payment for the death of the Rev. Volkner at Opotiki. Utu might be evaded, resisted or deferred, but muru seldom was. Thus, if the Pakehas were defeated in battle by the Maoris, and later on defeated the latter in turn and killed a number, the fact was admitted to be just—payment had merely been exacted. Were a number of prisoners taken in battle, they were brought out to be butchered with the war-club, or shot in later times. Did they cringe, or whine for mercy? Not they. If a way of escape seemed open they seized it, and made off for safety; but if they found all avenues of escape closed they exhibited a magnificent indifference to death, witnessing the descent of the ponderous club or the levelling of the guns with a stoical calmness

(13). The Aieta of the Philippines had a somewhat similar custom, says Gironiere in "Twenty Years in the Philippines." On the death of a member of the tribe, they sally out to avenge him and slay the first living thing they encounter, as "payment," be it friend or foe, boar, buffalo, stag or human being.

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equal to any recorded in history. Indeed, they often commanded the respect even of their captors, by requesting to be killed with their own famed ancestral weapons. Instances of this bravery in the face of death are not at all rare, and I doubt very much if the European nations can produce many greater examples of bravery than that exhibited by Tikiwhenua, and Haramiti, the blind tohunga.

A Maori Hero.

For the benefit of the rising generation—European as well as Maori—I am tempted to insert here, though unconnected with the *Story of Old Wairoa,* the inimitable account given by Judge Maning in *Old New Zealand.* He tells that "when the Ngati-Kuri sailed on their last and fated expedition to the south, a huge taniwha—a kind of ancient 'Pelorus Jack'—attached to the famous warrior, Tikiwhenua, accompanied them, playing about continuously among the canoes, often coming close to the craft which bore Tikiwhenua, so that the warrior chief could reach over to pat him with the paddle, at which the taniwha seemed much pleased; and when the fleet came in sight of the island of Tuhua this taniwha, who was a chief of his tribe, called up the legions of the deep. The sea was blackened by an army of monsters, who, with uncouth and awful floundering and wallowing, performed before the chief and his companions a hideous 'tu ngarahu,' or dance, and then disappeared. The Ngati Kuri were elated, and accepting this as a presage of victory, landed on Tuhua, stormed the pa and massacred the defenders.

"But they had mistaken the meaning of the monster review of the taniwha. It was a leave-taking of this famous warrior, and not an omen to cheer him on to victory, for Ngati-Kuri were fated to die to a man on the next land they trod. One hundred and fifty men were they, the pick and prime of their tribe—all 'rangatira,' Maori aristocrats, all warriors of note. Few in numbers, but desperately resolute, they thought it little to defeat the 'thousands of the south' and take the women and children as the prey. Having feasted and rejoiced at Tuhua, they sailed for Motiti. This world was too small for them. They thought to make the name of Ngati-Kuri strike against the skies; but in the morning the sea is covered with war-canoes. The thousands of the south are upon them. Ngati-Awa, with many an allied band, mad with revenge, come on with a bold, determined front. Fight on now, Ngati-Kuri—not for victory; no, nor for life. Think now only of utu, for your time is come. That which you have dealt out to many you shall now receive. Fight! Fight! Your tribe shall be exterminated, but you must leave a name! Now came 'the tug-of-war' on bare Motiti.' From early morning till the sun had well declined that ruthless battle raged. Twice

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their own number had Ngati-Kuri slain; and then Tikiwhenua, still living, saw around him his dead and dying tribe—a handful of bleeding warriors still resisted—a last and a momentary struggle. He thought of the utu; it was great. He thought of the ruined remnant of the tribe at home, and then he remembered—oh, horrid thought—that ere next day's setting sun he and all the warriors of his tribe would be baked and eaten. Tiki, my friend, thou art in trouble. A cannon was close at hand—a nine-pound carronade—which they had brought in the canoes. Hurriedly he filled it half full of powder, seized a long firebrand, placed his breast to the muzzle, and fired it with his own hand. Tikiwhenua, good-night!" (14).

Captain Gilbert Mair, writing to me from historic Otatara, near Taradale, gives the date as 1832, and adds that the Ngatiwai were allies under Haramiti, the blind tohunga. Before they sailed for Motiti they killed about 100 persons on Ahu-ahu, Mercury Island, also a number at Tairua, and then attacked Ngai-tauwhao on the modern Mayor Island. The Natives, living in an almost inaccessible pa, rolled stones down through the ranks of the enemy, who drew off and sailed for Motiti. Here they were stopped by Ngati-Awa and Ngati-te-rangi, a thousand men or more under Te Waru, and exterminated. Tikiwhenua left by his own act for the Maori Spirit Land, and the rest of the East Coast people were spared from further massacres at his hands. I must not do an injustice to the memory of the blind Haramiti, the coadjutor of the fearless Tikiwhenua. While the unequal fight raged around him he continued to offer up his incantations for victory. Soon he was alone, and then—well, Ngai-te-rangi feared to shed the blood of a tohunga, for he was a high priest of great sacredness, doubly and trebly tapu. So—his enemies merely pummelled him to death with their hands(15).

Some Fine Distinctions.

But I must resume these notes on Maori customs. They drew a very clear distinction between mere "patua-tangata," or man-slaying, and the "kohuru"—the former being akin to the European sense of manslaughter, and the latter of murder. The former usually meant the exaction of heavy utu of some sort, possibly under the law of muru, but the latter was always avenged even to the bitter end, and was a sort of vendetta, closely pursued over a long period of years, perhaps until at last the murderers were exterminated root and branch. Any act of treachery, or the pursuit of any line of action that tended

(14). The Motiti expedition occurred in 1831, by which time guns were very common, and the brass carronade incident was quite a likely one.

(15). A similar fate befell one of the Hauhaus at Te Kiwi fight in the 'sixties, he having been pummelled to death by a powerful member of the Native contingent, though he was not by any means a Maori.

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to remove from the victim the sense of danger, would, if his life were taken, or even only attempted, be a kohuru. And such was the slaying of the Whataroa Mission. Vengeance demanded satisfaction at once, but prudence and caution prevailed, though to the more modern Maori mind it was still a kohuru, as also was the murder of Te Rataau, father of the loyal deceased chief Ihaka Whaanga. Neither of these murders was avenged, owing partly to fear and partly to the spread of Christianity. Mr. R. Gardiner informs me that on one occasion he was in an hotel on the Mahia peninsula when the slayer of Te Rataau (then a Church of England missionary) walked in. Mr. Gardiner asked Ihaka why he did not avenge his father's death, and he replied: "In old times I would have done so, but now I am a Christian I will pass it over."

Before leaving the question of the Maori's religion, let me say that I have not dealt with the modern aspect; that is touched on in a chapter dealing with Hauhau times.

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CHAPTER VIII—*(Continued)*

RELIGION AND CUSTOMS

MAORI MARRIAGE CUSTOMS—MAORI SOCIAL LIFE—FOODS OF THE MAORI—THE MAORI DRESS—THE DYEING PROCESS—THE MAORIS UNDER TORTURE—BURIAL CUSTOMS—MODES OF ADDRESS—TITLES TO LAND—MAORI IN SONG—THE TANGI—AS AN ORATOR—MAORI PLACE-NAMES.

Maori Marriage Customs.

The marriage customs of the ancient Maori people were very similar to those of most ancient European races—indeed, to those of the whole world, in point of fact. I have already referred briefly to their religious beliefs, which were not more ridiculous and fantastic than those of the ancient Egyptians, the Greeks and Romans, or any of the Asiatic races of to-day. To a certain extent marriage consisted in giving and taking, and frequently women proved of great value in helping to cement peace, of which a few instances will be found in this work(1). They were also used to facilitate alliances and extend the mana of the tribe. The wives and daughters of the chiefs occupied a comparatively safe and easy position, but all others were held of little account, if the many "whakatauki," or proverbial sayings, are any criterion. Marriage by capture chiefly prevailed in the early days, and girls were rarely consulted as to their inclinations or preferences, the Maori "lord of creation" having most of the say in such matters. If a chief wanted a wife, and saw or heard of a girl that would suit him, then he went and took her, peaceably if possible, but if not he fought for her; and many a taua set out from the pas of Te Wairoa in quest of a wife, or to recover possession of some dusky Helen who had been carried off beyond the ken of her lord and master. Generally speaking, however, the contest resolved itself into a trial of strength between the friends of the would-be bridegroom and the wished-for bride. If the latter liked the man who had chosen her, the contest was little more than a farce, or an exhibition of by-play, and the woman was borne off in triumph—after an easy victory—to the home of her future husband. Sometimes, however, especially

(1). It was a common custom among the Polynesians to send out women in front of a war-party to treat for peace. The probable reason was that a man of the advancing war-party would not trust himself unarmed amidst the enemy, and while armed he had no hope of prosecuting his peaceful mission.

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when the dusky damsel had already made her choice elsewhere, she, with the aid of her friends, resisted capture, and some desperate "battles" without weapons were waged. Cases are on record where the subject of the contest was sadly mauled and almost torn to pieces by the contending parties. These contests were very often prearranged, and preceded by a feast to both parties, who seemed to take the greatest delight in attending a "taua tango wahine," or the forcible abduction of a woman. The victorious party was seldom molested, unless someone should happen to have been killed in the melee, in which case a feud might arise which would last for years unless satisfied under the law of muru.

Although considerable latitude was allowed to the young people, and the practice of all sleeping in one house did not contribute to morality, the wives as a rule were fairly faithful to their domineering lords and masters. Of course, as among the European community, breaches of the moral law did occur among the Maoris also, but they seldom went unpunished, for the "taua muru" usually visited the co-respondent and stripped him of his possessions as completely as was Job of scriptural times.

Maori Social Life.

The social life of the ancient Maori was extremely simple in its nature, for communism, though the curse of the present-day Maori, was then his salvation. All free men had equal rights, as far as property and maintenance went, and no injury could be done to one man that the whole tribe was not ready to take up and avenge, no matter how humble the man might be—hence the state of petty war in which the ancient Maoris continually lived. It was, in fact, a common custom among the Maoris to take up insults or injuries, and avenge them, even when offered to the poorest and meanest man of the tribe. But still the chiefs of the tribe or hapu had unlimited power of life and death, and were both feared and respected in consequence. It sometimes happened that a chief had been ill-used by one of his own tribe. In such a case he could, without incurring censure, do some act which would bring all the troubles of war on his own people, so that in the fighting which must inevitably follow his mana should be restored.

The authority of the chiefs was unquestioned and fully recognized, though not slavishly so, and though the toas by prowess in war might be regarded as very great men, much as we look on Wellington, Earl Roberts or Lord Kitchener, yet a chief was always a chief, and the law of tapu, already referred to, hedged him about with a species of divinity that is said to attach itself to kings. The land, as a producer of sustenance for the Maori, was considered fairly poor, until the Pakeha

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unearthed its hidden treasures, and the Maoris, therefore, did not grow rich (until these later days), because the demands of war and entertainment, as well as the law of muru, acted like the graduated land-tax and the death duties of to-day. The pas—which are more fully described elsewhere—were mostly situated on almost inaccessible hill-tops, and, as I have stood upon them, I tried to realize the labour it must have entailed—not to build these stockades, but to travel up and down to them when built. Very little of the timber used would be obtained on the hill-top, and most of it would have to be dragged up from the gullies after having been cut down by means of the rude stone axe. Food, and water in most cases, had to be brought up as well, and long distances had to be travelled to the cultivations. The women rose first in the morning, generally before the sun, and when times were good prepared a very substantial meal of kumara, fish, or birds, the latter preserved in fat, and called "huahua," not to mention an occasional dish of "kai tangata," or man-meat(2). The men and lads employed themselves the rest of the day—if not engaged in war—in snaring birds, building whares or repairing the palisades, making various weapons, and carving slabs for the "whare-whaka-iro." At the sea coast, fishing was undertaken by the men, whilst in both cases the women attended to the cultivations, the "haangis" or cooking places, and the weaving of mats and plaiting of baskets; and some very beautiful work is still done in the Urewera Country. The work of cultivating was one of great danger, owing to the sudden raids of enemies. The men usually led the way to the plantations fully armed, the women following close behind, and at night time the women marched first and the armed men brought up the rear, and thus were the day's toilers protected by many karakias and incantations, especially if the planting of the kumara was in progress, Maui being frequently invoked. The evening meal disposed of, the young people amused themselves at top-spinning or swinging on the "kaitarere"(3), and sometimes engaged in mimic battles. The elders meanwhile might be engaged in recounting the deeds of their ancestors, telling off the genealogies, or totalling up the gossip of the day, for the Maori

(2). A not very old Wairoa Land Court record reads: "Te Ao was killed by Kawiti and Toretore at Kai-ruru (Ohuia), not on account of the land, but on account of the scarcity of food!" And of these two man-killers a witness in the same Court declared: "Kawiti and Toretore were the most important chiefs of the whole district; as the proverb said, they were 'the mainstay of the whole people, and the bosom of Kawiti was their refuge.'" So it was, literally as well as figuratively.

(3). The "Moari" or Giant's Stride, as may sometimes be seen on New Zealand school playing-grounds, was one of the forms of sport in ancient Maoriland. It comprised a strong pliable tree, generally a kahikatea, and had a number of flax ropes suspended from the top; it was usually erected on a small conical hillock, and here the Maori lads and lasses amused themselves. One such was used in early days by the Upper Wairoa Maoris, on the edge of a creek, and part of the fun was to drop off into the water as the players swung round. Elsewhere called Te Morere.

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women, as well as their European sisters, loved to gossip, and scandal was as a sweet morsel under the tongue. And so night and day succeeded each other, varied only by the occurrence of war, the appearance or despatch of a taua muru, a contest for a wife, and the advent of the planting season or the harvest.

Foods of the Maori.

I cannot see how the home life of the Maori can be completely described without telling of the food he ate, how he secured it, and how he cooked it. For many generations the Maoris lived on birds, fish, the native dog and rat. The vegetable portion of their diet comprised fern root, kumara, taro, convolvulus roots, and the numerous berries of the forest, including kahika, matai, and karaka. The most notable place in the Wairoa district for birds —though they were plentiful all over the district—was at Waka-punake, nearly on the boundary between the present-day counties of Cook and Wairoa. "Waka" means a canoe and "punake" the bow, also the hurdles which were laid across them when birds were being preserved(4). These were cleaned, plucked and laid on the hurdles, and fires were lighted on either side of the canoes, when the heat partly cooked the birds. The fat, which ran into the canoe, was then poured over the birds in a "taha" (calabash) or flax basket; in this way they would keep for years. The custom is a very ancient one and is continued to the present day. The other great hunting place for birds was Waikaremoana and Tuhoe Land generally, where once the mutton-bird ("titi"), the pigeon ("kereru"), the "koko" (tui), and "kaka" were very plentiful. At Waikaremoana, between the hill Raekahu and Panekiri, there is a steep cliff facing the lake, which, states Elsdon Best, "was a famous 'ahi-titi' in former days—that is, a place where the titi or mutton-bird was taken at night. This was done by means of a net, which was set up on the edge of the cliff, the net being braced or supported against poles which were set up in the ground, and tied together in the form of a triangle. The upper rope of the net was called 'tama-tane' (the son), and the lower one 'tama-wahine' (the daughter), whilst the point where the poles crossed was designated 'tama-tauira.' A fire was kindled on the extreme edge of the cliff in front of the net. Behind the fire the titi-hunters seated themselves, each with a short stick in his hand for the purpose of despatching the witless birds. Two men remained standing, their task being the killing of such birds as flew against the tama-tauira. Attracted by the fire, the titi flew against the net, where they were killed by a blow from the bird-hunter's stick. Should the first bird chance to fly against the tama-tane or tama-tauira, it was deemed an omen of ill-luck—the hunters would be 'puhore,' or unsuccessful. Should

(4). Waka, as a noun, also meant in New Zealand "the medium of a god" as well as a canoe.

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the bird, however, strike the net at or near the tama wahine—that is, near the ground—then the titi-hunters looked for a good bag. A foggy night was selected for this important function(5), and thus great numbers of birds were taken in the old pre-Pakeha days." Now the mutton-bird is gone from Waikaremoana, driven out by the Pakeha rat, which also killed out the "kiore Maori"; and not only have the birds been driven inland by the destruction of the bush which furnished their food, but nearly every species has been sadly lessened by the enormous number of eggs and young birds which crash to the ground every year when the axe of the bush-faller is laid to the root of the trees of the forest. But before the ancient Maori could enjoy a good meal he had to be in a position to secure it by one or other of the many arts or devices of the hunter. This did not enlist tyros, but intrepid, patient men, well versed in all the rules of fowling. Professor Drummond declares his belief, and not without reason, that the art of fowling has been lost to the Maori. But he says: "It was lost here during the past few years, not during the past few centuries. The motives that prompted primitive man to take birds prompted the Maori. He wanted the birds' bodies for food and their feathers for use and ornament. There are few countries in which birds received more attention than the Maoris gave them in New Zealand. This is accounted for by the fact that in an almost mammalless land, birds were one of the principal articles of food. Birds and fishes, indeed, were the only flesh foods the Maoris possessed, except the little Maori rat, the Maori dog, an occasional seal, a stranded whale, molluscs, and a few lizards, and also the tuatara reptile, which was eaten by members of some of the tribes. Another obvious exception, of course, is human flesh, but that was not an item in regular diet, and can hardly be included in the list. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the Maori was a very skilful fowler. To him the art was much more than a mere pastime. When he roamed the dark forests, making friendly visits to other tribesmen, or pursuing enemies or being pursued by them, birds often afforded him the only food he could obtain for days. Without them he would have faced hardships and starvation. With these incentives he did not lose opportunities for becoming acquainted with the birds' habits and discovering the best ways of outwitting them and of bringing them into his hands. Fowling was an important part of his training when he was a lad, and one of his vocations when he grew up. It was an equipment for the struggle of life. Efficiency in it made him a man of mark and gained him a fame that did not die with him. The art of war itself, perhaps, was not hedged

(5). The explanation of the superstition is that in foggy weather the birds flew low, and so they dashed against the lower part of the net.

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round with more ceremonial rites and conditions. From the time a fowler began to make his snares and spears until he returned to the village with the result of his day's toil he had to observe the stern and bewildering laws of tapu, which confronted him at every turn."

Mr. Elsdon Best, who has lifted the veil from many quaint customs and ideas that contemptuous civilization has driven into the nooks of memory, has described the "whare mata." It was the house set aside in every important village for the manufacture of snares, traps, and other devices for taking birds. The house and all who worked in it were subject to the strictest tapu, which was not removed until the first-fruit rites were performed. Most of these observances were regarded as a means of preserving from contamination the mysterious "mauri" or "hau" of the forests. It is difficult to express in English exactly what the Maoris meant by these terms. They were applicable to all things, including the heavens and the earth, the sun, moon and stars, the seasons and the winds, gardens, crops, animals, homes and men. They represented not altogether the soul, but the essence of things. Mr. J. Cowan describes the mauri of the forests as "the intangible quality that makes the forests fruitful as sources of food supply," and Mr. Best says that if the mauri and the hau were not protected the forests would lose their vitality and productiveness, and would no longer yield their flocks of birds. The mauri or hau was sometimes represented by a tangible thing. Usually the token was a stone, but sometimes it was the wing of a kaka or a strip of the leaf of a cabbage-tree. Sometimes, also, it was a hollow stone, which contained a lock of hair or other article. When fowlers went into the forest at the beginning of the season to see if the birds were plentiful and in good condition, a few were caught, and the first was thrown away. It was for the mauri. When the fowlers returned to their homes, and the cooking of the birds for preserving was begun, some were set aside and cooked in a sacred fire. They were for the hau. The tokens of the mauri and the hau were concealed in the depths of the forest by the tohungas, and were also protected by rites and incantations. If an enemy discovered a token he would obtain control of the mauri or hau and interfere with the productiveness of the forests, and consequently with one of the principal food supplies. There is a peculiar rock formation at Mahia, at the head of a channel running inland from the beach. According to the Maori story, every whale visiting the bay in the early days had to come into this channel as far as the rock, attracted there by the unseen influence of the mauri of the whales; when once there the whale could not come out again because he was unable to turn. Over 25 years ago this channel

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silted up, and as the mauri of the whales ceased to exercise a drawing influence on the cetaceans they ceased to visit the bight.

Sometimes a species of lizard, regarded with superstition, was placed in position to guard the token. The fact that the white man, with his practical ideas, has not altogether destroyed the mana of the mauri and the hau is shown by a short passage in Mr. Cowan's *The Maoris of New Zealand,* published in 1910. It is stated there that opposite the Ongarue railway station, on the North Island main trunk line, there is a piece of woodland that has been famous from remote ages as a place for snaring and spearing tuis. At the proper season tuis still gather there in large numbers, and circle around with many cries. The forest consists of trees that are not the tui's favourite feeding trees. The birds, therefore, are not attracted by food supplies. The explanation offered is that they are drawn by a mauri, hidden in past ages by a tohunga who possessed exceptionally strong influence.

The Maoris' methods of snaring birds were effective. As far as ingenuity is concerned they compare very favourably with the methods of other barbarous people. Success demanded a close acquaintance with the birds' habits and peculiarities. This made the Maori a fairly deep student of Nature. When observation and knowledge failed him, he ingeniously invented theories which were quite satisfactory to him. He believed, for instance, that the two migratory cuckoos, which spend the spring and summer in this country, buried themselves in the mud or earth in the autumn, remained dormant during the winter, and came out from the ground again in the spring. Stupendous labour was spent upon the snares, which, consequently, had a very high value. This is shown by the manner of making the spear, the simplest weapon used against the birds, and one of many devices. It was between 30 feet and 40 feet long, and was always made from the tawa tree, which, when seasoned, is light. When it was decided that a new spear should be made, a tall, straight tawa tree was selected in the forest. The felling alone in the Stone Age, even with the help of fire, was a great work. The top and the branches were lopped off; the trunk was dragged into the open and was split by wedges into two equal halves; the better half was split again, and the best quarter of the tree, obtained in that way, was used for the spear. A raised bed of clay was prepared, and the surface was beaten smooth and regular. On that bed the wood was adzed until it was of the shape and thickness required. The operation was completed by scraping the spear with a piece of broken shell or a piece of obsidian. If the weapon was manufactured in two years it was felt that very good progress had been made. If tapu laws were

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observed and the god of the forests was propitiated in order that he might send his feathered children to be killed, the fowler had nothing in the world to vex him. Sitting straddled on the branch of a tree, spear in hand, he was as happy as a child at play all day long, provided no enemy was nigh. The Tuhoe mountaineers, cut off from the sea as they were by hereditary enemies in possession of the coastal regions, were frequently reduced to very short commons, necessitating considerable tightening of the hunger-belts; but despite the handicap of seclusion and isolation, and the rigours of the climate, the children grew up to men's and women's estate, fought and loved and died in the bush-clad wilds they loved so well. The food of the people of Tuhoe Land, for instance, might with truth be considered quite apart from that of the lowlanders, so different was it and so much harder to secure. It comprised both animal and vegetable products (for the dietary of Toi Kairakau, "the eater of forest food," had long been departed from), including birds, rats and native dogs, eels and other small varieties of fish highly esteemed by the mountaineers. The only vegetable they grew regularly was a small blue potato called "papaka," which looked as though it were but a slight remove from the first tubers brought to Europe from America. For a kinaki or relish to their food they made a kind of pickle or sauce treated with bush honey, the vegetable used being first allowed to ferment. But it was in the capture of birds that these hardy mountain tribes excelled—the lowlanders having long lost the art, if they ever had it to the degree that prevailed in Tuhoe Land. They procured small dugout canoes about six feet long, called "waka kereru," for the trapping of pigeons, one of which was found not long ago in the Ruakituri district carefully strapped by an "aka" vine to a huge tree. Holes were bored along the upper edges of the canoes, and in these were inserted rods to act as roosts; over these rods, and about six inches higher, there was another set of rods, from which were suspended beautifully arranged loops or nooses made from the fibre of the "kiekie" tree; these loops overhung each other very ingeniously, yet each was an independent trap. Finally, the canoe was filled with water, and the hunter waited with great patience for the harvest. The bird, satiated with the "miro" berries on which he had been feeding, visited the trough to drink; stooping to reach the water, he put his head into a loop; having satisfied his thirst the bird lifted his head, thus bringing the noose into a position on his neck; then he turned sideways preparatory to flight, an act which drew the loop tight round the bird's neck; a flutter or two and he fell suspended. Catching the kaka, or parrot, was also a great art, and involved the use of a decoy bird, usually enchained by a flax thong attached to a ring on the tame parrot's

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leg. One of the greatest bird-hunters of the Waikaremoana area was an old man named Noa—and a past master in the art he was. He gave to my informant, a European who lived for some years on the borders of the Urewera Country, a trained parrot which behaved in an almost treacherously human manner. When placed on the ground under trees likely to be frequented by his fellows, he would strut about, cocking his eye right or left upwards to discover if his calls were being noted; then he would break off with a loud snap dead branches with his beak, and make such a fuss generally that many of his species soon came within reach of the spear, or, in later times, of the gun. It was generally before dawn that the decoy kakas were placed under the trees upon which the "puamanu" or snares were set. These, to all appearances, were dead branches, but upon them were loops operated by a string from the ground (where the bird-hunter lay hidden). The cries of the tame parrot in the centre of the line of snares soon brought the wild ones down to settle on the puamanu; a sharp pull from below, and the birds were promptly ensnared by the feet in the loops. The more they screeched as they dangled from the branch the more parrots came to enquire into the fuss, and the greater the hunter's reward. When all the snares set were used up it was only the work of a few moments to crush the heads of the prey between the teeth, throw them to the ground and reset the traps. The rat traps also were very ingenious; some consisted of nooses hanging from supplejacks ("karao"), and when duly sprung the "kiore" was heaved off his feet, a strangled animal. Others were simply impaled in various ways, and many rats and birds were secured by expert spear-throwers, the weapon being as already described in this chapter, and carried through the bush in trail.

High up in the whinau trees the pigeons became very fat and lazy, and descending to the lower branches out of the heat they dozed there, while below the hunter was concealed. Cautiously he peered up, advancing the spear gradually till it got within the required distance from the bird (and to judge this distance was an art). Then a sudden plunge, and down came the bird on the point of the spear, the operation being repeated again and again till larder requirements were satisfied. At one period of the bird-hunting season the pigeons were known to visit the kowhai trees for the avowed purpose, so it is alleged, of reducing their fat before the opening of the laying season. The kaumatuas knew when the birds would visit the kowhai trees, and before they did so the bird-hunters prepared a number of snares and placed them in the trees in such a manner that they could control them from an ambush in the tree itself. The snares were set on a branch suitable for roosting purposes, and

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called a "pae." One decoy was placed in the centre, and many birds were got in this way. Needless to say (bearing in mind the idea of the birds reducing their fat) that the hunters were soon on the spot after the arrival of the birds on the kowhai. There was, of course, in all the bird-hunting a rahui or close season, also an open season, as we have it, but associated with many curious rites and ceremonies. Old Noa is gone to the Reinga of his ancestors; and it would seem that he has taken his art with him, for it is doubtful if more than a few know now anything about the bird-snaring methods of olden days. There was another method of snaring birds, but it only involved the taking of one bird at a time. The hunter set up a slender manuka rod in the ground, leaning in one way at an angle of 45 degrees. Close to it he placed the kaka decoy; then leaning against the first rod another, one end of which led to a "miamia" or "wharau" where the hunter was concealed. When the decoy called, the wild bird rested on the sloping rod; then down came the rod in the hand of the hunter on the neck of the unlucky kaka. Such are only a few instances of Maori craft in the snaring of birds.

Maunga-haruru (the rumbling mountain), lying to the south of Waikaremoana and facing the Taupo plateau, was in early times famous for the number and quality of its pigeons, as was Tangitu, on the coast, for its fish. Thus the old proverbial saying of the Maoris: "Maunga-haruru on shore; Tangitu at sea. When Tangitu ceases producing food, then Maunga-haruru supplies; when Maunga-haruru ceases, then Tangitu supplies." Thus the people of the district were well supplied with food at all seasons. The law of the pa was that a man who did not work must not expect to eat—and this although the ancient Maori was kindness itself to the "hard-up" stranger. There was undoubtedly no room in the Maori social system for the loafer. In the spring-time, when the grey warbler, the "horirerire" of the Maoris, began to whistle in the low bushes, all started to plant food, and the lazy man had these words addressed to him when he sought something to eat: "Where were you at the planting of the food when the horirerire was whistling here?"

The Maori Dress.

I have endeavoured to show the reader what food the ancient Maoris ate, and now I shall try and tell what they wore. It is, perhaps, needless to say that in very ancient times the clothing of the Maori was not dependent in any way on the quality or price of wool, for two most excellent reasons: the Maoris, in the first place, never wore woollen garments; and in the second place, there was not a fibre of wool in all Aotea-roa from which woollen garments could be made. This point need not therefore be laboured any more.

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What, then, did the Maoris wear? How did they manufacture their clothing, and what materials did they use? I venture to say that the ceremonies and superstitions connected with the art of weaving were not one whit more weird and peculiar than those attaching to the spinning-jenny and the loom in early European times. For in learning the art of manufacturing clothing the Maoris invariably called in a great deal of ritual and ceremony. Mr. Elsdon Best, speaking of Tuhoe Land in particular, shows that "the art of weaving was taught in what was called the 'whare pora,' the technical school of the Maori. When a woman desired to learn the art she had to obtain the services of one who was acquainted with all the rites pertaining to the art. This was chiefly women's work, but many men were very proficient in the art of weaving, especially in the working of ornamental figures of a geometric type in the fabric, which was carried to the point of fine art in the various Hawaiikis of the ancient Maoris. They used no loom, and nothing in the least like it, except two or sometimes four rods inserted perpendicularly in the earth. The weaver then sat on the ground, and immediately before her are the two upright rods. Near-by is piled the raw material—flax fibres, toi, kiekie, and ribbonwood (houiwi). No fashion-plates or cut-out patterns has she to work from. The ranges of style and varieties of garments are both limited. First, a cape or cloak placed on the shoulders and fastened with strings or bone pins; second, a kilt or apron fastened round the waist. The former was generally of medium length, rather coarse, and intended to be used for keeping out the rain or cold, but not used when working or travelling. The waist-cloths were of two kinds—one wrapped round the loins and reaching to the knees; the other more like an apron, square or triangular, which hung loosely from the waist. Two of such aprons were often worn by girls and women, one in front and one behind, whilst belts, 'tatua,' were used by both sexes. None of the garments were made to fit the body or the limbs, but were worn loose, and were nearly always square or oblong. Hats or bonnets they affected not, though on ceremonial occasions, or at a 'tangihanga,' a species of fillet was worn, generally made of green stuff(6). The feet were sometimes protected by rude sandals when travelling through snowy regions or over rocks and boulder-strewn beaches." The European woman who traverses our streets

(6). The warriors wore such fillets on returning from battle.

Among the Polynesians there was one article of dress called the "tiputa," about five feet long and thirty inches wide. A circular hole was cut in the centre and bound very tastefully. The head was passed through the hole and the ends hung down the back and chest. The edges were neatly fringed, and the women were as proud of their "tiputa" as "my lady" in London is of her tippet. By the way, the editor of the "Polynesian Journal" asks: "Was 'tiputa' derived from the English word 'tippet'? May it not rather be a word that came from the ancient home of the Aryan Maori, one branch of which migrated into Europe?"

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attired in the choicest delaines or taffetas has no idea, or very little, of the wonderful amount of labour expended before she can don such a costume. But I think by the time my readers have learned how the Maori belle made her clothing they will be equally surprised at the ingenuity, patience and skill displayed by the Maori weaver. Mr. Elsdon Best, from whom I now quote in full, says:—"The weaver, taking a small twisted thread or string of fibre, ties it to the two rods horizontally and stretches it taut. To this line are attached one end of the warp threads, termed 'io.' Each of these is composed of a few fibres loosely twisted by a rolling process performed on the bare leg of the weaver. These threads hang loosely down, and are lengthened as the work proceeds. The cross-threads or woof-threads, termed 'aho,' are woven in from left to right. Each woof-thread is composed of four small rolled threads, which are kept separate. Two of these are passed on each side of the pendant warp-threads, over and under each io, until the desired width for the fabric is attained. This process can scarcely be termed weaving, but plaiting; but the reader will admit it needed a great deal of patience, and no little skill. If the woof-threads are not spaced too wide, the effect is neat and pleasing when soft fibre is used in the warp. The pupil is seated before the two upright rods, the first thread is stretched and the warp-threads are attached thereto. A pattern piece of weaving is placed before the weaver, who takes in her hand some prepared woof-threads, and is ready to commence. Ere she begins her task the teacher repeats a charm or invocation, which is believed to have the effect of driving the lesson home—(here is a hint for our school-masters of to-day)—and causing the pupil to grasp the art of weaving intricate patterns in a single lesson! Four different charms are repeated by the teacher, or wise man, at different stages of the lesson. As the reciting of the first one ends, the pupil leans forward and bites the upper part of the rod at her right hand, which has some special tapu pertaining to it, as it represents the tutelary deity of weaving and carving. The pupil then weaves the first woof-thread across the frame, and so comes under the priestly influence by means of the invocations—she has entered the 'whare-pora,' or house of weaving. After the lesson is over, the officiating tohunga takes the tapu off the pupil and off the ceremony of initiation. While engaged in the above ceremonies the pupil would not be allowed to partake of food, nor to communicate with her friends. Not until the tapu is lifted from the proceedings and the performers can she do so. In making the finer kinds of 'korowai' or garments, the fibre used for the warp-threads is beaten with a stone mallet ('patu patu whitau') in order to soften it, but the woof-threads are not so treated. Such garments are made to fit the shoulders by

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means of short woof-threads inserted in the middle as a gusset, but which do not extend to the edges of the garment. These short threads are termed 'tihoi.' The fine ornamented cloaks, capes and kilts or aprons—to use the European terms—made of fine flax fibre, are termed 'kakahu,' which is a generic term for such, but each has its distinct name. They are sometimes a plain white, with white thrums; others have ornamental borders of white, black and brownish-red; some have black thrums; while others are left plain, save for the coloured borders. The common rough capes of coarse flax fibre are known as 'mai' or 'pora.' Some of these have the outside closely covered with short strips of undressed flax-leaf, about half an inch in width, which makes the garment impervious to wet—the weaver is, in fact, completely thatched." Rough capes of the kiekie, a climbing plant, are termed "pake," and one of each was exhibited at the last county show at Frasertown, Wairoa. "The coloured borders were, as a rule, woven on to the edges of the garment after the latter was otherwise completed. In weaving or plaiting these ornamental borders, about ten threads are manipulated by the weaver. Eight of these are single, loosely twisted threads, called 'miro,' while two are double threads, called 'karure,' formed by twisting two single threads together. Another class of cloak consisted of a plainly woven fabric, which was then covered on the outside with feathers or skins, and named according to the variety used, as 'kahu-kiwi,' the feathers of the wingless bird; 'kahu-toroa,' albatross, and so on. Some of the feather cloaks were very handsome and valuable, as much as £10 being asked for some specimens, not even being heirlooms. The labour involved in making these feather garments was very great, each feather being secured separately to the body of the garment, and for this purpose the feathers of the pigeon, the tui and the kaka were largely used. Some of the garments were covered with complete skins of the kakapo, or night parrot, care being taken not to disarrange the feathers. Others were covered with the skins, or strips of the skins, or tails of the old native dog(7), now extinct. This was a much-prized dress among the chiefs, and very valuable. In making the feather cloaks, each feather is secured to the 'kaupapa,' or body of the garment, by means of the woof-threads, and as the work proceeds, the lower end of each feather being bent and so fastened. The process, it is perhaps needless to say, is a very tedious and lengthy one, and could only be executed by a people who had very great skill and patience, coupled with very little idea of the value of time.

(7). "The old Maori dogs, never more to be seen by mortal eyes. (They have all perished, but their hides are on the war cloaks.) They were the true uncrossed descendants of the old cattle-dogs which guarded the herds of Arya on the Asiatic plains. Peace to their bones! They had a long and noble pedigree." —Tregear.

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Patterns of diverse geometric forms, or tribal names, or watch-words, are often worked in by means of feathers of different colours. Coarse mats of a very thick, closely woven texture were used as a protection against spear-thrusts. They were soaked in water, in order to cause the fibre to swell, before being donned for the fray. The flax fibre was obtained by means of a tedious scraping or stripping process, the implement used in ancient times being a shell, generally that of a mussel.

"The leaves of the kiekie were subjected to a retting process, while the fibre leaves of the toi were beaten with a club in order that the fibre might be freed from the 'para,' or refuse matter. It then appears as a coarse, durable fibre, resembling cocoanut fibre in appearance. Some of the kilts or aprons worn by women of rank were carefully made from the finest flax fibre, and ornamented in various ways. Some had borders of coloured patterns, and the central part covered with thrums, usually dyed black. Others, again, had the tails of dogs fastened to them, the bodies having long before gone into the haangi, or Maori oven. The hair of these dogs was long, unusually white, and was much prized by the Neolithic Maori. Yet others, worn by girls, were made of such materials as the epidermis of the 'kutakuta,' a water plant, which becomes of a yellow colour when dried. The Maori belle, like her European sister, would not be completely dressed without a belt; neither, indeed, would the warrior be. The generic term for belts is 'tatua.' They were usually made by plaiting strips of unscutched flax-leaf into a band about six or seven inches in width. This band was then folded in, and the edges thereof fastened with twisted fibre. Such hollow belts were used for carrying any small articles. Women's belts were often composed of many plaited strands, fastened together merely at the ends. They were termed 'tu,' and were made of fibres dyed in black and reddish brown, or of fragrant or bright-coloured culms of certain grasses." Many of the plaited band-belts were ornamented by means of simple patterns in black and white. The bright-coloured leaves of the "pingao"—a sea-coast plant, a considerable quantity of which grows near the Mahia beach—and white strips of kiekie leaves, were used in belt-making. "Plaited anklets were sometimes worn, as also feather ear and nose ornaments, and neck pendants, of polished stone or of feathers. Scented satchets were worn by high-born women, also fillets. Thus was the Maori belle adorned."

So much, then, for the manufacture of the costumes of the Maoris of the past. The art of weaving is fast dying out, and very little is now carried on by the coast Natives, and what there is done partakes so much of European materials and dyes that

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it cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called Maori art. The Native exhibit at a Gisborne function some years ago was a most magnificent one and very comprehensive. It was arranged for by Mrs. (now Lady) Carroll, Mrs. Halbert, Te Kani Pere, Te Make, Otene Pitau, Henare Ruru, and E. D. Hooper. There was a magnificent assortment of mats, including pake, kokako, kakahu, kiwis, and other choice varieties, whilst the display of kits manufactured from cabbage-tree to kiwi feather was excellent. Mrs. Carroll exhibited a beautiful greenstone "meremere," and also a "patu pounamu" and a "patu kapia." Te Kani Pere had a splendid collection of articles on view, many of them, apart from their intrinsic value, bearing an important historical interest. Included were four patu pounamus, two of which belonged to the rebel chiefs Te Kooti and Parekura, and the other two to ancestors, Taupara and Ihu. Then there was a taiaha named Tawehitu, 350 years old, which was used in the tribal wars, and a whalebone walking-stick, excellently carved, two blocks of greenstone, sharks' and mako sharks' teeth, and numbers of greenstone tikis and pendants. Huia and amokura feathers completed a most attractive exhibition. The remainder of the Native exhibit was made up of similar articles, and there were also specimens of flax and cabbage-tree fibre specially prepared according to the best Maori art. There were others of great interest, the "mahiti" mats, for instance, ornamented with tufts of hair from the original Maori dogs, and calculated to be 100 years old. Interesting, too, were the rare samples of Native waterproofs. The curios comprised many heirlooms now richly prized. There were several ancient patu paraoas used in the tribal warfares of the past, some a century old. Of most interest, perhaps, was the ancestral meremere "Mokai o Hungia," named from Mrs. Carroll's ancestor, who can be traced back 1,000 years. Otene Pitau showed a carved instrument, the property of a chief. It was declared to be 400 years old.

In Tuhoe Land still, much beautiful work is done, and anything in that section that was worth examining at our various shows has come from that historic region.

The Dyeing Process.

But perhaps I have been digressing somewhat and I must now proceed to show how the Maoris manufactured their dyes and colours in ancient times. They used, in general, two dyes, one black and the other reddish-brown. The black dye is still very largely used in the Urewera Country in making ketes or baskets, belts and floor-mats. The red dye is now seldom used, the many-tinted European dyes quite ousting the native manufacture. To dye fibre black it was put through two processes. First, it was soaked in water in which certain dye barks, chiefly the hinau,

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The "Hongi," or Maori Salutation

Typical Wairoa Half-caste

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[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

Maori Art—Mr. H. Hill's Collection

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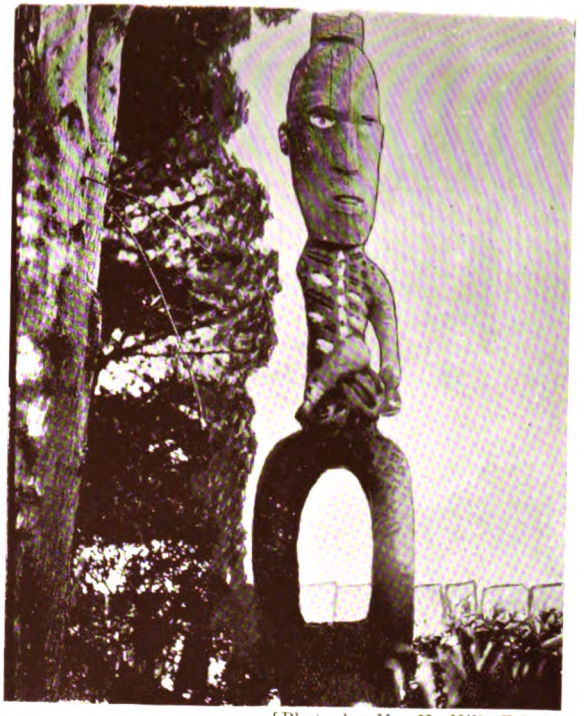
[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

Maori Carved Figure—Whakaki



[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

Maori Carved Figure—Nuhaka

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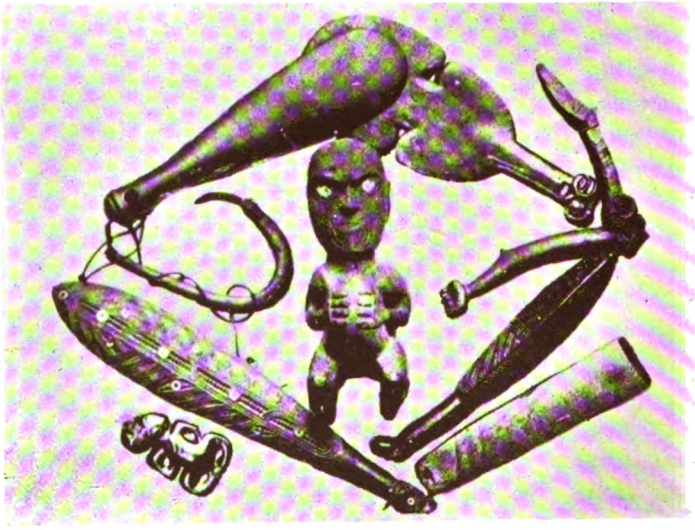
Captain Porter at Blockhouse with Group of Friendlies



[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

Maori Art

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tawai and tawhero had been steeped. The bark was then crushed with a hard mallet and placed in a wooden trough, the layers of bark and fibre alternating. The whole was then covered with water, and in a day or two, when the fibre was taken out it partook of a brownish hue, and was sticky from the exuding gum. There is a certain kind of black mud used called "uku," found in swampy kahikatea forests. In this mud there is a kind of red ferruginous mixture, and in this the fibre is buried for about a day and a half, when it is found to be quite black, the dye being firmly fixed. The red-brown dye is obtained from the "toatoa" or "tanekaha" bark, crushed, and then boiled by means of red-hot stones placed in the water, which soon became a reddish-brown colour. The fibre which is to be dyed is then rolled in a bed of white wood ash, which at once sets the dye and prevents it from fading. The fibre was then boiled a second time, and when dry was fit for use.

That the matter of dress was of some moment to the Maori, even to those fashioned in the sterner mould, the following incident will indicate:—"It was in the days of Tama-te-Rangi(8), fifth from Rongo-kako, a most illustrious ancestor, that Ngati-Kahungunu wrested the Wairoa lands from Ngai-Tauira, their final expulsion being decided at the battle of Taupara, near Frasertown," so runs one account of the transference of certain lands from Tauira to Ngati-Kahungunu; and though, perhaps, not a strictly accurate aspect, it serves to introduce a prominent figure and a characteristic incident of the early days. The following genealogy shows the descent of the chief from Rongo-kako to the present day:—

Rongokako
|
Tamatea nui
|
Kahungunu
|
Kahukura
|
Hinemanuhiri
|
Tamaterangi

Tama-te-rangi(9) was a noted "toa" or war chief of Te Wairoa in the early days, and a sadly diminished tribe up the Waiau still remains to keep his memory green. He gave utterance to a proverb or saying which has come down the ages, and is true among the Maori people of to-day: "He ao te rangi ka wha he hurahuru te manu ka rere ai." A free translation would be: "The clouds cover the skies, and it is by means of the feathers that the birds fly." The "saying" arose in this way: Tama-te-rangi on one occasion led a strong war party to Turanganui, and was accompanied by his two brothers. The leader was married to a woman who had not graduated in the "whare pora," and therefore had little or no knowledge of the art of

(8). It was in honour of this chief of olden times that the Hon. Jas. Carroll and R. McKenzie named the new Frasertown bridge in 1910.

(9). He had two wives, Hine-ata and Hine-mutu-rangi, the latter being the maker of the famous "kakahu," which fitly adorned Tama-te-rangi, and after the war-party came back he added to his generosity by giving his brother the maker of the garment, and because his other wife was so devoid of Maori art Tama-te-rangi turned her off.

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weaving; consequently her husband, though of acknowledged prowess in war, was not adorned as became the leader of a great taua. The brothers, on the contrary, had wives who knew well how to adorn their warrior spouses, and perhaps they might be pardoned if they felt inclined to draw comparisons—of which, however, there is no evidence. The situation must have impressed itself on Tama-te-rangi, for he uttered the words quoted above; whereupon his brother, Makoro, the younger of the two, took off his own garments and handed them to Tama-te-rangi, who was thus clothed as became his high position.

Another account states the "saying" was given utterance to at Tauranga when Tama-te-rangi was about to rise to respond to the reception given to him and his warriors. Rakaipaaka, seeing his own son also about to rise, called to him, saying he was not qualified to speak, and asked him to call upon his cousin, Tama-te-rangi. The latter then gave utterance to the "saying" to which I have referred. The young man reported to his father what Tama-te-rangi had said, and Rakaipaaka handed his mat to the warrior chief, and later on advised him to leave a wife who was so ignorant of Maori art as to be unable to properly adorn her husband. This advice was, I believe, acted upon.

Somewhat akin, perhaps, to adornment—though I should hardly think so—is the "tatu," or, as the Pakeha prints it, tattoo([10]). This custom is dying out, there being now very few professors of the art. Though many Native people indulged in the tatu, especially men and women of high rank, it has been reserved for the Maoris to bring face-markings to a fine-art degree. The Maori women practise it more than men—feminine vanity, I suppose. But the ceremony in olden days was not only a slow but a painful process. The principal tool used is a small blade of shell called a "uhi," the cutting force being derived from taps by a light mallet; certain colouring matter is then inserted into the incisions. In the illustrations in the frontspiece there is at least one finely tattooed face, that of Ihaka Whaanga. During the ceremony of tatu, and prior to the operation, there were many ceremonies performed, some of them very cruel, involving the sacrifice of human life([11]).

(10). The ceremony of tattooing the lips and chin of a woman was called "taanga ngutu," but was seldom witnessed by the majority of the people. In the case of an eldest daughter, a slave or an enemy would be killed and feasted upon to add to the solemnity of the rite. Mr. Percy Smith states: "The last instance I have heard of a human sacrifice for a 'taanga ngutu' was in the case of Pare Karamu, daughter of Koroki, of the Tuhoe tribe."

(11). In 1828, on the occasion of the tattooing of the lips of Hinetukua, widow of Iharaia Te Houkamau, four men of a Waiapu tribe were killed and eaten as a relish ("kinaki") for the food consumed on the occasion.

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The Maoris Under Torture.

In time of war anything in the shape of cruelty, as Europeans understand the term, was possible to the Maori. They all knew how to endure pain without flinching, and they winced not at the death-stroke. They therefore expected to find this trait of character in every prisoner taken. If they did not find it the victim was hardly fit for the haangi Maori—torture was too good for him. These tortures were fiendish in the extreme, almost on a par with those practised by the Sioux or the Chippeway Indians; and it seems to me as if they were a regularly authorized system connected with the wars of ancient times—the greater the prisoner the greater the torture. Guarded by their captors, the prisoners squatted in one corner of the "marae" until the time came for torture, and then, amid yells, and screams from the throats of women, even, the unhappy wretches were led forward. Two strong poles were driven into the ground a short distance apart, and to these the arms and legs of the prisoners were lashed, the head being secured by a cross-piece behind the neck. The reader will, no doubt, shudder at these details, but in estimating the value of the work done by the early missionaries it is necessary to show the characters of the natures they had to transform. But for this necessity I would be glad to leave the succeeding paragraphs out; but it may not be, and so I resume. After the prisoners were securely lashed, a cut was made across the shoulder on each side of the spine with a sharp shell or a tatooing chisel. Slowly the operator would cut down—like a practised surgeon—along the spine, but not touching the bone, to the small of the back. The blood would then be licked from the wounds by the women and children. Another cut and still another, and then the strips of flesh would be torn down the whole length of the back, slightly roasted, and eaten while the still living man looked on. And all this time various minor tortures were being inflicted even by children, until death ended the horrible cruelties. Another method was to fasten the naked prisoner face down on the ground by cross-pieces attached to stakes driven into the ground along the prostrate form. Then, red-hot stones would be laid on the body and the flesh burnt, eyes burnt out of the sockets, and the mouth filled with hot gravel. Children with red brands would join in the horrible tortures, and burn holes in the prisoner's legs. The men who could witness this without flinching were considered braves of the first water. Cannibalism pure and simple was a virtue compared to these tortures. A sudden blow with a heavy club was a merciful death—for the haangi Maori and the feast mattered nought to the victim whose spirit had gone to the Reinga even though his body might be food for his captors. But even as late as 1862 Te Wairoa had not altogether left the

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slave question behind. Maihi Kaimoana, of Kairakau pa, owned a slave girl, who was very cruelly treated, being compelled to go about absolutely nude, not being allowed to wear clothing of any kind, no matter how severe the weather might be. Fiendish cruelties were perpetrated upon her by the people of the pa—not that I infer this was done with the consent or knowledge of the Kaimoana. Among other cruelties inflicted, she was frequently seared with blazing fire-brands, and in the dead of winter she was frequently seen crouching under a flax bush in the rain, shivering in her nudeness. She was a slave girl—that was enough, and so marked out for exceptionally cruel treatment, the sport of the people of the pa, who had not evidently even then forgotten the savage customs that disgraced the men of Te Rauparaha's time, nor had they learned to properly treat the stranger within their gates. Yet despite all she suffered she must have had a constitution like iron, for she survived her many trials and eventually got away from Te Wairoa. In the midst of a higher civilization she developed into a fine-looking woman, and died at a good old age not many years ago. In all these tortures, and other forms of cruelty and indignity of which the ancient Maori was guilty, he verily was not much worse than the tyrants of Europe when man butchered man to make sport for women; when a Nero set up at the street-corners Christians coated with pitch to light up his beloved Rome; when the tyrant Gessler tortured the mind of the immortal archer; when British kings drew the teeth of their subjects or removed their heads from their shoulders to suit their own evil purposes; or when, "for the love of God," ecclesiastics employed the thumbscrew, the rack and the "maiden." No, if the Maori erred—and no doubt he did—he erred in good (or bad) company, and he could give a better reason than the tyrants of the then comparatively civilized Europe.

Burial Customs.

In days gone by the Maoris used to lay away their dead in the forks of trees, the puriri being generally selected for this purpose. Sometimes the body was deposited on a raised platform until the flesh wasted away. Some were laid in sacred caves and later still burial was resorted to. But in almost all cases—especially with people of note—a time was set for the ceremony of scraping the bones of the deceased and conveying them to the final resting-places in the sacred caves dedicated by the tribes for the reception of the dead. This ceremony was called "hahunga," and the unpleasant duty of exhuming, removing the flesh or what was left of it, fell to the tohungas, who were generally very highly paid for the work. The operation, of course, was hedged about with many rites and superstitions, and many incantations were made. I cannot more fully detail the proceedings lest I give my readers

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a nightmare, but when the bone-scraping was finished, the several portions were highly polished, treated with a preparation of shark oil, pigeon's fat and ochre pigment, and then wrapped up in freshly-dressed flax. A great feast ended the proceedings, and after this the bones of the much-beloved chief were laid away in the sacred cave, and were, of course, strictly tapu for all time.

The Urewera even now keep up one of their time-honoured customs, and that is that all true sons of the ancient Urewera should be buried in the tribal lands. They sought not long ago to put the custom into force in the case of Hurinui Apanui, chief of Ngati-Awa, who died at Whakatane. While the tangi was being carried on a large body of Urewera arrived for this purpose. Fiery speeches were made and hakas danced, after which it was explained that the dead chief had expressed a wish to be buried in the Native reserve on the sandhills near the mouth of the Whakatane River. When the Mayor and a large body of citizens arrived to pay their respects to the dead chief, the Urewera greeted them with a characteristic haka, and then intimated they had withdrawn their claim that the body should be buried in the Urewera Country. At the funeral, and as the body was lowered into the grave, the Native women stripped off the greenery with which they had decked themselves and threw it into the vault, the while uttering mournful dirges and laments. But the most exciting and interesting event of the tangi was when 100 of the Arawa arrived from Rotorua and lined up for the haka. Then occurred a scene that many people thought had been forgotten. The Arawa were stopped by a challenger from the pa. After the usual preliminaries the challenger led the visitors to the pa, and the latter revived an old Maori custom, which was to get to the body of the chief in spite of the opposition of the local tribes. Instead of lining up on the further portion of the grounds, as previous visiting tribes had done, the Arawa made a concerted rush for the front of the meeting house, where the coffin was surrounded by the women. The local tribes were caught unawares and had much ado to keep back the invaders, with the result that for a space there was a great scrambling and pushing, and to the onlookers it appeared as if a free fight would result. The local Natives were speedily reinforced and at last succeeded in pushing back the Arawa, and quiet was restored. In the old days it was the custom for a visiting tribe to go forward and lay hands on the body. If they succeeded it meant a defeat for the local tribes and added mana to the visitors, who would afterwards go home and tell their people of the prowess they had displayed.

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Modes of Address.

Modes of address vary, however, in many districts. Lieut.-Col. Gudgeon, in an article "The Maori People" *(Journal of the Polynesian Society)*, states: "Probably few Europeans are aware that the Arawa have a form of address or reply suitable to the rank of the person with whom they are conversing, such as 'Ae pa' ('Yes, Sir'), 'Ae Taua' ('Yes, my Lord'), much as Europeans would say 'Yes, your Grace,' or 'Yes, your Highness.' The most respectful form of address to young and married people is 'E Moi.' To salute an old man of even ordinary rank in the Arawa tribe as 'E Ta' is simply insulting, and some Europeans do it every day. The Ngati-Porou differ much from the Arawa on this point; they use the word 'Tama' as synonymous with 'young chief'; therefore 'E Ta' is, with them, a respectful form of salutation to the elder members of a family, as is also 'E Hika'(12), and as a general rule each tribe uses the form of address that it deems to be most respectful. "And," concludes the writer I am quoting, "when a Pakeha of a certain class salutes an old or middle-aged Maori—who has not been disgraced by contact with the lower edge of our civilization—with 'Tenakoe, Jack,' that Maori feels that he has lost caste, and that had this occurred in 'the good old times,' when a man carried both spear and tomahawk, he would have taught that man manners at small cost"(13).

Titles to Land.

It appears quite certain that before the coming of the white man the land was the source of almost all the intertribal wars, not omitting wilful injury or insult, very often for the sole purpose of provoking war. He only could hold the land who had the power to do so, the power in this case being the multitude of braves and the number of spears or guns the tribe could muster. In fact, Judge Maning gave a very good definition of a valid title when he said: "Every Native who is in actual possession of land must be held to have a good title till someone else shows a better by kicking him off the premises." Defeat in battle meant the loss of the land, ancestral rights counting for but little in the eyes of the covetous Maori. After 1840, however, these marauding tactics did not avail much, and ancestral rights became perhaps the most valuable titles; at all events, they weighed much with the Land Court Judges, hence it became more than ever essential that the Maoris

(12). In Wairoa—"E Hika"!

(13). In my quest for information for "The Story of Old Wairoa" I have always been careful of my approaches to the Maoris of the old school, and doing so never once have I failed to find them courteous, respectful and deferential, even though sometimes vain of the possession of much-sought stores of knowledge or else reticent.

I once read, or tried to read, a book professing to depict the ancient Maori. The "book" represented the chief addressing his people in terms such as "Hello, old chappie!" and "What ho, she bumps!" Needless to say, I put it down quickly and never took it up again.

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should be able to trace their ancestry back to the original possessor of the land. Their research and ingenuity in this respect are both remarkable. There were also many other means of asserting title, such as the keeping of fires alight(14), the killing of rats or birds on the property, the setting up of rahui marks or posts, besides claims based on more or less airy trifles. The chiefs, of course, represented the whole of the land of the tribes, and they exacted tribute from the various hapus, or rather it was freely rendered, and the chiefs jealously guarded this custom. Evidence given before the Urewera Native Reserves Commission which opened at Wairoa in 1906 throws light on one of the Native customs in connection with land. Hurae Puketapu stated that Purau was a man who had mana(15) to this land (the block in dispute), and that Te Kapua-matotoru was a "rangatira" (that is, of noble birth) and that he sent Purakau to bring the food of this land to him, i.e., preserved birds, etc.; that this continued to the death of Purakau, and that then Te Kapua-matotoru sent Ironui to bring him the food; that the said food belonged to Paketua, and that this continued down to the days of Kakitua, who brought the last contribution of food to the descendants of Kapua-matotoro. Further, he stated that on a certain occasion Tamahore, the son of Karatau (son of Pakitua), was made great, "ka whakanuia," to be the great man for Wairau-whenua and Wairau-moana, and that when Kapua-matotoro heard of it he formed the opinion that this meant that no further contributions of food would be brought to him, and his people then bewitched ("makutu'd") Tamahore so that he died. Hurae further added that Tuhoe fought the people on this land—i.e., Ngati-Hore—in consequence of the bewitching. Intermarriage of the tribes somewhat extended the land-ownership, nevertheless there was much justice in many of the Maori ways of dealing with breaches of the moral law (if such a law could be said to exist). It was, for instance, the custom for the husband to kill someone (it did not matter whom) if his wife had been taken by another. A witness in the Native Land Court said that a chief named Te Rehu did not follow this custom, but turned his ex-wife, Katea, and her new husband off the land. Another witness in an early Wairoa Land Court stated: "It was in accordance with custom to kill a man after a defeat, so that the defeated party should not lose the rights to the land"; so, he said, Waaka killed Kaihorohoro to take the tapu off the

(14). In dry weather the obtaining of a fire was an easy matter to a Native. A piece of suitable wood—say, "tawa" and "mahoe" (white wood)—being procured, it is firmly held down, while with the pointed end of a smaller piece, rubbed briskly backwards and forwards, a groove is made in it. The wood dust is then gathered to one end of the groove with the pointed stick and a sharp rubbing therewith is repeated till a smoke is seen. A careful blowing will now raise sufficient fire to set light to tinder or dry litter.

(15). "Mana" (Sanscrit, Manas) signifies mind, or intelligence, and as used in India denotes "the subtle force of the creative power of Brahma."

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land. In fact, in olden days might was right, let him dispute it who would. The Maori hedged in the land with many rites, ceremonies and unwritten laws, and the Pakehas added the legal quota in their day—not, however, setting aside or trying to set aside Maori custom, which had grown hoary with age, and yet was effective as between Maori and Maori. As bearing on my contention that the Maoris of old controlled the whole of the land in Aotea-roa, the *New Zealand Year Book* supplies abundant confirmation of the fact alleged. Reference to an early map of the North Island of New Zealand shows with striking fidelity the boundaries of the landed possessions of the main tribes. The map shows that practically every acre of the island and of the principal adjoining islets was accounted for and claimed by one or other of these tribes. It thus shows in a nutshell the main system of tribal tenure. Of this main system it is sufficient, in passing along, to observe that any attempt to interfere with the main boundaries was promptly resented, and was considered equivalent to a declaration of tribal war. It is also to be observed that where natural features existed, such as coast line, river, lake, mountain, mountain ranges and ridges, rock clusters, caves, and so on, these served the purposes of defining the trend of the tribal main boundaries. Where such did not exist, or were inadequate, artificial substitutes were set up, such as fighting forts, carved and painted posts and pillars, carved rocks and trees, burial-places, and so on. All of these marks and their respective names, on being duly announced, became known as part of the tribal lore. A regular verbal tracing of these boundaries was the duty of the kaumatua, and a grandfather took a peculiar pride in reciting and teaching his grandsons of the locations and existence. Whilst still active and vigorous he would traverse the boundaries with his grandsons, and point out to them the various forts, burial-places, eel-weirs, fishing-grounds, bird and rat-trapping preserves, old cultivations of the tribe, and so on, giving at the same time their accompanying histories and incidental stories. In this way a thorough knowledge of these matters was imparted to the young people, who took great pains to commit the same to memory and treasure the particulars as something valuable and precious. The most treasured tribal songs, too, were those which contained references to these and kindred themes, including recitals of genealogical descent and of successful affairs of love and war. Pride of territorial possessions was strongly ingrained in the Maori, and he pays a doubtful tribute to his women in the aphorism: "He wahine, he oneone; i ngaro ai te tangata"; or, "Woman and land largely account for the decimation of man"(16). In other

(16). An old Maori proverb says: "Me mate mo te tangata me mate mo te whenua" (the death of the warrior is to die for the land).

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words, these largely account for wars and the accompanying slaughter of man. It need scarcely be added that of all his possessions the Maori prized the land the most. Thus far, then, as to the main scheme of Maori or tribal tenure.

Within this main system there was a group of internal systems which controlled and regulated the occupation and working of the lands by the sub-tribes, families, and individuals, and which recognized the several boundaries peculiar to each as being the bounds of their independent possessions. For, although in the main the whole scheme was part and parcel of a system of communism, where families and individuals occupied and cultivated their separate portions, any interference with such at once gave rise to bitter dispute and strife. The Maori was himself a great stickler for what was right, or "tika," and what was wrong. Finally, lands were vested in and entirely controlled by the males.

Broadly speaking, original rights of ownership or "take" to the land were acquired as follows:—

1. Ancestral rights, or "take-tupuna." Where ancestral rights are acknowledged, and descendants have continued to occupy and to maintain lands within well-defined boundaries, the right is perfectly good.
2. The right of original discovery and constant occupation, or "whenua-kite-hou."
3. The right of superior moral force, or "mana." A kind of sovereign right.
4. The right of physical force, conquest, and occupation, or "raupatu."
5. The right of long-continued use and occupation, and of its successful maintenance against opposition and attack, or "na te ringa toa."
6. The right of long-continued use and occupation, free and undisturbed, or "te ahi-ka-roa."
7. The right under cessation, or "tuku." Many typical cases of this are recorded. For instance, a useful and vigorous ally has been ceded a substantial and properly defined strip of tribal territory in return for important services. Use and occupation must follow and be permanent to maintain such a title. Such was the case with Whareumu and Te Wera Hauraki.
8. The right by gift, or "koha." Where such gift is made in the presence of the tribal and sub-tribal representatives, and where occupation and use follows, a first-class right is established and recognized. The boundaries must be clearly set out.
9. The right by marriage dowry, or "pa-kuwha." As already stated, land vested in the males. In the case of a marriage alliance between persons of high rank and non-kindred

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tribes, the bridegroom has been presented—by the bride's people—with a considerable piece of well-defined land to settle upon and use. This custom prevented the bridegroom from being referred to as somewhat of a landless interloper. Where use and occupation followed, and where children of this union were born and continued their use and occupation, and their descendants after them, their rights remained perfectly valid. Conversely, where no children were born of this union, the land—on the death of the person in whose favour the dowry was given—automatically reverted to the donors.

In cases of adultery, land has been taken as satisfaction.

Adopted children—invariably relatives—were provided with special lands; the right so acquired was held to be good.

It is sometimes urged that no such thing as individual rights was recognized. As an answer to this there remains the indisputable fact that one individual has been known to put up a land-taking pillar within the boundaries of his neighbour. That was called a " pou-tango-whenua," and if it did not lead to active strife, it was at least a matter to be decided by a Council of the Elders, whose decision held good. An individual was entitled to undisturbed possession of his home, and to as much land as he could reasonably use and cultivate.

Although the law of mere might may have been regarded as supreme, there still obtained a very fine and honourable law of moral right. An aggressive sub-tribe which constantly got its neighbours into trouble would, if it paid no heed to moral restraint, be wiped out by force. For a similar reason a junior chief who proved troublesome would be ordered to quit for fresh fields and pastures new. No pronounced cause of internal trouble and dissension would be permanently tolerated by the body corporate, because it would become notorious and interfere with good tribal policy.

Marriages were arranged on grounds of good tribal policy. No youth would be easily allowed to contract a marriage with a non-kindred tribe, because by joining the tribe of his wife he would to that extent weaken his home tribe, and raise up children who might eventually fight against his own people. The same objection ruled in the case of a maiden, who was not allowed to marry as she pleased, and in the direction of weakening her own tribe while contributing to the strength of another. The facts indicate that the questions of the ownership of land and that of marriages were regarded as being associated, which they really were. In all probability the very earliest forms of recognized titles to land have given rise to, if not actually dictated, the system of marriages.

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Maori in Song.

The Maoris, in addition to being great orators, were also adepts at singing as a means of expressing the heights and depths of feeling. They are so still, and though some people describe the efforts as "monotonous," "tuneless" or "tiresome," such is not the case to anyone who understand even a little of Maori songs and singers. There are a great variety of songs—love-songs, songs of passion, grief, fear and hate; songs for peace and for war, for ceremonial and for obsequies. There are canoeing songs and hauling songs. The old-time Maori loved his children, and many of their songs are laments for dead or otherwise lost children. It is said that when Puaka, of Tuhoe Land, lost her husband, Wi Tapeka of Te Wairoa, she bewailed her loss in song, the words being: "Now lone am I, as sitting here I vainly strive my thoughts to gather. Oh, friends! what can be done to lessen the pain that racks me? Bear me to the water-side and there sever my love for him to whom I clung, as clings the creeper to the forest tree, when I was but a girl and he was but a lad. But now, all lone am I, and restless is my sleep, as that of a mateless bird." The taking to the water was an ancient Maori rite called "miri aroha," performed at a sacred spring over a divorced couple, or for one who wanted his or her love for the other ended. Flights of fancy and fantastic references are taken full advantage of, and there is scarcely a social or national situation that might arise which has not a song to meet it.

Certain of the old-time Maoris were almost professional song-writers, and in great demand by the inhabitants of the hill pas, especiallly in Tuhoe Land. A woman, Mihi-ki-te-kapu, and Piki wrote many laments. One of these runs thus: "Alas! O little one. I think of your gambols on the marae and your running laughing to the door. These thoughts remain to gnaw at my heart as does the demon death, now that you have entered the gates of the world of darkness. O child! arise once more and speak to me."

Mr. Elsdon Best gives another equally pathetic lament of a mother: "The mists are floating above Puke-hinau, where passed my beloved child. Turn back, O son! that tears may from my eyes be poured forth." Again, Ruru laments over his child: "O Hiku, sleeping there, cease thy slumbers. Bestir thyself, and rise, ere sinks the westering sun." This last phrase was used when a party of travellers had rested by the track. The chief might say: "Kori-kori taua, ka taka tauria" (Let us move on, the sun is sinking).

Allied to the Maori in song, though in a much lessened degree, is the subject of the Maori in music. I refer, of course, to the ancient Maori. The instruments were rude and not always

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untuneful, in this respect far and away above those of the Australian aborigines or the Bosjemen of Africa. They were mostly wind instruments, and those which emitted "musical tones" on being struck. There is not, however, much if any evidence that the ancient Maori was addicted to the use of stringed instruments, though the young men of to-day have readily taken to those of the South Sea Islands—the ukulele, for instance. It is, however, only the rattling, rollicking rag-time "music" which appeals to the Maori, and except in a few instances the finer points and shades of true music are lost upon them. Perhaps the most important were the "pu-tatara," or the war-trumpet series, made generally of wood or shells. Then there was the "pu-torino," as mentioned in the story of Taraia's invasion of Heretaunga. It was a species of pipe about 18 or 20 inches in length, and thicker in the centre. Songs were sung into it, states Mr. Elsdon Best, the sound being described as that of water being poured out from a calabash. The flute, or the "koauau," was very common in the Maori kaingas; often made of wood, but most frequently from the human thigh-bone, and to do which was a most mortal insult to the friends of the dead man whose thigh-bones were converted into musical instruments to enable some Tutanekai to lure a loved maiden to his side. The "muru," Mr. Best has shown, was a nose-flute, the blowing being done by one nostril, while the other was kept closed by means of the player's thumb. Varying opinions are on record as to the quality of the "music." There were several others, and perhaps many yet to be unearthed. The "pu kaea," a trumpet, was bell-mouthed, and about 2½ to 7 feet in length (Best). The "pahu," or gong, was struck with a mallet as one would a drum. Among the toys, the "roria" and the whipping-top (the cause of the death of the two Maori princes on the East Coast), besides many others, going down as low in order as the "pakuru," a kind of clapper used in olden days by the children, and still used by them. It was a product of the flax leaf.

There are many of these musical and unmusical instruments in existence still, some having been handed down from father to son as heirlooms for hundreds of years.

The Tangi.

There remains but the tangi to be mentioned, and it has been purposely left for the end of this chapter as it is the final act, or almost so, in the case of the Maori—the lament after death. In olden times the rites were really very solemn affairs, the wailing for the dead being to all appearance genuine, though I am informed the Maoris can call up tears at will even though they may not feel greatly over-

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burdened with grief. The tangi(17), as far as I know it, is remarkably like the Irish keen, and we need not try to separate the tangi from the feast, or the keen from the wake, as observed in Ireland. Every arriving visitor is duly welcomed in one fashion or another, and each duly presses his nose to that of the dead person and that of the relatives. At the burial all the people wear emblems of mourning, even to this day, in the shape of fillets of some green trailer plant; but the laying of the remains to rest in the earth did not end all the proceedings, for in the case of illustrious dead the Maoris may still point out the grave, but the chief's remains are not there. This is believed to be so in the case of Te Kooti; his bones were laid in Poverty Bay, but only one tohunga, perhaps, knows the exact spot. The tangi, too, is dying out; and it would die out sooner, but for the feast and the Maori idea of acquired importance at such gatherings.

As an Orator.

In the early days of Wairoa, when the recounting of ancestral rights was a special feature of the Land Courts and Maori gatherings, there were many born orators, worthy to rank with the best in European countries. Most of the old orators are gone, but the type survives in two men, one of them Wairoa-born, and the other representing the East Coast in Parliament. I refer to Sir James Carroll, M.P., and Mr. A. T. Ngata, M.P. To the name of Sir James Carroll the Pakeha has attached the title "Taihoa," when he is not dubbed "Jimmy" by his nearest friends, or "Timi Kara" by the Maoris. "But both races," says a chronicler, "Pakeha and Maori alike, owe to Sir James Carroll a debt that can hardly be measured in words. He is the supreme Maori orator to-day, the exponent of the English tongue in its noblest and finest form. He has the gift of gripping the heart and holding the understanding of his audience, at least in his palmy days. He could command the noblest oratory and tune it to the feeblest intellect, while losing nothing of its dignity. He could command, exhort or plead, and the magic of his diction, the poetic imagery of his phrasing, and the force of his argument was a power that could be felt. Those who have had the privilege to listen to him could never forget that they had heard a great master of the power of speech. He was adaptable: he could fit the style and matter to the occasion with a peculiarly happy instinct. He struck no false note in sentiment or expression. We may divorce Sir James Carroll from politics, from all his efforts for the uplift of the Maori race, from all his parliamentary activities, and he still remains a great man, an example to those who aspire to

(17). In Futuna the "tangi" was carried on much the same as in Maoriland, and each new arrival at the place of crying for the dead pressed his or her nose against that of the dead person. This was called "songi."

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express their thoughts with eloquence, lucidity and dignity." Well does the writer remember a notable occasion when I heard, with others, Sir James in one of his most happy moods. It was the occasion of the parliamentary visit to Waikaremoana to further the hydro-electric scheme. It was a large party, and as there was no room for all of us at the hostel we had to camp down in a stable. There, around a huge log fire—the "council fire," Sir James called it, we Europeans sat entranced while in speech and metaphor Sir James regenerated the world, socially, politically and industrially, till the early hours of the morning, when I fell asleep in a horse-box, while Sir James talked on, the mellow tones of his voice bringing close to me the drowsy god. And yet what was the first thing I saw Sir James doing when I awoke? He was, to use the vernacular for once, peeling spuds! The Pakeha, then, is deeply indebted to the Maori race. Mr. Ngata, Member of Parliament for the Eastern Maori district, which includes Te Wairoa, is another mighty exponent of the power of speech. Forceful, ever bringing to the subject illustrations classical and apt, vivid and convincing, no one can fail to admire him on platform or in debate. His speech, in his expression of mind, is logical, clear and defined; his analogies do not confuse, but elucidate; his imagery heightens the power to grasp his conceptions, and brightens and lightens the dreariest of debates. Mr. Ngata attributes the Maori gift of expression to the fact that the Maori "early thinks aloud"; and it may be added that he thinks in august, ordered periods. Also Sir Maui Pomare, who at present holds Cabinet rank, is the third of an unequalled trio. His humour is as irresistible as his smile, and if his arguments appear to lack cohesion it is for a cause, and the eager opponent in debate may well beware of pitfalls. Those three men, two of them closely associated with the East Coast, are standing examples of the highest flights of serious or impassioned oratory, for which many hundreds of ancient Maoris were famous.

All these three speakers introduce into their most fervid speeches references to the great outstanding events of Maori history, the personages who figured in them, and the places wherewith they were associated; and here the writer feels constrained to make a plea for the perpetuation of the place-names of Maoriland, at least from now on. The Pakehas in their thousands are now practically in possession of the lands of the Maori, and, I am sorry to say, designating historic spots with names that must shock the few remaining Maoris of the real old times. The white men have in this land perpetuated in city, town and village names of places, heroes and deeds dear to Imperial Britain; her statesmen, too, her famous generals and men of letters have not been forgotten; but the Pakehas, or some of

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them still bestow what are rightly called "tin-pot" names on spots sacred to the Maori. It is true the shipping lines great and small have done something in this connection; but that is not what I am striving to bring about: it is the bestowal of the proper names of historic spots on the future cities, towns, and villages of Maoriland. Why should not Palmerston North have retained its Maori name, Gisborne too, and Woodville and Hastings? The famous Maori navigators are not kept in memory as they should have been. Why so many Jacks and Jims, and so few Mauis? Why so many of the Peggy and Sylvia designations and so few Tuis and Hinemoas?

It is only the exigencies of space and cost that prevent me from endeavouring to give a list of place-names in this district, though for reasons set forth below one might easily give meanings that might, in some cases, be far from true. I am sure, however, that the bulk of my readers will agree that Smithville and Johsonville are incongruous in a land so full of historical and poetical Maori place-names.

Maori Place-names.

For the benefit of those of my readers who may not be acquainted with the Maori language, and who might easily fall into a common error, I am enabled by the courtesy of Mr. Elsdon Best to give the following from his pen:—"The subject of Maori nomenclature is one that many persons have paid some attention to. This remark applies more particularly to the topographical nomenclature of the Natives of these isles. This interest does not lead to happy results in many cases, inasmuch as the enquirer often sees too much in place-names—that is, with regard to their meaning. The method usually employed is to divide such a name into words that are to be found in the Maori dictionaries, and to assign a meaning to the name. This procedure is not only unscientific, but also pernicious, and often woefully misleading. In some cases the method would represent the meaning as originally intended; in many cases it assuredly would not. Take, for instance, the innumerable cases in which personal names have been applied to places, i.e., wherein places have been named after persons. It seems to be widely believed that any meaning that is assigned to such a name must necessarily have a local application, and such ideas lead to grotesque errors. Many places so named after persons have 'O' prefixed to the names of such persons, as in Otaneatua, Ohinemaro, etc. Taking the first of these: we have a person named Taneatua, whose name includes two well-known words of vernacular speech. Thus we might say that the place-name means 'supernatural male,' or 'godlike husband,' which, as Euclid says, is absurd. The prefixed 'O' alluded to has a possessive sense.

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"In order to assign a meaning to a place-name, it is highly necessary to know the circumstances under which such name was applied. It would puzzle most of us were we asked to give the meaning of 'Wellington,' but by adopting the dissecting method mentioned above we might produce the three words, 'well,' 'ling,' 'ton,' and so maintain that the place was so named because an early settler, driven by the pangs of hunger, caught a ton of ling in a well. This is no whit more absurd than the meanings sometimes credited to Maori place-names.

"Yet another difficulty in the guessing method is the fact that many Native words have several or many different meanings. Should a person consult the dictionary in order to ascertain the meaning of the name 'Wai-kaka,' he would find that 'wai' has about ten different meanings, and 'kaka' some fourteen. Now, what do you suppose he would do about it?

"In some cases place-names do explain themselves, as in the case of the champion place-name of the East Coast, 'Te Koiritanga-o-te-Auahi-o-nga-pirita-o-te-kupenga-a-Pawa,' also in 'Pito-one.' Again, we often misspell Native names, as in the examples Waiotahi, Onaero, Pohangina, and Retaruke, and so provide further difficulties for amateur philologists.

"Many Native place-names have been derived from incidents in local history. Thus 'Te Umu-o Te-Piki' is one that explains itself, the 'o' shows that Piki was himself cooked in that steam-oven, and 'Te Takanga-o-Maro' is the place where Maro fell over a cliff. No small number of place-names in these isles were introduced from eastern Polynesia, and in some cases the full name betrays that fact, as in Te Mahia-mai-Tawhiti and Opotiki-mai-Tawhiti. Some such names are said to have pertained to places in the old homeland of the race, wherever that may have been, and such are the two far-spread hill names of Aorangi and Hikurangi, which have been applied to many hills and some mountains throughout New Zealand, and also at Tahiti and Rarotonga. Another such name is Tawhiti-nui, said to be that of a land near the old homeland; it was applied to the island of Tahiti and to many places in New Zealand; it was the first name proposed for Port Nicholson, but was abandoned in favour of Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara, 'whanga' being a word used to denote an expanse of land, water, or space.

"In the domain of personal nomenclature the Maori was decidedly eccentric, inasmuch as a person might change his name several times during his life, a most exasperating practice to the historian. There was no series of names applied to females or males only, but names beginning with Rangi are most frequently those of men, and those commencing with Pare are names of females, also those commencing with Hine, which term, however,

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denotes a female. In like manner Tama is used to denote a male, but originally 'tama' must have simply denoted a child, hence we have such expressions as 'tama-tane,' 'tama-hine,' etc.

"Children were often given a baby name in infancy, this being replaced by another in later years. In some cases a tapu name was assigned to a child of rank, and should such name be an expression of vernacular speech, then the latter usage would have to be discontinued and a synonym employed, or a new word coined to take the place of the barred one.

"The practice of changing names at the death of a relative seems to have beeen universal in New Zealand. In many cases the new name assigned was connected in some way with the passing of the defunct relative; often it was the name of his 'o matenga' or food for the journey of death, the last food he had partaken of in the world of life. Thus Te O-arani (the orange journey food) explains itself, while my worthy friend Hatata assumed the name of 'kuku' (mussel) when his grandchild died, because that was the last food she had taken. But a child attending an East Coast school bore the most weird name I have heard of; a young relative having been operated on for a fashionable complaint, of which he died, the hapless survivor was named Apenehaiti Apereihana (Appendicitis operation)!

"When Rangi-whakaeke-hau left Uenuku-rauiri in order to return to his home, he said to her: 'Should our child be a female, then name her after the flowing waters of Rangitaiki; if a boy, then name him after the drifting clouds.' Even so Rangi-te-aorere came by his name.

"In some cases the Maori employed ancestral names, but he also often gave or acquired a name from some incident, and so new names were always being formed. Much diverting data pertaining to personal names might be given.

"The botanical nomenclature of the Maori was that of barbaric man, but he had a name for almost every plant, including ferns and mosses. In some cases he recognized, or thought he did, the sexes of trees. In others he had a name for a tree, and a different name for the flower thereof. He had names for several different forms of leaves, and in some cases recognized different species as belonging to the same genus. Several of his tree-names have been introduced from Polynesia. This latter remark may also be applied to his bird and fish names. In a few cases he employed different names for the male and female bird of a species."

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CHAPTER IX

THE STORY OF THE PA

WHY BUILD?—PECULIAR CEREMONY—READY FOR DEFENCE—MATA-IKA!—THE MAORI IN BATTLE—A FAMOUS CANOE—PAS OF OLD WAIROA.

Why Build?

When a migrating people decided to settle on lands to which they had taken a fancy, the first thing to be thought about, once a footing had been secured by fair means or foul, was the building of a pa, fortified so as to afford them protection in case of need. For not only had they to defend themselves against the return of a stronger party of the ousted people, but they had to be ready to meet possible invaders equally covetous as themselves. In some cases the pa taken was utilized as a means of defence for a time, especially if time was an object (which was not very often in other cases than war). Eventually, sooner or later, a fighting pa was built on the land of the conquered people, for thereby was the mana of the chief and the glory of the tribe greatly enhanced. A site having been chosen with great care, fairly inaccessible, at least on one front, and not too far from the cultivations, the preliminaries were at once undertaken.

The chief, through the medium of the tohunga, called together all the men of the tribe or subdivision to explain what had to be done. But as the trees of the forest had been created before man himself, and directly under the protection of Tane Mahuta, the god of forests, it was a most improper thing to attempt to cut down a single tree, except after certain ceremonies and while fasting; in fact, when starting the work all were tapu, and no one could partake of food until the tohunga had been invoked to remove it(1), so that the workers might be enabled to partake of food. This was effected in the following manner:—The tohunga would prepare in a haangi Maori a mixture of puha pororua and rimu-rimu (seaweeds), performing, during the process, many karakias, of which, perhaps, he only knew the meaning. The mixture, when ready, and the last in-

(1). This ceremony was called "more-more-puha."

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cantation said, was placed in a flax basket, called a "rourou," and while the tohunga held it in his hands every worker for the day had to place his hand on the vessel containing the mess, and automatically the tapu was removed; the tired workers could then sit down and have a hearty meal—if one were available. This process was repeated every evening, and thus were the pa-builders sanctified from day to day by the karakias of the tohungas and the laying of hands on the rourou(2). Now the pa-builders sally out into the forests in the neighbourhood of the proposed pa, armed with stone axes, preceded by the tohunga, and when necessary guarded by a war party. The tohunga, with practised eye, selects the trees to be cut, pronounces the prescribed karakia over each, and not till then was the stone axe laid to the root of the tree. The operation of felling was a very laborious and slow process, even when many hands were engaged. The axes were made of a species of black stone(3), very hard and capable of taking a high polish. It was called "pohatu karaa," and is found occasionally in quite large blocks on the Wairoa beach. It was used in the manufacture of the "patu patu whitau," or hammer for beating flax, and the "patu meremere," a common weapon of war; it was heavy withal, and woe to the brave on whose skull it descended—for no more would he dance the "peruperu," except in the Land of Spirits. The patu meremere was not, however, nearly so valuable as the "patu pounamu" (greenstone), though it was quite as effective, or the "patu paraoa" (whalebone). After a few chips were taken out of the tree trunk a fire was started round the bole, and after the indispensable karakia had been uttered, and when extinguished, the half-burnt wood was scraped away, and the process was repeated until the tree fell. It was then cut in different lengths in the same way, according to the specifications of the tohunga, who seemed to be clerk of works as well as architect. The logs were then dragged from the bush by means of flax ropes, up steep hill-sides, to the accompaniment of a hauling song chanted by the tohunga. The work of smoothing the rough trunks then began, and the only limit placed on the adorning process was the exigency of war. If time permitted, the trees were formed into a number of "teko teko"; but if not, and immediate war threatened, then ornamentation was left over to be carried out at leisure. The principal posts, usually carrying a notched figure, were called "taki," but the figures themselves were called teko teko, and from the feet to the ground was a "take."

(2). The ceremony of lifting the "tapu" from the men who had invaded the domains of Tane Mahuta and laid sacrilegious hands on his "children"—the possession of the god of forests—is not dissimilar to that of the Sin Offering mentioned in the Book of Leviticus.

(3). A somewhat similar basaltic stone is used in the Cook Islands, and it also is called "karaa."

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Peculiar Ceremony.

The posts were set in a trench, every step in the process being accompanied by karakias. The first post was set up at night by the tohunga, a human sacrifice from the people themselves being offered—man, woman, or child mattered little—and the body was then buried at the foot of the first post. In this the Maoris are not more superstitious than, say, the Rumanians—indeed, all the Slav peoples. They believe that a star appears at a person's birth and influences his destiny through life, and when it falls he dies. The "trifoi" (shamrock) which grows there they consider very lucky. All dreams are solemnly believed in, and they declare that all flowers have souls; altogether they hold the creed of a simple people. At Courtes d'Ardges, the old capital of Rumania, on the slopes of the Carpathians, is the famous cathedral built of greyish-white limestone, very like alabaster. It is in the Byzantine style of architecture, and was erected by Neagoe Bassarah, who was Prince of Wallachia about 1520. While a prisoner of the Sultan he designed a mosque at Constantinople, and with the former's permission he took the materials left over to Rumania, and there built this cathedral. In those days they had the horrible, cruel custom of building into the foundations of any large edifice a live woman, for they declared that the walls would not stand otherwise. The assistant builder, Manole, entombed his own wife, Utza, who happened to be the first woman who arrived on the scene, and the cathedral still stands!—unless, perhaps, it fell in the Great War(4).

To this killing of the sacrificial victim no Maori thought of offering any objection. To the posts were lashed two horizontal pieces called "roau," the tying material being the "aka," a strong vine that grows plentifully in almost every bush. The spaces were then filled up with stout poles set close together vertically, called "wana," and lashed in a similar manner. The gates—called "tatau"—were movable, and capable of being raised or lowered at will, and fastened by a manuka pin—called a "titi"—from the inside, so that no uninvited guest might enter. The gate-posts were usually adorned in a special manner with figures of a grotesque character. They were supposed to represent the ancestors of the tribe—and many I have seen were far from flattering to the said ancestors. They were, more often than not, represented in a posture of defiance or derision, with tongues hanging out, and thus were more like bogies to strike terror into the hearts of advancing enemies. In the fighting pa which I am describing there was placed over the top roau, or

(4). This custom was allied to the mata-ika in battle to ensure success. A stone called "karaa" was placed in the hole with the body of the sacrificial victim, and this was called a "whatu" and was the concluding portion of the sacred rites, not unlike the idea which prompts the laying of the foundation stone by civilized nations—each gave of their best in their own way.

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horizontal rail, a row of sharp-pointed stakes, arranged like a *chevaux de frise,* only pointing downwards at an angle of nearly 45 degrees. This was to prevent the assaulting party from scaling the palisades, and not till these stakes were torn down could an entrance be effected in that way. Above these stakes, which were called the "pekerangi," there was built a stout platform of manuka called the "puhara," running all round the pa, and on this the warriors stood to hurl their spears at the assaulting party or crack each skull that surmounted the pekerangi. In the centre of the enclosure there was built a high tower, usually about 20 feet, and of the same construction as the walls of the pa. On the top of this tower stood the chief or directing "toa," who was thus enabled to send forward his braves to any part of the pa where the pressure of the assault was greatest. He had need to be very watchful, too, for the enemy was usually fertile in stratagem and adept in the art of making skilful dispositions. This tower was called the "ko-taretare," and while the battle raged, there also stood in the tower a woman who shouted to the men the orders of the chief; she was selected because her voice being strong and shrill was easily distinguished from the shouts of the men. If the outer defences were taken, and no way of escape was open, all congregated on the ko-taretare; but in most instances this was but a forlorn hope, and very often the heap of bodies that lay around it bore silent testimony to the gallant stand made by the garrison.

But, perhaps, this is a digression; I have not finished the building of the pa or declared it open, and I must do this before I pass on. The last post having been put in, the pekerangi and the puhara constructed, there yet remained the ditch and bank to be built(5). These walls, or earthworks, varied in height from six to twelve feet. The trench was made by means of a tool called a "purau." It was fashioned out of "maire" wood, in shape not unlike a pair of concave grippers. These were inserted in the earth, and when full the contents were pitched up to form the bank. All over the district there are many traces, not only on the hill-tops but in the valleys, which go to show that there was certainly a dense population on the seaboard of Te Wairoa "once upon a time," whenever that may have been. It is only necessary to ascend one of the high hills close to the town—say, Rua-rakai-putara(6) or Rakau-te-hea (672 feet)—and the ob-

(5). Here let me state that a pa defended by a ditch and bank was called a "pa tu-watawata"; a pa that had only a ditch and bank, what Europeans would call earthworks, was a "pa waikari"; and a settlement without either was a "kainga."

(6). Not many years ago I stood upon this hill, 502 feet high, on which a trig. station was erected about 50 years ago. On it I observed two pits about twelve feet by eight feet, and judged them to have been rifle-pits dug during the Pakeha-Maori war. Subsequent enquiries showed, however, that this was not so. They were the remains of the "kumara" pits used by the people of Rakai-putara, who lived about 150 years ago. Here his people stored the sacred "kumara" grown on the hill-tops close by, and the eminence, the highest near the town, was named after him—the Rua of Rakaiputara.

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server who knows how to reconstruct the past could find from 50 to 70 pas within a radius of less than ten miles. He could discover the remains of kumara-pits on the tops of the highest hills, trace the ditches that marked the site of the pekerangi of the ancient hill fort, the drains that carried away the water, and even the sites of ancient cultivations—once cleared, but now re-afforested. Not only this, but in some cases the stone fireplaces of the ancient Maoris might be seen—and the modern hunter after road-metal is forced to the conclusion that the Maoris must have carried the stones a long distance. With rare military genius, everything that could afford cover to an advancing enemy is cut down and removed, so unlike in this respect were they to the Europeans, who built redoubts at Wairoa and Fraser-town, and left an abundance of bush and scrub within gunshot distance of the defences—as if inviting a sudden rush, and the inevitable massacre. The Maoris took no such chances in the olden times(7).

Ready for Defence.

Now the pa is practically completed and ready for occupation, destined to be, perhaps, the scene of many fights and cannibal feasts, and certain to be ably defended, for the Maori was as resolute in defence as in attack. The ceremonial opening was, in times of peace, quite a great affair; and no expense, in the shape of labour at all events, was spared to make it a success, not omitting the creation of a strong impression that the new pa was one not to be attacked with impunity. The domains of Tangaroa and Tane Mahuta, the gods of the sea and the forest, were ransacked to provide food for the occasion, so that the festive "board," which was mother earth's bosom, might be plentifully supplied. Feasting and fun, speeches and war dances, and the new stronghold was declared open and ready to hold out to the last man against any that might dare to come against it. Inside the pa everything is in order; there is a place for everything and everything is in its place, so that when a note of alarm was sounded every warrior not only knew his post but even in the darkness could lay his hand upon his own particular weapon. . . . For a time, perhaps, peace reigns, but a long peaceful period became a kind of ennui to the Maori braves, for, like the Irish race, the Maoris of old dearly loved a fight—though it must be a fair one—and they often brought one on as a relief to the somewhat monotonous life of the pa. It is on record that on one occasion

(7). The only walled town in France retaken from the Germans in the Great War was Le Quesnoy, which fell to the New Zealanders. The first soldier to scale the wall was a Maori. He was never seen again, nor his name known; but the unknown brown warrior may have thought, as he surmounted the defences, how his ancestors had scaled the palisades of some redoubtable pa in ancient times in far-away Aotea-roa.

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—in comparatively modern times—the beleaguered Pakeha ran out of ammunition, whereon the Maoris sent over a supply so that the fight might go on. Another time the Pakehas ran short of food, and as even they could not fight on empty stomachs, the brown warriors supplied the enemy's needs by presents of kumara and other foods.

At such times great attention is paid to the armoury, and skilled makers of effective weapons are in great demand. Relics would seem to prove this. The sand dunes of the Waihi beach have recently been found to contain a veritable treasure of Maori relics. Mr. W. E. Goffe, Native Land Purchase Commissioner in the Auckland district, who has been investigating the kitchen middens and old Maori workshops at the beach in question, states that the old workshops which had been discovered through the shifting of the sand were very remarkable, and he had not met with the like before. One in particular has furnished important evidence of the craft of the old-time Maori. There were to be seen the remains of war implements and domestic utensils such as adzes fashioned from hard stone, drill points and hammers made of jasper, gouges, obsidian knives or cutters, slush lamps made of pumice, sinkers for line fishing, and fish-hooks of bone. "This workshop," said Mr. Goffe, "contained the richest store of stone obsidian flakes and jasper points yet found in New Zealand." May I add to this my belief that some day or other when the Opoho sandhills, on the Wairoa-Nuhaka road, are uncovered, some valuable finds may be made there also.

Quite as much interest centred in early days round the weapons of the Maoris as was the case with the swords of the Crusaders or the falchions of ancient battle-knights. When these weapons were fashioned from the precious jade stone they had an extra historic value, but even the ruder weapons in the course of time came to be highly valued—it depended, of course, on the status of the Maori warrior who used them, and the occasions on which they were employed. A recent sitting of the Native Land Court at Ruatorea, on the East Coast, brought out some interesting particulars regarding the ownership of what is now known as "the famous Waikanae axe," now in the possession of a Maori at Hicks Bay. The Court was asked whether any knowledge as to the ownership of the axe was in its possession, and inquiries were made in open court, with the result that the axe was traced back through generations to its original owner, who possessed it more than 420 years ago. The manner in which the ownership was traced down through the years showed the wonderful system which prevails among the Maoris in anything relating to their treasured possessions. If the axe could but

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write its own history it would have a thrilling tale to tell, for it has been in battles and massacres and connected with all the bloodiest history of the East Coast tribes, as mentioned by the *Poverty Bay Herald*. The axe, which is a valuable one, was originally owned by the Whakatohea people, who lived in the Opotiki district. When a Ngati-Porou chief named Rakaipiki-rarunga avenged the death of Makahikatea, two axes and a woman were given to him. The woman he took as his wife, and when he died she married her brother-in-law. She had a daughter by each husband, and these sisters both married Tomoana Kotore. The axes descended, generation by generation, to Papahauta. During his absence on a fishing expedition his wife was unfaithful to him, and committed adultery with her brother-in-law. The husband was about to avenge the deed, but his father pointed out that in doing so he himself might be killed, and as a solace he presented him with the Waikanae axe. Years passed, and on the death of a great chief, descendant of Papahauta, the axe was placed on top of the body prior to burial. While the body lay in state the axe was stolen, and from that time until the present day it has descended down a different line until at last it is in the possession of a Maori at Hicks Bay. Descendants of Papahauta consider that the axe should be returned to them, and petitioned to that effect. The Court went to great trouble and prepared a genealogical table, tracing the axe from its original ownership down to the present day, in order to settle the point. . . .

Now there are various rumours of war current, every warrior becomes grave, and the tohungas contemplative. The latter invoke the aid of Tu, the ancient war god(8); the younger men put on a martial air; and the women and children wear an anxious, puzzled look(9). If the chief knows that a taua is coming against him, he loses no time in making ready; all those in the plantations or elsewhere are called in, and the gates are closed. Special guards are put on, called " tutei," " mataki " and "matai," whose duty it is to watch the gates by night to guard against a sudden entrance being effected at this point. Others are stationed on the puhara, who call out at intervals to show that they are awake and watching(10). The fighting men are all called to-

(8). "The Scarlet-belted Tu," a god who, in the Maori mind, approached nearest to man in his attributes. The "maro," or the kilt, and the belt of the Maori warriors in their ancient home was generally covered with beautiful scarlet feathers, and thus it is that Tu is described as wearing such.

(9). There is much truth in the Maori proverb: "He wahine, He whenua, e ngaro ai te tangata" ("Through women and land is man lost"). The saying applies to more than Maoris.

(10). Two bugles were used by the ancient Maoris, not so much to send forward or recall, but to let others know that they still held out in their fortress. One, called a "Pu-te-tara," was made of matai and shaped like a funnel. The other was called a "Pu-kaea," and was made out of a sea-shell called a "pupu."

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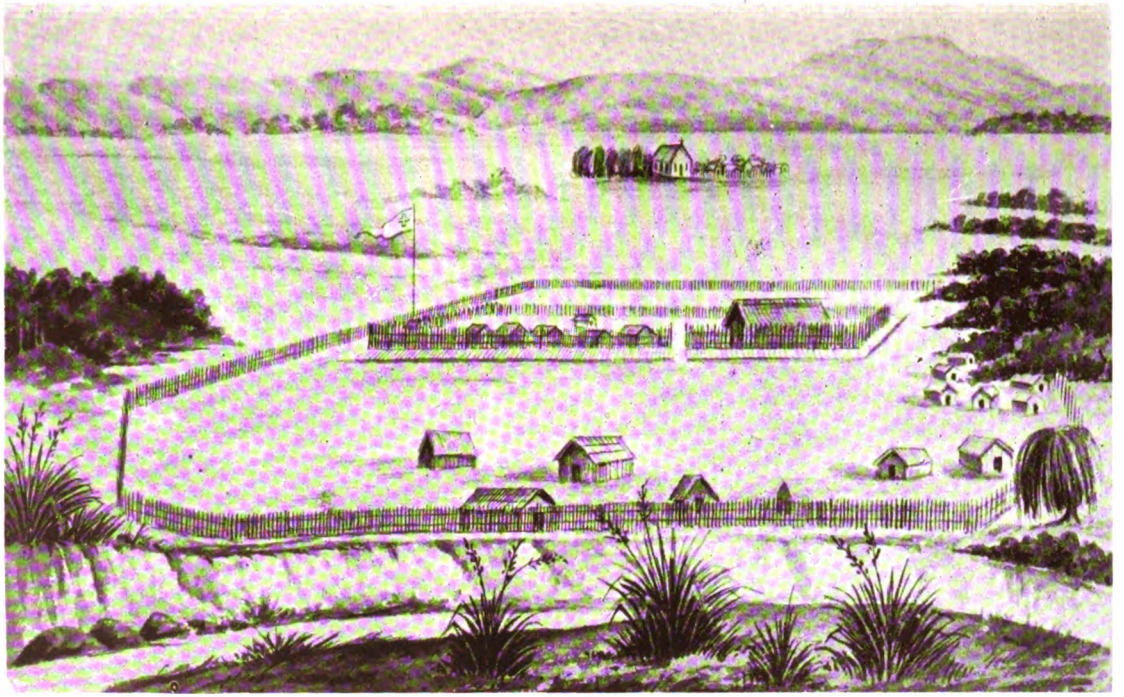

Kairomiromi
Sketched by Volunteer R. J. Deighton, Wairoa

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Kopu's Pa, Te Hatepe

Sergeant-Major Smyth, of Fraser's "Fighting Fifty"

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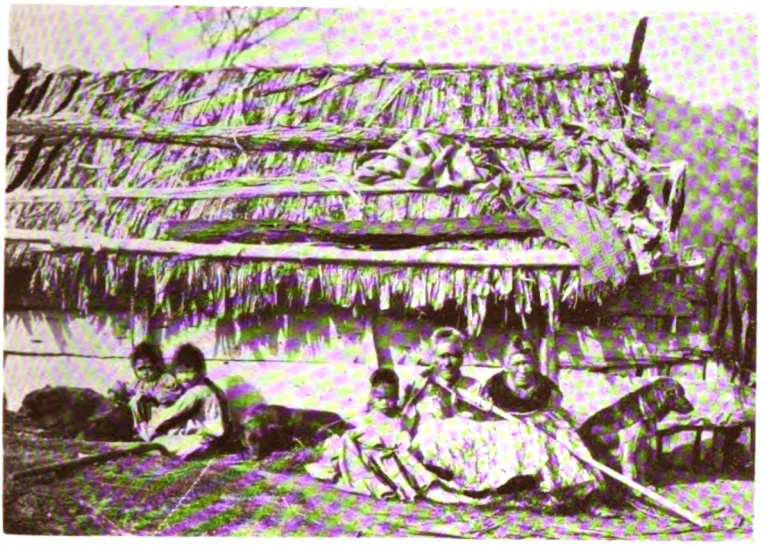

Ancient Maori Dwelling

Mrs. Eria Turanga's Residence on the Poutaka Block, 1925

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Nuhaka Pa in the Seventies

Modern Maoris at Te Reinga

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gether, and certain of them are selected and stationed at the points of greatest danger. Another party proceeds to dance the war-dance, called "tu-tu-ngarahu." This is performed in two or three lines, every warrior lying prone on the ground; then suddenly they spring up with a loud yell certainly well calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the attacking party if they have drawn sufficiently close to hear. Speeches by the toas, recounting the brave deeds of old, and reminding the men of the need for defending their "hearths and homes," as Europeans would say, and now they are ready to meet the attack from whichever quarter it may come. Weapons are grasped, the koi-koi (spears), huata (lances), taiaha (double-bladed wooden swords), tewha-tewha (flanged clubs), and hoeroa (whalebone spears), all dubbed out with the clumsy jade or stone axe—a rough style of weapon, but in the hand-to-hand fighting, which the Maori braves most favoured, it did great execution, and of course it was all-essential to get in the first blow. There were not many throwing weapons—perhaps only one, the kopere. The long spear was used in attacks on Maori forts, the attackers driving the spear through chinks in the palisading on the chance of impaling some warrior inside. The taiaha, mentioned just now, was one of the chief weapons, and great care was exercised in its manipulation. It was usually four or five feet in length, and double-headed, one end for striking and the other for stabbing the enemy. The Maori braves were regularly drilled in the use of these weapons, and I venture to say if a roll were called not a man would be absent from the parade ground, usually the marae or village green. Contrary to a freely expressed opinion at the present time, even the Maori, both in defence and attack, was an expert spear-thrower. The kopere varied in length from 3 feet 6 inches to 4 feet, and was made from the hardest wood procurable. It was heavily barbed, and the point, hardened in the fire, made a very dangerous wound and was difficult to extract. Many a brave warrior of Maoriland solved this last difficulty by snapping the shaft, and letting the head remain in his body while he went on with the fight. These darts were thrown not only singly, but in clusters, and against massed formations they were very effective. Other spears were the huata, used in close fighting, and the tao, for long-distance work. This last weapon was often 40 feet long and provided with a bone point. Yes, the Maoris did know both the bow and the spear, and used them too. More than 20 years ago, Captain Gilbert Mair, N.Z.C., sent to the Auckland Museum a kotaha or Maori bow. The staff was of manuka over an inch thick, and tapering to the ends, which were bored to take the bowstring. The latter was made of flax.

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Mata-ika or First Blood.

The opening of the battle, and the challenge(11) was one of the greatest interest and importance, seeing that whichever side secured first blood was considered to have obtained a favourable omen—and omens were important in those days. "Mata-ika" and "whangai-hau" were two words that were frequently heard at the opening of the battle, and as the fight developed anxious eyes were cast to the puhara. A spear is launched from the ranks of the enemy and finds a lodgment in the body of a warrior on the puhara; he staggers momentarily, tries to recover himself, and then—falls to the ground, landing amidst his enemies; the shout of Mata-ika is raised, and the hopes of the party in the pa fall considerably. Or it may be that the stricken brave falls or is pulled into his own pa, and the seekers after the mata-ika must try once more. This peculiar feature of Maori warfare is well described by the Rev. Mr. Buddle, who was a good authority on the subject. He thus described the opening of a battle between Natives:—"When the armies met in the open field, they were drawn up by their leaders in deep columns face to face, accompanied with the hideous war-dance. The toas, or braves, rushed out, whilst the principal body rested on their arms or flourished about, defying their enemies, the toas aiming at distinction by slaying the first man, 'mata-ika.' The leaders generally exerted themselves to excite the passions of the army by addresses. The reasons of the conflict are set forth with all the powers of Maori oratory and by impassioned appeals to the excited feelings of the untutored savage. The pride of the tribe, their honour, their wives and their children, the bravery of their ancestors, the spirits of the departed, their own lives, now menaced—every fact and circumstance dear to them is invoked, and all the powers of their wild poetry and savage rhetoric are employed to influence the passion of war and stimulate bravery"(12). The obtaining of first blood, as I stated just now, was even more important in the open field than at the fort, and it was certainly more fraught

(11). On the occasion of driving the first pile of the Wairoa harbour works the Maori challenge to an advancing party was well illustrated. The Wairoa party, and the descendants of old-time enemies, advanced to the Kihitu pa, and near the entrance a stalwart native, Winiata Te Rito, bare to the waist, rushed out in a threatening attitude, brandishing a spear, or taiaha. This he laid on the ground at the feet of Sir James Carroll and hurriedly retreated. If the advancing chief, in this case the ever-popular "Timi Kara," took up the staff, placed it to his lips and laid it down again, it meant war. If, on the other hand, he took it and carried it, his mission was peaceful; and in this case it was so.

(12). The performance of a set speech on occasions of great importance was called "kake," and was undertaken in a most methodical manner. The chief rising to speak begins to move, slowly at first, along a line of fifteen or twenty paces, generally walking with a measured step (except, perhaps, in times of war), suddenly increasing to a rapid run along the line of hearers, with jumps and much slapping of the thighs. At other times (especially when war threatened) the weapon carried would be uplifted at each end of the line, motion and speech going hand-in-hand. Frequently the speaker, who began with a song chanted in a low voice, would rise by equal gradations till he came to a close with violent gestures, only terminated by his utter exhaustion.

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with danger. On meeting face to face—and only separated by a few feet—a toa would make a sudden dash at the enemy, and crash went a skull! Or it might be, the weapon used was a spear, and the victim be pinned to the earth; and thus in securing the mata-ika the toa not only added to his already great mana but secured a favourable omen with the capture of "the first fish"(13). It sometimes happened that at the opening of the fight one party or the other captured a man—friend or foe mattered little—before the first blood was shed, and then one of two things had to be done: the captive must be killed, as an offering to Tu, the god of war, or the taua must return to the place from where it started. The first method was accomplished by sending the captive back through the ranks till he passed before a relative, whose duty—indeed, a privilege—it was to kill him. If, however, the captive was a stranger, the first man who could reach him performed the "happy despatch." The tohunga then cut out the heart and burned it as an offering to Tu. This ceremony was called "whangai-hau." Colonel Gudgeon mentions a case which occurred during a family quarrel among the Whatu-i-apiti tribe of Hawke's Bay:—"Some of the leading people migrated to Pouranga-hau, where they settled on land given them by Kai-tahi. The Wairarapa people carried off the wife of Hauapu, a leading chief. A strong party went out, overtook the offender and killed him, but in doing so they met Rauponga, the son of their benefactor, Kai-tahi. Now, by all the laws of Maori warfare—like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not—this man should have been killed; but Manawa-kawa, the 'ariki' of the party, compromised the matter by allowing Pahu, the general, to smite the captive a smart blow on the head, and he was declared to be dead for all practical purposes. The man was allowed to escape, but when his father heard of it he was so indignant, Spartan-like, at the insult, that he raised a war party and attacked the Whatu-i-apiti, but was defeated and slain, along with his two friends, Kiore (son of Rakai-te-awe, of Turanganui) and Te Rangi-hirauea. Two other chiefs of the party, namely, Kere and Pakura, fled to the Wairarapa for safety, and did not return thence until those whom they had deserted had worked out their own salvation, unaided by the recreant chiefs. I have mentioned these two men advisedly, for it has rarely occurred amongst the Maoris that a chief has been wanting in the courage and dignity that would

(13). The victor's exclamation was: "Ki au te mata-ika!" ("I have the first fish!"). In Futuna (New Hebrides), "Mata-liki."

In describing the practice of a war-party, Mr. White, the eminent authority, says: "The heart of the first slain of the enemy is eaten by the priest, and not until he had eaten it could the army partake of ordinary food—'kai maori,' meaning that the other was of an extraordinary character, which indeed it was. I am informed that the practice usually followed in Te Wairoa was to give the heart of the "mata-ika" to the first woman met.

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naturally lead him to stand by his people to the bitter end. The only excuse that can be offered for them is that they were of the tribe called Ngati-Kahungunu, concerning whom it has been said that 'only the Wairoa section are warriors.'" This is good testimony from one accustomed to weighing evidence, and one not too highly impressed by Ngati-Kahungunu generally.

The Maori in Battle.

Or it may be that the tribe was bent on aggression, or about to set out to secure utu for some real or fancied insult. The taua was first duly smeared and painted up, to make them look as hideous and terrifying as possible. Indeed, they were in the habit of smearing their faces with the blood, but they only drank the blood of enemies, especially those of note(14). The taua marched in any fashion to suit the configuration of the line of advance, but generally in the form of a wedge (the Latin *cuneus*; Maori "matua"). The toas operated on the wings and encouraged the men to advance. If the battle was inconclusive, the army sat down and the issue was decided by the toas in single combat, neither side having any idea of accepting defeat. Or else the women advanced and settled the dispute. But it was only when victory resulted on the field of battle that they danced the peruperu, or dance of victory.

Although the wants of the ancient Maori were few, he had to secure the fulfilment of such at an expenditure of time and labour which the present-day Maoris would view with horror, for to very many of them "taihoa" is still a virtue and the gospel of work distasteful(15). To a people who had no knowledge of iron—or who at all events had no iron tools—it must have been a very difficult and tedious operation to amass enough materials to build a pa such as I have described in this chapter, or to equip a great taua and provision it. So there grew the tendency to plunder instead of create, hence every man was a soldier—ready to do battle at any moment, first for himself and then for his tribe; and the more warlike the people became the easier they found it to become possessed of coveted wealth, and it was only the frequent sudden decline in power or the operation of the law of muru that prevented some of the chiefs from becoming as rich as the nabobs of India—that is, with riches as the Maoris accounted such. Those were the days when might was right, and he who wanted to have had to be able and willing to hold or seize, and life was not accounted anything so the desired end was attained. Thus the Maoris were indifferent

(14). In Futuna Island the natives drank the blood of their relatives.

(15). The work of provisioning the pa with food and water must have been a very difficult problem, and that is, no doubt, why no Maori pa ever sustained a protracted siege: a successful sortie often broke up the besiegers and relieved the beleaguered fortress.

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to death when it came, be it suddenly on the field of battle, amid the shouts of the victors, or by slow process in the pa or in some deserted whare. This much cannot be denied, and in these pages many instances will be given to prove my statement; and the men of the leading tribe of Te Wairoa furnished many examples of supreme heroism. I may give one here. One of the Ngati-Kahungunu chiefs fought in Heke's war against the British. He was killed by a cannon-shot, which passed through the palisades and carried off one leg above the knee. When he saw what had happened he exclaimed: "Look here, the iron has run away with my leg! What playful creatures cannon-balls are!" And then, smiling a brave warrior's smile, he fell back dead. Aue! Before I pass on to describe and locate the pas of Old Wairoa I may as well touch on "naval" matters—not that Ngati-Kahungunu ever did much in the way of sea warfare, except in attacks made by inland tribes on the pas at the Heads; but Te Wairoa contributed a very strong flotilla to the fleet of canoes that took the Heretaunga people to Mahia after the times of Te Rauparaha.

A Famous Canoe.

One of the greatest attractions in the Auckland Museum is a famous war-canoe, and though admired by thousands, yet few know anything of its history. The illustration in this chapter gives a very fair idea of this canoe, which bears the title of "Te Toki-a-Tapiri," as it was named by the Maoris—the finest specimen of Native naval architecture now in existence, but its history takes one right back to the wild old days of the early forties, when New Zealand was Maoriland indeed. The canoe is 84 feet in length, with a beam of about 6 feet, and is beautifully decorated bow and stern with carved figure-head and stern-post. It has been in the Museum since 1885, when it was presented to the institution by the New Zealand Government, through the late Hon. W. Rolleston. The tree was "cut"—if one may apply that term to the old-time Maori method of felling—at the back of the present-day Clydebank estate. It was then hauled from its proud position as the giant of the forest many miles to the Maori canoe-building yards. Thousands of men were employed in relays to haul it all these miles, cheered by the ancient hauling songs, and inspirited by the incantations and karakias of the tohungas. The story of the canoe has been compiled from several sources. Bishop Williams, who was one of the highest Maori authorities, is responsible for the information about its building, and the late Judge Fenton, of the Native Land Court, and Judge Munro, of the same tribunal, gave its subsequent history, dealing chiefly with the period of the Waikato War. Mr. Cheeseman, Curator of the Museum, has these records in full from the authorities quoted. "This war-canoe," said the

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Right Rev. Bishop Williams, "was built shortly after the year 1840. It was the handiwork of the Ngati-Matawhaiti, a hapu of Ngati-Kahungunu, who lived at the upper end of the Whakaki lagoon, near Te Wairoa. The chief of the hapu was Te Waaka Tarakau, after whose ancestor, Tapiri, the canoe was named. The 'rauawa' or topsides of the canoe were fitted by or under direction of Tamati Parangi and Paratene Te Pohoi. The canoe, being then unadorned by any elaborate carving, was presented by Tarakau to Te Waaka Perohuka, of the Rongo-whaka-ata tribe, at Poverty Bay, receiving in return a garment called 'karamaene.' The carving of the canoe was executed at Te Angaparera, on the left bank of the Waiporoa River, nearly opposite to Orakaiapu pa. The principal tohungas engaged in the work were Te Waaka Perohuka, Timoti Rangitotohihura, Wiremu Te Keteiwi, Patorounu Pakapaka, Natanahira, Toumata, and Mahumahu. About the year 1853 the canoe was presented by Te Waaka Perohuka to the great northern chief Tamati Waaka Nene and his brother Patuone, who sent by way of acknowledgment a piebald stallion called 'Taika' (Tiger). The horse was afterwards given by Perohuka to Tarakau, the original owner of 'Te-Toki-a-Tapiri.' Some say that the horse was given first, and that the canoe was a return present.(16)"

The late Mr. Fenton, Judge of the Native Land Court, wrote:—"Some years after the arrival of the canoe in Auckland from the East Coast, it was, with the consent of the Ngapuhi chiefs Tamati Waaka and Patuone, sold by Hone Hopiha to Ketetani (William Hobbs), of the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe, to Kaihau and Te Katipa, of the Ngati-te-ata tribe, Waiuku, for £400, and was taken over to the waters of the Manukau. Hone Hopiha at the same time sold Kaihau and Katipa two greenstone meres for £100 each. Waaka Nene and Patuone gave the whole of the £400 to Hone Hopiha, as he, while living at Hokianga, had cut and squared a large kauri spear which was given in exchange to a certain Pakeha for the horse called 'Taika,' already mentioned." In the Compensation Court, which was held in Auckland (1867 or 1868), Ahipene Kaihau, of the Ngati-Te-ata, stated that the amount paid for the canoe was £600. He should know, for when first seized she belonged to the Ngati-Te-ata tribe of Orakau. Mr. A. Munro, Judge of the Native Land Court, stated:—"At the time of the Waikato war I was attached to the Native Department. Shortly after the outbreak in 1863 I was instructed by the then Native Minister, Sir Francis Dillon Bell, to proceed to Onehunga and collect all the Maori canoes that could be found in the Manukau. The steamer 'Lady Barkley' was placed at my disposal, and a party of the Onehunga

(16). I think this latter view is most likely correct, because the horse "Taika" was mentioned in this connection in one of the early Wairoa Land Courts.

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Naval Volunteers, under Captain Purnell, was directed to accompany me. I was to obtain the canoes peaceably, if possible, but any way I was to get them, and to inform the Natives that they were taken simply to prevent the Maori rebels making a mischievous use of them, that they would be returned at the termination of the war, and any that might be lost or damaged would be fully paid for. The canoes were owned for the most part by the Ngati-Te-ata, about one half of whom had joined the rebels, the other remaining 'kupapa,' or friendly. The Maoris made no objection to our taking the canoes, and we came down the Waiuku branch of the Manukau with a whole flotilla towing in the wake of the steamer. At a place called Rangatira, if I remember aright, we found this large canoe 'Te-Toki-a-Tapiri' drawn up under a shed. Looking at the fine canoe, I felt it would be a pity to take her to Onehunga, where for a certainty she would be destroyed or otherwise so damaged that the Government would be required to pay the £600 which, I understood, was the price given for her by the Ngati-Te-ata. I directed, therefore, that the 'haumi,' or stern portion, alone should be taken, as when that was unlaced and removed the canoe would be practically useless until replaced. The Naval Volunteers were rather sulky at this, as they especially wanted this canoe to grace our triumphal return to Onehunga. The canoe was at this time in excellent condition, nothing being wanting except the 'puhipuhi' (feather decorations), which the Volunteers had unluckily discovered in a whare at Waiuku containing the belongings of the deceased chief Katipa. This they had cut up into lengths to adorn their heads. On our return to Onehunga the haumi was placed in the Customhouse store for safe keeping, and my share in the matter ended. The canoe was subsequently brought to Onehunga, by whom was not known, and received so much damage that the Government had ultimately to pay for her." From information given by others it appears that after Mr. Munro's return a second party, numbering about 100 men, was dispatched to collect the canoes overlooked by the first expedition. The party was under the command of Captain Lloyd, and one of the members was the late Mr. J. C. Firth. The canoe was secured with many others and brought to Onehunga, where it remained on the beach for several years. While lying there a midshipman belonging to H.M.S. "Harrier" made an attempt to blow up the canoe, seriously damaging it. At the close of the war the Ngati-Te ata refused to take the canoe back, alleging that it was so much damaged as to be useless. The Compensation Court upheld this, and awarded the Maoris £600 in payment for their loss. During the visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to Auckland the canoe was dragged across the Tamaki isthmus to Auckland in order to take part in a war-canoe race in the harbour. After

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wards it was placed in charge of the chief Paora Tuhaere at Orakei Bay, and remained in his care until it was finally presented by the Government to the Museum in 1885. The figure-head attached to the canoe is not the one originally carved for it; that was taken to England by the Duke of Edinburgh. It was not long ago located among some rubbish in the South Kensington Museum, London, and I doubt not, if the Dominion Government makes proper representations to the Museum authorities, it will be handed back for replacement in its original position.

As predicted in an earlier chapter, interesting relics have recently come to light in the Mahia district in the shape of a beautifully carved stern-post of a Maori canoe, and evidently of a very great age. It is now in the Dominion Museum, and its story is as follows:—The stern-post illustrated in this work by the kind permission of the Directors of the Dominion Museum, Wellington, is a portion of a very famous canoe, and a very old one if the story told of it be true. The stern-piece was only carved on one side, the reason for which is not explained, but it may be that the exigencies of war or the death of the artist would account for it. There is a romantic story attached to the canoe, which should not be lost, though the mists of time have blotted out her name from the memory of my informant. Mrs. Martha Greening (or, in Maori, Maata Te-Kai-a-Mahaki), tells that a canoe of which only the stern-piece is now left came once from Hawaiiki and landed suddenly by night at Pukenui (Kaiuku) beach. Here the chief of the party captured a beautiful maiden of the pa, of whom he had no doubt heard. Swiftly she was carried to the waiting canoe, and no lover-chief being at hand to rescue her, she was soon on board the much-travelled craft, which at once put to sea. The tohunga called on the Maori atua, and he interposed a thick fog between the abductors and any possible pursuers. Soon the vessel was off Tauranga, and a heavy storm arose, which blew into the sea the stern-piece, and with it the tuft of feathers adorning the top, the feathers of the "toroa" (albatross). The chief jumped into the sea to recover the precious feather, but it rose in the air and was carried inland, being eventually located at Waikaremoana! What became of the maiden and her abductors was never known, but the stern-piece drifted back to near the spot where this fair maiden lived, was cast on shore and buried in the sands of Opoutama till it was found some years ago. All I can add is: if this was one of the canoes of the migration of 1350 the stern-piece must be nearly 600 years old.

Another interesting relic of the past has recently been found on the Opoutama sandhills in the shape of a carved bowl, and has been for some time the subject of dispute. It was stated to

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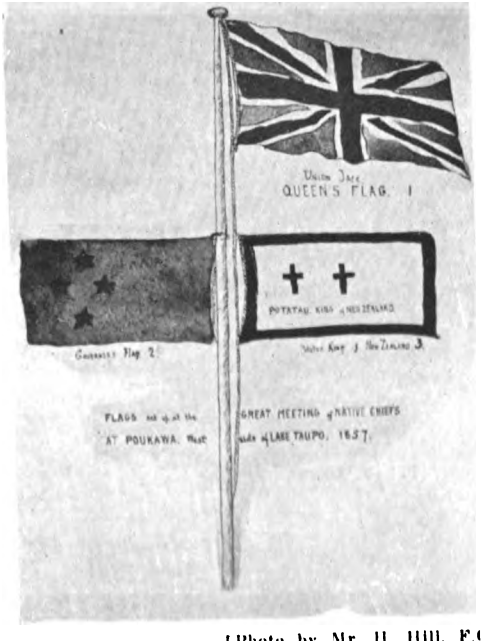
Rewi Maniapoto
Defying the British under General Cameron, at Orakau



[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.
Under Which Flag?—The Situation at Taupo

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Ruataniwha Pa

Te Uhi Pa, in the Seventies

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Meiha Maahu, Chief of Ngati-Kapua-Matotoru
Died at Ruataniwha, 1898

Typical Urewera Half-caste, showing Negroid Strain
By permission Mr. James Cowan

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Non-commissioned Officers, Hawke's Bay Military Settlers

The Waikaremoana Expedition

Standing—Major Richardson, Capt. Handley, Ensign Davis, Major (later Judge) Gudgeon, Lieut.-Col. Herrick, Lieut. Spiller, Lieut. Milner (18th Royal Irish).

Sitting—Lieut. Witty, Lieut. Ferguson, Capt. Northcroft, Major (later Judge) Scannell, Capt. Bower (Adjutant), Capt. Corfield, Major Withers (Paymaster).

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be at least 200 years old, and many have sought to obtain possession, the writer vainly endeavouring to secure even a photograph. After a day's wandering on horseback in company with Mr. Abe Rarere we sought this Maori bowl, but failed to locate it. At the close of our hunt we came across an old woman, Te Rina, who, though nearly 80 years of age, we found quite sprightly when mounted on a horse. From her we learned that this bowl had been hidden away for safe keeping, but where it was she could not say, but she volunteered the information that some day it would appear in the Dominion Museum together with a famous greenstone meremere. The bowl she described as being about three feet in diameter, and having four handles for carrying purposes. It was very heavy, far more than a man could lift, and most probably was made of whinau. It had been very elaborately carved, but was now very much worn with age and the friction of the drifting sands in which it was found. It was, she said, originally the property of Rakato, an ancestor of Ihaka Whaanga.

Pas of Old Wairoa.

To resume: May I now submit a list of the pas of Te Wairoa, dating back to Tauira times. It is, as far as I can procure, complete, and nothing like it has yet been attempted. I have tried to observe a chronological order, and it may be possible that further additions will only be available if a second edition is called for, a contingency which I hope may be realized.

ANTE-TAUIRA LINE

The first on my list that calls for notice is WAHA-TOA, a palisaded pa situated at Oraka, the farthest bluff on the Wairoa side of Mr. G. C. Ormond's property. It belonged to Ruawharo.

TIRO-TIRO-KAUIKA, a palisaded pa situated on the east side of Mahia peninsula, opposite the site of the hotel which flourished at Mahia in the palmy days of the whalers. This pa also belonged to Ruawharo.

TARA-MAHI-TI was situated at Long Point, on a small island which had, no doubt, in former times been separated from the mainland by an earthquake. It was occupied as a fighting pa, and the top of it stood about 40 feet above the water. It was about five acres in extent, and was reached by a bridge of fallen trees over the chasm. It belonged to Maahu, a chief so ancient that he has been deified.

TE RUA-O-PO, a palisaded pa situated at Mahia, next to Maunga-a-kahia, and at the same level. It belonged to Hau.

WHAKA-PAU-KARAKIA, a walled pa, stood on a cliff on Tutu-o-te-kaha No. 4, at the junction of the Mangapoike and Makaretu creeks. It belonged to Hukinga, of Ngati-Ruapani.

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WAI-REPO-REPO, a palisaded pa situated on a hilltop near Ruakituri station. It belonged to Te Ua.

URU-HOU, a palisaded pa at the junction of the Wairoa and Ruakituri Rivers—a very strong position. It belonged to Nga-herehere.

PU-WERE-WERE, a palisaded pa opposite Uru-hou, on the Reinga side of the Wairoa River. It belonged to Rua-tai.

TE WAI-WHERO, another structure defended by palisades close to Pu-were-were, near the falls. It belonged to Tu-aki-aki.

RAKI-ROA, a walled pa belonging to Tu-aki-aki, was built near Tiniroto, at the foot of Wakapunake.

TE KOHAI, a walled pa on the west side of Tiniroto, and owned by Hika-raki.

PUKE-TAPUA, a palisaded pa on the Ruakituri creek near Pa-puni, where the hill-side slipped, forming a lake. This pa belonged to Hinganga.

KOU-RAKAI-RAPOKI, the last on the Tauira list, is a palisaded pa belonging to Tu and Rongo, descendants of Tauira. It was situated on the south side of Huramua creek. It was a very extensive pa, and noted for the fact that near here fell the two brothers, fighting side by side, after the battle which originated through the theft of the talking tui.

PAS OF TAUIRA

TE PAPA, a palisaded pa covering about two acres, and the oldest in Te Wairoa in the times of Tauira, was situated on the hill connecting Te Uhi and Kihitu, at a spot where some years ago there stood a telegraph pole carrying the Wairoa-Mahia line across the river.

O-PARERO, comprising about an acre and protected by a ditch and bank, topped with timber palisading, occupied a site on the Kai-rangi block on the east side of the Waiatai swamp; a large poplar tree till lately marked the spot where many a warrior breathed his last.

TE KOWHAI, a palisaded pa, but devoid of earthworks, occupied a commanding position on the Ohuia block.

KOROTERE was situated near the Tuhara flaxmill. It was a palisaded pa without earthworks, and covered nearly five acres, which, it must be allowed, was a large area to enclose with heavy timber.

PUKE-PIRI-PIRI, another pa belonging to Tauira, was situated on the Waiau River bank near the boundary of Tutaekuri block, near Ardkeen. This pa, which was also provided with palisades and earthworks, was a fighting stronghold of considerable importance, occupying a strategic position in the midst of the lands of Tauira.

NGA-MOTU, defended by palisades and earthworks, and covering about two acres, stood at Te Hoe, Mahia.

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TANGA-KAKA, belonging to Mutu, son of Tauira, was also defended by a palisade and bank. It stood on a hill at the western cutting, Wairoa-Turiroa road, almost opposite Whaka-pau.

RAKAU-TE-HEA, so called because it lay on the track of the south-west wind, and because visitors ascending could only see the tops and not the boles of the trees, occupied a commanding position at the back of the late J. Landrekin's homestead at Whare-kiri. Even to-day the beholder can see at a glance that it must have been levelled for a considerable distance on the top of what is the highest hill in the neighbourhood of the modern town of Wairoa. A visit to the spot will confirm the statement that it was a very large walled pa when Mutu held sway there.

TU-PAPAKI-RAU belonged to Wahia (Tauira line), and stood near the new metal pit back from the Wairoa-Turiroa road, near the old rifle range. It was a palisaded pa, and the earthworks are still visible.

PUKE-WHEKI, a palisaded fort belonging to Tari-onge, a descendant of Tauira, was situated on the Burnside estate, on Kahauroa No. 4, and the earthworks are still visible.

TA-RERE, a palisaded pa on the late Mr. Duff's run, occupied the site of that gentleman's woolshed, and the veriest tyro in antiquities can see at a glance that it must have been a large and important pa, and of course strongly palisaded, seeing that the bush stood at the very back door. This pa belonged to Rakai-weriweri, a warrior who gave Kahungunu some trouble in later times, as I shall show in the course of my story.

MATA-KUMEA belonged to Tu Maroro and Tu-paaka (Tauira line from the sons of Tauira). It was a double palisaded pa, the west end of which was called Para-ngaehe. An important palisaded pa, it stood opposite Mr. J. McKinnon's, Ohinepaka.

TE RUA-O-KO-TIHE, a palisaded fortress belonging to Tauira, and occupied by his grandson, Tuaha, stood on the Kairangi block, to the west of O-parero, which, as I have already shown, was on the east of Waiatai.

RAKAI-PAAKA LINE

WAI-RORO, a large palisaded pa situated at Tahaenui, to the left of the bridge as the traveller proceeds from Wairoa to Nuhaka. The earthworks of this pa, which belonged to Manawa and Kohaki, are still standing.

POKO-HARU, a palisaded pa, stood at Nuhaka, at the mouth of a small creek a short distance up the Morere road from the junction. It belonged to Te Ahurangi.

WAIHI, a pa protected by palisading, was situated near Wai-kokopu on one of the commanding hills. It belonged to Tamai-Nohia.

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PAE-ROA, inland from Opoutama. It was built on a hill by Pokia.

MOU-MOU-KAI, the principal pa of Rakai-paaka. It was situated on top of a very high hill, about 1,185 feet from sea level. The fortress was only scalable on one side, except by the aid of ropes. It comprised about 20 acres, and was thus the largest pa in Te Wairoa. It had a splendid spring of water on the very top of the hill, and the cultivations flourished within the walls. Mou-mou-kai is famous in that it never was taken by any war party, though Tuhoe claim they did.

WAI-PAPA, a "pa waikari"—that is, a pa with earthworks only—was situated at Nuku-taurua, near Mr. Geo. Ormond's homestead. It belonged to Te Ate-puru.

TAUMATA-HAKEKE, a palisaded pa, situated to the north-west of Maunga-a-kahia, Mahia. It belonged to Hikairo.

PUKE-KURA, a palisaded pa situated between Wai-nui and Whangawehi. It belonged to Rangi-ha-kuikui.

MOKO-TAHI, the principal palisaded pa of Rakai-paaka, was situated on the Mahia peninsula, a little to the west of a hotel which flourished there in the palmy days, when flax and whale oil was plentiful and grog flowed freely when the ships arrived from Sydney. This was the first big pa built in the country of Tauira by his subsequent conquerors.

PO-HUI was situated at Whakaki, on a high hill behind Waaka Kereru's house, to the east of "Happy Valley" of present Pakeha times.

PAETAWA stood over the quarry at Tahaenui, and was strongly fortified.

PAS OF POKIA, SON OF RAKAI-PAAKA

PARI-O-KINA, a palisaded pa at Mahia, on the south side of the peninsula and close to the edge of a cliff.

RANGI-AHUA stood above the new Rakai-paaka bridge over the Nuhaka River.

POKO-WHARUA, situated at Mangakino, on the Nuhaka flats, at a place called Whare-rau.

TE RUA-MATA stood south of the swamp near the Nuhaka Native school. It was a double palisaded pa, the western end being called Te Kowhai.

PA-TONGA stood a short distance back from Rua-Mata, in a westerly direction.

RANGA-TAUA, a palisaded pa, occupied the present Nuhaka town site. Its presence on an open plain is not accounted for by the fact that owing to the introduction of guns the Maoris had begun to desert the hill fortifications, for guns had not then been introduced into the district.

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PAS OF TUREIA, GRANDSON OF KAUKOHEA, SON OF RAKAI-PAAKA

MANUKA-NUI, a strong fighting pa, covering over two acres in extent, and extending from the present Wairoa Post-office site nearly up to the Clyde Hotel. That it was populous may well be believed, for my informant states "the people were as numerous as the fish in the sea." The last chief was Moewhare.

PAE-TAWA, a good-sized pa, with wall and palisades, whereof parts are still standing. It occupied a position on the road leading from Mohaka to Te Putere.

TE-KOHAI, a pa defended by palisades, occupied a site on a hill to the left of the road leading into the Mohaka settlement from the Wairoa side.

PUKE-MOKI-MOKI, a palisaded pa, situated below Te Huki pa and overlooking the Mohaka River(17).

NGATI-KAHUNGUNU LINE

Perhaps the most important, MAUNGA-A-KAHIA, a strong palisaded pa, stood on the top of a high hill overlooking the sea, on the east side of the Mahia peninsula, north of Nukutaurua. It was the principal pa of Kahungunu, and had three lines of defence, earthworks and palisades. The former must once have been very high, for they still remain at least eight feet above the surrounding land. The outer walls were called the pekerangi, and the inner one the keri-tai, or the citadel, where the last stand was made against the enemy.

TURA-MOE was another palisaded pa, situated on the Here-heretau block at Whakaki, on the last hill to the west of the bridge, and not far from the beautiful karaka grove. It was of the same class as Maunga-a-kahia, but was never attacked, though it was famed as the site where many fine war canoes were built—possibly the naval yards of the Maoris only escaped because the defences were strong. Here Toki-a-Tapiri was built. It is probable that this pa is identical with pa Orakaiapa, described later.

RANGI-HOUA occupied the site of the look-out station of the Wairoa Heads. It was a double pa, the southern end belonging to Tu-paheke and the northern end to Kai-aha, the first owners of this stronghold. It is, perhaps, needless to add that this was defended by earthworks and palisades, and though the timber barriers have long since disappeared, the earthworks remain. The western and northern walls may still be traced, though the other two have long since fallen into the sea or the river. It was practically unscalable on the river side, and only open to attack towards the west and north.

(17). "Hiruharama," or Jerusalem, was, of course, a very modern pa.

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OKU-RARENGA, situated on a hill on the east side of the Mahia peninsula, about six chains north of Mr. G. C. Ormond's homestead. This was a palisaded pa of great extent and was close to the sea, on top of a high cliff. The sandy beach at the foot was called Puke-nui, hence most writers have so described it. Later on it was given the name of Kai-uku, from a circumstance related elsewhere. The original builder of the fortress was Rakai-hiku-roa, son of Kahu-kura-nui. This pa has been miscalled Kura-reinga by the Maori writer Tarakawa. "Tai-wananga" and Ote-one (portions of the beach) are seven miles away from Oku-raranga. This was the landing place of the Takitimu canoe.

ORAKAIAPA stood on an almost impregnable hill-top near Whakaki, famous also as the site of the shipbuilding yards that turned out the canoe "Toki-a-Tapiri," now in the Auckland Museum. It was to this spot that the bones of the Kihitu chiefs were removed for safety, at the time of the great "heke" to Nukutaurua, when the Maungatautari and Raukawa people were raiding and eating up the people of Hawke's Bay. No other information regarding the shifting of the bones could I secure.

PO-HUI, a palisaded pa, situated near Tawapata, on the backbone of the peninsula. It belonged to Te Whata-Ngaio.

PUKE-KARORO, a palisaded pa, south of Pohui, but near the extreme end of Waikawa.

KOPU'S PA, at Te Hatepe, or Wharepu, a fairly old pa, Ngati-Kahungunu line. It was built by Kopu from the timbers of the ancient Whare-o-koro pa on the Wairoa beach. They were dug up with great labour out of the earthworks on the present shingle beach, towed up to opposite Huramua creek, and hauled up the steep bank for the new pa. It did not quite follow the usual style of setting the palisades, or the "tekoteko," in the centre of the bank, for this and the fosse were inside the palisading, which stood on level ground. At the gates the ditch ceased, but there was a tunnel underneath, level with the bottom of the fosse, so that the defenders, rushing from one threatened spot to another, could do so without exposing themselves. The centre gate faced the river, and was defended by flanking bastions; on either side may still be seen the depressions where the kumara pits were situated, also the stones of Kopu's fireplace. These were Napier limestone blocks, brought up as ballast by the early Wairoa traders and thrown out at Huramua preparatory to loading up timber. In the centre of the pa were several large houses used in common. One was called Takitimu, and the other I cannot name. There were hundreds of old-time whares all round the old pa. At the corners were many grotesque figures. One of these was that of a Maori warrior in the act of hurling a spear. Another (which was added later) was a figure also pois-

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ing a lance, and supposed to represent Mr. "Sam" Locke, then Government agent; and in order to conform to the Maori ideas of the fitness of things, his face was coloured white. In the centre of the old pa was buried Kopu himself, who died in 1867; also his two daughters, Itiria and Katerina. The totara timbers of the old Whare-o-koro pa, though now over 100 years old, are as sound as the day they were first erected, and they show clearly the markings of the old Maori stone axe.

Ruapani Line

Hiku-koe-koea belonged to Tahito (Ruapani line), and was situated at the mouth of the Kahauroa creek, on the western side. The longest front of the pa has long since been washed into the Wairoa River, but the other still exists, though only the earthworks can now be seen.

Pas of Te-o-Kura-Tawhiti, the Father of Tapuae

Taumata-o-te-o, a fighting pa, situated on the north side of the Wairoa River, a little below Whare-kiri.

Ma-kea-kea, a palisaded pa to the east of pa Taumata-o-te-o and nearly opposite Orere. This pa earned fame by a visit from the Takitimu canoe of the migration.

Wai-paru-paru was not a fighting pa, but a settlement, which lay just to the north of the Waiparu-paru bridge.

The Pas of Tapuae

Maru-maru, where Captain Hussey was killed in 1865, was a palisaded fortress on the Wairoa side of the river. The Maori name, Omaruhakake.

Kai-mango, a very strongly fortified pa, in a commanding position at Spooner's Point, in the present borough of Wairoa. A portion of the ditch and bank facing the north-east is still visible, and not long ago some of the butts of the palisades were uncovered.

Pohu-nui-a-Hine, a fighting pa, north of Matiti, on the bank of the Wairoa River, almost opposite the late Mr. Duff's homestead.

Poho-riaka, also a pa defended by palisades and earthworks, stood at Hikawai, close to the edge of the Wairoa River, to the west of the Frasertown road. Most of the site has long since fallen into the river, but there are still indications that it was a very important position.

Pu-kai-raho, a walled pa, situated on Kahui-tara block, on the Rotoparu creek. It belonged to Te Koura, a descendant of Tapuae.

Pohatu-nui, a palisaded pa, situated on the west side of the Wairoa River, nearly opposite Marumaru. It belonged to Ngati-Hinganga.

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The Pas of Ure-wera, Son of Rakai-paaka

Whakai-ihu-pakake, situated on the bluff of that name at the eastern end of the lagoon at Kihitu. It was a palisaded pa, and considered one of great importance.

Ko-rito, a palisaded pa, situated on an island in the Whakaki-nui-a-rua lagoon, midway between the O-teka and Te Paraoa lagoons. It was built for defence against sudden attack, and the steep sides of the island were very difficult of access.

Manga-rangiora, a palisaded pa, situated on the Waiau River at its junction with the creek of that name (Cricklewood). This was the pa from which Urewera's grandchild, Hui-maio, was stolen by Kahu-tapere.

Taro-o-nga-wahanga, situated at Hau-pa-tonga, about halfway between Opotiki and Wakapunake.

Tau-poho-kura, with defensive works, situated at the back of Waiatai, on land once farmed by the late Mrs. F. Parker. It was a large fighting pa, and noted for being the place where Kepa Hohepa's father was taken prisoner by Rangi-mateo.

Pas of Kiore and Karoro, two Sons of Rakai-te-awe

Te Uhi-a-karoro, a very large palisaded pa, situated at the mouth of the Awatere creek (opposite Spooner's Point). The palisades in some cases are still standing, but the front of the pa has long since fallen into the Wairoa River.

Upoko-kotea, a palisaded pa, situated on the site of the Ferry Hotel at North Clyde. It constituted the boundary between the two brothers after they separated. It was a double pa, the west end belonged to Kiore and the east to Karoro.

Pou-taka was merely a large settlement just to the west of the harbour reserve at the Wairoa public pound.

Pas of Rangi-Tuanui

Pa Koutu, situated near the site of Lockwood's house. It was a large palisaded pa.

Te Marua-a-kainuku, a palisaded pa, built by Te Huki, son of Rangi-tuanui, from Tapuae. This was situated a little to the south of Te Papa-pa, on the hill opposite Kopu road, Wairoa borough.

Tu-ranga-o-tara, a palisaded pa, belonging to Te Rimu, stood at the north of Te Papa, there being thus three very close together.

Tau-o-kahutia was built by Whenuariri (son of Te Rimu) on the southern point of the hill on the east side of the river, opposite Grey Street.

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Rebel Chief Te Waru (Ngati-Hinemanuhiri)
Died in exile, Bay of Plenty

Ihaka Makahue.
Presented with Sword of Honour
on behalf of Queen Victoria.

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Maori Fighting Uniform, 1870

Fighting Uniform, 1914-1918

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Kereopa Te Rau
Murderer of the Rev. C. S. Volkner at Opotiki.
Hanged at Napier

[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

Taraia Ngakuti
Last Cannibal Chief in New Zealand

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Tamihana Te Waharoa—"The King-maker"

Donald McLean—"The King-breaker"

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TE KAI-RERE, a palisaded pa, near a small lake on Mr. G. Stevens' property on the Kahauroa stream. Some of the palisades are still standing. It belonged to Te Rimu, grandson of Kangi-tuanui.

PA-HO, situated on Hinewhaki 2 and 3, on the right-hand side of the cutting leading over Te Uhi hill from Wairoa. It belonged to Kaho, and was last occupied about 150 years ago.

PAS OF KAPUA-MATOTORU, A GRANDSON OF TAPUAE

WHEREINGA, a strong palisaded pa, on the east side of the Wairoa River near Matiti.

PO-TIKI-HERE, a palisaded pa, built on the Paeroa block on the left side of the Wairoa-Frasertown road.

THE PAS OF HINE-RARA, FATHER OF TIAKIWAI

Usually the word "Hine" signifies that the bearer of it is a woman, and "Tama" a man, in the same way that "Mary" and "William" represent a girl and a boy respectively. In the case of Hinerara and Tama-here the parents reversed the position. Hinerara's pa was called WHARE-O-KORO, a very strong palisaded pa on the beach at Kihitu Point, east side of Wairoa River mouth, called Taumata-a-tuna. It was a double pa, and one end was held by Tiakiwai and three chiefs, Rangi-mateo, Maihi-Kai-moana and Manu-tautahango, there being 300 occupants. The other end was held by Henare Apatari, who had 107 people under him.

PA-TUATINI, defended by palisades and earthworks, was situated at O-kaka, on the east side of the Wairoa River, nearly opposite Napier Street.

PAS OF TE MAHA, BROTHER OF TAPUAE

TAURANGA-KOAU, a palisaded pa, situated at Wai-tahora (Mrs. Ramlose's estate).

RAWERA-NUI was also a fortified pa, close adjoining but across the creek. It was here that Te Maha died.

AHI-PANIKI PA belonged to Ihu-tupu, a grandson of Tapuae. It was defended by a wall and palisades, both of which were in existence up to 1870. It occupied all the land from about the late residence of A. Lewis to Rangi-houa pa, on the hill (old Pilot Station).

KAI-RAKAU, a settlement on the site of Mr. J. W. Sargisson's former residence. It was so called because the children of the chief were in the habit of taking their kai (food) on the trunks of the trees which had toppled over into the river at this spot, which was originally forest-covered.

WAI-KORO-HIKO occupied the land where the writer now resides in Grey Street, and not long ago I unearthed a Maori oven there.

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TE-PA-HOU, a palisaded pa, situated on Hine-whaki hill, belonged to a woman, O-hine-kakaho, a daughter of Tapuae.

TE NGAWHA, a palisaded pa, belonging to a grandson of Urewera. It was situated on the site of the Tuhara flaxmill.

NGA-KORAKO, a pa defended by a wall and palisades, owned by Piri and Rewha, grandsons of Te Whata. It was situated at Waiatai, on the Rewa block.

TAUMATA-HINAKI, a palisaded pa, situated on the Tuke-mokihi block behind the late J. H. Brown's old station buildings. It belonged originally to Matu-a-hango, a grandson of Tahu.

PORO-NUI, a palisaded pa, to the east of the bluff called Koe-koe-te-he, where the Wai-horo-i-tuna lagoon breaks out. It belonged to a grandson of Tama-te-rangi named Paterangi.

PUKE-RURU, defended by walls and palisades, was situated on the high range at the back of Huramua station. It belonged to Tama-te-rangi.

PUKE-TE-WHAITIRI, a palisaded pa, belonging to Makoro, brother of Tama-te-rangi.

HAU HAU, a palisaded pa, belonging to Iwi Katere, on the east side of the Huramua creek, where a few years ago I was shown the "papa-whara," or foundation of Iwi Katere's house.

PAS OF TAMA-TE-RANGI

First comes MANIA, a large palisaded pa, situated at the junction of the Manga-a-ruhe and Wairoa Rivers. This was the principal pa of Tama-te-rangi, and the one where he uttered his famous "saying" when about to start on an expedition, which is dealt with elsewhere.

RUA-WHERO, built on the south side of the Waiau, opposite Ardkeen, and protected by a wall and palisades.

MA-KAKAHI, a palisaded pa, built on the flat near Springhill, close to the Ma-kakahi. It was surrounded by cultivations on the rich river flat about it. It was at this pa that Tama-te-Rangi was killed by Parua of Ngati-Hauiti, Tolaga Bay.

O-WAIRUA, a palisaded defence, was situated on the Waiau, seven miles up from Frasertown and on the north side of the river.

PAS OF NGATI-HINGANGA

TE MAIHI, a strong palisaded pa, on the edge of the Wairoa River, a little to the south of the Opouiti bridge.

KAKAPO, also strongly fortified. It stood by the side of the present Marumaru-Gisborne road, near the first bridge north of the Marumaru Hotel. Its capture by Te Otane is detailed in "Native Wars and Raids."

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CHAPTER X

DAYS OF THE MOA

ALLIED BIRDS—INQUIRY BEGINS—COLENSO OR OWEN—COLENSO'S CLAIM—REV. W. WILLIAMS—THE MOA'S HOME—THE EAST COAST—LOCALE OF THE MOA—IN WAIROA DISTRICT—HOW THEY DIED.

[Told by H. HILL, B.A., F.G.S., ex-Chief Inspector of Schools for Hawke's Bay.]

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The east coast of the North Island of New Zealand was, doubtless, the last home of the moa; and this being so, in my opinion, I applied to Mr. Hill, who is acknowledged to be the greatest New Zealand living authority on the historically interesting question of the moa, for permission to take extracts from his account. Mr. Hill has been working for 25 years on this subject, collecting records and specimens, and generally placing the historical portion—apart from legend—on a correct basis. He is, without a doubt, the only individual who has had the privilege of visiting all the places where the moa bones were first found. I therefore applied to no mean authority, and Mr. Hill readily granted the required permission. The story, however, is so complete and so well told that I deemed it sacrilege to disconnect it; and so, though it adds to the expense and bulk of this volume, I reproduce it in full in order that it may have that wider circulation which its importance demands.]

Mr. Hill, writing to me, says:—"The Hangaroa Valley is quite classic in this respect, and I do not doubt that the time will come when Wakapunake and the country between it and Wairoa will supply plenty of evidence that the moa dwelt supreme in the country at one time. I have a bone taken 50 feet down in the shingle conglomerate as you go up the hill beyond Opouiti towards Te Reinga. There you see a great face of shingle towards the top of 'the long hill,' and in the face a large moa bone was found, which I have in my possession, and so of a dozen other places. I possess a feather—a fossil one—found by me at Ormond, in the pumice mud deposits, which are crowded with leaves and fishes, and these must have been deposited many, many centuries ago, because they are in the cliffs—among the Ormond Hills."

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En passant, let me remark, then, that the moa lived and roamed New Zealand many ages ago. That no Maori ever saw a living moa, legends notwithstanding. That this most wonderful bird was practically exterminated, not by the hand of man, but by some great volcanic agency, which destroyed the birds in great numbers as they fled for safety to the caves in the hill-sides. That at the time the moa was wiped out there were no men in New Zealand, else their bones would have been found as well as those of the moa. This makes the giant birds very old, and the Maori comparatively recent. And now I will let Mr. Hill tell his own story:—

Allied Birds.

Few subjects occupy greater prominence in the *Transactions of the New Zealand Institute* and have created greater interest among scientific men than the published accounts of the extinct bird known as the moa. Of the bird, legends are few, native information meagre and uncertain, and the history of its discovery and naming has never yet been satisfactorily settled. Every person who has taken up the study of the moa from either of the above-named aspects must acknowledge the scientific insight and skill that have been brought to bear on the numerous discoveries of bones, footprints, eggshells or portions of such, and feather impressions—all representing a bird that has passed away and whose living representatives, such as the ostrich, the rhea, emu, cassowary and apteryx, are to be found chiefly in countries forming portions of a continent extending as far as or to the south of the equator.

The moa as a bird represents a remarkable past. There were great birds in lands other than New Zealand during the days when the dinosaurs and megatheria roamed at will in northern climes. Why monster birds like the aepyornis of Madagascar and the moa of this country were characteristic of areas south of the equator is still a matter of surmise. We know the birds, as represented by fossil forms, possessed characters quite unlike present-day types, and in order to maintain their particular characterictics the physical conditions could hardly have been such as now prevail. If life is in any sense adapted to environment—and this is self-evident—the lands where giant birds like the moa roamed and reached their greatest development must have, since their day, been considerably modified in extent, in physical features and even in production. There are no traces as yet discovered of quadrupeds having lived in New Zealand of a larger size than the dog, nor is there any evidence forthcoming of giant reptiles having once existed, although there yet remains the oddest representative of the reptilia in the living phenodon punctata, found on a few of the islands around the coast. It is therefore surprising to find among the relics of the past the remains of birds possessing characters so strangely different from

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the dominant types of birds that occupy the country to-day. As far as I can trace, no mention is made, by any of the earlier missionaries, of fossil bones of any kind. Nicholas, who voyaged to New Zealand in the years 1814-1815 and who published two volumes in 1817 of his travels and adventures, refers to the existence of a bird in New Zealand of the cassowary species. Thus in Vol. II, page 225, he says: "From the feathers which line the garments of some of the chiefs it would appear that there is here a species of the cassowary, but we did not see any in our excursions. The feathers are precisely the same as those of the emu in New Holland except being somewhat small." Of course this has reference to the feathers of the apteryx or kiwi, which Nicholas did not see, nor does it appear to have attracted the attention of the missionaries to a later date. Polack, a trader who spent two years or more along the east coast of the North Island between the years 1834-7, on his return to England, published in the year 1838 two volumes relating many quaint things concerning New Zealand. In Vol. I, page 307, he says:—"Cormorants and a white heron are found. . . . Many of the various birds in New Zealand are disappearing from the country, some from a difficulty in their solitary powers, caused from the sparseness of their wings, whereby they become an easy prey to the Natives. Yet doubtless the future ornithologist will be surprised by the discovery among the hidden mountain gorges and wilds of the Island of Victoria (i.e., South Island) of many birds at present supposed to be no longer in existence. I feel assured, from the many reports I have received from the Natives, that a species of struthio still exists in that interesting island, in parts which, perhaps, have never yet been trodden by man. Traditions are current among the elder Natives of 'atuas' covered with hair, in the form of birds, having waylaid former Native travellers among the forest wilds, vanquishing them with an overpowering strength, killing and devouring. . . . The traditions are reported with an air of belief that carries conviction to the younger Natives, who take delight in the marvellous and improbable."

On page 303 of the same volume Polack remarks of the North Island that "a species of the emu or a bird of the genus struthio formerly existed. . . . I feel well assured of this, as several large fossil ossifications were shown to me when I was residing in the vicinity of the East Cape, said to have been found at the base of the island mountain Ikorangi (Hikurangi). The Natives add that in times long past they received the traditions that very large birds had existed, but the scarcity of animal food as well as the easy method of entrapping them has caused their extermination." Polack makes no mention of the word moa in his reference to fossil ossifications of a bird belonging to the

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genus struthio, and it is strange that no reference occurs from the time when the missionaries reached the country in 1818 up to the time when the Rev. William Williams and Mr. William Colenso took a holiday trip from the Bay of Islands along the east coast, following the completion, printing and publication of the New Testament in December, 1837. Bishop Williams, of Napier, informed me in a letter that the Rev. William Williams first visited the East Coast to the south of East Cape in the year 1834. This being so, it is possible that he may have met Polack at Tolaga Bay or elsewhere along the coast and that he then heard of the fossil ossifications. But I can find no reference to this in any publication. Colenso was a born naturalist, and this fact may have suggested to the Rev. William Williams the advantage of being accompanied by Mr. Colenso during his second visit to the coast. But whatever the reason for the companionship of the Rev. William Williams, missionary, and editor of the first New Testament in Maori, and Mr. Colenso, the printer of the New Testament, the fact remains that previous to the date when the two started on their important journey together on January 1, 1838, no missionary or other person appears to have interested himself in the fossil ossifications such as Polack states he saw along the East Coast during his residence between the years 1834-37. The gradual spread of information in England and elsewhere following the publications of Nicholas and Polack naturally increased the interest of scientists in the flora and fauna of New Zealand. Every bit of information that it was possible to glean about the country was collected in the hope of obtaining for Great Britain some of the credit that naturally marks a country by the discoveries of its scientific workers. The mere reference by Nicholas that a struthious bird existed in the country, and the subsequent reference by Polack to the apteryx and fossil ossifications of a former struthio, sufficed to whet the imagination of scientists in England and to direct their attention to the importance of New Zealand as a land to be studied and exploited by scientific workers. In January, 1838, Polack's books could not have reached this country, but the frequent references in the English newspapers posted to New Zealand sufficed to arouse the attention of missionaries and others to the many objects of Maori workmanship and the wonders in natural history around them. These, while differing from what was common in the Homeland, provided valuable material for scientific inquiry and research.

Inquiry Begins.

The years extending from 1837 to 1843 are particularly interesting as representing an important page in the history of this country. The cities of Auckland and Wellington were founded; the Treaty of Waitangi was signed, making New Zealand an integral part of the British Empire; Captain Hobson, the first Governor of the new colony,

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was appointed; and a galaxy of scientific men visited the country whose names to-day are world-wide. Among these may be named Diffenbach, Dr. Sinclair, Sir John Franklin, Allan Cunningham, the late Sir Joseph Hooker, F.R.S., and greatest of all —Darwin. All these visited New Zealand within the years named; and to add still further to the growing importance of the country, the British House of Commons held an inquiry into certain matters connected with the growing lawlessness of the "flotsam and jetsam" that had reached New Zealand from Australia. It was in November, 1839, that Professor Owen read his celebrated paper before the Zoological Society of London, describing a bone new to science that had been purchased from a Mr. Rule, who said that it had been brought by him from New Zealand. The bone was an imperfect one, but Owen recognized it as the bone of a bird, and boldly announced the former and perhaps present existence of a huge bird in New Zealand. We may suppose that Owen at this time had read Polack's volumes, which were published in 1838, containing reference to large fossil ossifications that had been seen in the vicinity of the East Cape. It is important to keep in mind the month of November, 1839, in connection with Professor Owen's first paper. Owen showed that the fossil ossifications referred to by Polack in his book were none other than those of birds, and that the traditions handed down by the Natives to the effect "that in times long past . . . very large birds had existed" in the country was true in fact. Owen had said in his famous paper that a bird such as he described might be still living, but the Native tradition, received in times long past by ancestors of the Natives who told Polack, affirmed the bird had been exterminated in times long past in order to provide food for the Natives. Nearly two years before Professor Owen's first paper was read the Rev. William Williams and Mr. Colenso—as explained above—had travelled down the east coast of the North Island. Mr. Colenso's account of the journey is available for reference. The two travellers started from the Bay of Islands on January 1 and returned February 13, 1838. "The committee of missionaries," writes Mr. Colenso, "very kindly granted us two (the editor and the printer of the New Testament) a holiday on relief from heavy and constant daily duties which had long been pressing on us both, it being also the time of vacation with his school. And with the New Year we were directed to visit the Natives of the East Cape and coast on to Poverty Bay (then an unknown district), so we left the Bay of Islands on our journey thither on the 1st January and returned on the 13th February following."

Here is what Mr. Colenso wrote in 1842 for the *Tasmanian Journal of Science,* referring to the information first gleaned by

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him of fossil ossifications to be known subsequently as moa bones:—"During the summer of 1838 I accompanied the Rev. W. Williams on a visit to the tribes inhabiting the East Coast district. Whilst at Waiapu, a thickly inhabited locality about 20 miles south-west from the East Cape, I heard from the Natives of a certain monstrous animal; while some said it was a bird and others 'a person,' all agreed that it was called a moa; that in general appearance it somewhat resembled an immense domestic cock, with the difference, however, of its having a face like a man; that it dwelt in a cavern in a precipitous side of a mountain; that it lived on air(1); and that it was guarded or attended by two immense tuataras, who Argus-like kept incessant watch while the moa slept; also, that if anyone ventured to approach the dwelling of this wonderful creature he would invariably be trampled on and killed by it." This account differs somewhat from that given by Polack, but it suggests also a reference to what the latter writer states of the birds found in the South Island that were covered with hair . . . and that they killed and devoured human beings. Although differing in details, the statements suffice to show that throughout the East Coast traditions existed among the Natives of the former existence of strange and curious animals. The discovery of large bones in the river-beds confirmed the Natives in their opinion. and especially so as there were no animals in the country larger than the native dog.

Colenso or Owen?

There appears to be no doubt that Mr. Rule was the first person to carry a moa bone to England and bring it under the notice of scientific men, and it was this same bone that enabled Professor Owen to build up his imaginary bird and to announce to a wondering world that "there had existed and perhaps still exists in New Zealand a race of struthious birds of larger and more colossal size than the ostrich or any known species." This paper, as already explained, was read on November 12, 1839, and the Rev. William Williams and Mr. Colenso were at Waiapu in January, 1838. Polack's books were published in 1838, and so they could not possibly have been seen by either Williams or Colenso, and we have the latter's statement that he did not see Polack's book until many years following its publication. Napier, Gisborne, and the East Coast generally are so closely connected with the early history of the fossil moa that it is of some importance to state as concisely as possible the historical sequence of events concerning the parties who played so prominent and honourable

(1). Or they so supposed from the fact that the giant bird carried its head high up. That it was fierce and strong they also declared, and one Wairoa Native informed me, "The last moa was killed at Waikaremoana."

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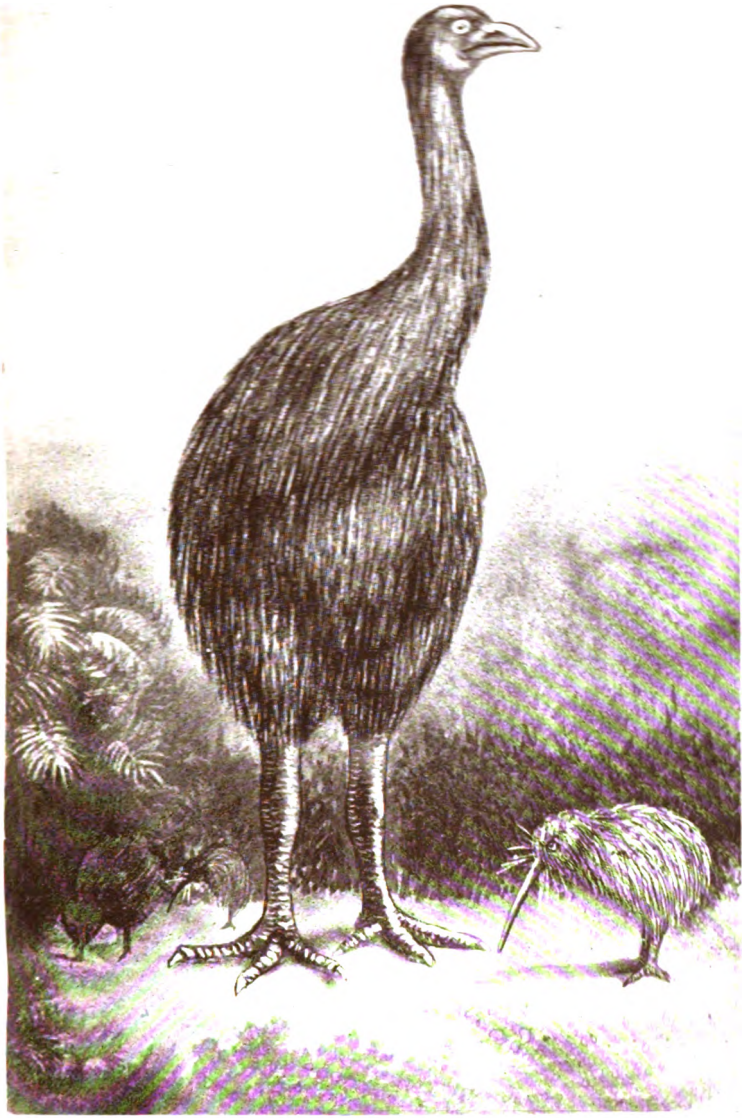

The Moa (as it is believed to have been in life)
The gigantic size of the Moa is shown by comparing it with the Kiwis, which are about as large as an ordinary fowl

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a part in making known to the scientific world the truth of Owen's generalization that "there had existed in New Zealand a struthious bird equal in size to the ostrich." In order to arouse interest in the subject of Professor Owen's paper among the settlers in New Zealand, it is said that a hundred or more additional copies of Owen's first paper were printed by the Zoological Society for distribution to the colonies, but the assurance is given by Colenso that he never saw Owen's first paper or heard of it. "Now I positively affirm," he says, "that I not only never saw Professor Owen's first memoir, but that I had never once heard of it, neither did I hear of any resident in New Zealand who had seen it." But Colenso must have heard of the subject as dealt with by Owen in his paper, because the newspapers were full of the new wonder from New Zealand, and interest was aroused among the settlers throughout the whole of the two islands. Up to the year 1838, as far as I can find, no individuals other than Allan Cunningham, botanist, and William Colenso, printer, living in New Zealand had interested themselves in natural science. In the *Proceedings of the Church Missionary Society* there is a letter from Mr. Colenso in which he suggests how valuable and welcome would be the gift of a microscope, and it is evident from his earliest writings on botany and natural history that he was a keen and careful collector of natural history specimens from the time of his arrival in New Zealand to the close of 1834. Diffenbach did not arrive in the country until 1839, and although he states that a Native chief tried to dissuade him from ascending Mt. Egmont by saying "it was guarded by a moa" . . . he does not appear to have heard either legend or fact of the moa during his journey from Taranaki to the Bay of Islands. During Diffenbach's stay in the Bay of Islands he resided next door to Colenso, and it was at this time that Diffenbach met the Rev. R. Taylor, who had recently returned from the East Coast in the company of the Rev. William Williams. These missionaries started on their journey in January, 1839—a year after Colenso's first visit—and returned February 13. This was the Rev. Mr. Taylor's first trip to the East Coast, for he was a recent arrival in the country, but he is said to have succeeded in obtaining a fossil toe-bone, which, with other bones, Diffenbach saw. It appears that small parcels of broken bones had been sent to Mr. Colenso (*a*) by the Rev. William Williams and (*b*) by the Maori teachers who had been sent to the East Coast after the return of Messieurs Williams and Colenso in February, 1838. Colenso says he told the Maori teachers, when starting for the East Coast, to enquire for fossil bones and to send them to him at his home in the Bay of Islands whenever opportunity should offer. Hence Diffenbach saw the toe-bone

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found by the Rev. R. Taylor and the bones belonging to Colenso sent to him by the Maori teachers and the Rev. William Williams, both being obtained in the year 1839.

The East Coast.

The interval that elapsed between the reading of Owen's first and second papers was an active one in New Zealand in the way of collecting bones. Colenso paid a second visit to the East Coast in the summer of 1841-2. He started from the Bay of Islands on Friday, November 19, on board a little vessel bound for Poverty Bay. He, however, landed at Wharekahika, now known as Hicks Bay, between Cape Runaway and the East Cape. He continued his journey southward to Rangitukia, a large Native settlement of the Ngati-Porou tribe on the left bank of the Waiapu River. Here he obtained "several fossil bones of the moa" (5 femora, 1 tibia, and 1 undetermined). These were the first moa bones actually collected by Mr. Colenso. He continued his journey southward along the coast to Poverty Bay, where he met the Rev. William Williams, later made Archdeacon, and who had gone to reside at Turanga (Gisborne) at the beginning of 1841. The Archdeacon had a number of moa bones which had been obtained from the Natives. These had been collected with the intention of sending to Professor Buckland at Oxford. Colenso states *(Transactions of New Zealand Institute)* that he gave some of the bones collected by himself to the Archdeacon. It is reasonable to suppose that mutual exchanges were made at this time. Colenso went inland from Poverty Bay, following the present inland Gisborne-Wairoa road as far as Te Reinga Falls, in the Hangaroa River. His enquiries for moa bones were frequent as he passed round the famous Wakapunake headland of limestone, where, according to tradition, the moa still lived in a cave! He was told, just what Maoris always tell whenever they are ignorant, that the information he sought of the moa would be obtained from some other named person in another locality. Interest, however, was aroused by his enquiries for bones, and observation was quickened when it was known that money would be given by the missionary living at Turanga to those who should find bones and take them to him. Colenso tells us that many bones were taken to the Archdeacon, but that he himself could not obtain any information other than legendary about the moa, which the Natives near Wakapunake now said lived in the Whaiti mountains! Colenso undoubtedly made a brave effort at this time to discover facts concerning the moa as known to the Maoris, but his efforts were unsuccessful. The facts gleaned along the coast during his progress to Poverty Bay and the legends common to the East Coast district were not increased during his remarkable journey through the heart of the North Island.

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During the year 1842 Archdeacon Williams sent a collection of bones to Professor Buckland at Oxford. Some of these bones consisted of a pair of femora collected by Colenso at the Waiapu River, near Rangitukia. As already stated, Colenso obtained 5 femora, 1 tibia, and 1 bone undetermined. On returning to the Bay of Islands, Colenso also set about making up a collection of moa bones to send to his friend Sir W. J. Hooker for Professor Owen, and at the same time he wrote an account of his views on the moa and a monograph on some New Zealand ferns. The former he sent to the editor of the *Tasmanian Journal of Science* and the latter to Sir W. J. Hooker. Colenso's paper on the moa was sent to the editor of the *Tasmanian Journal of Science* early in the year 1842, and was acknowledged on August 6 as follows:—

My Dear Sir,—I believe Mr. Henslow asknowledged your two papers upon the ferns of New Zealand and upon the fossil bones (which are indeed a very remarkable discovery). They were laid before the Society at the last meeting (August 3), and the next number, now in the course of printing, will contain your paper on ferns; the other we reserve for the succeeding number. We are not restricted to lithography by the expense, but by the difficulty of getting the things done properly. However, I hope your illustrations will be to your satisfaction, as they are already in the workman's hands. I enclose a copy of No. 4, and will not forget to send you copies of No. 5 when published. Communications may be addressed to me under cover of Sir J. Franklin, as I have undertaken the duties of secretary of the Society.

(Signed) I. P. GELL.

To WILLIAM COLENSO, ESQ.

The original of this letter is in my possession. Here it is clearly shown that Colenso sent his paper on "fossil bones" to the Tasmanian Society in Hobart soon after his return from what was at the time a very remarkable and successful journey by way of the East Coast, thence inland to Waikaremoana, through the Urewera Country to Rotomahana and Rotorua, and onward north to the Bay of Islands. Colenso's paper on the moa appeared in the *Tasmanian Journal of Science* in 1843, and Professor Owen republished it in Vol. XIX, *Zoological Magazine*, the following year. The fact of republication by Professor Owen suffices to show that the paper was one of scientific value. Between the time of Colenso's writing his paper on the moa for the *Tasmanian Journal of Science* and Owen's republication of it a letter had been written by Owen himself to Mr. Colenso, on the recommendation of Sir Joseph Hooker, and from this it is possible to correlate all the facts connected with the receipt of moa bones in England up to the time of the Professor's writing:—

Royal College of Surgeons, October 23, 1843.

Sir,—I am encouraged by Sir William Hooker to hope that you may interest yourself in transmitting me information and specimens relative to a point in natural history which I have been for some years endeavour-

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found by the Rev. R. Taylor and the bones belonging to Colenso sent to him by the Maori teachers and the Rev. William Williams, both being obtained in the year 1839.

The East Coast.

The interval that elapsed between the reading of Owen's first and second papers was an active one in New Zealand in the way of collecting bones. Colenso paid a second visit to the East Coast in the summer of 1841-2. He started from the Bay of Islands on Friday, November 19, on board a little vessel bound for Poverty Bay. He, however, landed at Wharekahika, now known as Hicks Bay, between Cape Runaway and the East Cape. He continued his journey southward to Rangitukia, a large Native settlement of the Ngati-Porou tribe on the left bank of the Waiapu River. Here he obtained "several fossil bones of the moa" (5 femora, 1 tibia, and 1 undetermined). These were the first moa bones actually collected by Mr. Colenso. He continued his journey southward along the coast to Poverty Bay, where he met the Rev. William Williams, later made Archdeacon, and who had gone to reside at Turanga (Gisborne) at the beginning of 1841. The Archdeacon had a number of moa bones which had been obtained from the Natives. These had been collected with the intention of sending to Professor Buckland at Oxford. Colenso states *(Transactions of New Zealand Institute)* that he gave some of the bones collected by himself to the Archdeacon. It is reasonable to suppose that mutual exchanges were made at this time. Colenso went inland from Poverty Bay, following the present inland Gisborne-Wairoa road as far as Te Reinga Falls, in the Hangaroa River. His enquiries for moa bones were frequent as he passed round the famous Wakapunake headland of limestone, where, according to tradition, the moa still lived in a cave! He was told, just what Maoris always tell whenever they are ignorant, that the information he sought of the moa would be obtained from some other named person in another locality. Interest, however, was aroused by his enquiries for bones, and observation was quickened when it was known that money would be given by the missionary living at Turanga to those who should find bones and take them to him. Colenso tells us that many bones were taken to the Archdeacon, but that he himself could not obtain any information other than legendary about the moa, which the Natives near Wakapunake now said lived in the Whaiti mountains! Colenso undoubtedly made a brave effort at this time to discover facts concerning the moa as known to the Maoris, but his efforts were unsuccessful. The facts gleaned along the coast during his progress to Poverty Bay and the legends common to the East Coast district were not increased during his remarkable journey through the heart of the North Island.

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During the year 1842 Archdeacon Williams sent a collection of bones to Professor Buckland at Oxford. Some of these bones consisted of a pair of femora collected by Colenso at the Waiapu River, near Rangitukia. As already stated, Colenso obtained 5 femora, 1 tibia, and 1 bone undetermined. On returning to the Bay of Islands, Colenso also set about making up a collection of moa bones to send to his friend Sir W. J. Hooker for Professor Owen, and at the same time he wrote an account of his views on the moa and a monograph on some New Zealand ferns. The former he sent to the editor of the *Tasmanian Journal of Science* and the latter to Sir W. J. Hooker. Colenso's paper on the moa was sent to the editor of the *Tasmanian Journal of Science* early in the year 1842, and was acknowledged on August 6 as follows:—

My Dear Sir,—I believe Mr. Henslow asknowledged your two papers upon the ferns of New Zealand and upon the fossil bones (which are indeed a very remarkable discovery). They were laid before the Society at the last meeting (August 3), and the next number, now in the course of printing, will contain your paper on ferns; the other we reserve for the succeeding number. We are not restricted to lithography by the expense, but by the difficulty of getting the things done properly. However, I hope your illustrations will be to your satisfaction, as they are already in the workman's hands. I enclose a copy of No. 4, and will not forget to send you copies of No. 5 when published. Communications may be addressed to me under cover of Sir J. Franklin, as I have undertaken the duties of secretary of the Society.

(Signed) I. P. GELL.

To WILLIAM COLENSO, ESQ.

The original of this letter is in my possession. Here it is clearly shown that Colenso sent his paper on "fossil bones" to the Tasmanian Society in Hobart soon after his return from what was at the time a very remarkable and successful journey by way of the East Coast, thence inland to Waikaremoana, through the Urewera Country to Rotomahana and Rotorua, and onward north to the Bay of Islands. Colenso's paper on the moa appeared in the *Tasmanian Journal of Science* in 1843, and Professor Owen republished it in Vol. XIX, *Zoological Magazine,* the following year. The fact of republication by Professor Owen suffices to show that the paper was one of scientific value. Between the time of Colenso's writing his paper on the moa for the *Tasmanian Journal of Science* and Owen's republication of it a letter had been written by Owen himself to Mr. Colenso, on the recommendation of Sir Joseph Hooker, and from this it is possible to correlate all the facts connected with the receipt of moa bones in England up to the time of the Professor's writing:—

Royal College of Surgeons, October 23, 1843.

Sir,—I am encouraged by Sir William Hooker to hope that you may interest yourself in transmitting me information and specimens relative to a point in natural history which I have been for some years endeavour-

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ing to elucidate, viz., the nature and affinities of the gigantic bird which appears to have become extinct, like the dodo of Mauritius, within the historical period in the North Island of New Zealand. The proceedings of the Zoological Society for January, 1843, which I take the liberty to transmit, will put you in the possession of the amount of information which I had obtained on the subject of the dinornis of that period. I have subsequently obtained, by comparison of the specimens transmitted to Dr. Buckland by the Rev. Wm. Williams, good evidence of not less than four species of dinornis, the bones of which have been obtained from the beds of streams descending from the mountains into Poverty Bay. These species are at present indicated by bones of the leg. No part of the head has yet reached England (note October 23, 1843), nor any trace of wings or rib bones. The latter I conjecture to have been disproportionately small, as in the apteryx. Every additional bone of the dinornis would be of great value and utility in recomposing the different species. I have, for example, now got the femur and metatarsus of one species, without the tibia or longest bone of the leg; in another I have the tibia but not the femur of thigh-bone. You will see what Mr. Cotton said, according to a report which Mr. Williams had heard relative to the existence of the great species at the present time in the Middle Island, and I should be glad to have any further information on that point which may have reached you. With the notice of the dinornis I send also an abstract of my description of the kiwi or apteryx of New Zealand. The probability that the fate of this genus may soon be that of the dinornis has induced me to spare no pains to secure a record of its organization. Hitherto the specimens (two) I have received have not reached me in a state fit for the dissection of the nerves. For this purpose a recently killed apteryx should be immersed in a strong colourless spirit, the skull having carefully been cut open and partly removed with a penknife to allow the spirit to get into the brain. An opening should be cut into the belly, and spirit poured in there and down the throat. If after some weeks' immersion the spirit were changed, the bird would without doubt arrive in such a state as would allow me to complete my monograph. . . . For the honour of our country, the scientific account of the rarities of our remote colonies should emanate from England. We have too often been indebted to foreigners for such information. . . . As soon as I have published the memoir I am now preparing on the dinornis I shall forward it to the Rev. Wm. Williams and yourself, and meantime remain,—Yours, etc.,

(Signed) RICHARD OWEN.

This letter was written on October 23, 1843; is initialled by Colenso as having been received on January 17, 1846, or two years three months afterwards; and was answered on January 20 (or three days after its receipt). The delay may have arisen owing to the trouble with Hone Heke in the Bay of Islands, and to the circumstance that Colenso removed to Hawke's Bay about this time. The two letters here quoted show:—

First.—That Colenso's paper on the moa was written immediately following his return from his second journey along the East Coast in April, 1842, and acknowledged by the editor of the *Tasmanian Journal* in August.

Second.—That Owen's second paper appeared in January, 1843.

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Third.—That between the appearance of Owen's second paper and his letter to Colenso—October 23, 1843—Professor Owen had received from Buckland the collection of bones forwarded by the Rev. William Williams.

Fourth.—That at the time of writing to Colenso, Professor Owen was occupied upon a third paper on the dinornis, a copy of which he promised to send to Colenso when sending one to the Rev. William Williams, who was most interested.

Fifth.—That Colenso could hardly have obtained any facts connected with Owen's first paper at the time of writing his own paper.

Sixth.—That Colenso's paper was republished by Owen in the *Zoological Magazine.* Reference has already been made to Diffenbach and the Rev. Richard Taylor, as quoted by Colenso. It is necessary, however, to quote what each one says in order to avoid even the appearance of bias. Diffenbach says: "To this order probably belongs a bird named moa (or movie) by the Natives. The evidence is a bone, very little fossilized, which was brought from New Zealand by Mr. Rule to Mr. Gray and by him sent to Professor Richard Owen (*Proc. Zool. Soc.*, 1839, p. 169). I possess drawings of similar bones and of what may possibly be a claw, which are in the collection of the Rev. Richard Taylor in Waimate. They are found on the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand, and are brought down by rivulets from a neighbouring mountain called Hikurangi." In the year 1855 the Rev. R. Taylor published a book bearing the title *New Zealand and Its Inhabitants.* The following reference to the moa is taken from page 396:—"But of all the birds which have once existed in New Zealand, by far the most remarkable is the dinornis of Owen! Perhaps it was the largest bird which ever had existence, at least during the more recent period of the Earth's history; and it is by no means certain that it is even now extinct! I first discovered its remains in 1839 at Turanga and Waiapu." Now Colenso, it is stated, lived next-door to Diffenbach, but the latter makes no mention of Colenso, and it is doubtful whether Colenso had any bones of the moa at the time of Diffenbach's stay, for he had not started on his second journey along the coast. In support of this suggestion it should be mentioned that Colenso, in the *Tasmanian Journal* (Vol. II, p. 7), refers to the fact that on the return of the Revs. Wm. Williams and Taylor from the coast the latter carried with him "a part of a fossil toe (or rather claw) of some gigantic bird of former days." In Vol. V, Art. III, p. 97, *Transactions New Zealand Institute,* Mr. Taylor relates how he found a portion of a large bone at Waiapu, near East Cape, in 1839: "When in the house of a Native at Waiapu with the Rev. Wm. Williams, I

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noticed the fragment of a large bone stuck in the ceiling. I took it down, supposing at first it was human, but when I saw its cancellated structure I handed it over to my companion . . . asking him if he did not think it was a bird's bone. He laughed at the idea, and said, 'What kind of a bird could there be to have so large a bone?' . . . The Natives said it was a bone of the tarepo, a very large bird which lived at the top of Hikurangi, and that they made their largest fish-hooks from its bones." Nothing is said about the finding of a claw as related by Diffenbach and Colenso, Mr. Taylor's purpose, apparently, being to show that he found the first bone recorded in New Zealand! This bone, Mr. Taylor says, the chief readily gave him for a little tobacco. It is stated, further, that the bone was sent to Professor Owen through Sir Everard Home, but that it did not reach the Professor for some time afterwards, when Owen had already announced in his famous paper the existence of a former gigantic bird in New Zealand, basing his conclusions on the specimen carried to England by Mr. Rule. There is no reason to doubt the statement as to the finding of the bone in the ceiling by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, but in order to obtain the best available information concerning the earliest discoveries of moa bones in this country, I obtained from Bishop Leonard Williams, who was the son of the late Rev. Wm. Williams, subsequently the first Bishop of Waiapu, a memorandum on "Moa Remains," and concerning the discovery of which his late father was so closely connected. He writes:—

"I do not remember the date of Professor Owen's becoming possessed of the first moa bone which reached England, but it is worthy of note that Polack, who visited the East Coast in 1835, says in his book *New Zealand*: 'The East Coast was first visited by the Rev. Wm. Williams in 1834, when he took from the Bay of Islands some East Coast chiefs who had been called thither and landed there by a whaler.' The next visit was by the Rev. H. Williams, who in 1838 brought several Native teachers and left them at different places on the coast. It was then arranged that the Rev. W. Williams should form a station somewhere in the district, and he came in 1839 to fix upon a site. Towards the end of the year he left the Bay of Islands and settled in Poverty Bay (January, 1840).

"Moa bones having come under his notice on his former visit, he immediately began to collect as many as he could from the Natives, and sent several large cases to England addressed to Dean Buckland, whom he had known in Oxford as Professor of Geology. These cases on their arrival were deposited in the basement of the Hunterian Museum, of which Professor Owen was curator. The Professor invited a number of persons who

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were interested in the subject, and after dinner all adjourned to the basement to superintend the unpacking of the bones.

Locale of the Moa.

"The moa footprints found at Gisborne in the soft rock at the mouth of the Waikanae creek appear to have been confounded recently with what the Maoris call 'Footprints of Rongokako'(2), who is said to have been one of the early immigrants from Hawaiiki, and is the subject of various legends. These footprints are said to have been found at various places, the Tapuae Rongokako, a few miles south of Whangara, being the position of one of them. One at Nukutaurua, on the Mahia peninsula, was plainly visible in the papa rocks about three years ago. One was said to have been near Tua-motu Island and others elsewhere on the coast. That at Nukutaurua was of the size and shape of an adult human foot, and it is to be presumed that the others were of the same character. They evidently had nothing to do with the moa.

"The question whether the Maoris knew of the moa as a bird has sometimes been confidently answered in the negative. There is good reason, however, to conclude that the bird was well known to the Maoris for some time after their arrival in New Zealand. The extract above given by Polack is evidence that they spoke of the bones as belonging to birds. Their old traditions speak of the feathers being used for ornaments, one such ornament being specially spoken of as 'Te Rau-o-Piopio.' Again, when the people of any place were exterminated, it was usual to speak of them as having been destroyed like the moa. That the Maoris had their part in the extermination of the birds is evidenced by the finding of moa bones in old cooking places, which I was told by the late W. B. D. Mantell was frequently his experience when travelling about the South Island when he was engaged in purchasing tracts of land for the Government. I was once told by the late Dr. Spencer, of this town, that he accompanied Sir George Grey on one occasion when an old Maori pointed out places on the west coast of this island where moas had been cooked in old times, the moa bones being found much as described by Mantell. This memorandum, as far as it deals with the first finding of moa bones and forwarding them to England, supports what has already been adduced."

The legendary history to which the Bishop makes brief reference affords no satisfactory evidence as to whether a long time or a short one has elapsed since the moa disappeared, or whether the moa and the Maori were contemporaneous. It can

(2). Panapa Waihopi, of Gisborne, in a further letter to the press, stated that the footprints found on Waikanae Beach were "not those of Rongo-kako, but of Rongo-kako's kiwi," for most of the mythical chiefs were accompanied on their journeys by tame birds, and it was left by him to be assumed that the said bird was not a kiwi but a moa.

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hardly be supposed that the disappearance of the moa, which was distributed throughout both islands, occurred synchronously, or that the moas of the North Island disappeared synchronously, unless from some physical cause other than by man's means. Bishop Williams is of the opinion that the moa's disappearance is of recent date, and he is supported in his contention by men like the late Sir James Hector, Professor Hutton, and latest of all Professor M. A. Quatrefoves, F.G.S. Mr. Colenso, Mr. Tregear—the former from geological evidence, the latter from etymological—and many others have expressed the opinion that the moa disappeared either earlier than the advent of the Maoris into the country or very soon afterwards. Now the first actual information extant concerning the legendary history surrounding what are now termed moa bones is the account given by Polack. He states that he "saw several large fossil ossifications, and that in times long past Natives received the tradition that very large birds had existed in the country." Further, that traditions then current among the elder Natives related how atuas covered with hair, in the form of birds, dwelt in the forest wilds and killed and devoured human beings whenever the opportunity arose. Here fact and legend meet. The bones have been proved to be those of birds, and the information had come in the long past from Natives who received the tradition of the former existence of birds. The fact that atuas and birds are mixed in the legendary lore is very noticeable, but one would suppose that had the bird been generally known to the Natives of either island the same name would have been applied to it. Polack makes no mention of the name of the legendary bird. The Rev. Mr. Taylor termed it tarepo. In London, Mr. Rule gave the name of the supposed bird as movie, and Mr. Colenso, in his paper that appeared in the *Tasmanian Journal of Science* in 1843, states that when in Waiapu (near East Cape of the North Island) during the summer of 1838, along with the Rev. Wm. Williams, he first heard of a certain monstrous animal. Some said a bird, some a person; all agreed it was a moa—a domestic cock that had the face of a man and dwelt in a cavern in the precipitous side of a mountain, that it lived on air, and that it was guarded by two immense tuatara, which watched whilst the moa slept. Wakapunake—a bold scrap of limestone to the south of Poverty Bay—was spoken of as the residence of the creature. The Natives were afraid of the moa. Colenso endeavoured to find out more about the moa on his second visit to the East Coast in 1841-2, but although he passed round Wakapunake and proceeded to the interior of the island, he was unable to gather any further information, either legendary or other, about the moa(3). It will be

(3). In the Samoan and Tongan dialects "moa" means a fowl. It would be interesting to know if this was why the Maori immigrants bestowed the name "moa" on the dinornis.

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noticed that there is a general agreement between Colenso and Polack in their description of the atuas in the shape of birds that at one time existed in the country. The fact that such tradition alone remained suffices to show that the moa had disappeared from the North Island at least anterior to the arrival of any settlers, missionaries or others. Bishop L. Williams refers to the legendary footsteps of a celebrated ancestor of the Maori, Rongokako; but I prefer to accept the evidence of Panapa Waihopai, and principal chief residing at Te Karaka, whose illuminating letter, when read in the light of Colenso's reference below, appeared in the *Poverty Bay Herald* on May 30, 1912. This letter was written following the alleged discovery—rediscovery it should have been—of moa footprints at the mouth of the Waikanae stream, as you enter between the pier heads into the Turanganui River, Gisborne. The following is a copy of the letter:—

Sir,—I wish to inform you for the benefit of those who discredit the discovery of moa footmarks on the Waikanae. I am now approaching my 80th birthday. In the year 1850 I was shown the very same footprints by Kahutia Te Rangi, Lady Carroll's grandfather, and was told they were the footprints of Rongokako, of Maori historical fame. Kahutia's people before that knew of the same footprints. The footprints are therefore not moas', but Rongokako's.

When Colenso made his second visit to the East Coast, as related in the *Tasmanian Journal of Science,* he remarks that after passing Te Kawa Kawa (Hicks Bay) the clayey rock has been so acted upon by the sea as to be worn quite flat in many places, stretching into a continuous layer of rock nearly a mile in length. Here in a clayey rock near high-water mark the Natives show the impression of the foot of Rongokako, one of their illustrious progenitors; the print of his other foot made in striding hence being near Poverty Bay, a distance of more than 50 miles! Many marvellous exploits are recorded of Rongokako in the legendary realms of the Maori, but it is curious that the statement made by Colenso in 1842 should be substantiated by Panapa Waihopai in 1912. The statement of the Native chief is another instance as showing that the so-called footmarks of Rongokako and the footprints of the moa were equally unknown to the Maoris of the North Island but as mere legends. In Vol. V. p. 95, of the *Transactions,* the Rev. Mr. Taylor says that on inquiries from the Natives as to what kind of bird the bone belonged which he found in a native house, he was informed "it was the bone of the tarepo—a very large bird which lived on the top of Hikurangi, the highest mountain on the East Coast. . . . I then inquired whether the bird was still to be met with, and was told that there was one of immense size which lived in a cave and was guarded by a large lizard, and that the

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bird was always standing on one leg"! On the other hand, Colenso says an old chief of the East Coast informed him that "anciently the land was burnt up by the fire of Tamatea." Then it was that "the big living things, together with the moas, were all burnt. Two moas, however, survived with difficulty that destruction, but only two. One of these lived at Te Whaiti (mountains in the interior) and one at Wakapunake. The feather of this one at Wakapunake has been seen, and it was preserved as a plume decoration for the heads of the dead chiefs of note. The name of the feather was Te-rau-o-piopio (the special plume of Piopio). The forefathers of the Maoris heard of the moa but they never saw its body, only its bones." This statement agrees entirely with what I have been able to gather from the Natives in the vicinity of Wakapunake, at the foot of which I have passed to and from Poverty Bay during the past 35 years. Invariably the same answer is given in reply to enquiries: "In a cave near the top of Wakapunake the last moa lived and its feathers were used on great occasions, but this was a long time ago." As showing how the traditional lore is passed on from father to son, the following account was related to me on July 16, 1912, by Urupeni Puhara, aged 88, an old chief then living at Pakipaki:—"The moa was not the name by which the great bird that lived in this country was known by my ancestors. The name was 'te kura,' or the red bird; and it was only known as moa after the Pakehas said so. Te kura was known to all ancient people and was handed down from father to son, who spoke about the big bird that was as high as the top of the door (pointing to the door of the room in which we were sitting); its legs were as thick as those of a bullock." Neither his father nor grandfather had seen te kura, but it had been told to them and tales were told of what it did. He did not know how it was caught or snared, nor had he seen or heard of moa's eggs, and knew nothing of its footmarks. The moa lived, he had heard, all over the North Island, but they disappeared after the coming of Tamatea, who set fire to the land. The fire was not the same as our fire, but embers were sent by Rangi. The signs of the fire are still to be seen where red rocks like red berries are found. The place is called Te-Pua-o-te-Roku, or the garden of berries. The man that brought the moa to New Zealand was Rua Kapanga. Tamatea was the son of Rongokako, and he married Hine Maurea or Muri Whenua. Knowing that Colonel Porter, C.B., of Gisborne, had a wide acquaintance with Maori history and legendary lore, I drew his attention to Urupeni Puhara's account of the moa, particularly with reference to Te Pua-o-te-Roku, and he replied to my letter thus:—

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Dear Mr. Hill,—Thanks for yours of the 18th ult. I quite appreciate the scientific interest you take in Maori legendary. Re the old chief's statement: The word "manu," as you know, means "bird," and some version of Rongokako says "his manu"; then on closer enquiry they say "like a kiwi," only bigger. None seem to have in mind the "moa." The old man's story about the Pakeha having so named the moa recalls an amusing story I heard on the train years ago between Napier and Wellington. An elderly gentleman *en tour* was questioning a well-educated half-caste on the origin of the name "moa." The reply was: "Oh, the Maori had no name for it only 'manu,' and that it was after the Pakeha came and discovered the skeleton remains throughout the country they exclaimed: 'More bones! More bones!'—hence the name moa by the Maoris!" I was highly amused, but did not intervene.

It is strange that there is no authentic record of the moa in song or legend, only one proverb—"Ngaro a moa"—lost like the moa. This tends to prove they had "the name" at all events. There is a piece of forest land on the Mata River, near Hikurangi, called "Rua-o-te-Roku," noted for the redness of its rocks and berries—in former days a great pigeon-hunting ground. Re the embers destroying the moa: I did hear that theory among Ngaitahu in the South Island, who said fires fell from heaven, set fire to and denuded the country of forests, so destroying the moa, whose remains are found only in caves and swamps where they sought refuge. I have not heard any story of the kind in the North Island, which has always been so forest-clad.—Yours,

T. W. PORTER.

The historical facts and legendary references already presented show (*a*) that fossil bones are first described as having been seen and subsequently collected along the east coast of the North Island; (*b*) that the first known fossil bone taken to England from New Zealand was taken by a Mr. Rule from the East Coast; (*c*) that the Revs. Wm. Williams and R. Taylor early in 1839 obtained a bone in the vicinity of Waiapu, and that Colenso obtained some imperfect bones about the same time from Native teachers who were sent to the East Coast following the return of Messieurs W. Williams and Colenso early in 1838; (*d*) that Mr. W. Colenso obtained numerous bones on his second visit to the Coast in 1841-2, and reaching Poverty Bay found the Rev. Wm. Williams, now Archdeacon, had commenced to collect bones in order to send them to Dr. Buckland at Oxford; (*e*) that Mr. Colenso was certainly the first person in New Zealand who wrote a scientific account of the moa early in 1842; (*f*) that Professor Owen read his first paper in 1839 and wrote a letter to Colenso in October, 1843, long after Colenso's first paper was published in the *Tasmanian Journal of Science* and before the publication of Owen's second paper; (*g*) that the legendary lore of the Natives, without exception, connects the moa throughout the East Coast with atuas and Rongokako and Tamatea, who are fabled ancestors of the Maoris; (*h*) that not a single Maori known to the missionaries and early settlers ever saw or heard of a moa or as having been seen by any of their ancestors;

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(*i*) that Polack's statement as to the great antiquity of the fossil ossifications has stood the test against every theory of moas being possibly living on one or other of the islands of New Zealand.

Scattered through the *Transactions of the New Zealand Institute* are numerous papers dealing with the moa. Some refer merely to the discovery of bones in middens, in banks of streams, in caves, and so on. Several of great importance refer to the structure and general anatomy, and several deal with the geological distribution. When at Home some years ago I made several special visits to the geological and palaeontological section, Natural History branch of the British Museum. Here are found, in the class Aves, the orders dinornithiformes and apyornithiformes, which include fossil remains of the New Zealand and Madagascar moas. The latter bear a close resemblance to the moa structure of this country. The Madagascar fossil bird remains belong to a recent geological period, and the opinion as to the age of the New Zealand moas is expressed by the authorities as follows:—"The situation and state of preservation of the abundant remains which have been found indicate that they existed till comparatively recent times, and were probably exterminated by the present Maori inhabitants of the islands. Feathers which have been found associated with the bones show the presence of a large shaft. The moas are represented by several genera, the largest member being Dinornis Maximus. Some species seem to have survived until about four or five hundred years ago or even later in the South Island."

In Wairoa District.

The context will only deal with the East Coast district of this island. For 35 years I have been travelling between Cape Turnagain and East Cape on the coast and Ruahine and Te Whaiti ranges on the west. This represents the classic ground of the earlier missionaries and collectors of moa bones. For a number of years and up to the time of his death I was on terms of the closest intimacy with the late Rev. Wm. Colenso, F.R.S., to whom reference has been so frequently made, and my familiarity with the geological structure of the district where traces of the moa have been observed places me in a favourable position in dealing with the geological distribution of the moa in terms of time. For years records have been carefully kept of the various places where bones or eggshells, footprints, and feather-markings have been found, and as a result a map has been constructed showing the localities where moa remains occur *in situ*, and the details are entered here for the benefit of future workers.

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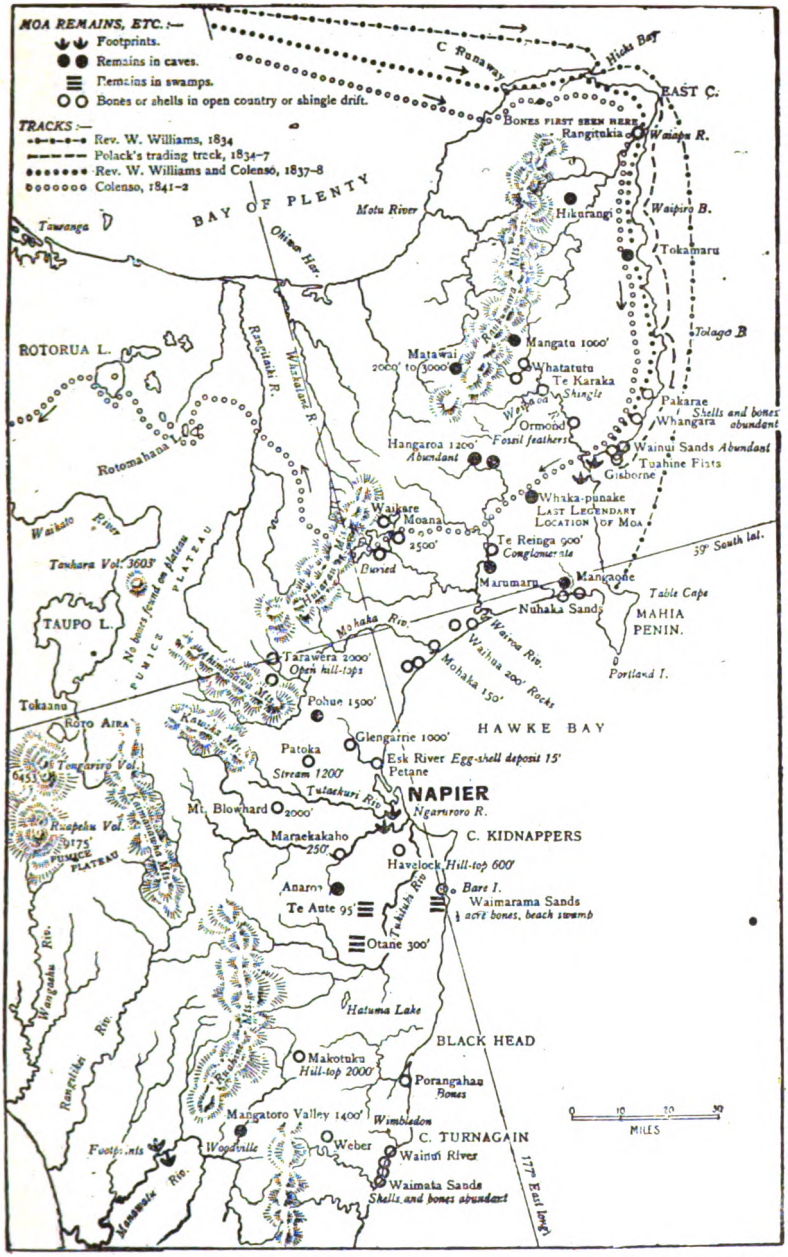

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Moa Remains—Tracks and Trackers.

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The East Coast district extends for over 300 miles from north to south and about 100 miles in its greatest width. The district presents features of its own that are characteristic. Polack, who first saw fossil ossifications and related the legendary lore concerning them, was a mere trader and collector of curios; but he was an observant man, and suggested the rapid disappearance of certain birds whose wings were short or were altogether absent. All the earlier writers and collectors refer to the bones as being found in places where water had been in motion. Thus the Rev. Williams, in 1842, says:—"None of the bones are found on dry land, but are all gathered from beds and banks of freshwater rivers, buried a little distance in the mud." Diffenbach says: "They are found on the east coast of the Northern Island of New Zealand, and are brought down by rivulets from a neighbouring mountain called 'Hikorangi.'" Polack says the bones he saw were found near a mountain called Ikorangi, far in the interior. He makes no mention of being found in the beds of streams.

Since the days of the first findings of the bones of the moa, the South Island has produced even larger collections of bones than the North, and the information has been such as to suggest to persons in the South Island its comparatively late disappearance. In Vol. I of the *Transactions* the Hon. W. B. D. Mantell infers, from an examination of Maori ovens, that cannibalism prevailed at the time the moas were used for food; and Dr. Hector alluded to the profusion of moa eggshells in the ovens in the interior, which showed that eggs must have been prized as food and that their consumption must have soon led to the extinction of the birds.

There is no such evidence as this along the East Coast. Traces of middens are common everywhere, and all the evidences of a long native settlement are abundant. So likewise there is evidence of the existence of the moa and scores of other birds, but a careful examination satisfied me that the moa dwelt along the coast before the advent of man, and that no disturbing causes from the human side tended to their disappearance. The sand dunes along the coast, where the traces of moa bones, shells, moa chick-bones etc., are common, require to be carefully studied. The dunes do not consist of a single series of sand, but two and sometimes three separate deposits are traceable. The sand and clay accumulations extend from the foothills over an extensive shelving area of low rocks—remnants of land that the sea has borne away and covered with the clay sands from the green sands and limestones that are found along the coast. These sands represent an accumulation over a long period of years, during which time even the physical features of the country

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have changed. The lower beds present the appearance of having been occupied by birds without the intrusion of an enemy, for there are many varieties of bones and no trace of occupation by human beings. The middle beds contain obsidian bones of the walrus, fishbones, human bones and shells, whilst the upper sands represent blown or moving sands, which cover the other beds and make an appearance as if all the beds belong to one and the same series. It can be readily understood how the middle and upper sands may get mixed with the lower by wearing, and this has taken place more rapidly of late years, so that a very careful inspection is necessary in order to separate the beds from each other. The moa findings are mainly on the high, almost inaccessible ridges of limestones, in very broken country or in caves, except in the case of deposits on shelving coast areas where sand occupies the site of land that has been worn down to the level or below the level of the surrounding sea. An examination of the coastal beds shows that freshwater shells are associated with the bird-bone beds, and that the bones represent birds that have disappeared or are disappearing to-day. Between Wainui, south of Cape Turnagain, and the East Cape the sands provide no evidence of contemporaneity between the moa period and the Maori period, and certainly one could not gather that the Maoris ate the eggs of the moa because broken shells are common along the bird-bone sand deposits. Frequent visits to the deposits along the coast have convinced me that the moa period coincided with the deposition of the lowest sands, which go back a long series of years. The extensive sand deposits south of Turnagain, at Waimarama (south of Cape Kidnappers), at Nuhaka (on the north shore of Hawke's Bay), at Wainui (east from Gisborne), and at Pakarae (near Whangara), to the north of Wainui, contain numerous bones of the adult and chick moas, together with broken shells; but there is no trace of a moa having been cooked in a native haangi, or that he was ever disturbed by a horde of hungry hunters. For miles along the coast near Wainui south, moa bones and broken pieces of eggshells are common. I have seen entire skeletons exposed following long-continued easterly winds, and lying as if the birds had died on the spot or had been carried to the place by means of water, to be subsequently covered and buried in the sands. In the vicinity hundreds of Maoris must have lived for centuries, judging by their extensive middens, and it is inconceivable that the complete bodies of moas could have been left untouched within a short distance of a Native village, when animal food was so scarce among them. At Waimarama, as related by Mr. A. Hamilton, F.R.G.S., we saw a place where a great storm had washed out half an acre or more of the upper sand-beds and had left exposed many hundreds of bones in the lower beds, but too

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fragile for removal. They were arranged as by an artist. Had the birds to which the bones once belonged been killed and cooked by the Maoris, the bones could never have lain as we saw them, and had there been dogs it is hardly likely that such an abundance of bones would have remained in perfect condition and spread about in regular order. The moa footprints at Gisborne, near the mouth of the Waikanae, suggest that the birds were seeking for food in the vicinity, or that it was a crossing place to the birds' resorts a few miles further on. It appears as if the coast sands were occupied as breeding grounds, and nothing more. Near Pakarae, where extensive sand dunes exist, I found some years ago a depression in the lower sands, that had become exposed after a succession of bad weather and fierce winds, and it contained the broken remains of the greater part of a moa shell, cemented together in a way that suggested it had been broken by pressure—the inner surfaces held together by the yolk material. Indeed, everything along the coast where moa remains occur suggest that the sands were frequented for breeding purposes only. I am not prepared to say the same of all the other birds whose bones are found along with those of the moa. Thinner and different kinds of broken eggshell are to be found, but there are no traces that the birds when living were disturbed by man. As far as I can discover, after working again and again the sands along the East Coast, where Maoris have dwelt for many generations, and middens are numerous, there is no evidence to show that the moa was ever hunted by the Maori for food, that eggs were cooked and eaten, or that bones were ever broken for the extraction of marrow or for food of dogs. It has already been remarked as to the great length of time represented by the lower deposits of certain of the coast sand deposits. They correspond to the age of the high-level shingle conglomerate that preceded the plains like those of Heretaunga, Ruataniwha, Wairarapa, Wairoa, and Poverty Bay. These alluvial plains are of comparatively recent make, and to gain a true conception of the days of the moa and the surface features of the country when the bird flourished and roamed over it, the surface features as represented by its remains must be carefully studied. The moa could not live or breed on or within an area which was subjected to constant change. Its home was among the downs, the rough limestone hills and solitary uplands where food was plentiful and enemies few. The localities enumerated show that the moa roamed from sea level to an elevation among the mountains 2,500 feet, and was found throughout an extensive district representing various geological periods, as the lord of the animal world. The localities are classed under the following periods:—

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1. Lowest coast sands, corresponding to the high-level gravels or oldest pleistocene, bone, eggshells, and chicks.

2. Footprints and fossil feather, corresponding to high-level gravels and lowest sand deposits.

3. Swamps: Te Aute, abundance of bones; period, Pleistocene, corresponding to moa feather and footprint period.

4. On pliocene country: Havelock, Maraekakaho, Napier, Pohui, Puketitiri and Petane.

5. Miocene country: Anaroa, Makotuku, left bank Manawatu, Ngapaeruru, Wimbledon, Mohaka and Waikari.

6. Secondary rocks: Tarawera, Matawai, Motu country.

7. In cases among tertiary rocks: Upper Hangaroa, Waikaremoana, Marumaru, Pohui, Mangatu, Mangaone, Mount Hikurangi, Mangatoro Valley.

8. In high-level shingle conglomerates at the south end of the Wakapunake range.

The distribution of bones and complete skeletons, some in caves and others in the open country, suffices to indicate that in general the surface features of the land have not altered to any large extent since the days of the moa. The great plain formations and river basins have changed considerably, but the general features of the country, except the forest area, have undergone no distinctive change other than in the formation of new river basins, and the growth of plains like those of Heretaunga, Poverty Bay, Ruataniwha, and Wairoa.

(*a*) Thus it is certain the moa was living previous to the plain deposits such as now exist.

(*b*) It was living in pleistocene times.

(*c*) It roamed over the hill country, through a district extending for 350 miles and at elevations from sea-level to 2,500 feet or more.

(*d*) Although moa bones are found in numerous caves of different ages, there is no evidence that the caves were used for shelter at intervals.

(*e*) It lived at a time when conditions existed for the accumulation of many bird-skeletons within a single water area or swamp. Had there been human beings or dogs in the country during the moa period, it is difficult to understand the large bone accumulations such as are met with in swamps, in caves, and other areas, and it is more difficult to understand why moas under ordinary conditions should have congregated in caves and have died there.

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How They Died.

In the Hangaroa district, near to the place traversed by the Rev. William Colenso in 1841-2, a cave was discovered containing several perfect skeletons of the race. The entrance had been closed by a deposit of pumice sand. All the appearances suggested that the birds had sought the cave for shelter and safety from some danger that beset them, and that the entrance had been closed by the loose pumice sands sliding from overlying rocks, leaving the birds to die a lingering death. Many bones of the moa have been found within the Hangaroa River basin, in which the celebrated Waka-punake is situated. The country has scores of rock shelters and pot-holes leading to underground caves, which are numerous. At Pohui, on the Napier-Taupo road, many specimens of the moa have been found among the large limestone rock masses that occur along the east valley and deep gorges at the foot of the Waka range. The distribution of the bones of moa throughout so large an extent of country in horizontal and vertical space shows conclusively, so it appears to me, that the birds had few or no enemies to limit their existence, their movements, or their multiplication. At Lake Waikaremoana and at Matawai, in the Motu country, the dinornis maximus appears to have predominated. Enormous pelves and leg-bones and whole strings of tracheal rings and vertebral bones have been collected in a number of places, and doubtless the time will come, as the country is settled, when many specimens of the moa will be found in this bold, rugged country, where caves, pot-holes and rock shelters are common. In the Marumaru caves the bones are also very large, but the largest pelves I have seen were from the Matawai caves, which certainly existed before the country was forest-clad. The absence of skulls in several cases is to be regretted, but it appears to arise from the lack of knowledge in the case of those who first enter the caves. Usually, the discoverers do not appreciate a find unless there are great leg-bones. The mandibles, sternum, vertebral bones, and foot-bones are considered as being of no use, and on one occasion I discovered a pelvis had been taken for the skull of a bullock by a roadman, who found a particularly fine specimen of the skeleton of a moa among some great rock masses, near Waikaremoana Lake, and in the hill range leading to Mount Hikurangi—the mountain referred to by Polack—a settler discovered a number of moa skeletons a short time ago. Mr. Allen Watkins, of Tokomaru Bay, to whom I am indebted for the information, writes as follows:—"The moas—five in number—were in a cave about eight feet by eight feet, and were all lying with their heads together on a ledge at the extreme end of the cave. Very few of the bones were missing, and the heads being in an excellent state of preservation, my brother mounted the biggest of the birds, and it

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stands about five feet high—a little over, if anything. Hori-Hori station, where the birds were found, is 20 miles from the sea and of extremely rocky formation, and where the cave is must be quite 2,000 feet up. The surrounding timber was exceptionally heavy, including all the well-known larger forest trees—rimu, miro, puketea, rata, etc. Distance from Hikurangi, five miles. The position of the birds leads me to think they were fleeing from some enemy, or perhaps fire, otherwise why the heads all together on a little ledge with the bodies out in the cave—a peculiarity of this species when escaping from danger?" All the caves that have come under my notice as containing moa bones are at a fairly high elevation, and are usually found in the midst of a bush area. The position of skeletons in the caves, as seen by me, suggests that the birds had sought refuge from fear. The caves in no single instance showed traces of frequent use as a resort, and the only suggestion is that the birds hurried from the open country or from the hills in the vicinity to shelter themselves, or protect themselves from some sudden danger. Everywhere there are traces of a heavy pumice sand deposit, and the surrounding rocks are usually broken and greatly disturbed, as if great earth movements had taken place. Scattered bones and bone heaps are found in some of the highest and roughest country, as if the birds had been hurrying from the lowlands in search of shelter. Death had met them by the way, and there had been no enemy—either man or animal—to interfere with flesh or bone. In some places heaps of smooth, small, whitish stones are found (probably gizzard stones) where great bush fires have occurred, and burnt all that was capable of burning of moa remains. In the case of deposits of moa bones in swamp areas that were obtained at Te Aute and described by Mr. A. Hamilton, F.R.G.S., Director of the Dominion Museum, it is necessary to understand the character of the country in the vicinity. The long north-west south-west valley, extending from Waipukurau to Paki-Paki, runs between two ranges of hills, the range on the right in the direction of Hastings being made up of older pliocene and miocene beds, and that on the left of miocene and cretaceo-tertiary marls. These separate ranges were once a part of the same series, but during the times of volcanic activity which closed the Pleistocene Period there was a violent uplift along the present valley, followed by a subsidence, and the lakes and lakelets are the remains of the changes that then took place. Since then the Heretaunga plain has been built, the rivers Tuki-Tuki and Waipawa have made a course along a subsiding fracture, from Waipukurau, by way of Patangata, and down the valley behind Havelock, into the Heretaunga plain. All the hill country in the vicinity of the ranges named appears to have been inhabited by numerous moa at the time. The moas

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were either suddenly destroyed at this time or disappeared from the East Coast district. They were not destroyed by man or any natural enemy, as otherwise their bones could never have accumulated without injury in an area of limited extent and of a particular type. The abundance of bones uninjured and undisturbed shows that the animals must have died suddenly and were uninjured by man or beast. Further, they were either drowned or destroyed where their bodies were found, or in close proximity; subsequently their bodies washed from the hill country into the depressed area by great floods following the volcanic and earthquake disturbances. Thus the moa bone accumulations in the Te Aute swamp, as described by Mr. Hamilton, might easily have been brought down from the surrounding hills by heavy floods following a period of great volcanic activity and earth movements, when vegetation was destroyed either by falling ashes or by poisonous exhalations from the ground, such as were experienced at St. Pierre, in the West Indies, and at Messina, in Sicily, in times of intense earth-movements. Mr. Hamilton, in his interesting account, offers the hypothesis that the spot where the vast accumulations of bones were obtained " was a narrow crossing place in a swampy forest," but the discovery of other bones in a spot nearly two miles from the original find and at the foot of a spur leads to the conclusion that the birds were fleeing when overtaken by some sudden catastrophe. The section exposed in the cutting when Mr. Hamilton made his first find of moa bones was in " the cutting of a drain about 15 feet deep, of which from 8 to 10 feet was of silt deposit (pumice and washings from the cretaceous rocks of the district)." These facts all go to suggest volcanic and earthquake disturbances when the moas were living, but the fact that moa bones are found associated with cnimiornis, a great extinct goose, with harpagornis, a great extinct eagle, and with notornis, the gigantic rail, as Mr. Hamilton points out, provides additional support to the theory that all these birds were destroyed suddenly when assembled together in the vicinity of the rifts where their bones are found.

And does not the legendary history of the Maoris along the East Coast offer a suggestion and an interpretation to the geologist who studies the surface features of the country? The sending of hot embers by Rangi in answer to the prayer of Tamatea suggests disturbances and destruction by fire. Along the East Coast and inland, as I have elsewhere indicated, pumice sands are to be seen, varying in thickness from a few inches to many feet, constantly thickening as they are followed to the volcanic area. The falling of hot pumice and scoria might cause the destruction of most of the vegetation in the country throughout the island, just as the mud, sands and pumice did in the

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vicinity of the Tarawera eruption in the year 1886. If accompanied by gaseous exhalations from earthquake rifts such as were common during the Pliocene and Pleistocene Periods, all difficulties vanish in supplying reasonable explanations for the sudden disappearance of the moa, and why skeletons are found in caves and in the open so perfect and complete. The fossil feather-markings are described in Vol. XXI, *Transactions*, p. 318, from the Ormond pumice mud deposits, and the footprints of the moa from the several localities show that the pumice was loose and soft when the impressions were made. Associated with these beds are others at Whautaupoko, Ormond and the Kidnappers, which contain perfect leaf impressions representing a great variety of trees and ferns and lycopods, with numerous fish vertebrates and the fossil feathers. Had man existed at the time, why is there no trace of such in the shape of footprints, broken bones, stone implements, or other forms of human industry? The history of the East Coast is complete as a geologic sequence, and the sudden disappearance of birds over a wide extent of country, under varying conditions of living, requires an explanation that carries conviction and is supported by geological evidence. That evidence is forthcoming in the wide distribution of pumice, in the trace of earthquake rifts, and in the absolute knowledge that volcanic activity was particularly active during a portion of the Pleistocene Period. At that time the moas were numerous in the land. They had become widely differentiated. They were found occupying tertiary and secondary land surfaces, and were constant visitors along the East Coast to the warm sands where breeding appears to have been carried on. They range in vertical space to a height exceeding 2,500 feet. The association of bones of the moa with others whose habits were altogether dissimilar must be explained in a way likely to carry conviction. Native legend tells us of the destruction by fire of the moa. It makes no reference to other birds. Tamatea was the reputed son of Rongokoko, to whom reference has already been made with respect to footprints. These legendary heroes the Maoris dwell upon with pride in relating their ancestry. In times long past the tradition had been received of very large birds having once existed, but they knew nothing as to the kind of bird, and so crude were their ideas on the subject that Polack, Colenso, Taylor, and others could obtain no single fact on the subject. Does not this suffice to show the utter ignorance among the Natives concerning the bird that was called "moa," "movie," and so on? The Natives from whom Polack first obtained his legend had never seen the bird as described by them. They were unaware of its having dwelt on the coast sands; they stated it lived at Ikorangi, a mountain far in the interior, in one instance, at Wakapunake

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in another; and Colenso was told the moa was in the Te Whaiti mountains, whilst White, in his *Ancient History of the Maori,* says the last moa was killed at Waipukurau! All these tales suffice to show the uselessness in describing the moa as having disappeared during the last century! The middens suffice to the contrary. The swamp areas show a long period of slow growth that must be counted by centuries, and the caves wherein so many complete skeletons of moas have been found suggest that they were sealed by pumice or other volcanic material many years ago.

From these remarks it will be noticed that the East Coast district provides no evidence in support of those who contend that the moa has only recently disappeared from the country, and this by the hands of Maori hunters. The late Professor Hutton concludes his able paper on the "Moas of New Zealand" thus:—"In the North Island we have at Whanganui, and near Whangarei, undoubted proofs that the ancestors of the present Maoris killed and ate moas . . . and we must conclude that the moa was exterminated not long after their arrival in New Zealand." In Vol. XV there is a paper on "Moa and Moa Hunters" by Mons. A. de Quatrefagres, translated from the French by Laura Buller, and it concludes as follows:—"It is therefore clear that far from being too bold, I had underestimated the time of the disappearance of the moa in carrying it back so far as the end of the last century." On the other hand, the late Sir Julius von Haast gave it as his opinion that "the moa owed its destruction to a different race and period to the Maori race in New Zealand"; whilst the Revs. Wm. Colenso, F.R.S., and James Stack, Major Mair, Colonel Porter, and many others affirm that the moa was a traditional something—bird or man or atua—in the early days, when the bones found on the banks and in the beds of rivers began to be sought after by the early missionaries and settlers. The facts brought forward by me dealing solely with the East Coast throws back still further the time when the moa disappeared.

The history of the moa is the history of a race of birds that disappeared long anterior to the coming of the Maoris to New Zealand(4). It belongs to the later Pleistocene Period rather than the recent—to the period of intense volcanic activity, the period of great earth movements and earth breaks, when birds that flew congregated with birds that ran, birds herbivorous with birds carnivorous, in their efforts to escape from the destructive effects of dust and ashes and poisonous vapours that

(4). It must not be forgotten that on his journey to Waikaremoana and through Tuhoe Land Mr. Colenso did not see any Natives from whom to enquire. The Waikaremoana story of a moa-hunt, resulting in a man's thigh-bone being broken by a kick from the giant bird, may be dismissed as mere imagination.

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were spread broadcast over the land, and from the great floods that followed in their wake. The birds, in their efforts to escape, made for the uplands, some seeking shelter in caves, some amidst the fallen and broken rocks, and some reached the open lands on the topmost hills. All died suddenly; nor was there an enemy left, man or beast, that could use the flesh or bones of the thousands of dead birds that were destroyed. Those that sought shelter in the caves died like those in the open, and the entrance to them was sealed by the falling pumice or the loose debris near-by. Those on the hills were washed down into the newly-formed earth brakes, with pumice and dust to testify as to their mode of destruction and their mode of preservation. The history of the moa is the history of a long past. It reaches back to the legendary history of the Maori race, to the time when the South Island was peopled by giants who could stride from mountain range to mountain range, could swallow up rivers and transform themselves into animate or inanimate nature, as told in White's *History of the Maori*, Vol. III, p. 191. The history of northern settlement has the same legendary basis, and the moa was just as much legendary among the Maoris as was and is the story of those wonderful men like Rongokako, Tamatea, and Rangi, and scores of others who were able to do such wonders, according to Maori tradition(5).

May I add to Mr. Hill's account some gleanings. Twenty years ago Mr. Elsdon Best discovered a deposit of moa bones in a mud spring near Matataranui, in the Upokongaro Valley. The springs were about six or eight feet in diameter; some were on a level with the surface of the earth, whilst others had mounds formed by the ejected mud. One of these was forty feet in diameter and about twelve feet high, the spring on top surrounded with raupo. These springs appeared to be deep funnels or holes filled with mud, and the bottom was not found at twenty feet. At the edges he found the bones of many moas, as if they had been bogged in these traps and so died. He found other bones in the ranges in country characteristic of the moa. "The remains of at least two birds were found in this gorge, which is a narrow canyon with steep cliffs, some 40 feet in height on either side. No digging has been done at this place, and the remains found were exposed to view through the action of the waters of the

(5). It may certainly be accepted as true that the moa and the Maori were not contemporaneous, and that if the giant bird was ever hunted by man it was long prior even to the recognized pre-Maori races. This need not necessarily make the pre-Maori peoples at all recent; because bones, under certain conditions, maintain their shape for thousands of years, at witness those in the Catacombs, or the Pyramids of Egypt. I have seen the bones of the icthyosaurus, the giant fish-lizard, a skeleton 85 feet in length, also that of the plesiosaurus, a skate-shaped reptile with a breadth of over 20 feet. All the bones were sound. The creatures lived on the earth when it was a great morass, in the times when the giant bats, the pterodactyls and the flying scorpions existed. Man could not have lived then, nor yet in the days of the giant mammals. So the bones of the moa may well belong to the days of giant creatures.

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creek. This last is a remarkably interesting discovery, inasmuch as the gully is situated in an extremely rugged and broken piece of country, the whole of which has been, until lately, covered with dense forest." He questioned an old Native of the Ngati-Hau tribe and got the following reply:—"Our ancestors in past ages saw the moa, and hunted it for food. When the ancestors of the Ati-Hau first came to the Awa-nui-a-Rua (or Te Wai-nui-a-Tarawera, both ancient names for the Whanganui River), they found the moa here. I have told you that the koromiko was the only wood with which that great bird could be thoroughly cooked; hence the saying, 'Ko te koromiko te rakau i tunua ai te moa.' The moa belonged to this land, the Nga-Paerangi hunted it before the days of Ao-kehu, of Tama-whiro, and of Tu-mata-kokiri. Turi brought these birds with him in Aotea; the moho, the pukeko, the kokoreke, and the moa-kirua; these were a portion of the valuable freight of Aotea. The moa-kirua was a small bird, resembling the weka, and it is never now seen of man. Our fathers before us did not see it. There is a small bird which is seen on the banks of rivers and lakes, and the young people will tell you that it is the same bird as the moa-kirua, but they are all wrong. The name of this bird to us is kohara-tito ('Ko te ingoa o tenei manu ki a ngai-maua, he kohara-tito').

"Friend this is another word in regard to that great bird, the moa. You have seen the rata trees in the forest, and how crooked they are—quite bowed down, in fact. The reason of this is that the moa tried many of the forest trees as roosting places, and all these trees broke, until the rata was tried, and that did not break, but was torn away from the tree which it clasped, and merely bowed down its head. And that is why the rata grows in that position even in these days." Not very convincing to those who know that the moa could not fly nor climb up the ratas.

"Friend, do not heed the voices of the ignorant," he says, "for in those distant times, when Hau-pipi traversed the great coast, and the brave warrior Ao-kehu slew the monsters Tutae-poroporo and Ikaroa, Wiwi and Wawa, and even crossed the Sea of Raukawa to Aropawa and fought Te Tini-o-Ngongotaha, when these ancestors lived in the world of life, then it was that the moa was seen by man."

The Takitimu people, not to be outdone by other raconteurs, have stated that when they arrived in this new land there were still moas in the South Island. They declare that when the immigrants by this famous canoe burned off all the bush (no mention is made of the fires sent by Rangi) the birds were destroyed and even those that took refuge in caves were lost, as well as those that fell into lakes and rivers or over the cliffs.

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This leaves us exactly where we started in regard to the relation between the pre-Maori and the Maori people respecting the giant wingless bird of olden days.

ADDENDUM.—As this work was going to press the news has come from Wairoa that there has been discovered a fine specimen of the giant extinct bird. The Government electrical engineer and the Acclimatization Society's ranger relate the discovery of a magnificent moa skeleton at Waikaremoana. They were exploring a route for high-tension wires, and came across a ravine into which access could be gained only by ropes. In a dry cave, which had been blocked by a huge boulder, the explorers found a splendidly preserved skeleton, which, when assembled, will show the bird's height to have been 12 feet 9 inches. The head alone has decayed. This valuable and interesting specimen has now been safely transported to Wairoa, where it is to be hoped it may be retained as Wairoa's contribution to the history of this great bird of a bygone age. I regret that this work cannot be delayed long enough to get a detailed scientific description of the skeleton and an estimate of its age, or the circumstances that brought about its death in the cave.

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CHAPTER XI

THE COMING OF KAHUNGUNU

A GENERAL SURVEY—THE ANCIENT PEOPLE—BACK TO TAMATEA—PARTING OF THE WAYS—THE EARLY MIGRATIONS—TUAITI'S EVIL DEED—THE FIRST BREAK-UP—THE TALKING TUI—TAUIRA'S FALSE MOVE—THE THIRD EXODUS.

A General Survey.

Standing on the summit of the classic Huia-rau Range—sacred to the memory of the turbulent Tuhoe, who once reigned there by virtue of the strong arm wielding the spear, the patu, or the mere—the beholder looking towards the south-east can drink in a varied scene. With arms outstretched, and gazing slightly to the south of the rising sun, the beholder can take in at a glance on a clear day, and embrace, as it were, the whole of Te Wairoa. To the left, bathed in the sunshine of the early morning, lies the extreme point of Hawke's Bay, Waikawa, standing out clear in the glistening waters. To the right the eye is directed to Cape Kidnappers, but a few miles beyond our southern boundary, the base of this great triangle washed by the sea, along the circling shore, bounded alternately by rock, black shingle and the finest sands. Over this expanse of country, comprising hills and valleys, lakes, rivers and streamlets, there spread a tribe called Ngati-Kahungunu, who now occupy all the East Coast of this North Island from Toka-taiau, at the mouth of the Turanganui, on to Poka-rarangi (near Maunga-pohatu, Urewera), across to Parahake (southern shore of Lake Waikaremoana), thence to Tatara-a-kina, embracing the Tararua, Ruahine, Kaimanawa, and Ahimanawa ranges, down through Wairarapa to Remutaka(1), and finally joining the sea in the harbour of Whanganui-a-Tara (Wellington). Thus by right of land occupation—no matter how obtained, conquest or absorption—they are the most numerous tribe in the Dominion, and by intermarriage are closely connected with the other great divisions of the race in the North Island. Whence did they come, and what people did they dispossess? These are knotty questions, simple-looking

(1). This is usually spelled Rimu-taka, but it should be as I have given it. The editor of the "Journal of the Polynesian Society" states that "remu" means the border of a garment, and that probably the name originated in someone having had the border of his mat torn off there.

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enough on paper, but not so easy of solution as might at first sight appear; and in attempting the task I am inclined to apply to myself the phrase, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Could I have followed close upon the heels of Time, and caught up to the dim Past, ever receding, I might have hoped to accomplish the task successfully; but I have dallied too long, and the Past has fled away on the wings of the wind, taking its treasures with it, and I am left in the desert where the whirlwinds have swept away almost every trace. "From where did they come?" That is not the hardest question, for Ngati-Kahungunu tell their own story more or less succinctly. "What people did they dispossess?" This indeed is hard to answer, for the conquering tribes were more interested in preserving, relating, and handing down through the ages their own history and achievements than those of the ousted peoples; and the latter were too busy fighting for dear life to take much care of their history. Ngati-Kahungunu had to fight for the rich lands of Te Wairoa, Heretaunga and Wairarapa, dispossess the old-time owners and occupy in their stead. The East Coast of the North Island in particular, from Mahia peninsula to the East Cape, noteworthy as the landing place of many of the units of the "Historic Fleet," is also famous in the annals of savage warfare, not only before the arrival of the Pakeha "round the curve of the ocean," but even before the coming of the fleet itself. Long before the introduction of guns and gunpowder the inhabitants of New Zealand were numerous, powerful and warlike, and slaughtered each other in the most complete and approved fashion, with weapons akin to the patu and the maipi, though perhaps bearing different names. The slaughter was not, perhaps, very extensive at any one time, but at short intervals, and no Maori could kill his enemy until he had him literally by the hair—that is, at fairly close quarters—for the spear did not carry very far, and the fight was soon over; for usually the death of the chief meant utter rout for the side whose head had been killed. Before such men did the gentle patu-pae-arehe flee to the heights of Tuhoe Land, others were driven after them far into the forests, where they became so wild that they earned the title of tangata koraha, or men of the wilderness. Cut off, in reality or imagination, the sea at their backs, and their faces set towards the forest-clad mountains, it is little wonder that they hid in their depths from their relentless enemies. Here at least they were fairly secure from the man-slaying, man-eating braves of the coast. But a new race had come, the Pakeha with his guns and gunpowder, and on the introduction of the new weapons the warlike Nga-Puhi soon began to make experiments on the coast dwellers to the south. With the new engines of destruction—weapons that killed at a distance—the possession of which by any taua operating against

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the ordinary Maori war weapons ensured the speedy defeat, if not the utter annihilation of the latter, and in the very mildest engagements the toll taken of human life was very great.

The Ancient People.

Along this coast, the place-names of which are suggestive of the Great Migration, there formerly dwelt people of no great martial prowess, people who trembled as they heard of and too frequently experienced the weight of the power of Hongi Hika, Pomare, Te Wera Hauraki and others in the north, and the terrible Rauparaha and his man-eating braves advancing from the south(2). In reality little, far too little, is known of the ancient people, and to try and compile a history of the Maori tribes who occupied the lands of Te Wairoa—and those of Turanganui to the north, and Heretaunga to the south—is a task from which one might well shrink. There are, of course, no written records, and even tradition is practically silent on the history of what are sometimes called the tangata whenua, the people of the place, or the people of the land, as the words may be translated—in other language, the prehistoric inhabitants of this district. In Tasman's time the lands on either side of what was afterwards called "Cook Strait"(3) were teeming with a population owning large and powerful fleets of canoes, many of them not unlike those of far Hawaiiki; and no doubt in other parts of New Zealand, on the Waitemata, the Kaipara and the Whanganui, many thousands upon thousands of Maoris dwelt, dominating not only the land, but holding the empire of the sea under the guidance of Tangaroa, the god of the ocean. Even in the days of the missionaries, after the white man had brought the death-dealing guns and the microbes of disease, there were still left in Te Wairoa very many thousands. There were single pas on this East Coast which contained 1,000 people or more—and there were many such pas, as will be found noted in the chapter headed "The Story of the Pa." Even granting that every man had several or many wives, and that morality then was at a very low ebb, if not altogether non-existent, it would not account for the large increase of population in a short period since the arrival of a hundred or so of emigrants from Hawaiiki. Why, Britain and foreign lands have been pouring their people into New Zealand for over 70 years, and these and their children's children have been adding to the population all these years, and yet we have not long passed the million milestone! Professor Macmillan

(2). In 1818 a considerable northern "taua" or war-party, consisting of Nga Puhi and Ngati-Whatua, from the Bay of Islands, Kaipara, Waitemata and the Manukau, and the fierce Ngati Toa, from Kawhia, marched south on a killing and man-eating expedition. They were led by such notable warriors as Waka Nene, Patuone, Tuwharo, and the terrible Rauparaha. They massacred and ate their way right down to Wellington. The same year Te Morenga, an ally of Hongi the Terrible, attacked the East Coast and inflicted great slaughter.

(3). Called by the Maoris "the sea of Rau-kawa."

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Brown, dealing with the fact that the art of making pottery was not known in New Zealand—a characteristic of palaeolithic mankind—says:—"The conclusion is inevitable, that the fundamental and primitive population—the people that came with their wives and families—entered it during the old Stone Age, nearly 10,000 years ago." In the chapter on the pas of Te Wairoa we shall, I think, find that the numerous fortifications described were not built for pure fun by the ancient peoples. They were built high up on the towering mountain crags at great expense of time and energy, either to hold the lands already taken from others formerly in possession or to protect themselves from succeeding invasions. Such was the case with Ngai-Tauira and Ngati-Kahungunu, and the parallel can be easily extended back indefinitely. Fairly correct records have been kept and handed down by various "kaumatuas" since the coming of Kahungunu, but this cannot be said of the earlier inhabitants. Here and there, and from one Maori and another, I have been enabled to verify the belief that the land was certainly not unoccupied when Kahungunu exploited it with the braves who came with him from Turanganui. Long before that, powerful and numerous tribes occupied not only the coast, but the country far inland. These, as stated in the chapter dealing with Tuhoe Land, were the descendants of Maui-potiki, from Toi(4) "the wood-eater," and others of the tangata whenua, immigrants by the famed Horouta canoe, which must be allowed to be a waka of very great distinction and antiquity, though certainly not even the first to reach these shores. These people lived north of Turanganui, under the mana of Ruapani(5), when Kahungunu moved south from the Bay of Plenty.

The Hawaiiki immigrants, in later years, were very loth to acknowledge the people they found when they arrived as having any rights at all to Maoriland. The Urewera, in fact, set out their rights in no uncertain language: "No Toi raua ko Potiki te whenua; no Tuhoe te mana me te rangatiratanga"; or, "Our right to the land is derived from Toi and Potiki; our power and rank from Tuhoe." That is surely going back far enough, for Tuhoe was the great-grandson of Toroa, chief of the Mata-atua canoe. Wairoa is interested in the fact that here we find a very large proportion of the ancient people descended from Maui Potiki, and but slightly mixed with the immigrants from Hawaiiki. They trace from Toi-kai-rakau to Tamatea, also from Paoa

(4). The Bay of Plenty tribes and East Coast people usually style them "Te Uri-o-Toi."

(5). Colonel Gudgeon states that Papa-whare-nui, who married Rangi-tihi and became the mother of Tuhourangi, was, it is said, a sister of Ruapani above alluded to. Rangitihi was fifth in descent from Tama-te-kapua, captain of "Te Arawa" canoe. This makes Ruapani fairly ancient.

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(who came five generations previously in the "Horouta," of which more is known than of "Takitimu"). The real Ngati-Kahungunu of Wairoa claim as follows:—

Prominent among the earlier peoples—before, perhaps, the "Takitimu" or the "Arawa" were hewn from the tree—were the descendants of the renowned chief Kiwa, whose mana was so great and so far-reaching that the whole of what is now known as Poverty Bay was called in his day Turanga-nui-a-Kiwa, and the ocean (which laps other shores than those northward of Mahia) Moana-nui-a-Kiwa; and the descendant of that chief best known to Maori history was Moeahu, whose three daughters married the well-known ancestor Rongo-whaka-ata, thus originating a tribe that figured largely in the affairs of Old Wairoa. It is clear, therefore, by all accounts, that before Kahungunu came to Wairoa the tribes descended from Maui Potiki through Toi (as given by Judge Gudgeon) were living on the lands of Wairoa and under the mana of Ruapani. At this period the Ngai-tahu tribe(6), which afterwards migrated to the South Island, though living at Muriwai (anc. Murivai) in the Turanganui area, owned all the land right to the south-west of Whakaki-nui-a-rua, lying to the east of the Wairoa River mouth; the coast line from Whareongaonga (where Te Kooti landed after escaping from Chatham Island) to Nuhaka by Ngati-Rakai-paaka(7), who claimed descent from Rua-kapua-nui and who subsequently intermarried with the descendants of Rakai-paaka II, the grandson of Kahungunu.

Toi-kai-rakau
Rauru
Tahatiti
Rakaiora
Tama-ki-te-hau
Tama-ki-te-ra
Tama-ki-te-matangi
Tama-ki-reia-i-Hawaiki
Te Kahu-arero
Pito
Rere
Tangi
Maika
Tato
Maurea=Rongokako
Ihu-parapara=Tamatea
Kahungunu

Many of the ancient hapus of Old Wairoa have disappeared, in, perhaps, much the same way as old British families of re-

(6). Not so many years ago there passed away a prominent figure from Tuahiwi in the person of Eruera Tihema Te Aika, better known as "Jimmy" Te Aika. He was one of the leading members of the Ngai-Tahu tribe, and was chairman of the village runanga. He was the only surviving son of Aperahama Te Tika, a chief of the Ngati-Hurihia hapu, who took part in the defence of Kaiapohia when the pa was captured by Te Rauparaha in 1830, and was one of the very few who escaped the terrible massacre that took place. Te Aika could trace his genealogy through six generations to the chief Tu Rakautahi, whose sons led the Ngai-Tahu tribe in their march of conquest right through the South Island, and as a memorial of the campaign, which was one of the most sanguinary in Maori history, built the fortified pa at Kaiapohia.

(7). Rakai-paaka was descended from the great Rua-kapua-nui.

Colonel Gudgeon wrote me: "Ngai-Tauira were not conquered. . . . At the present time the Wairoa people are much more Tauira and Ruapani than Kahungunu."

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nown have become extinct. Among the East Coast tribes of old possibly the most powerful was the Wahine-iti hapu as early as 1600, succeeding the old Nga-Oho tribe, and at the battle of Tarere Koau, near Ruatorea, their general destruction was brought about. In the very early days whole tribes were conquered much the same as in later years; with this difference, that in the earlier contests the country was not overpopulated and boundary disputes were few. But tribes were wiped out for the utterance of a few idle words, though no great slaughter would result. The pa would be taken, and some of the best-looking girls carried off as prizes for the victors. The defeated tribe had to bring tribute, and unless they were growing too strong they would be left severely alone thereafter. There was, however, another very hard condition attaching to the inferior tribe. If two Rangatira tribes (or even individuals) had a quarrel, while it might not justify killing each other, it did justify killing the vassals of the weaker tribe and carrying off his wives and children. This soon left the tribe with only a few old and harmless men, and the tribe or hapu soon went out of existence. Another factor, mentioned in the chapter headed "The Story of the Pa," was the provision of sacrifices for such important functions as pa-building, canoe-launching, and feasting ceremonials, which also helped to decimate and extinguish not only hapus but whole tribes.

Those who descended from Rongomai-wahine and Tamatakutai held sway over the Mahia district, and Ngati-Tauira possessed the rich valleys of the Wairoa and Waiau, and there for years they fought and loved, hunted the moa and the kumi, and drew a kinaki for their meat from sea and river. That Ngati-Tauira was a very ancient tribe can hardly be denied now —for there are none left who can do so, and back the denial up by irrefragable evidence(8). Tauira held the bulk of the Wairoa lands from the god Maru, who held from Te Tini-o-Maru away back in the semi-darkness of the Ages just after Chaos was banished by the dawning of the day. Surely this possession was worth fighting for? Surely, too, it was worth defending with every man and every spear that Tauira possessed? A new migration from the north was threatening the established dwellers on the coast, who had fortified themselves according to the ancient art as best they could. But Tauira lost for ever in one day at Taupara the heritage left them by Te Tini-o-Maru, of which more anon in its proper place. But though dispossessed, and enslaved or scattered, some of these people continued

(8). Nor must I forget Paoa. This great ancestor of Ngati-Kahungunu is said to have arrived in the Horouta as one of a party of 140, landing first at Ahu-ahu (Mercury Island). His name is perpetuated in the nomenclature of a block of land at the north of Ruakituri. A small stream near the Wairoa Heads (wrongly marked on the borough map as the Tawhara) is called the Wai-o-Paoa.

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to dwell in Te Wairoa, and with the descendants of Rongo-mai-wahine were absorbed by Ngati-Kahungunu. Tauira, though seldom spoken of, are still to be found among the Kihitu and Te Uhi people. Besides these there are still some Tauira living up the Waiau. There were possibly other ancestors still more remote, of the taniwha type, and these cannot well be omitted here, though mentioned more fully in the chapters on Tuhoe Land. Round the shores of Waikaremoana, in the dark, gloomy caverns of Wakapunake, and at Te Reinga there also dwelt people of very ancient descent—almost contemporaneous with the creation, as the Maoris tell it—ancestors known as Te Uoro, who originally owned Waikare-iti, of whom it is related that he gave his name to one spot on Huia-rau—"Te Whaka-iringa-o-te-patu-a-Te Uoro." Mr. Elsdon Best states that this chief flourished many generations ago—so far back that he does not dare to be exact as to time. Te Uoro, as he was urging his wild career across Huia-rau one fair morn, encountered at this spot one Te Amohanga, a lady of Ruapani of that ilk, who dwelt by the rippling waters of Waikaremoana. After some conversation on the subject of tribal land rights, they decided that this place should be the boundary mark between the two tribes, whereupon Te Uoro hung his weapon or patu on a tree hard by as a sign of the compact. Hence the naming of "The suspension of the weapon of Te Uoro." This couple appear to have been well pleased with each other, for it is seen by a reference to tribal genealogies that the fair Amo was taken to wife by the warrior Te Uoro; though the weapon-suspending act would appear to have had but a transient effect, inasmuch as the aggressive sons of Tuhoe contracted a bad habit of shifting the weapon from tree to tree, and so the line crept farther down Huia-rau year by year until the grim forts of Tuhoe rose one by one on the very shores of the "Star Lake." Then there was Maahu, of most ancient fame. Mr. Elsdon Best, referring to this great ancestor of the Maoris, who lived over 500 years ago, says: "Another relic of Maahu is his sacred dog, Tapoanui, an animal possessed of strange powers, and which lives beneath the waters of Te Rotonui-a-ha, a small lake at Te Tapere, where are also two other lakes known as Roto-ngio and Roto-roa. The aforesaid dog had the faculty of 'matakiti,' or prophecy, and is heard to bark beneath the waters of the lake whenever the death of a chief is near—a tale that has its parallel in the Banshee of Ireland, the Benshie of the Highlander, the Scottish Bordach Gley, or the 'Grey Spectre.' Among Ngati-Kahungunu, according to the legend of Maahu and Haere, the rainbow god is to them Kahu-kura, and Moe-Kahu, who barked like a dog, was the last born of Houmea, and an 'atua kuri maori.' She appeared in the form of a dog, was an atua of most evil omen, and destroys

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Te Kemara,
Chief of Ngati-Hikairoa, of Nukutaurua

[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

Te Ua Haumene
Originator of the Pai Marire

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[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

A Chatham Island Escapee

[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

Potatau Te Wherowhero, First Maori "King"

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[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

Wiremu Kingi
A Friendly Chief

[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

Panapa
Tohunga with the rebel force at Omarunui

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Renata Kawepo
A Friendly Chief; fought at Ngatapa

Hame Te Hau, Chief of Rakaipaaka
Died at Nuhaka, 1901

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man. She is acknowledged both by Nga-Potiki and by Ngati-Kahungunu." Nor must I omit Tawhaki, down to Hine-korako, of whom many weird and quaint stories are told, for one or two of such see Chapter VI, "Tales of Te Rawhiti." The Aitanga-a-Mahaki once occupied all the land between the Motu, Hangaroa and Waimata Rivers, having as neighbours Ruapani and Ngai-Tahu, and claiming descent also from Tamatea. There were many other offshoots, called at different times by other names, given owing to certain occurrences, but they could not come under the heading "iwi," hapu being the proper designation.

Back to Tamatea.

According to some authorities, the story of Kahungunu dates back to Tamatea of the "Takitimu" canoe, which arrived about 1350; others again aver that he was of the tangata whenua or aboriginal tribes(9); and on these two views mountains of conflict have been built up. If the former view be the correct one, then Tamatea must have warred against the aboriginal people; and if he was himself of the tribes in possession, whom did he dispossess? Kahungunu claim to have reached the shores of New Zealand in two canoes. One of these was the "Horouta." Her captain was Tamatea-mai-tawhiti, and with him came his brother Rongo-kako(10). The "Takitimu" canoe was stolen from her real owners in Hawaiiki, and was commanded by Ruawharo, who was accompanied by his brother Tupai. Tamatea-pokai-whenua, sometimes known as Tamatea-kai-haumi(11), was the son of Rongokako, and therefore the nephew of the captain of the "Horouta." Shortly after the arrival of Tamatea-mai-tawhiti, his daughter, who was called Muri-whenua, married his brother (her own uncle) Rongokako, and their first son was Tamatea-pokai-whenua, father of Kahungunu. I am quite convinced that Tamatea-mai-tawhiti, or "Tamatea from a Distance," was the Tamatea of the migration, and not the Tamatea

(9). Mr. Percy Smith has pointed out that as Kahungunu's daughter, Tauhei-kuri, was a grown woman when her father's pa at Maunga-a-kahia (Mahia) was besieged, it was probable that the event occurred about 1400, or 50 years after Tamatea (probably Mai-tawhiti) landed from Hawaiiki. And if at this time—only two generations after the migration—the people were "numberless," it is impossible to believe otherwise than that some of the pre-Maori people—the "tangata whenua"—must have mingled with the immigrants. Of this there seems to be little doubt. This, at all events, was the explanation of the late Major Ropata, and confirms to an extent the belief, now well founded, that there were migrations from Hawaiiki long before 1350.

(10). The Rev. W. Colenso mentions that on the East Coast he was shown, in 1841, "in a clayey rock near high-water mark, the impression of the foot of Rongo-kako, one of the illustrious progenitors of the Natives; the print of his other foot in striding hence being near Poverty Bay, a distance of more than 50 miles!—"Tasmanian Journal of Science," 1842.

(11). Both these descriptions of Tamatea are in words not now, or at least seldom, heard in the "kainga Maori." Pokai-whenua describes him as a traveller and discoverer, one who was an adept at spying out the country and finding good places in which to settle.

"Kai-haumi" is used to describe the speed with which Tamatea partook of his food, the operation being likened to the wake of a fast canoe—and Horouta was one of the fastest craft that came from far Hawaiiki.

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who was father of Kahungunu. Colonel Gudgeon told me that it is to the Ngati-Porou that the Ngati-Kahungunu people are indebted for the Tamatea-mai-tawhiti line, and mentions that Mohi-tapu told him that he believed them to be of the tangata whenua. Colonel Gudgeon added: "I have the genealogy from Toi, also another from the Ngati-Tamatea of the far north, namely, the Whangape, who say that Hinekura([12]) was the mother of Tamatea-pokai-whenua, and went from Mangonui to Turanganui. The fact is, there were many Tamateas, and no one knows now which was which, but I like the line that has Tamatea-mai-tawhiti in it for the reason that his son(?) was Muri-whenua([13]). There is a family in Rarotonga named Tamatea, and they claim that the 'tua-kana' of the family went away in a canoe many generations ago, and left the 'teinas' to carry on the family. Now these people call themselves Takitimu and live at Muriwhenua, therefore we may assume that 'Tamatea from a Distance' was the male progenitor of Kahungunu." This is in direct conflict with the statement of Wi Kaimoana (Wairoa), who insisted that the parents of Tamatea-pokai-whenua were Rongokako and Muriwhenua.

Rongokako lived and flourished so long ago that he has been almost deified, or at least credited with supernatural powers. At Waipapa (Mahia) Mr. McLean was shown, in 1865, the spot where Rongokako alighted. From there he stepped to Mataua Maui, and from there to the edge of the sea of Raukawa (Cook Strait), crossing the water in one stride! The impressions of the great ancestor's two feet were shown six feet apart in two slabs of papa. At that time, and even now, as pointed out elsewhere, Mahia (anc. Mahia-mai-tawhiti) was regarded by the whole of the coast tribes with peculiar interest, and the memories of bygone days were ever paraded when possible. Here aged men sat, and fought over again the old battles; here they fought; here they died and here rested their bones. He was told the story of the death of Te Rataau, brought about by the jealousy of Te Matenga Tukeareha. Entrapped by guile, he was seized by the hair, and a sudden and heavy blow from a mere paraoa finished him, and the inevitable cannibal feast followed. But that is a digression, and I must resume the Tamatea story.

One of the Tamateas was buried at Kawhai-nui, near Te Puke, in the Bay of Plenty, in the land of a tribe to which he did not belong. This must have been Tamatea-mai-tawhiti of the

(12). At Waikaremoana there is a delightful little spot, full of pretty bays and tiny islets, called Ohine-kura, after Hinekura, a great ancestress of Ruapani, killed ten generations past by Tuhoe.

(13). Colonel Gudgeon in 1910 wrote me as follows anent this subject: "You both interest and astonish me when you say that it was Tamatea-mai-Tawhiti who came in the canoe. Do you know that 20 years ago Ngati-Kahungunu did not know of this man, but claimed that Rongokako and Hinemaurea were the parents of Tamatea Pokai-whenua?"

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migration—his name suggests he came from a distance—and not Tamatea-pokai-whenua, father of Kahungunu. It is a very great pity that Maori narrators, and even European writers, did not take care to give the full name of such an important personage as Tamatea(14). But even now the Natives generally will not observe this point; if they had done so it would have prevented a great deal of needless confusion. Not long ago I asked an old Maori to give me the full name of the Tamatea of the migration, and he simply said, "Tamatea; that is enough." As a matter of fact there was yet another, Tamatea Amo, who came by the Mata-atua canoe, and I wonder much why some party has not arisen to claim him as the progenitor of Kahungunu. Wi Kaimoana, whom I have, so far, found to be an excellent authority, told me that the father of Kahungunu, namely, Tamatea-pokai-whenua, met his death in the following manner:—On one occasion he journeyed to Whanganui, and there met Turi, captain of the Aotea, who was then a very old man, and mentioned to him that he had just come from Tawapata (Mahia), where his grandson, Kahu-kura-nui, had been born, and he was about to make his way to the country of the Nga-Puhi, with whom his wife, Muri-whenua, was staying. After the usual formalities he started off up the Whanganui, and after many vicissitudes and narrow escapes he managed to get his canoe into Lake Taupo! Then he got on to the Waikato, and was borne on its bosom in safety, till one night he came to grief at the A-niwa-niwa Falls; for the night was dark, he was travelling that route for the first time, and his canoe went over the falls near Cambridge. His body was never recovered—his spirit had gone back to Hawaiiki, from which his great ancestors had come to Aotea-roa. Just here let me say that it seems rather curious that Tamatea should have travelled so far on the bosom of the Waikato before meeting his tragic end. Why did he not meet with disaster at the Huka Falls? I submitted the point to Mr. H. Hill, and he has sent me the following note:—"It is curious that no visitor to the Taupo country up to the time of Hochstetter, who visited there in 1857, makes any reference to the Huka Falls. Revs. Chapman and Williams, and Buller, with men like Bidwell (1837), Diffenbach (1840), Sir Geo. Grey (1849), and Hochstetter (1859), were in the Taupo country, and Sir Geo. Grey passed very close to the locality of the present falls, and yet it appears that not until Hochstetter had returned home was he aware of the existence of the Huka Falls. He makes reference to this in his large work. Now, my own opinion on this matter is this: The large pool into which the waters of the fall rush is to me an area of depression of very recent date. It was clearly formed by subsidence. Now, before the subsidence the channel was

(14). Again I venture to assert Tamatea-Pokai-whenua.

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beset with rocks, gashes are seen above the 'gut' that forms the fall, and this channel, broken and irregular, continues down the river, and the Tamatea channel was such as might have been attempted, and as represented by the Aratiatia Rapids. At least this is my opinion, and there is no doubt whatever as to the comparative frequency of earthquakes along the line leading round the foot of Tauhara mountain in the direction of the Huka and Wairakei. Across the river, near the Huka, the traveller comes to a blow-out that seems as of yesterday. This might easily have caused a subsidence at the spot and brought about what is now the Huka Fall, and also a lowering of the upper portion of the river. Enoch Hallet speaks of an earthquake that took place whilst he stood at the outflow of the lake, when the water subsided two feet by a sudden movement, and after a time returned to normal. Nothing in the Taupo, nor indeed in the volcanic country, can be a fixed quantity. Everything is in constant change."

While mentioning Tamatea's great feat in launching his much-travelled canoe on to the bosom of Lake Taupo, may I state here that there is more than one name in Maori legend for this fine sheet of water. As both of these stories concern the great founder of the Kahungunu tribe, they should be included here. Tamatea named the lake "Tapuwae-haruru," under the following circumstances:—He had journeyed from Te Wairoa via the coast to Haretaonga (Heretaunga), crossed the Ruahines, and reached the spot where the Waikato River rises. Here the ground on which he walked sounded so hollow that he called the place "The Sounding Footsteps," or "The Place of Strange Sounds." There is, as I have incidentally mentioned elsewhere, another name for this great lake, Taupo-nui-a-Tia, since abbreviated to "Taupo." Its bestowal is attributed to an ancestor named Tia, who came in the Arawa canoe. The word "taupo" signifies a sort of rough black cloak bordered with yellow blooms, and it is said that when Tia arrived at the side of the lake he was very tired, yet he built a "tuahu" or altar to the gods, Rongomai and Uenuku. Before commencing work he threw off his taupo and put it on a near-by post and went to sleep. So long did he slumber that the lake was thereafter called Taupo-nui-a-Tia. There are no records, so far as I am aware, to show how long Tamatea sojourned in the Taupo district, but it was apparently long enough to impress himself on the natural features of the locality and to be embodied in its legends. It is said that he had quarrelled with his father somewhere near Whanganui and entered the Taupo district, where Karangahape's cliffs guard the entrance to the western bays, aided by two cliffs 1,000 feet in height, called now Tamatea's dogs. Tamatea, in Maori legend,

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was more than a man, possessing a mystic power over birds, beasts and man also. It is said that on the voyage of the Takitimu from Hawaiiki the crew became faint with hunger—quite a believable statement, I am sure. Then Tamatea chanted a "mataara," or sacred song, the while glaring at the crew so fiercely that some of them thought they were to be killed and consumed as food. Then arose one and said: "I have a calabash or bowl ('ipu') of preserved birds." Thus he (Tamatea) saved the lives of all on board, and when he reached the land he put in practice the same tactics against all those who sought to oppose him. Until quite recently the Natives fully believed in Tamatea's two dogs doing sentry at the foot of Karangahape. When Natives were passing within hearing of the cry of a bird or the howling of a dog on Karangahape, or the swish of a wave, they would shut their eyes and bend forward in the canoes so that the dogs of Tamatea might not be heard.

Parting of the Ways.

Here, then, comes the parting of the ways. The descendants of Kahungunu claim to this day that Tamatea-mai-tawhiti was captain of Horouta; so do the Ngai-Tahu, the South Island branch of the Ngati-Kahungunu; and those still living in this district belonging to Ngai-Tahu speak similarly. But this does not necessarily imply that everything is as clear as daylight. As a matter of fact it is not, and there is still so much confusion existing as to the identity of Tamatea that it seems almost hopeless now to reconcile the conflicting statements. I hope I am not adding to the confusion when I affirm my belief that Tamatea-Pokai-whenua did not come in either Horouta or Takitimu; nor was he captain of either craft, for he was born, not in far Hawaiiki, but in Aotea-roa. The accounts of the Ngati-Porou and Ngati-Kahungunu differ very widely on this point, and I must now pass on, leaving it still in the region of doubt, while I pursue my story.

Colonel Gudgeon, a well-recognized authority and a keen picker-up of "unconsidered trifles" in the way of Maori history, has stated that Tamatea "abandoned his home at Mangonui and fled southwards in a canoe with his family." As he passed Nukutaurua, Mahia, he was met by a war party, headed by a chief named Korapa, father of Rongomai-wahine, coming to his assistance. Korapa told him that his grandchild (Kahu-kura-nui) was born, and advised him to return to Nukutaurua. This occurred at Opoutama, the canoes having passed through the isthmus, the present sandy neck then being all water—a statement which bears out the view of Mr. H. Hill that a great river once flowed through there on the way to Heretaunga and the Wairarapa. However, Tamatea having passed Nukutaurua without calling in—which in itself was a great breach of Maori

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etiquette—he refused to go back, acknowledging that his breach was a bad omen—a "tohu mate"—and that he would meet with disaster, which prediction I have shown came true. But that is anticipating. Tamatea's reply has passed into a proverb, comparing himself to a shoal of fish (maomao), which, when they have passed Nukutaurua, do not return again during that season(15). Beyond the mere historical point involved, the story of Kahungnunu does not hinge very much on either of the Tamateas, save the claim of the Wairoa people that it was the Takitimu, and not Horouta alone, that brought their ancestors from Hawaiiki—that, in fact, she brought to Aotea-roa the tohungas and the sacred objects, landing at Tawapata, between Table Cape and Portland Island (Mahia). At a spot close by the landing place called Te Papa there may be seen on the rocks where the sacred canoe landed a fairly well preserved imprint of the historic craft, the rowers and the paddles. Voyaging round Waikawa, and on reaching the mouth of the Opoutama creek, the tohungas landed the famous god of that name, and there he still stands in the form of a rock. The Takitimu being such a famous and much-travelled craft, must needs visit Nuhaka and Wairoa. Proof of her visit to the latter place is adduced by the fact that the wooden ("maire") skids, called "rongo," on which the Takitimu was hauled up, may still be seen at Ma-kea-kea opposite Orere, and a little below Kopu's pa. Some of the skids are yet to be seen in the river-bed near Whakapau. In the mouth of the creek just mentioned may also be seen the punga or anchor of this craft. It was a stone that came from Hawaiiki, and was notched in the centre to prevent the rope from slipping off. All these relics have long since become riparian taniwhas, or water-gods, and so they remain immovable—they are as firmly fixed in position as the idea in the Maori mind of gods in general, and taniwhas in particular. It is, however, a very difficult thing to convey to the European mind the Maori idea here involved. The Maori deified his ancestor and worshipped him in the semblance of a tree or a rock, or even some fabled monster, and though he well knew that the spirit had gone to the Reinga yet he persisted in seeing his ancestor in the object worshipped, and he addressed him in his songs—pathetic, reminiscent, and warlike. Similarly, a woman who had been rendered childless by the hand of death would take up a piece of wood, or greenstone, or some ornament, and carry it about with her, fondling it and crooning an oriori, or lullaby, to send it to sleep. Yet she knew it was not a child, for had not her beloved gone to Reinga long ago? To me at least it is proved that the mother-love of the Maori was not a minimum quantity. Nor should we judge the Maori

(15). "He rangai maomao ka taka i tua o Nuku-taurua e kore a muri e hokia."

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mother a ridiculous being for so doing. I have observed an enlightened European take up the dress of a dead child and heard her address words of endearment to it—though the grave hid her darling from sight—so that the brown as well as the white daughters of Eve have at least something in common. But I have been digressing. I am supposed to be telling the story of Kahungunu, son of Tamatea-pokai-whenua.

The Early Migrations.

Briefly put, Rongomai-wahine lived at Mahia with Tama-takutai, and one of her children was Hine-rauiri. She left this husband, or rather he left her, in a peculiar way, as I shall presently show, and took up with Kahungunu; her descendants gave the name to Ngati-Kahungunu, and marriages or alliances with the Arawa and Tainui people greatly extended the influence of the tribe.

Besides Rongomai-wahine, the great Kahungunu had four other wives—Rua-reretai, Hine-pu-ariari, Kahu-kura-wai-arai, and Pou-whare-kura. The children of Rongomai-wahine—Rongomai-papa and Tauhine-kuri—left Mahia for Turanganui, and later on, as I shall show, their descendants were driven out. The very first migration from Turanganui is stated to have been that of Tama-kopiri, son of Ruapani and Uwe-nuku-koihu. He went to inland Patea and founded Ngai-Tama, but none of the Natives to whom I have spoken admit him as a brother of Kahungunu. Tamatea-pokai-whenua married the four daughters of one man—Ihu-para-para. Their names were Hokio, Te Ono-ono, Te Iwi-pupu (mother of Kahungunu and Iranui), and the fourth was Moana-a-kauia. Moeahu was the first husband of Rongomai-wahine, and grandson of Tama-takutai. The reader will need to bear these relationships in mind as the story of Kahungunu proceeds. The migration thus referred to is said to have occurred more than 14 generations ago, or nearly 300 years back—and it may easily have been more.

The principal lines of descent from Kahungunu down to comparatively modern times are as follows:—

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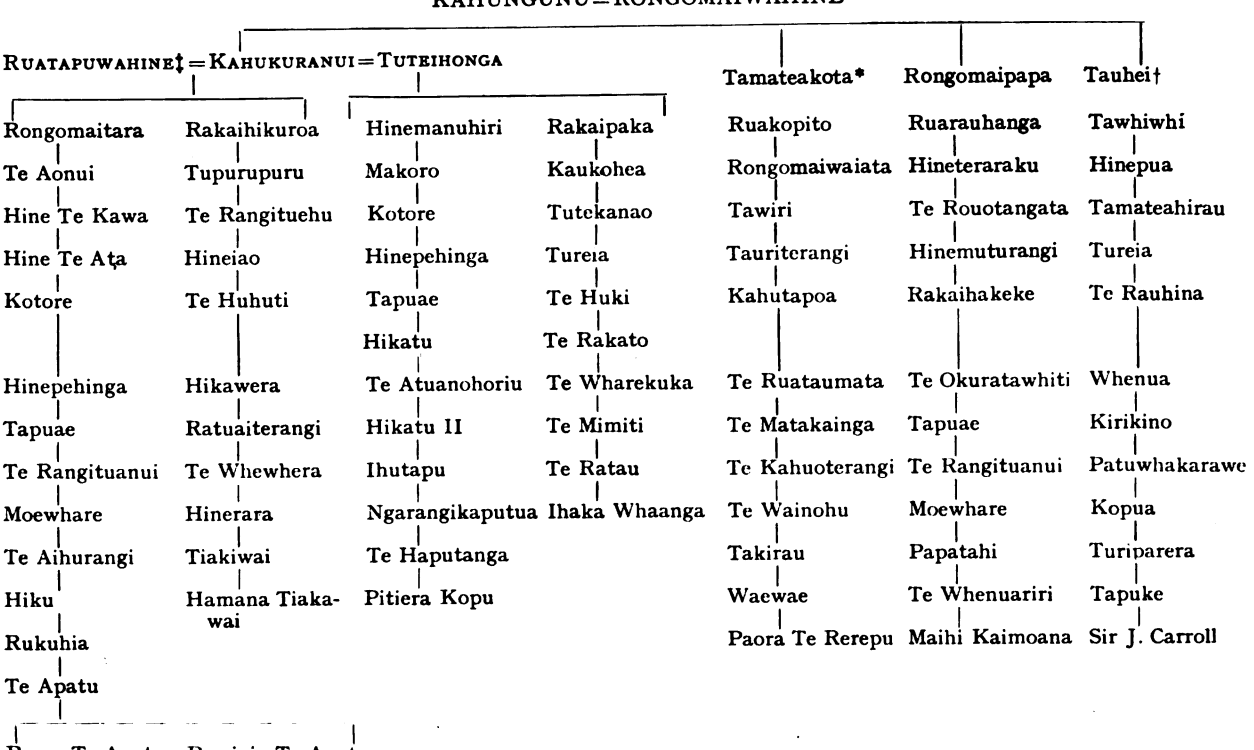

* Married Rongo-kauae, daughter of Rongo-whakaata. † Married Tama-taipunoa, brother of Tu-tamure.
‡ Daughter of Rua-pani, ninth in descent from Paoa.

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Tua-iti's Evil Deed.

The next migration, states Colonel Gudgeon, was the result of serious fighting in the district of Turanganui, all the southern tribes, as far as Tamaki-nui-a-Rua (the Seventy-mile Bush), joining in, and led by Weka-nui to the assistance of Kahungunu and Moeahu against their enemies. This war arose over the murder of Rironga, a son of Moeahu, whose sister, Moetai, had married Tua-iti, who was influentially connected with one of the largest sections of the people of Te Wairoa through Tutara-waewae. The story goes that Te Rironga having paid a visit to his sister, who lived at Ruru-tawhao (on the Aranui block, north of Awamate), was, during his residence there, beguiled into the bush and there murdered by her husband. The scene of the tragedy was a heavy bush in the gully on the Frasertown road, not far from the Kahauroa, where two or three kahikatea trees stood some years ago. Tua-iti and Rironga came across the river from Ruru-tawhaoa to collect the berries of the kahikatea, which ripened about May. What happened in the bush was never ascertained, but suspicion fell on Tua-iti, and when he returned and stated that Rironga had started for his sister's home before him, the wife's suspicions increased, more especially when she found that he went to a certain spot in the bush every day. While Tua-iti slept, his wife detected signs from his breathing that he had been eating human flesh, which she judged to be the remains of her brother. Concealing her knowledge of the doings of her ogre husband until her plans had been laid, she communicated her suspicions to her brother, Tu-whaka-oma, who went back to Turanganui to raise a taua. This was led by Rongo-Whaka-ata, Kahu-po and Rakai-nui. Moetai had advised her brother not to come with the taua except at full moon, in order to facilitate the crossing of the Wairoa River without noise. The war-party therefore halted at Putahi, near the mouth of the Kahauroa, and Moetai, as she stood outside the door of her house, could see the avenging warriors by the light of the moon; and within slept Tua-iti, all unconscious of the trouble in store for him. Very stealthily she took the canoes over for the taua, and explained her idea of how they could best reach the spot where Tua-iti slept. She advised them to overturn Tua-iti's canoe on the skids, so that he could not make use of it to escape, and this was done. The party then advanced on the whare, the wife leading the way and opening the door for the taua to enter. By this time Tua-iti, hearing the sound of many footsteps, was awakened, and rising he made for the door, taiaha in hand. As he emerged his wife tried to catch him by the leg, but she lost her hold, and the man-eater made straight for his canoe, but he could do nothing with it; the taua now was close upon him, and he was killed on the top of his canoe. In the morning the

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avengers of Rironga put the dead man, fully dressed, and paddle in hand, sitting in the stern of the canoe, and floated him away on the bosom of Te Wairoa—a phantom ship with a phantom crew. As the canoe passed the various settlements, those on shore, seeing the man, apparently asleep, made some contemptuous references—evidently Tua-iti bore a bad name. At the middle Turiroa cutting (Pa-roa) the people found it was a dead body that manned the canoe, and they hastily again pushed it off, fearing they might be blamed for the tragedy. At last the canoe with its ghastly freight landed at pa Te Uhi-a-karoro (Te Uhi), and there the Ngati-Rutanga—his own people—cooked and ate him, and thus by the simple process of absorption he still remained one of the tribe(16). Then when Kahungunu heard that his son was killed and that Rongo-Whaka-ata had taken Moetai to Turanganui for a wife, he came to Te Wairoa from Mahia with a taua and joined Ngati-Rutanga to avenge the death. Weka-nui led the Ngati-Rutanga contingent, Kahungunu led his own men, and Moeahu defended his positions. The battle, which was called that of Kai-whaka-reirei, took place on the site of the present town of Ormond (Turanganui). The battle was hotly fought, and Rakai-nui and Tahito Tarere were killed, with many of their people, Kahungunu being victors—two pas, Te Huia and Kai-whaka-reirei, being taken. It was here that Weka-nui captured Pou-whare-kura, a woman of rank, and as he led her away, Kahu-kura-nui claimed her; at the same time his father, Kahungunu, also put in a claim, and the woman chose the elder man. In this battle Ngai-Tahu were involved, and some of the survivors migrated to Whanga-nui-a-Tara (Wellington). Later on others of the Ngai-Tahu left Tau-mata-hinaki, on the Tuki-mo-kihi block, east of the Wairoa River, and went to Wairau, in the south, but returned on the death of Porou-rangi.

The First Break-up.

The first actual break-up of Kahungunu, leading to the migration of which I am writing, commenced when Te-te-kohe and others of that line expelled Rakaipaaka and his sister, Hine-manuhiri, from Turanganui(17). The cause of the quarrel was trivial in the extreme. It arose over the killing of a dog which bore the name of "Kauere-hua-nui," and Rakaipaaka was supposed to have killed it. It was not then known that he was innocent—very little enquiry was made—or that the real culprit was Whaka-ruru-a-nuku, who had escaped. However, a fight ensued, and Rakaipaaka nearly lost their lives—all for a dog—for after the battle of Whenua-nui, waged against Rakaipaaka, they were about to

(16). In Hawaii there was a famous king called Kualu, who lived to such a great age that his men carried him into battle in a net. After his death his bones were ground into powder and secretly fed to his chiefs, and thus were they hid for ever.

(17). Hine-manuhiri was also seriously involved.

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be slain, but as a result of their connection with Kahu-turanga, who was married to a daughter of Rakaipaaka, they were allowed to migrate, each taking a different route—Rakaipaaka journeying by the coast to Te Mahia with his family, namely, Kau-kohea, Pokia, Ure-wera, Maro-tauira, Mahaki-pare, Rakai-raumoa, Puke and Rawaru, and a large party of followers. The party of Hine-manuhiri comprised her children, Tama-te-rangi, Makoro, Pupuni, Hinganga, and Pare-ora, besides some followers. They journeyed by way of Ruakituri, stopped at Pa Mania([18]), and later on, with her brother and sister, reached Hinganga Whakururu. Rakaipaaka was well received at Mahia, and after a brief stay he made his way to Te Wairoa. During the journey of Hine-manuhiri, Tama-te-rangi is said to have been the custodian of a very celebrated and sacred heirloom, known as Te Kura-a-Tuhaepo. This "kura," said to have been a headdress, was a relic of very ancient times; its mana was said to have been very great, and so of enormous value to its fortunate possessors. It is recorded that later on, when Tama-te-rangi visited Turanganui district to fix the boundary of Kahungunu, and desired to keep his presence unknown, he stopped his men from roaming about in search of food, and as a consequence they were nearly starved. In this extremity he ordered the Kura-a-Tuhaepo to be exhibited to the war-party, and, as they gazed upon it—so it is stated—all desire for food left them, and they became marvellously invigorated([19]). When the Rakaipaaka migration visited Te Wairoa, they were, as I have already stated, well received by Ngai-Tauira, the people then in possession; these were the tangata whenua, and possibly the descendants of the celebrated Maui-Potiki. The new-comers lived side by side for at least a generation, and on one or two occasions joined forces to repel or avenge outside aggression. Colonel Gudgeon states that this was when a strange tribe called Ngarengare came from some distant place([20]).

Soon a cause of quarrel arose between them and a section of Ngai-Tauira, who lived at the Huramua pa under the chief Iwi-katere. This pa was called Hore-hou, and was situated in a small triangle at the back of Huramua station. I stood there some years ago on the "papawhara," or foundation of Iwi-katere, who lived 150 years ago. All the house sites and the kumara pits had been levelled from time to time, but the late Thomas Carroll gave instructions that the foundation of Iwi-katere should remain, and the spot can be seen to-day.

(18). Described in Chapter IX—"The Story of the Pa."

(19). Other authorities state that Tama-te-rangi asked for the exhibition of "Kura-a-Tuhaepo" at the request of Tapuae.

(20). Wi Kai-moana states this tribe came "from Turanganui," or, to be exact, from Uawa, Tolaga Bay.

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The Ngai-Tauira hapu owned a very remarkable bird, a tui(21), known by the name of "Tane-miti-rangi," who is said to have possessed more than human intelligence, for it could not only repeat the most powerful karakias, but also bewitch anyone to order—quite a useful power in those days. For these reasons the bird was greatly coveted by Ngarengare, who asked that it should be given to them temporarily to perform some necessary karakias for the planting of the kumara near their pa, Rakau-te-hea. The people of Iwi-katere would not agree to give the bird until it had performed a similar service for its owners. Ngarengare therefore stole it on the first opportunity that presented itself. When Ngai-Tauira discovered their loss they pursued the offenders and overtook them at Turiroa. A battle was fought at Kourakai-rapoki (on the site of the late Mr. J. Powdrell's residence). The brothers Tu and Rongo were killed, together with a number of warriors on either side, but Ngarengare were the victors, and they retired to Rakau-te-hea with the coveted bird; but in the hands of aliens it resolutely declined to utter a karakia at the planting of the kumara for Ngarengare, so they killed it.

The Talking Tui.

According to Colonel Gudgeon, "the result of this battle was that Ngai-Tauira called upon Rakaipaaka for help, and he readily agreed, being desirous of strengthening his increasing hold on the district. He attacked Rakau-te-hea and made short work of the bird-stealers, the survivors being driven to the district now known as Hawke's Bay, where they amalgamated with the people there and became the ancestors of Te Hapuku and other chiefs"(22).

Tauira's False Move.

I may state here, before I proceed further, that when the renowned Mutu was yet a young man, Tauira distributed his children all over the land, establishing Mutu on the south side of the Wairoa River up north to Waikaremoana and southward to Petane(23), and Tai-popoia, Putara and Kauma on the.

(21). Some local authorities state that the bird was a "kaka" and not a "tui," and that after it fell into the hands of Te Ngarengare it dwelt at Rakau-te-hea, mentioned in "The Story of the Pa." Here the bird, day by day, told of a coming enemy, until its tale became equivalent to one of "Wolf, wolf!" and Ngarengare began to grow careless; but one day a "taua" did come, and to some purpose, but that is another story. I am inclined to the belief that this bird was really a "tui" and not a "kaka," for though the latter was the favourite in the South Island, the Northerners pinned their faith on the "tui," which they took a great deal of trouble to teach to speak. Among the ancient Maoris it was not only not considered etiquette, but highly improper, to ask strangers their names. Hence the "kaka" was taught, in the South at all events, to ask the question, and on days when the men were away and the women busy indoors they used to place the tame kaka outside the "whare" to give warning of the approach of strangers, and if possible call out their names.

(22). Wi Kai-moana strongly denied the statement that Ngarengare was driven away in response to Tauira's appeal to Rakai-paaka, for he states he was killed by Rakai-paaka some time after the battle of Taupara, though this does not necessarily imply that his people did not go to Hawke's Bay as stated.

(23). Petane is not a Maori place-name, but the mission-bestowed Bethany. The proper name is Wai-o-hinganga, or Kaiarero.

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north and stretching out even to Turanganui. Truly a goodly heritage, and one, it would seem, that rival tribes longed to quarrel about, and excuses were not hard to find. On one occasion Tama-te-rangi, Pupuni and Rakai-hakeke came from Mania pa (Ruakituri) to Te Aria, as the mouth of the Wairoa River was called, for the purpose of fishing. A quarrel arose through Rakai-hakeke and Pupuni drawing in their nets in front of those of Tauira, and in the melee both Pupuni and Rakai-hakeke were severely wounded. Tauira, thinking both were dead, brought flax and tied them up hands and feet. The bodies were then carried on poles, passed through the tied limbs, and taken as far as Te Poti, near Whakai-ihu-pakake, up the eastern Wairoa lagoon. As the party reached this spot one of the poles broke, and the loads were laid down, and unfortunately for himself Pupuni showed signs that he was still alive. Tahiti, one of the bearers, mentioned the fact to the others, who promptly and this time effectually despatched the unfortunate man. Rakai-hakeke, though also still alive, gave no sign, and while the party went into the bush to cut a pole—this took longer then than now—the intended victim got up, bit the flax lashings and escaped with two of the enemy's taiahas to Taumata-hinaki, and then to Pare-ngahe. His friends cauterized his wounds in the Maori kitchen, while Kahumoa, the tohunga, recited some most potent karakias. When he had fully recovered he got the Ngai-Tahu to assist him and attacked O-parero pa, east of the Waiatai, in order to avenge the death of Pupuni and his own injuries, and 70 twice-told (that is, 140) of Tauira fell([24]). This is, of course, an earlier tale.

From this time there was peace in Te Wairoa until Rakai-hakeke, a grandson of Hine-manuhiri, contracted a *liaison* with Hine-kura, which gave great offence to Mutu. The latter, on hearing of the affair, made a most insulting gesture by showing his fine set of teeth in a threatening manner, signifying his intention or ability to eat the offender, a proceeding which in those times it did not take very much to provoke. Unfortunately for Mutu, the proud chief of Tauira, the gesture was observed by Rakai-hakeke, who at once called on his tribe to avenge the deadly insult. The battle of Taupara, said to have been the biggest intertribal affair that ever took place in Wairoa, was the outcome. The artist has sought to depict this, the greatest fight in Old Wairoa.

Meko	
Tauira	
Tai-popoia	Mutu
Tama-nui	Hine-kura
Tua-iti	Te-O-kura
	Tapuae

(24). The Maoris usually count by pairs. If adding a number of lines up to ten, say, they would not count from one to ten, but two, four, six, eight, ten. Thus, what with us would be 140 men would be with them 70 "topu," or 70 twice told.

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As I have already shown, the cause of the conflict between Tauira and Rakaipaaka (the latter assisted by his sister Hine-manuhiri and her people) was the killing of the "talking tui" and the *liaison* between the beautiful Hine-kura and Rakai-hakeke. Hine-manuhiri and her warriors came from Te Reinga, and Rakaipaaka from Te Mahia, and both met at Te Poti, at the eastern end of the lagoon on the eastern bank of the Wairoa River, to arrange a plan of campaign against Tauira. After half a day's talk without result, Urewera, son of Rakaipaaka, rose and asked oracularly: "What are we here for—the black (meaning the talking tui) or the red?" (meaning himself, as typical of war). Urewera was only a lad of about 18, and when his father saw his ardour for the fight he handed him his own patu, and the taua marched up the left (or north-east) bank of the Wairoa River, and Tauira left Rakau-te-hea and marched with a strong following up the right (or south-west) bank, the objective being Ramoto, opposite Frasertown. Rakaipaaka marched to a place called Waharera, near Springhill, where there is a ford; they then advanced down the river on the other bank, past Pakowhai, the stronghold of Hinganga, and at the Waiau were attacked in the water with the weapons then in use among the Maoris, but the enemy was gradually driven down with great slaughter towards Kokopu. About this time two leading warriors on the side of Rakaipaaka had not then reached either the place where the council-of-war was held or the scene of the intended fight. These were Kahu-tauranga and Kaukohea, who were visiting Turanganui. On reaching Mahia they found a tohu, or sign, in the form of some food left in a calabash, signifying that they should go on and join in the fight; they started off across country, and on mounting the hill Pukaka, overlooking Frasertown, Kahu-tauranga espied a hawk at close range flying over the hill, and brought him down with one sweep of his ponderous maipi, a club about six feet long—the hawk of Tauranga had justified his name. The other man, Kaukohea, not to be outdone, made a vicious slash at two tutu shrubs growing close by, cutting the leafy heads off at one stroke, and to this day the spot is called tutu mahanga (or "the twin tutu"), though there is not now a plant of the same in the vicinity. The two warriors arrived at Kokopu at high tide, greatly elated at being in time for the battle, but they were unable to ford the river, Kahu-tauranga could swim, but the other could not; the latter crossed under water, using his maipi to force his head above water occasionally to breathe. Kahu-tauranga, on landing, heard his name called, as a desired protector, by one of Rakaipaaka's men, who was in the grip of an enemy. He at once swung his maipi and killed the attacker, and thus saved the life of a man who proved to be Pupuni, brother of the renowned fighting chief

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Tama-te-rangi. Kaukohea must needs emulate his comrade, and on emerging from the river after his underwater swim, he discovered one of the enemy lying on a flat rock watching the swimmer, but not seeing the other, who silently landed and swiftly killed him, the rock being named Kaukohea after him to this day. The fight then raged on in the direction of Taupara flat, to the west of Aranui on the Awamate, when it ended in the defeat of Tauira with great slaughter, the estimate of the killed of the enemy being placed as high as 5,000—more or less, as the story goes, and it may be well believed that not a few of Rakai-paaka fell also. The victors fed on "the fish of Tu" for many days, throwing away what they called the useless ones. After the fight Rakai-hakeke roamed the battlefield in search of his loved one, Hine-kura, and eventually discovered her hiding in a gully at Taupara along with her father, Mutu, and his wife. At the call of Rakai-hakeke, Hine-kura came out of her hiding place, and turning to go back to his camp he placed Hine-kura in front of him, and her father and mother behind him—this was strictly in accordance with Maori custom; the former was the place of safety and the latter the place of danger. As the party drew near the camp Rakai-hakeke's men rushed out to meet him, and got behind to kill Mutu and his wife. Hine-kura then said, "Patua ekoe a ku matua?" ("Are you going to kill my parents?") The grim old warrior, secure in the possession of Hine-kura, replied, "Me pehea a te te nga o nga neho ki au" ("What about his grinning his teeth at me?"). The Maori law of vengeance, or utu, failed to save the old people, and they were ruthlessly slaughtered in the presence of the weeping Hine-kura. Thus ended the battle of Taupara, and Hine-manuhiri and her children became paramount on both sides of the Wairoa River, formerly in the sway of Mutu, who that day lost his kingdom and his life, all due to the senseless slaughter of a little black bird and the amours of a fair maid of Maoriland. Rakai-hakeke married Hine-kura, and from him descended Te Maha and Tapuae, the brother-chiefs immortalized in the taniwha legend of the Wairoa bar. In this battle Ngarengare was killed, and Kahu-mou-riri, who was both toa and tohunga combined, fell to the weapon of Kahu-tauranga. Kaukohea was severely wounded, and the battle was most decisive, because it firmly established Ngati-Kahungunu through Hine-manuhiriri as a tribe in Te Wairoa, enabling them to seize and hold all the lands of Mutu (Tauira) from Marumaru to Waikaremoana. "It has been said," the late Colonel Gudgeon wrote me, "that the whole of Ngai-Tauira were either slain or driven away after Taupara, excepting only Hine-kura; but such was not the case, for those hapus who lived under the mana of Iwi-katere, Tai-popoia and Putara were not affected by the quarrel between Rakai-hakeke and Mutu. They continued

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to live on their lands independently, and at a much later period, when the inland hapus of Ngati-Kahungunu, under Te Wainohu, Tamai-ona-rangi, Te Ipu and Te Ruruku, came to attack Te Uhi-o-karoro pa of Ngai-Tauira, Te Kawiti of that pa was chosen as the fighting chief of the confederates, and he and Te Otane (nephew of Tapuae) not only defeated Ngati-Kahungunu, but also took the five named chiefs prisoners, and they would have been killed but for their relationship to Rangi-tuanui, chief of Lower Wairoa. They were, however, subjected to the most degrading indignities, a circumstance which has been used against their descendants many a time since at the local sittings of the Native Land Court. The Kahu (Kihitu) and Kurupakiaka (Te Uhi) people are still, for the most part, Ngai-Tauira, but their mana has departed long since, for they no longer own all the lands from Te Reinga to Ahuriri."

Judge Gudgeon was in error somewhat in the above version. On that occasion Moewhare was the chief of Manukanui pa, which extended half-way along the present-day Marine Parade. When he was informed that the young bloods of Wairoa (his own nephews included) were seeking to usurp chieftain rights, and that they had actually tried to break his power as paramount chief of the Wairoa proper, he proceeded to Kihitu pa to discuss the situation with his brother-in-law, Te Otane. In passing down the river his nephews expected him to call in at Te Uhi, but he did not do so—a fact which not only annoyed them very much but caused them to suspect that some sinister move was afoot. As the war-canoes swept by, they, with the exception of Wainohu and Tamai-ona-rangi, jeered at Moewhare. On Moewhare's return from Kihitu with his sister, Whewhera, he crossed back to Manukanui and told of the insults of the young bloods, and it was at once decided vengeance must be taken, though the offenders were the children of his sister, she also agreeing. Moewhare then proceeded to Te Uhi with his slave, on whose back had been placed the ceremonial garments and a quantity of rough greeenstone—he meant "the enemy" to have a right royal haangi. When he got to the mouth of the Awatere creek he met a lesser chief, Te Kawiti, and instructed him to open the fight against the young bucks who sought to destroy his mana, and soon the five were captured, almost bloodlessly, and when Moewhare saw the ludicrous and unsatisfactory result of "the war" he complained of the fact that his orders had not been carried out, but added, "Let them live, and by and by they will cut your hearts out"; then turning to his slave he marched off highly indignant, but tacitly agreeing to their release. The indignities referred to by Judge Gudgeon were actually perpetrated,

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Under this cabbage tree, on August 20, 1858, was born a child, called in the Maori "Timi Kara," afterwards Sir James Carroll, M.L.C.

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Tamatea-pokai-whenua = Iwi, 2nd wife Kahukare, 3rd wife Tanewhare.

1st wife			Matangi Tapairu
1 Kahungunu, 2 Kahukuranui, 3 Rongomaipapa	Ruaehu	Tamakopiri	Tama-ariki
Rakaihikuroa	Ruawhakatini		Tamakanohi
Tupurupuru	Tararahiri		Kaitangata
Hine-i-ao	Punua		Te-ao-te-peau
Huhuti = Te-whatu-i-apiti	Whakaruruma-tangi	Tukoroua	Hi-te-maoro
Wawahanga	Whakaruruhau	Tamapou	Te-rangituaiwa
Rangi-ka-whiua	Hauiti*	Whitikaupeka†	Tumokai
(Not given)	(Not given)	(Not given)	1 Matangi, 2 Tuhi
,,			Hapainga-te-rangi
,,			Tangaio =

1 Manawakawa, 2 Te-upoko-iri = Rangi-te ore (great-great-grandson of Whiti-kaupeka)	Rangiwhaiau	Haere-te-kura	Te-waihota = Hinehuanoa
	Puka	Tama-te-reka	Toroiro = Irokino‡
	Hikanui	Manu-ka-hoka	Tautahi = Hinemanu
	Pupuke	Putai	Tarahe
	Tamakaokaonui	Te-kirikaingaere	Ruaiti
	Te-hunga-o-te-rangi	Taami	Tuha-o-te-rangi
	Te-uku	Tapuipotaka = Niho	1 Maihi Ngapapa, 2 Herewini Tawera
	Aperahama Tipae‖	Utika Potaka	Ruta = Kawana Hunia
			Te-rina = Hoani Mete Kingi

* From Hauiti, Ngati-hauiti of inland Patea take their name.
† From Whiti-kaupeka, Ngati-whiti take their name.
‡ Irokino is said to have been a son of Whiti-kaupeka, which seems hardly possible.
‖ Aperahama Tipae, the chief of Ngati-apa of Rangitikei.
Kahungunu is usually believed to be the father, not the brother of Kahukuranui, as shown above.

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CHAPTER XI—(*Continued*)

THE COMING OF KAHUNGUNU

STORY OF HEIPIPI—THE NEW MECCA—THE MAORI STORY—A NOTABLE SIEGE—THE WHANGAI HAU—CAUSE OF FLITTING—MIGRATION TO MAHIA.

Story of Heipipi.

Perhaps no better introduction to the last and greatest migration of Ngati-Kahungunu could be given than to relate the story of Heipipi, almost the culminating event leading to the occupation of Heretaunga by the braves of the north. In this account I am greatly aided by my friend the late A. L. D. Fraser, whom I had known since he taught the young ideas at Frasertown, in early days, the rudiments of the three R's. His facile pen but fills in the gap in the Maori account which follows of the Ngati-Kahungunu migration. It is necessary, when embarking on this subject, to open the windows of the past, and through the doubt and dust of fourteen generations scan the chapters of the unwritten story of Heretaunga. No legend in the general acceptation of the term, but more the picturesque exploits of the heroes of those days, told with poetic and romantic colourings, as only the ancient Maori could tell it, but in the main details almost photographic in its accuracy. The Native of New Zealand, notwithstanding that he wore "the burnished livery of the Sun," was a man of intellect, of learning and veneration. The lives of his ancestors, their prowess, their eloquence, their philosophical sayings, quaint folk-lore and proverbs, their conquests and tribal boundaries, and their unbroken lines of descent were kept indelibly engraved upon the memory, and from oracle or seer handed down, a valuable legacy to future ages—as exact in most cases as if they had been printed in some magazine. So it is that our mind is now thrown back some fourteen generations, or about 350 years (1), to Turanganui. Here we find numerous people disintegrated almost to the verge of civil war owing to the mysterious death of two young twin chiefs of rank (2). Intertribal antagonism became so accentuated that one family and their followers, headed by Taraia and Aomatarahi, men of blood and prestige, shook the dust of their home from their feet and wandered southward—intrepid as their ancestors when

(1). It will be remembered that Mr. Fraser, as well as myself, places the number of years to a generation at a fairly low figure.
(2). Tara-ki-uta and Tara-ki-tai.

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reading the riddle of the South Pacific—to carve out a new estate in the unknown. Mahia, that historic region of early days, was found to be inhabited by a section of the Great Migration from Hawaiiki, and here the wanderers pitched their tents for a period, until a local fisherman was found using a hook made from a human bone, and this was recognised as having been taken from the body of a relative of the visitors. Then blood alone could obliterate the insult, and once more, after exacting substantial utu, did the wanderers turn their faces southwards. Following the coast of the bay, past Nuhaka and Whakaki, a halt was eventually called on the eastern bank of the Wairoa River, near its mouth. Reconnoitring parties located a pa and inhabitants on the opposite side of the river, but having no canoes the invaders were helpless—the bar was not even blocked at the time. The inherent strategy of the race, however, came to their rescue. Ere long the eyes of the dwellers in the pa were startled by the apparition of gaily painted nymphs, merry-making and frolicking in and out of the virgin bush, which then extended to the water's edge. At first, suspicion and awe that they might be the fearsome Patu-pai-arehe—the Pucks, Oberons and Mabs of the forest—and then the characteristic inquisitiveness of the Maori reached the snapping point—

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

Then gaily decorated canoes, manned by the gallants of the pa, moth-like, rushed to ambush—and destruction. A sharp but sanguinary encounter, then capitulation of the surrounded enemy, and finally a peace-making—the way is opened up. But there are still more worlds to conquer, and Taraia and his braves, after a brief sojourn, and skirting the coast, leave Wairoa behind them. Poor, unattractive, sparsely populated country for many miles urges them still southwards, and not till Waihua, Mohaka and Waikari are but recollections do their eyes feast on quarry worthy of their steel. It is the "pa whawhai"—fighting pa—of Arapaoa-nui. But the so-far victorious company here meet their Waterloo, and their bravery, their unflinching assaults are frustrated. Many of the leaders fall; a pause, broken ranks, fear, panic, flight and demoralisation! But Mars—or rather Tu, the Maori war-god—has not yet deserted them, for at the psychological moment, above the cries of the vanquished and the war-whoop of the victors, is heard the voice of a woman, that of Hinepare, wife of Taraia. Standing majestic and defiant on the pinnacle of a rock, her voice rings out, clarion-like, piercing and echoing through every near-by hill and valley, and her message as she placed her hands to her breast was: "Is this to be food for our enemies?" No trumpet-call, no slogan or pibroch ever electrified the failing hearts of a forlorn hope as did this tragic appeal. Eyes turned

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to their Queen, their Bellona—the personification of the Lust of War. Fear vanished, ranks closed, and with the magic spell pulsating their hearts they rushed once more to the lists—and to victory.

Still not satiated, their Mecca not in sight, the hand of Fate beckoned still to the south and to Heipipi, the weird enchanted pa, safeguarded and under the aegis of the spirit Tunui. The pa, the remains of which may be seen to-day, its mounds, dykes and battlements as clear-cut as when in the dead past it challenged attack and stood impregnable to force of arms, but, as we shall presently see, merely a toy in the lap of luxury. It was inhabited by a people known as Ngati-Awanui-o-rangi, a section, most likely, of one of the earlier migrations. Heipipi was located on an eminence to the eastward, overlooking the sea on whose bosom their ancestors were borne from far Hawaiiki. To the west, an unbroken vista stretched to the snow-capped Ruahines. No cover, or slope, or hillock for spy or outpost, and the ever-vigilant, eagle-eyed sentinel from watch-tower scanning the horizon kept Taraia and his phalanx secreted in the fastness of the distant hills. Heipipi also felt itself to be doubly secure in that they dwelt under the ægis of their familiar spirit Tunui, whose magic powers on sea and land made his subjects feared and left them unmolested to work out their own destiny. Many days passed, days of planning and councils of war, wherein the veterans, shrewd and adroit, dilated upon the tactics resorted to when the odds were against them; but in this case the odds were too great unless the gods were good. Night was at its darkest in proud Heipipi, and the inmates slept, all but the one on guard, the watchman with the eyes of the "ruru," who was charged with the duty of detecting the approach of an enemy. Then soft grey lights appeared across the bay, hinting that another day was born, and from grey to amber, and from amber to rose, there flashed across the sky the early shaftsmen of the morn, battling with the rearguard of night. The wavelets kissed the cinnamon sands that sloped seawards from Heipipi's base, and whispered on the early morning that all was careless peace.

When, lo! standing transfixed, moving not a muscle, still and stately as some noble masterpiece in bronze, the guardian of the night, from the heights of the pa, with sharp-sighted, penetrating gaze looked to the silver-fringed surf. And then!—with voice cutting the dewy stillness of the early morn, like notes of a bugle, "Upokohue! Upokohue! Upokohue!" he reiterated with increasing strength. In answer to the call there came rushing to points of vantage the chiefs, the cohorts, the slaves, the women and the children, and following the line of vision indicated by the outstretched hand of him that slept not, their eyes feasted upon a gift from Tangaroa, the god of Ocean. For there, idly

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struggling with the outgoing tide, or playing in the almost unbroken surf at their feet, were score upon score of upokohue, or blackfish, stranded, gripped in Nature's kupenga. Surely great were the gifts of their great patron, Tunui and his comrade, Tangaroa. Gates were thrown wide, every available egress was an outlet for the rushing avalanche of humanity making seaward, until but the old and decrepit inhabited the fortress. As the fleetest of foot reached their prey with eager lust, each fish cast from itself a black "pake," or mat, and there stood revealed the bravest of Taraia's legions, armed with huata, taiaha, and patu. Without pause, with relentless hatred, the exulting, yelling mass turned upon the defenceless ones, and simultaneously from the palisades of Heipipi came the echoing reply of triumph from Te Aomatarahi and his gladiators left behind in ambush to make complete the morning's utu.

It was done. Caught between two fires, a moment's fierce fighting concluded the holocaust. Fighting and flight had been alike impossible to the dwellers at Heipipi. Blood and lives went out with the falling tide, and Heipipi owned a new king; but it still stood deserted, an obelisk to the dead, a monument to the prowess and strategic artifice of the victors—for the Maori of old was a classic equal to rank with the Greek or the Roman, and the fate of Heipipi proves it.

The New Mecca.

But this was not the Mecca of the wandering braves of the north; there was still Otatara to vanquish, and its people were fated to feel ere long the prowess of Taraia and his fellow rovers. From the lips of prisoners extravagant stories were told of the rich plains and rivers abounding in fish lying still to the south, where from his tower on Otatara's heights Turauwha held sway from sea to western range. Otatara, with its summit skywards, its trenches, earthworks, barbicans and fortifications planned by giant hands, was surely monarch, and, with its twin fortress resting at its feet by the banks of the Tutaekuri, bade the world defiance. But in its strength lay its weakness. The years had gone by and no alien foot had trod Turauwha's domain, no foreign tribe dared test his might. Then from a vain security was born a lethargy and a contempt for god and man. They say the gods sent the man, for he came, he saw and he conquered. Once more, after days of search and reconnaissance, nights of tracking and trailing, the plan was set. Forces were again divided, one hidden among the rocks and undergrowth carpeting the northern ascent to the main pa, the other hidden in the flood-washed caves above the stream. Then at early morning, when the stars were gone, a pale, cold light, more desolate than the dark, streamed from the east, the river let loose its torrent of blood-thirsty humanity. The death-cries, the crash of battle pierced the morning air and echoed to

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the hill-top; and in response, from the scarred heights the earth gave forth its sons, forth to rescue and oblivion. For from every side came the unknown foe, whose strange foreign battle-cry struck fear into the hearts before even the patu or taiaha had delivered its final message. And as the morning sun increased in strength it shone upon Turauwha and his hordes, a vanquished, homeless people; upon Taraia, the all-conquering crusade ended, emperor of all he surveyed, and with that the ownership and mana over Heretaunga passed to Ngati-Kahungunu. Otarara's sentinel long gazed upon the vast amphitheatre at its feet, leaving the past a forgotten page and opening the first chapter in a new history of Heretaunga. The leaves, passing over the fourteen generations, recount tragedy and feast, but never a tinge of alien blood to break the purity that flowed from the fountain-head, from the unfoiled victor of the plains, Taraia! And as Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War, so it came to pass that Rangitaumaha, the son of Taraia, took to wife Hineiao, granddaughter of Turauwha, and from their loins sprang the men and women who have made the race famous. One still lives, honoured by King and country, the "Timi Kara" of Old Wairoa —now Sir James Carroll, K.C.M.G. His descent is as follows:—

Taraia married Hinepare
Rangitaumaha married Hineiao
Huhuti
Hikawera

Tapuae	Rangitohumare
Whenua	Purua
Te Patuwhakarawe	Te Kapuamatatoru(3)
Kopua	Te Rurukuoterangi
Turiparera	Hineioroia
Tapuke	One One
Timi Kara (Sir James Carroll)	Wiki Tahutahu
	Karauria
	Airini Tonore (Mrs. G. P. Donnelly)

The Maori Story.

This is the story of Kahungunu as told by Pango, a "Kai-atia" of the Arawa, who was also connected with Ngati-Kahungunu (4). The reason why Kahungunu migrated to the East Coast when he left Te Manga-tawa pa, near Tauranga (Bay of Plenty), was the hauling of a fishing-net on the beach at Otira—surely a very small cause for a great migration! But great events from little causes spring,

(3). The reader will here note the perpetuation in the names of the hapus of the leaders of the Kahungunu migration from Turanganui southwards.

(4). Reprinted with slight alterations, by permission, from the "Journal of the Polynesian Society," translated by Mr. S. Percy Smith.

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and it was so in the case of the tribe under notice. Hardly had the "ngakau" or belly of the net been drawn in, when Kahungunu rushed in and seized a fish for himself—that is, he took it by force before the "tuwha" or general distribution. When his elder brother, Whaene (5), saw this, he was very angry; he seized the fish and threw it at the head of Kahungunu, who, however, warded it off. So Kahungunu felt troubled at the conduct of his elder brother—ignoring the fact that he himself was the cause of it—and in consequence he left and went to Opotiki, where dwelt his sister Haumanga and her husband, Tunanui, whose second name was Haruatai.

On his arrival at Opotiki he had the customary tangi when long-parted relatives meet, and in the evening, when it was over, Haruatai asked Kahungunu the reason of his coming. The latter replied—rather pettishly, it must be allowed: "It is due to my ill-treatment by our friend Whaene." After he had further explained his reason for migrating, his brother-in-law said to him, "A! What do you intend to do?" He replied, "I propose we go and make war"—the usual resort of the Maori in such cases (6). To this the brother-in-law assented, and they proceeded together to make war, and were victorious in a battle called Te Awhenga, where Ahukawa was taken prisoner. They then returned to Opotiki.

Now at the time when Kahungunu arrived at Opotiki, Haumanga and Tunanui had a son named Tu-Tamure, and after the fight just mentioned Kahungunu migrated again—evidently the wandering spirit within him was strong—and this time he settled down at Whangara, north of Gisborne, where he married some women of the place, who made some uncomplimentary remarks about him. When these gossiping remarks of the brown daughters of Eve reached Rua-rere-tai, a lady of Turanganui, she gave utterance to a "saying" that has come down to posterity, the translation of which would not give its true meaning (nor is it in accord with polite language to record it here). When the news of this "saying" reached Kahungunu at Whangara he prepared himself, as became a cavalier in search of fresh conquests, and proceeded to Turanganui. He there saw Rua-rere-tai, and eventually married her also. When the time of the birth of her child approached, she was consumed with a desire for some birds to eat. So her husband started out to obtain some in order "to cause the milk to flow for his (as yet unborn) child." When he

(5). Colonel Gudgeon, writing to me from the North, says: "Do not forget that the Tamatea whose son was Kahungunu was not the father of Whaene and Ranginui, though the Kahungunu family will tell you that they were."

(6). The translator remarks: "The author does not say with what people they went to war. It was sufficient, according to Maori custom, that someone should suffer for an affront; whether the guilty person or not, was a matter of no consequence. Someone must be killed—'Kia ngata ai te puku riri'—"to assuage the angry feelings of the heart."

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got to the forest he found the nest of a "tieke" in a hollow tree, from which he obtained some young birds, and taking them to the village cooked them for his wife. By this means the wife's desire was fulfilled. Not long after, the child was born, a girl, and the name was immediately given to her, Rua-rere-tieke, on account of the birds mentioned above. After a time the fickle Kahungunu left this wife also, and proceeded on his travels as far as Whare-onga-onga. Here he was seen by a lady of the place called Hinepu-ari-ari, who fell in love with him—a case of love at first sight—and whom he married.

Some time elapsed, and Kahungunu—still fickle-minded—left this wife also, and moved on south to Tawapata, Mahia peninsula. Here he saw Tama-taku-tai and his wife, Rongomai-wahine. The former's business was that of wood-carving, in which he was proficient. When Kahungunu beheld the beauty of Rongomai-wahine he succeeded in persuading his people that the securing of food was the most desirable accomplishment of all, and they agreed to go and dig fern. Accordingly they climbed up to the forest and there began to dig, and when a large quantity had been secured Kahungunu commanded his people to bring some creepers, a strong kind called "aka turi-hunga." But Kahungunu, instead of dividing the roots among the whole of the company, made one very large bundle, much to the surprise of his party, and thrusting his arms in the slings, carried it to the edge of the cliff above the village and tumbled it over; the binders broke and down came the fern-root like a landslip, blocking up the doorways. Then Kahungunu heard just what he desired to hear, exclamations by the women, who said: "A! this is indeed a son-in-law for us! A! as for the other lazy man, he knows nothing but how to carve" (7). After this wonderful feat had been accomplished, one day Kahungunu sat upon a ridge above the village to watch the cormorants diving. As one of the birds dived he held his breath, counting all the time until the cormorant appeared again at the surface. After ten experiments he found he could hold his breath longer than the bird's dive. Kahungunu then sent for some "ti" leaves and got his people to make a rope and a "kawhiu," or basket, such as was used for holding paua (shellfish). In the morning they all went to the beach, and Kahungunu swam out to the rock in four fathoms of water. Down he dived and commenced collecting the paua until he had filled his basket, which he pulled ashore. Kahungunu, after sticking paua all over his body, came ashore and presented the harvest of the sea to the women, who, as

(7). It is sad indeed to find fine art so little encouraged at Nukutaurua. Evidently the best road to a woman's heart was through her stomach, and I fear me that even then Kahungunu had further amorous designs in view. It would be interesting, indeed, could we learn how long the love for semi-Herculean labours prevailed, but on this point the oracle is silent.

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before, were loud in their praises of this desirable son-in-law. Kahungunu was somewhat of an epicure, for he commanded his own people to save all the roes for himself. At night Kahungunu slept in the house at the "kopa-iti," or corner nearest the door, whilst Tama-takutai, the wood-carver, and his wife slept near the window. (The narrator then relates a trick played on his hosts by Kahungunu which will not bear translation, but which led to mutual recriminations between husband and wife.) When morning came Kahungunu again proceeded to the ridge above the village, and as the heat of the day increased the sea breeze set in (8). Then it was not long till he saw Tama-taku-tai getting into a canoe to indulge in the ancient pastime of "whakaheke ngaru," or riding on the crest of the breakers.

After he had twice witnessed the performance of this feat Kahungunu descended to the landing place, and when the canoe again came in he proposed that both of them should get into the canoe, to which Tama-taku-tai assented, and they both got on board, Kahungunu in the bow and the other at the stern. After twice riding in Kahungunu asked to be allowed to go to the stern of the craft, which was agreed to by Tama-taku-tai. They then paddled out and saw a big wave coming in. Said Tama-taku-tai, "O son! that is a very big wave!" Kahungunu replied, "That is not a big wave!" And so they allowed the canoe to be carried by the wave till it reached shore. Again they paddled out, and the same conversation was repeated. A great wave then came up, and they flew before it. Kahungunu now pulled up his steering paddle, and the canoe broaching to, over she went, Tama-taku-tai sinking and was drowned, for he could not swim. So died Tama-taku-tai, and Rongomai-wahine became the wife of Kahungunu (9).

After some time, on a certain day, Kahungunu asked his wife to go with him to the water so that she might comb and dress his hair, which she did until all the locks had been properly separated and oiled in the ancient Maori fashion. As she was tying up his hair by binding it in a topknot (10), the woman took some of the local grown flax, bound up the hair and pulled the ligature tight, but it broke. Then said Kahungunu, "Give me my belt," which was done—it was a "tatua pupara," or war-girdle of prepared flax—and from it he took some flax which had been grown at Kawhainui (11), at Kaituna, near Maketu, Bay of Plenty. It was soaked in water until soft, and then bound by

(8). What a wonderfully correct idea the ancient Maoris had of the cause of the sea breezes rushing landwards.

(9). As David caused Uriah the Hittite to be placed in the forefront of the battle that he might die, and took his widow, Bath-sheba, to wife, so did Kahungunu compass the death of Tama-taku-tai that he might marry the seemingly acquiescing widow, Rongo-mai-wahine.

(10). Koukou.

(11). Where Tamatea Mai-tawhiti was buried.

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the woman round her husband's head, and it held. Kahungunu then stood up, and turning to the north, "to the clouds coming from his father's home," said: "Here is the Putiki-Wharanui (12) of Tamatea, that was left at Tauranga" (Bay of Plenty)—where, it will be remembered, I have stated that Tamatea Mai-tawhiti was buried; and now, for the first time, did the people know that this was the son of Tamatea. Behold, then, Rongomai-wahine became the permanent wife of Kahungunu, and in due course was to become a mother. The news spread even to Tauranga, to Tamatea, the father of Kahungunu, who collected together some fine garments to take with him as a present to his new grandchild. When he had collected sufficient garments, Tamatea started on his journey—he must have been a pretty old man by this time—and after visiting Opotiki proceeded by way of the Wai-o-eka Valley. About half-way up that valley he left his pet bird, a "karoro," or seagull, which is turned into a stone and may be seen to this day. He proceeded on his journey and got as far as Mou-mou-kai pa, about eight miles up the Nuhaka or Morere Valley. On reaching this place he heard the news that the child had been born—a girl—and Tamatea was so much distressed, presumably because it proved to be a girl, that he left all his presents at Mou-mou-kai and proceeded on himself—without visiting his son—to Te Wairoa, Mohaka and Whanganui-a-rotu (Port Ahuriri). When Kahungunu heard of the annoyance of his father, and the casting away of the presents, he at once named his new-born daughter Hine Rauiri (Lady Cast-away), which was singularly appropriate. There was no "whare kohanga" built for this child—not until the birth of Kahu-kura-nui was one built (13).

The children of Kahungunu by Rongomai-wahine were—Hine-rauiri (f.), Kahu-kura-nui (m.), Tamatea-kotu (m.), Tamatea-kuku (m.), Tamatea-torohanga (m.), Weka-nui (m.), and Tauhei-kuri (f.); Kahu-kura-nui, by his first wife, Rua-tapu-wahine, had Rongo-mai-tara (f.), Rakai-hiku-roa (m.), Tiko-rua (m.), and Rakai-nui (m.).

A Notable Siege.

About the third or fourth generation after the arrival of the fleet about 1350, or say about 1425 to 1450, a pa at Mahia sustained a siege. It was when Kahungunu had become an old man, and all his children—Kahu-kura-nui, together with his brothers and sisters—had grown up. They built a large pa named Maunga-a-kahia. This was situated at Mahia peninsula. Behold! At the period when Kahungunu separated himself from his brother-in-law,

(12). "Putiki-whara-nui," the hair cincture of "Whara-nui," a particular kind of flax.

(13). "Whare-kohanga"—literally, "nest-house"—a special building for the birth of high-born children, in which the mother was accouched, and connected with which were many ceremonies.

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Tunanui, at Opotiki, the latter was a great leader of war-parties. Now, when he absented himself on these expeditions, which involved lengthened absences, he used to leave his wife—trusting Maori that he was—in charge of his slave, Ahu-kawa (whom it will be remembered he and Kahungunu captured at the battle of Te Awhenga, when seeking revenge for the slight put upon the latter by Whaene). The narrator then goes to show how the slave, who was not a Joseph in the house of Potiphar, betrayed his trust, and the husband on his return, finding the slave was not to blame, let him live, remarking that had it been otherwise he would have cooked him for breakfast next morning in front of the door, then philosophically adding: "Enough; I will lay me down (taipunoa) here." It was not long after that a male child was born to Haumanga, and a name was given to him—Tama-taipu-noa, one of Haruatai's names, in remembrance of Tunanui's words "taipu-noa." Now behold! The child grew up to manhood, as did his brother, Tuta-mure, the legitimate son of Tunanui, and they learned the art of bearing weapons, so that the work of their father fell to them. On one occasion the war-party of these young men arose, 540 strong, and proceeded on the war-path, taking several pas until they reached Kahungunu's pa, Maunga-a-kahia, which they proceeded to besiege. For a long time their operations were confined to fighting outside the pa, for it was a strong, well-built fortress, as shown in the chapter "The Story of the Pa," until the time came when the war-party carried the outer line of palisades. At this time Kahungunu sent his daughter, Tauhei-kuri, to see how matters were going on at the front of the defences. Just as she got there a "mere-mere" was smashed, and she heard the besiegers arguing as to whether the attack was made with the "uha" or "maire" club, or with the "ake" club, for had it been attacked with "the great fish of Tangaroa"—the whalebone club—then would it resound above on Maunga-a-kahia. When the girl heard this "saying" she returned and reported it to Kahungunu, declaring her belief that the pa would be taken. The old man then told her to go down and ask who was the leader of the war-party. So Tauhei-kuri returned, and on reaching above where the men were fighting, called out: "You men there! Stop the fighting; you can go on presently. I am asking you two(14) who is the chief of this party?" Then one of the besiegers advanced and stood near the outer defences, and turning towards the sea, said: "Hast thou not heard, when the north-west wind blows, up rise the waves of the ocean, and the blunt nose floats? 'Tis I, Tu-tamure"(15). The girl reported this to her father, who said: "It is thy

(14). "You two"—that is, the leader and his party—a common form of address under such circumstances.

(15). Tamure is the schnapper fish—hence the play on his name.

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brother(16). Go! Tell him to cease fighting." This the girl did, and the young man sprang forward, and with a blow on this side and on that ended the fighting, and the besiegers retired outside the pa. Tauhei-kuri then returned to her father and reported that the fighting had been ended. Then the old man said to his daughter: "Oh, daughter, wilt thou not consent to thy brother (cousin) as a husband?" And the girl consented—not perhaps because she had fallen in love with the leader of the war-party, but because it was a convenient way of making peace. Then the old chief—pleased at the ending of the fighting—turned his attention to adorning his young daughter in all the finery of Maoridom, and when ready sent her down to the war-party. Arrived at their camp, she asked, "Where is the camp of Tu-tamure?" And when they told her, she proceeded on and found him and his brother, Tama-taipu-noa, sitting together. Not knowing which was which, she fell—woman-like—on the younger, who, in fear of his elder brother, pushed her over to him. Twice was this done, and then Tu-tamure arose and went down to a flat rock on which was a pool of clear water, in which he looked at himself, as in a glass(17). He said within his heart, "Oh, indeed I am ugly!" So he returned to the camp and said to his younger brother, Tama-taipu-noa, "Marry our young lady," which he did, and Tu-tamure and all his warrior-tribe, the "Pane nehu"(18)—"the Buried Head"—left for their homes at Whiti-kau, inland of Marumutu on the road to Turanganui, and thence to Opotiki, to the father and mother of the brothers, to Tunanui and Haumangu. After a time a family was born to the couple—Tawhiwhi, then Mahaki, and from the latter descend the Poverty Bay tribe called Te Aitanga-a-Mahaki.

Here comes in an incident that bears on the story of Kahungunu. During the fight between Tu-pouri-ao and his people with those of Te Porangahau, the former chief was killed and his wife made a widow. When this news reached Kahu-kura-nui—who was, it will be remembered, the eldest son of Kahungunu by Rongomai-wahine—he began to devise a way to secure the widow for himself, for the fame of the great beauty of the widow had spread far and wide. Kahu-kura-nui and his people therefore started off to visit the pa where dwelt the lady(19), and in the evening he proceeded to press his suit, but the widow would not have anything to do with him until he avenged the death of her

(16). That is, a brother according to Maori ideas; really a first cousin, as Tu-tamure was the child of Kahungunu's sister, Hau-manga.

(17). The pool where Tu Tamure saw his reflection at Nukutaurua, on the Mahia peninsula, was named "Te Wai-Whaka-ata-o-Tu-Tamure," or "The looking-glass of Tu Tamure."

(18). The Pane-nehu are stated to have been one of the tribes found in New Zealand on the arrival of the Maoris. They inhabited the forest slopes between Opotiki and Poverty Bay. They no longer exist, the remnant having been merged into the Ngaitai and Whakatohea.

(19). I am given to understand this was somewhere about Wairoa, but I cannot give the exact location.—Trans.

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husband. Kahu-kura-nui enquired, "What are the distinguishing signs of the man who killed thy husband?" The woman told that when a war-party approached the pa of the murderer he would come out and stand there clothed in a scarlet cloak—red parrot-feathers; his weapon was a "taiaha-kura" (a kind of halbert with a scarlet feather near the tongue end). He generally carried it in trail. That, she said, was Te Porangahau(20). So Kahu-kura-nui went forth to slay an enemy and win another bride. When the morning meal was over he started off with 240 men, and in due course drew near the pa for which he was bound, that of Te Porangahau, on the coast about 50 miles south of Napier. When the people of the pa beheld the war-party, a cry was raised, and immediately there appeared a man who stood outside clothed in a scarlet cloak, taiaha in the trail in hand. He advanced in front of the attacking party, and immediately killed his man—the "Whangai hau."

The Whangai Hau.

The fight then raged hotter, and several more men fell; then the attackers retreated back to where Kahu-kura-nui was. It was in vain that he urged them to renew the attack, and then he was seen by Te Porangahau. The two leaders then drew near each other, Kahu-kura-nui holding his taiaha aloft, ready for the downward blow, whilst Te Porangahau trailed his for the upward stroke. On getting within striking distance Te Porangahau raised his taiaha, whilst his foe, striking downwards, thrust his weapon between the thighs of his enemy, and down to defeat, though not immediate death, went Te Porangahau. It was enough! The people of the pa fled, and the stronghold of Te Porangahau was taken. The prisoner was brought away still alive, and delivered over to the weeping widow, Tu-te-Ihonga, who quickly despatched him, and the "state of tapu" being at an end she married the victor, Kahu-kura-nui. Now we get a little nearer to the subject of this chapter—the migration of Kahungunu. To understand it better the reader should glance at the table in the margin, which shows the descent of Tu-purupuru, fourth from Tamatea (Pokai whenua). The following shows the real reason of the migration of the Hawaiiki Maoris from Turanga and Mahia, later on to Heretaunga and the Wairarapa. The cause of the death of Tu-purupuru was his unreasoning jealousy of his elder brothers, the twin boys of Rongo-maitara and Kahu-tapere-a-whatonga—that is, of Tara-ki-uta and Tara-ki-tai (or first cousins by English custom).

Tamatea
|
Kahungunu
|
Kahukuranui
|
Rakai-hikuroa
|
Tu-purupuru

(20). He was, says the translator, one of the "tangata whenua," or aboriginal tribes, for no migration of the fleet people had yet taken place so far south.

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Tu-purupuru was the principal chief of Turanga; there were none above him in respect to mana. If he struck his staff into any hill or place, or left his belt there, all the thousands of Turanga would bring to there all kinds of food for him and his people. Thus it came that if one desired to compliment another he might say: "Thou has equal mana with Tu-purupuru, son of Rakaihi-kuroa." When Tu-purupuru saw that the twins were growing up to manhood, his heart was full of foreboding; and he thought that presently the mana of the twins would exceed his own(21), and the power, guidance, and government of all Turanga would fall into their hands, together with influence over the land and people. So he considered in what manner he would compass the death of the twins. He chose a very simple manner, as the following will show:—One of the occupations and amusements of the people of Turanga in those days was top-spinning. On the days that such games were to take place, it was the custom of the twins to proceed very early in the morning to the ground to practise top-whipping. Then Tu-purupuru saw how he should be able to accomplish his wish. He proceeded to make some long tops called "wherorua," like those of the twins, pointed at both ends, so that either end might be upwards—they were like twins. At daylight Tu-purupuru went with his tops to the whipping ground, and not long after the twins also appeared. He set up his tops and began whipping them, and the twins followed suit. Tu-purupuru whipped his tops close up to the edge of a pit he had previously noticed, and soon they were driven into it. He then ordered the twins to jump in and fetch out the tops, and while they were doing so he closed the pit over them, probably a "rua" with a heavy cover. And there the twins died. Tu-purupuru then returned to his pa, and immediately began to make manuka "tokotokos" or spears, for the guilty man knew he would soon have to use them—and he named them "all the braves of Rakaipaaka." The twins had been absent all the morning, and as they had not returned by noon, their father, Kahu-tapere, sought for them everywhere, going to the pa of Rakai-hiku-roa (his brother-in-law and Tu-purupuru's father), but nothing had been seen of them. The father, disheartened and anxious, after a good cry decided on a means of finding them. He made two kites, and named them "Tara-ki-uta" and "Tara-ki-tai," after the twins. The priests were assembled and made their incantations, and the kites were sent up to a great height, hovering for

Cause of Flitting.

(21). In the murders of these two young chiefs I think we have a parallel to the murders of the two little princes in the Tower. This event, apart from its wickedness, took England out of the grasp of the barons, each seeking power for himself, and gave her a line of kings—the Tudors—the first regular line, at all events. The murders of Tara-ki-uta and Tara-ki-tai brought about the Kahungunu conquest, which in one way or another welded all the peoples of the East Coast from Turanganui to Wairarapa into one powerful tribe.

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a time over the pa of Rakai-hiku-roa, the father of Tu-purupuru. Down they came twice over the pa, and then the unhappy father knew that the people of that place had killed his children. Then arose the war-party of Kahu-tapere and his step-brother, Rakai-paaka, and went forth to battle against Rakai-hiku-roa and his sons. They laid siege to the pa, and Tu-purupuru stood at the entrance with the spears he had dubbed out, and Rakaipaaka came up to the attack. Tu-purupuru seized one of the spears and a warrior fell, and then another and another, until at last up came Whakurau and a special spear was thrust at him, but he turned it off and wounded Tu-purupuru. Up jumped Kahu-turanga, exclaiming, "The man of the fast hand." But Whakurau uttered his saying: "Leave him! Leave him! Let me catch the fish of the line of Hine-tapua-rau" (of his mother). So Tu-purupuru was killed. His body was then brought away to the camp of Rakai-paaka. Then they twisted some ropes, and set up a slender springy kahikatea tree, near the pa of Rakai-hikuroa, and hauling up Tu-purupuru by his legs, cast him, by the aid of the springy tree, into the pa. Shortly after this Rakai-hikuroa migrated, feeling sore at the death of his son, Tu-purupuru, and because Rakai-paaka had refused to kill one of his warriors as a "mat" for the oven of Tu-purupuru, declaring that the "pahi-taua" or company of war could not be thus debased.

Migration to Mahia.

Then Rakai-hikuroa, his sons, grandson, and all his people, 140 in number, migrated to Nukutaurua, Mahia. While here an incident occurred which must not be omitted, as it had a bearing on the migration. One day Kahu-paroro passed on his way to Turanga, and observing that the men of the migration were still in the same place he soon returned—probably with sinister intentions. On his arrival he prepared to make fish-hooks, stating he was going to supply a party which he proposed to take with him next day to dig fern-root. In the morning they put out to sea, and with them went one of the Rakai-hikuroa migration. During the fishing operations Kahu-paroro baited his hook and cast it over, at the same time making some allusion to the bones of Tu-purupuru as though he had made fish-hooks out of them, which, of course, was a mortal insult to a Maori. The man of the migration then pretended to be very ill, and was put on shore, crawling away slowly from the beach, while the fishers went back to their work. He reported the matter to old Rakai-hikuroa, who quickly decided what he would do. In the morning the party of Kahu-paroro to dig fern was arranged; they numbered 140, and an equal number of Rakai-hikuroa's party. So they proceeded to the digging ground, where it was arranged that Kahu-paroro's people were to dig whilst the others scraped the roots. After some time—evidently according to arrangement—they changed occupations and Rakai-hikuroa's people

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took the "ko" or digging tools—and very formidable weapons they were. During these operations they sang the usual "tapa-tapakau" or incantation on such occasions, and suddenly at a given word of the charm they speared the whole 70 who were cleaning fern-root. All were killed except Rakai-weriweri, who fled. Then they cooked the enemy, or, as Pango put it, "the fruit of their killing," and ate them all up—or the choice parts. Thus did Rakai-hikuroa literally absorb Kahu-paroro and his people. The migration then started again on their further journey, and reaching Nuhaka, fought and defeated the people of that place, Rakai-weriweri again escaping. The narrator then goes on to describe the advance to Te Wairoa, where Rakai-hikuroa was joined by his son Taraia, who had come inland with Aomatarahi, and soon on, by means of a ruse at the crossing, to Aropaoanui and Heipipi, his account following closely the one I have already given, except that he mentions seals at Heipipi instead of "upokohue." On seeing the danger here, he says, the people sent a messenger to Tunui-o-rangi, their chief and tohunga —a man gifted, according to his descendants, with wonderful powers of makutu, or sorcery. He was lying in a little cave in the limestone rocks that strew the ground near the pa, but came forth at once, and calling on his atua, Kahu-kura, exercised his powers to save the remnant of his people by fleeing across the flat from their enemies. The atua caused flames to start up in front of the pursuers and blast them, thus stopping the pursuit. This is the conclusion of the story of Heipipi as told by one of the descendants of Tunui-o-rangi, but it scarcely tallies with the account of Heipipi as told from a Ngati-Kahungunu point of view. Reverting, however, to the first account of this migration, it seems scarcely a reasonable thing to believe that a warlike genius like Taraia would advance into a strange country and leave an uncaptured pa in his rear. I am inclined to believe that Heipipi really was captured, and the idea of abandonment was created by the haste of Taraia to reach the Land of Promise for which he was making. The one must simply be set off against the other, and the reader must try to strike a fair balance. But whether or not Heipipi pa was taken, the fact remains that Ngati-Kahungunu established themselves in the Heretaunga district(22), and from Te Wairoa southwards. At Aropaoanui they landed on the east side of the river and there found Rakai-weriweri,

(22). When Taraia managed by a subterfuge to cross the Wairoa River at its mouth he left the bulk of his company, old men and women and children, at Te Wairoa, and went on scouting the unknown lands. Whether he occupied or abandoned Heipipi pa does not matter a great deal—the people there were defeated, and that was enough for Taraia. Up the Tutaekuri River he encountered Te Tini-o-Awa and Maru-iwi tribes, and having attacked and carried one pa, he made peace with the people of the other. Then it was he sent back to Te Wairoa for the rest of the people, who came down the coast in canoes. A fight with the "tangata whenua" at Aro-paoa-nui resulted, and later Tini-o-Awa fled to Tamaki, or the Seventy-mile Bush. (These events are said to have occurred about the year 1509 or 1525.)

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who had escaped at Nukutaurua and Te Wairoa. He was standing on the bank of Pa Puku-o-te-wheke, with his hair done up in a topknot(23) or "koukou," adorned with huia and kotuku feathers. Taraia, catching sight of him, took a stone and cast it upwards, which struck the koukou and cut it off. They then paddled up to the mouth of the Aro-paoanui and landed, and there they fought the tangata whenua, who seem to have given Taraia enough to do, and eventually he drew off out to sea. There Hine-pare—a daughter of Rakai-hikuroa, stood on a rock in the sea bewailing, saying: "Fatigue of the men! Presently will the evil works of this woman be gazed at by those other men." Then she dashed on to the rock a calabash, the sound of which in breaking was mistaken by her brothers for a skull crushed by a weapon. Thereupon Taraia, Tawhao, and their young relative Te Rangi-Tuehu, appear to have taken heart of grace and returned to the fight. The enemy fled up the Aro-paoanui, and further up they were set upon by the forces of Tangi-aki, the son of Tiko-rua (youngest brother of Rakai-hikuroa), advancing down the coast overland. So ended the battle of Waikoau, where Rakai-weriweri met his end at last. Among the prisoners taken was one named Te Whanganui-a-rotu, from whom the migration enquired what kind of country lay before their course, and he told them that the place, named after himself (Port Ahuriri), was good for pipis and mussels, and immediately Tawhao claimed it for his cultivation, passing over Taraia, who had captured the prisoner. In the evening Taraia enquired if there were not other rich lands in the direction before them, and the prisoner pointed out the mouth of the Tukituki and Ngaruroro rivers, where there was good fishing. In the morning the migration left Aropaoanui, and Taraia asked his prisoner to point out the spot of which he spoke, and he pointed to a white headland (Napier Bluff). Then said Taraia, "Let our canoe strike across to this place," and so it floated and went straight for Huka-tere, on reaching which he put his calabash afloat. When he landed, there was the calabash, and he called the place Te Ipu-a-Taraia (Taraia's Calabash), which it bears in the memories of the Maoris to this day. After the dispersion of Te Tini-o-Awa tribe Ngati-Kahungunu spread over the island through the Wairarapa even to Wellington, and though many stirring episodes could be related, it is not my purpose to further follow in that direction the fortunes of the sons of Kahungunu. Suffice it to say that they became, as stated at the outset of this chapter, the most numerous, wealthy, and influential tribe in all New Zealand(24).

(23). In Futuna the men wore topknots perfumed with oil.

(24). In 1896, despite the ravages of war and cannibalism in early days and of civilization since 1840, out of a total of 47,731 Maoris in New Zealand the Ngati-Kahungunu population was 9,620, or about one-fifth of the whole Native population of the Dominion.

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CHAPTER XII

NATIVE WARS AND RAIDS

HISTORIC BATTLE-GROUNDS—FIGHTING IN TUHOE LAND—DEFEAT OF RUAPANI—A FALSE PROPHET—THE BOAST OF HAEANA—RAID ON EAST CAPE—TE WERA HAURAKI—POMARE'S RAID—A MODERN GODIVA—HONGI THE TERRIBLE—TROUBLE ON THE COAST—THE HILLMEN OUT—FALL OF PAKAKE—FALL OF TITIRANGI—SIEGE OF KAIUKU—BATTLES AT THE HEADS—DEATH OF AUTAHI.

In this chapter I have built very largely on the excellent foundation laid by Mr. S. Percy Smith in his book *Maori Wars of the Nineteenth Century*, second edition, published by Whitcombe and Tombs, 1910. In several cases the accounts given of the various Native wars waged in this district have been enlarged or corrected and some entirely new are added, but I owe a debt to Mr. Smith in arranging for me the sequence of most of these events and fixing fairly accurate dates for some of them, for it would have been a most hopeless task now to try and ascertain such from Native sources. The Maoris have no idea of time, and to ask them to fix a date for any given fight would be barren of results. They can state that some particular event occurred at the time of the planting of the kumara, when such-and-such a chief was a young man, but that is about all they can do; or they could, perhaps, supply an answer by means of their genealogies. This, however, cannot be relied upon either, as the number of years allotted to a generation varies greatly, some authorities fixing it as low as 20 years, whilst others—and perhaps the great majority—allow 25 years. As a matter of fact, computations by genealogies are very deceptive, for the period may vary according to the times and the views of the narrator. In cycles of peace 25 years might be too low, and in other times, say, in the days of Hongi Heke, Te Rauparaha, Pomare and others, even 20 years might be too high, for certainly after the introduction of the musket the life of the Maori not so armed was not worth many years' purchase(1). It is thus that I come

(1). The late Major Large sent me a note on this head: "In consequence of the Natives marrying and bearing children at such an early age, I think 20 years is about the right number."

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to express posthumously my deep acknowledgments to the author of the *Maori Wars of the Nineteenth Century* for enabling me to give approximate dates for at least the most important of the events here recorded.

Historic Battle-grounds.

Two great tribes figure largely in this chapter, and in special relation to Waikaremoana and Tuhoe Land, namely, Ngati-Ruapani and Tuhoe. The former, which has been already described, was, no doubt, a very ancient tribe, and the principal hapus are still represented in our midst. The other is the Tuhoe tribe, equally ancient, with many hapus, including Ngati-Huri, the *bete noire* of Major Ropata and his European allies in the seventies. These two tribes were perpetually at war with each other, and as Ruapani were related to Ngati-Kahungunu they frequently drew the coast dwellers into serious trouble—I am indeed forced to own that but for the turbulent, aggressive Tuhoe comparative peace might have reigned in the fertile valleys of Te Wairoa. But it was not only Ngati-Ruapani and Tuhoe who could boast of doubtful honours won on blood-stained battle-fields. Ngati-Kahungunu of Te Wairoa took their share of glory and their toll of human life; so also did Waikato and Nga-Puhi, the fierce Ngati-Awa from the Bay of Plenty, the Ngati-Tu-whare-toa from Taupo, and the Ngati-Raukawa from Cook Strait; and though the man-slaying, man-eating Rauparaha did not trouble Wairoa, as far as I can learn, the district was made "a happy hunting ground" by other tribes equally lustful of blood and conquest. It is not many years since the Maoris have had to acknowledge that Aotea-roa was peopled long before their canoes sailed from Hawaiiki. They were probably aware of this all the time, but while mana and illustrious descent still counted for something, they most persistently ignored what they now call the tangata whenua, or the people of the land, that is, those who were here before them. To admit the bare possibility of descent from people who had been slaughtered, dispersed or enslaved, converted into potted meat or utilized as hewers of wood and drawers of water would never do; therefore the more modern Maoris conveniently forgot all about their ancient forerunners.

But as soon as the prying, inquisitive Pakeha takes a hand in the work of collecting Maori history the old men of the tribes also come forward with their tales of the tangata whenua, and I am forced to the conclusion that almost from time immemorial war has been the chief characteristic. Hence the Story of Te Wairoa could not well be written, any more than that of Tuhoe, without recounting, at least briefly, some of the many wars and raids. Though, as I have already stated, I may not be able to

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give dates in all cases. I must tell, as best I can at this late stage, of some of these events, for out of them many of the wordy disputes in the Land Courts have arisen, and even to this day claimants to land are apt to make passing reference to a time when someone was taken for a slave, or perchance eaten as a delicacy after a successful fight. It is stated, though I do not think on the very best authority, that the ancient people of Te Wairoa only ate their enemies out of revenge, and that the women never at any time partook of human flesh. These are statements I met with when I commenced to write the Story of Old Wairoa. But I have proved both statements devoid of truth. It is admitted that after the attack on Whare-o-koro pa, at the mouth of Te Wairoa, had been beaten off, not only women, but little children also, ate human flesh(2). The Maori narrator of almost every fight records the practice of cannibalism, and it is on record that one chief dealt with his people as the butcher deals with a line of fat wethers he has just bought but which he is not just quite ready to use. However, I am prepared to admit that the Aryan Maori, when he lived his pastoral life in India, was not a cannibal by nature, choice or necessity. It was only when he found himself in the circumscribed home in these islands, devoid of large game—after the extinction of the moa—that he developed the practice. The reader who studies the tales of the times of Te Rauparaha and Rangi-haeata(3) cannot but return, in this respect, a verdict of guilty against the Maori people. Even as late as 1866-67, Tamaikowhai, of Ngai-Tama and Urewera, cut out and devoured the hearts of their enemies, but purely as a religious(?) rite.

In the following account the reader will please note that I am only dealing with events unconnected with the coming of Kahungunu. Those which occurred as a result of the migration from Turanganui and in connection with the occupation of Wairoa and Wairarapa have been recorded in Chapter XI.

(2). Tamati Wairere, who was born at Opoiti, and who was a child at the Native battle of Toka-a-kuku, says he saw human flesh eaten.

There was once on the Hereheretau a carved post called "Kai-tangata" (man-food). It was in the form of a weather-cock, but was stolen from the boundary line between Ngati-Hine and Ngati-Ipu.

(3). In connection with these two ferocious cannibals there is a link with Old Wairoa. Mr. R. J. Deighton, father of our present-day settler, Mr. R. G. Deighton, was the virtual captor of Te Rauparaha. He intercepted a letter from the latter urging the Whanganuis to join Rangihaeta in an attack on the Europeans. He also delivered to Governor Grey a letter from the chief Maketu to Rauparaha on the same subject. After the arrest Mr. Deighton was given the honour of delivering Rauparaha to the Governor's forces. The late Mr. Deighton was a great diarist in his later days, and made thousands of notes of great historic value. Mr. Deighton deserved better of his country than his country accorded him. Had he not taken the trouble to secure the capture referred to, there would have been a junction of the forces of Rauparaha, Rangihaeta, Mamaku and Maketu, and almost certainly the massacre of the settlers in the infant settlements of Wellington and the Hutt. But when stricken down by paralysis of the lower limbs at Wairoa he lay for 17 years unrecognised by the Government, and when, by dint of great pressure by friends, he was accorded a pension, it was only a miserly dole of ten shillings a week!

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Before entering on this chapter it is just as well here to dispel the idea fixed firmly in the minds of so many, that to the musket was due the fact that the Maori became almost decimated in the early part of the nineteenth century. This is not so, for though it has been estimated that in the first third of the century over 80,000 men were killed, or died from wounds or diseases connected with the fighting, there was a greater mortality when man engaged man at close quarters. This has also been the case in European warfare. I think I am correct in saying that less men were killed and wounded during the whole of the two years' Boer War than fell at Jena, Austerlitz or Waterloo. For now hand-to-hand fighting has practically ceased. The only way in which the possession of muskets increased the mortality was that it spread the area of death. Even two or three guns in the possession of one tribe gave that party a tremendous superiority over the other, fighting with Native weapons, and tribes that formerly did not venture far from their base of operations now looked further afield, hence the Waikato expeditions to Wairoa and the raids of Nga-Puhi and other tribes on this part of the East Coast.

Fighting in Tuhoe Land.

As I have already suggested, there has been a continual state of war in New Zealand, at least since the arrival of the historic fleet about 1350—over 500 years ago—for doubtless the tangata whenua, however mild-mannered, must on many occasions have turned against the invaders of their fair domains. Then when it is remembered that the bulk of the migrants landed on the East Coast between Mahia and the Bay of Plenty, it is easy to account for the almost incessant warfare, not only on the coast but far inland to the country of Tuhoe, the latter themselves being almost wholly of the tangata whenua. Fighting appears to have begun in Tuhoe Land as far back as twelve or fourteen generations ago—or about 350 years back—by which time the people from Hawaiiki had considerably increased, not only among themselves but by mingling with the people they found in New Zealand. This was in the time of Hatiti of Nga-Potiki, of whom not a great deal is known(4). A party of Ruapani, dwelling at Waikaremoana, suddenly crossed the lake, led by the chief Taranga, and attacked Nga-Potiki at pa Raehore, capturing the stronghold and killing Hatiti, son of Potiki II. But the victors were not long permitted to enjoy their success, for Tuhoe, after having collected a sufficient force, drove the enemy back across Huia-rau. Nga-Potiki then raised a large war-party under Tahake, and crossing Waikaremoana they found their enemies

(4). Mr. Elsdon Best refers to Hatiti as having been born of the "Mountain Maid," and states he was slain by the "People of the Rising Sun"—the east-coasters, at Te Maire, in Whanganui inlet.

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at Opuruahine stream, and a battle was fought at Ana-putaputa, beneath a range on the Whanganui arm of the lake, and Ruapani were defeated with heavy loss, Tuhoe killing many among the boulders as they fled. But Ruapani were not ready to admit defeat, soon recruited, and in turn marched on Tuhoe to endeavour to balance accounts. On the advance they captured the wife of Hapopo, but she escaped, and informed her husband of the approaching war party.

Defeat of Ruapani.

Instead of at once girding himself for the inevitable fight, Hapopo consulted his god, who assured him that all was right; in fact, spoke peace—if he spoke at all—when there was no peace. He was at once killed by Ruapani, and his god proved to be a false one indeed. But the advantage was only temporary, for Tuhoe fiercely attacked Ruapani, who retreated homewards after losing some very distinguished chiefs. Desultory warfare in the neighbourhood of the lake and Maunga-Pohatu continued for some time, and then peace reigned for a space while the younger warriors of Tuhoe grew up and practised in their pas the arts of war. . . . Ngati-Ruapani, as stated, settled down for some time and remained fairly quiet, except for occasional forays in search of food; but the chiefs still bore great resentment against Tuhoe, so a kara or token was sent to Ngati-Kahungunu, dwelling near the coast, asking for assistance. The Wairoa tribes accepted the token, realizing that it was a matter of self-protection to keep back the fierce, turbulent Tuhoe(5). A band of warriors was raised and they marched to Waikaremoana, where they junctioned with Ruapani. The gauntlet was thrown down, so to speak, and Tuhoe, nothing loth, took it up, and a great fight took place near an extensive cave at the base of Ahi-titi cliff. There a hand-to-hand struggle arose, and many a warrior no more wielded the war-club or the mere, but went down to death and the ignominy of the Maori oven. Many were killed, including the chiefs Mahia, Waiho, and Puahi. The commander of the combined forces, Rangi-ika, seeing the day was lost, clambered up the steep face of Ahi-titi and escaped into the forest, while the Tuhoe men rested on their paddles and sang a jeering song, or "puha."

Tuhoe, flushed with victory, were now thoroughly aroused and determined to hold Waikaremoana against all comers. They therefore built Te Waiwai and Waimori pas, the latter near Opuruahine stream, entered into permanent occupation of the land, and proceeded to raid their neighbours in all directions. Battles took place at Wairoa, Putere, Tutira, Maungaharuru and Waiau. Tuhoe and Ngati-Kahungunu met in the death-grip on the

(5). In addition, Ruapani and Ngati-Kahungunu always were allies.

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slopes of Maungaharuru, and lives were wiped out suddenly as man grappled with man. And though the bones of the warriors of old have long since crumbled into dust, and been washed down into the valleys, there may yet be found the jade or greenstone axe, lying where it fell from the hand of some dying brave. Not only this, but there may still be seen the remains of the old hill forts, and the rude steps by which the Natives reached the citadel.

None of the battles were anything like big affairs—more like guerilla warfare than anything else. The invading force generally marched in one or perhaps two divisions, and on reaching a prearranged spot would break up into small bands, and then attack simultaneously at points very wide apart—a practice which was followed in 1868 at Turanganui. But many a warrior fought his last fight in the localities indicated, and for a time Ruapani practically abandoned Waikaremoana, as did Marangranga(6) of old.

A False Prophet.

But they did not dream of doing so for any length of time, for the lake tribes, aided by the coast dwellers, organized a new expedition to avenge former defeats and drive Tuhoe back to the western slopes of Huia-rau. Mohaka, the chief tohunga of Ngati-Kahungunu, alleged to possess wondrous powers of prophecy, was, of course, invoked. In order to properly communicate with the atua it was necessary that the tohunga should go into sleep. In this state he was given two signs—the solitary tree and the light-haired one(7), the ancient people. If one of the latter by any chance was captured he was not to be killed or degraded, in which case Tuhoe would fall. But if the light-haired one should be killed, then would the anger of the gods fall on the war-party, and they would be seen crawling away on all-fours like beaten dogs. The army of Kahungunu was 400 strong, and they marched off by the Orangi-tutae-tutu stream and across Huia-rau. They attacked the scattered settlements, killing all they could reach, after which preliminary they set about building a pa at Manawaru, and prepared to conquer Tuhoe Land. So anxious were they to test the prophecy of Mohaka that they did not wait to finish the pa, but sallied out and defeated the Urewera.

But here, in the hour of victory, an incident happened which proved their undoing. Among the survivors of this great fight was Matangaua, a "light-haired one"; and he was captured

(6). The Marangaranga were wholly of the "tangata whenua," and they occupied in their thousands the Kaingaroa plains and the surrounding hill country to the north.

(7). See Chapter V, the story of the Patu-pae-arehe, the light-haired dwellers on Huia-aru.

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beneath a lone totara tree, and his captors, forgetting all about the prophecy, killed him, when he should have been spared according to the vision of Mohaka. Thus they trampled upon the "aho" of the gods, and went down to defeat and death. In the course of a few days Tuhoe collected a strong force and attacked Ngati-Kahungunu at daylight and defeated them. Another disaster awaited them next day, and many more chiefs and men departed suddenly to the other world by way of Te Reinga. Ngati-Kahungunu retired to the uncompleted pa at Manawaru, but Tuhoe attacked it, and killed the chief Poututu; and in the darkness Ngati-Kahungunu fled towards Huia-rau. When Tuhoe overtook the "Children of the Rising Sun" at Moetere further slaughter occurred—Kahungunu had indeed "gone off on all-fours," and the invasion of Tuhoe Land was not a subject to be lightly mentioned for years after in the wharepunis of the Wairoa men.

The Boast of Haeana.

But before I leave this region—to be again visited in later war times—let me note a few fugitive thoughts suggested by the story attached to almost every hill-top, peak or bay. Never again, perhaps, shall I stand on Huia-rau, for my time, too, is drawing to an end, and I, a Pakeha "kaumatua," can now but in fancy see spots hallowed by time to every Tuhoelander. Here at a spot near the valley of the Upper Whirinaki is the site of the last futile battle fought by the Marangaranga. Here it was that Tangiharuru, of Ngati-Manawa, once settled and from the Bay of Plenty set out to defeat the Marangaranga, the ancient people of the Rangitaiki valley. The Marangaranga were one of the hapus of Tini-o-te-Kawerau, which bore very singular names not now recognized by the Maoris. And at Puhahunui and Whangonui pas the Marangaranga were exterminated, though a "multitude" of the tangata whenua. This in spite of the boast of the chief, Haeana. When the news of the first defeat reached him he said: "Let him—Tangiharuru—come here; but if he comes to attack the head-biting kakas of Haeana, his knees shall be loosened." This latter was an illusion to the old-time practice of biting the head off each kaka before throwing it down from the tree where it was caught. However, the head of Haeana was soon removed from off his shoulders.

Raid on East Cape.

In 1818 the East Cape was heavily raided by Morenga and Hongi. The former left first—early in January, but both with the same object to serve, to obtain utu for the killing of some women (Nga-Puhi) who had been taken from Whangarei in 1800 by some of the crew of the brig "Venus" and left on shore among the Ngati-Porou near the East Cape; one of these women was a

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sister of Te Morenga, and the Ngati-Porou—to their sorrow—killed and ate her. Now it was not to be expected that a warrior chief like Te Morenga, brought up in the school of Hongi, could condone an offence like this. Soon he sent out a party to ascertain not only if the report were true, but also to find out the strength of the enemy. The company went disguised as a trading party, for at this time a fairly lucrative trade had sprung up with the whaling vessels, interrupted only by the villainous treatment of the Natives, who therefore took the warpath. This party learned all that Te Morenga needed to know, and after the lapse of some years—the utu account being long overdue—Te Morenga started for the East Cape with 400 men. On the way he took Te Waru's pa at Matare-hua, and killed that chief's uncle. He landed at Whakatane and attacked Ngati-Awa, who, with their neighbours, the Ngati-Pukeko, fled by way of Te Teko up the Rangitaiki valley to Okarukura, and here they stood to meet Nga-Puhi, and, redoubtable warriors though they were, defeated them, assisted materially by the timely arrival of reinforcements. Te Morenga had to retreat to his canoes at Whakatane, apparently unmolested, though the inland tribes, among them Tuhoe, of Urewera, were greatly alarmed, especially on learning that their own countrymen had also become possessed of the weapons that could kill at a distance. On towards the south proceeded Te Morenga and attacked Ngati-Porou, obtaining ample satisfaction for the killing of his sister. He brought back two chiefs among his prisoners and many heads, as also the wife of the chief who had killed his sister, and whom he handed over to her brother. Te Morenga did not return from this expedition until the early part of 1819, and did not go out again till 1820.

Hongi, the great Nga-Puhi chief, left the Bay on February 7, 1818, and he had, as I already hinted, the same object in view as Te Morenga, for Ngati-Porou had killed and eaten a relative of his also. But he had an additional reason. Te Haupa, of the Thames, had, some years before, lost some of his people by death at the hands of Ngati-Porou, Ngati-Tai or Ngati-Kahungunu—which of them it was mattered little to Te Haupa—and he had for years been trying to get Hongi to assist him in squaring the utu account. To this Hongi had at last consented, and when the combined expedition (operating separately) sailed, it composed 900 men, all fit, as Nga-Puhi always were, for the fray. They first ravaged the Bay of Plenty, taking the people by surprise. Hongi marched inland and down the coast, capturing pa Waka-tangaroa and Marae-nui, near Opotiki, with the aid of his allies, Ngati-Maru, Ngati-Paoa, and Ngati-te-rangi. Te Haupa, chief of Ngati-Maru, Hongi's ally, was killed by Ngati-Porou,

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but the unfortunate east coasters endured very great slaughter, seeing that they were not possessed of any firearms. Their two hill strongholds—Te Whetumatarau, at the back of Araroa (Te Kawakawa), and Kokai, between Whareponga and Akuaku (Waipiro Bay)—fell, and great slaughter and cannibalism was the result. It is stated that 2,000 prisoners were taken back to the Bay in January, 1819, and a large number of heads of the slain, one canoe landing as many as 70 at Rangihoua. The Rev. Mr. Marsden states that in more than one place near Rangihoua he observed, stuck on poles, preserved heads brought from the East Coast; and at Rangihoua itself he met a young woman, one of the slaves, married to a young Nga-Puhi chief. She was a niece of Hine-matioro, the celebrated chieftainess of Tolaga Bay, of whom more anon. In 1817 Te Wera with 500 Nga-Puhi had attacked Wainui pa, north-east of Mahia peninsula. Ngati-Kahungunu rushed down to the water's edge with spears and tomahawks, but practically all of them fell before the Nga-Puhi muskets.

Te Wera Hauraki.

The next event of any importance on this coast introduces Te Wera Hauraki(8), who afterwards took such a very prominent part in the Native history of the Mahia district. On the 19th of April, 1821, Te Wera—there is no need to repeat the full name—who lived at Okura, visited the missionary settlement at Te Kerikeri, Bay of Islands, just after his return from the East Cape. He brought back 40 prisoners, among them some noble-looking but dejected men and a chief's daughter (said to be Te Ao-kapu-rangi), whom he made his wife, after taunting the poor creature with the sight of her father's head lying beside her in the canoe.

During this expedition Te-whetu-mata-rau pa fell, by the aid of strategy, to the Nga-Puhi raiders, as well as Okau-whare-toa. Great slaughter occurred and many prisoners were taken, among them Rangi-i-paea, a woman of rank, who, willingly or unwillingly, became the wife of Pomare. She was already the wife of Toko-mauri, but that mattered nought to Pomare. The Aitanga-a-Tu Whakairi-ora abandoned Kawa-kawa and fled to the Taitai mountain stronghold, where they were secure for a time.

It is said that at this period Te Wera began to show signs of having come somewhat under missionary influence—at all events his desire to make peace with his late enemies gave colour to the story. But to return: While Te Wera and Titore were ravaging Mahia and Hawke's Bay they fell in with a force of

(8). Te Wera's name originally was Kaiteke—the same as his father's, who was a "tohunga"—and his son took the name Te Wera (the burnt) after his child by Te Ao-kapu-rangi had been accidentally burnt.

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Waikato and Ngati-Maniapoto, under Tu-korehu, a very distinguished leader, and the two parties proceeded to make war on the Rongo-whakaata tribe of Turanganui. These people, reinforced by some of the Ngati-Kahungunu, attempted to resist, and a battle was fought on the banks of the Waipaoa, the latter people being defeated, with the loss of Tarao, Tamaiti-i-pokia, and Tama-i-toha-tohuia, relatives of Te Kani-a-Takirau(9)—a fine old-type chief and warrior of old New Zealand, who just managed to escape down the river in a canoe. Much loot was secured, including a valuable mere named Tu-Korehu, so called after the son of Tu-Korehu, who was killed while struggling for the possession of this historic greenstone weapon.

It will not materially disturb the relation of warlike events, and it will, perhaps, be a relief to the reader, if I insert here a sketch of Te Kani-a-Takirau, as given by Mr. S. Percy Smith in his book already referred to:—"Te Kani-a-Takirau was one of those great chiefs met with in New Zealand in olden days, who seemed more like the great Arikis of Central Polynesia. His authority reached from Whangaparaoa in the Bay of Plenty to Nukutaurua on the Mahia peninsula. He could boast of high and ancient lineage from Maui-Potiki, his grandmother being Hine-matioro, the 'Great Queen' of the East Coast so often referred to in the missionary journals of that period." The testimony of the late Major Ropata, N.Z.C., was: "He was a great chief of his own tribe, which lives on the East Coast; he had very great power over his tribe, the Ngati-Porou, but the hapu with whom he permanently lived was Te Aitanga-a-Hauiti, at Uawa and Tokomaru. The reason he was so powerful was that all the lines of aristocratic descent converged to him and his younger brethren and cousins—that is, to Ihakara, Te Houkamau and others. He was always kind and generous to the tribe and people. All the food planted by the tribe was for his benefit alone, such was the law of the tribe with respect to him, even from his grandmother, Hine-matioro. In the event of the pa in which Te Kani lived being besieged, one portion of the defenders would be specially told off to convey Te Kani away to the forest, or some place of safety. Such was the custom from his childhood even unto his old age, and down to the times of the Pakeha. Constant care was exercised for him by his people, and all of them grew food for his use. Whatever food was procured, whether from the sea or the forest, it was all taken to Te Kani. He never cultivated himself like other chiefs, who grew food for themselves; his tribe did this, and presented the food to him. Te Kani-a-Takirau was held in great reverence by his

(9). Te Kani-a-Takirau died in 1856 at Whangara (Poverty Bay district) and was buried with his renowned ancestress, Hine-Matioro, on a rocky island off the East Coast, said to be Whangara.

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tribe, even in his childhood." And Mr. Percy Smith records the following incident in this connection:—"While one of the pas on the Mahia peninsula(10) was being besieged, Te Kani was present as a child, and, as there appeared to be a chance of the pa being taken, the child was carried off by Kauhu, one of his own people, and a relative. Potiki, chief of Ngati-maru (Thames), one of the leaders of the besiegers, saw Kauhu and his party escaping in a body, and he knew at once that some chief was being conveyed away. He gave chase with his own warriors, and soon overtook Kauhu, carrying the child on his back. This was Te Kani. Potiki raised his tomahawk to kill the man and child, when Kauhu called out to him: 'Kaua ahau e patua ki te patiti tatotako tahu!' (Do not kill me with a common tomahawk used for everyday use!). He then produced from his belt a celebrated greenstone mere named Te Heketua and handed it to Potiki, saying: 'E ta! Ina te patu hei patu i ahau kia whakarongo maeneene ake ai au' (Oh, sir! Here is an appropriate weapon to kill me with, so that I may feel it softly)—or, in other words, be killed with an historical and chief-like weapon. Potiki then exchanged weapons and let the man and the child go free! It was in 1827 that Admiral d'Urville anchored in Tolaga Bay, where Cook dropped anchor in 1769. Here he was visited by several notable chiefs, including Rangi-whetu-ma, Takirau, Rautangi (a noted chieftainess), and, later on, by Te Rere-horua, a chief of Tokomaru. According to Mr. Percy Smith, Takirau afterwards took the name of Te Kani-a-Takirau. He was, without doubt, the most powerful chief on the East Coast in the nineteenth century, being a grandson of the more celebrated Hine-matioro, who was more like a queen than any other chieftainess of New Zealand. It was therefore no wonder that he was offered in 1854 the Maori Kingite crown, an honour which he politely, but wisely, declined.

The first introduction of Te Wera to Ngati-Kahungunu and allied tribes was after the peace made with Te Kani-a-Takirau, when the latter said: "O Te Wera! Let us both remain here, and then return by the coast you have just come along, to search for my old relative, Hine-matioro." Te Wera answered him: "Your word is good, and will be acted on by me. But first let me place my foot on the spot desired; then I will return and fulfil your wish." Te Wera's expedition then came on and reached Pukenui at Te Mahia. He sent out messengers to summon the people of the land to appear before him, for there was then not a soul on the coast, for news had come of the taking of Te Puketapu and Te Aratipi pas by Ngati-Raukawa. The wild men, as they were called, Ngati-Rakai-paaka, only came in after

(10). Kaiuku.

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much persuasion, and on finding that other tribes were refugeing at Waikawa (Portland Island) they also cast themselves under the protection of Te Wera. This was not done without a great deal of ceremony. Te Wera first spoke, saying: "O Nga-Puhi! Fetch the people of the land and return them here." So Nga-Puhi went on board the "Herua," Te Wera's canoe; there were twenty of them, all armed with muskets. They paddled on and drew near to Waikawa, where they were seen by the people of the island, who at once launched forth to engage the enemy at sea—there were three canoes. When they arrived near each other, Nga-Puhi closed on to the others. Then were the huatas (spears) thrust out at the Nga-Puhi canoe. Tara-patiki sprang into the centre of one, Te Ipu-tutu-Tarakawa into the stern of another canoe, and commenced ordering the others, who showed their teeth in anger, to desist. The two men said: "Sit down! It is not that, but to fetch you all we come." One of the wild men urged: "Spear them! It is deceit." Tarakawa-Rauru said: "Do not persist, lest you despise the words of salvation for yourselves; Te Wera has said that you should be fetched in order that he and Te Whare-umu may see you all." Then only did the wild men believe and understand that the message was true. It is probable that had they persisted in their attitude the guns would have done their work.

Now Tarakawa had bespoken one of the wild men's canoes as they approached; it was a very fast one. This was the form of the bespeaking: "Listen, O Nga-Puhi! That canoe which separates off in front of the other is my backbone." The name of that canoe was "Te Hurihuri," and when the canoes approached he sprang on to the one he had bespoken, while Tara-patiki jumped into another. Then it was that all agreed to go to Pukenui. On their arrival Te Whare-umu arose and said: "Behold, O people! O Ngati-Hikairo and Ngati-Rakai-paaka. Here am I! By my chief (Te Wera) was I returned to you and to the land. He shall be a father to us—a strong pa shall he be." After ending his speech, he turned to Nga-Puhi and said: "Behold, O Wera! You have heard my words to my people. Now, take you the people and the land; you will be a fence against this wind and that. You and your tribe must permanently remain here." Then Te Wera consented, provided he first avenged his nephew and fulfilled his promise to Te Kani-a-Takirau.

After many days Te Wera and the wild men he had assembled at Te Mahia sailed from there in many canoes, crossing Hawke's Bay, and landed at the mouth of the Tukituki River. Pare-ihe, of Te Roto-a-Tara, proposed to Whatu-i-apiti that peace should be made with Nga-Puhi and Whare-umu. So

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Pare-ihe decided to visit Nga-Puhi, who by this time had removed to Tane-nui-a-rangi, a place seaward of the present pa of Pa-Kowhai. It was soon announced: "Here is Pare-ihe and his people! It is peace!" and shortly after Pare-ihe and his tribe were in the presence of Te Wera. The former arose to greet Nga-Puhi, together with Te Wera and Te Whare-umu. Many words of greeting were spoken, and then Pare-ihe sang his tau or song to indicate to Te Wera the object of his visit. This is it:—

Alas! the powers of darkness
With strength again consume me.
I dreamt of Te Whare-umu:
And thought we were together.
My part is to rely
On this steadfast plume (Te Wera),
On this plume before me,
And take thee to me for my own.

Directly the song was ended Te Wera understood its meaning, and Nga-Puhi cheered in approbation of Pare-ihe's song.

For many days Pare-ihe remained with Te Wera, and then the tohunga of Pare-ihe became aware of some signs of evil approaching towards Heretaunga. Te Ngoi said: "Let the axe which is now with Te Hau-waho be fetched; he must give it up. My god declares that a war-party is approaching Heretaunga, and this land will be conquered." So Pare-ihe visited Te Hau-waho, and said: "The axe that you have give it to me." Te Hau-waho replied: "If I give it to that one, where is one for this one?" Te Pare-ihe said, "Enough!" and returned. In a couple of days Te Wera and Pare-ihe left for Mahia, and on arrival found a messenger from Te Kani-a-Takirau asking Te Wera to go to Turanganui. At the same time came the news that Te Pakake pa (the sandy island in Napier harbour where the Port Ahuriri railway station now stands) had been taken, that Ngati-Kahungunu had suffered a great defeat, their chief, Wha-ka-to, having been killed, besides the younger brother of Te Utonga-Te Waru of Tauranga's father (killed by Ngati-Kahungunu).

A year later, a taua raised by Te Waru and Hikutaia visited Heretaunga to obtain utu, and the remnant of Ngati-Kahungunu again assembled at Pakake and gave battle to the taua, Te Waru and Hikutaia being both killed. Later came another avenging party under Te Umu-Ariki, but no fighting occurred (at this time there was no one there to fight against) and the party travelled to Mahia. After staying there some time they persisted in going home by sea, against the advice of Te Wera (who finally lent them some canoes), and on the way up they were seen and attacked by Rongo-whaka-ata and Aitanga-a-Mahaki

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and defeated. On the return of the war-party news came that a force led by Tu Korehu and Wahanui had assembled at Heretaunga, and Roto-a-Tara fell, being taken by means of a causeway built across the lake. Later Te Wera retook the pa with great loss to the enemy. He pulled his fleet of canoes up the Tuki-tuki, and then dragged them over five miles on land, so stated the first Bishop Williams. The battle of Whiti-o-Tu at the Waipawa River, near Tikokino, followed, the enemy losing 50 men. Te Wera, with Ngati-Kahungunu and Whatu-i-apiti, returned to Roto-a-Tara, when Te Wera tried to persuade all to go to Mahia, to which Tiakitai agreed, he remaining to collect all the people down to Wairarapa. After the death of Pomare in 1826, and subsequent to Te Wera's return from Heretaunga, there came a force of Arawa under Mokonui-a-Rangi and Te Heuheu Tukino, and Ngati-maru under Taraia, Hauauru and other chiefs of Ngati-Paoa. The object was to annihilate Te Wera, whom they attacked at Pukenui pa, and many Rongo whaka-ata fell. The siege lasted two months, and one fine morning Te Amohau of Te Arawa was killed, and Mokonui-a-rangi announced in dramatic terms that the besiegers were returning home in the morning. Nga-Puhi and Ngati-Kahungunu lived together up to 1836, when Te Wera set out to avenge the death of his nephew, Marino, who was killed in 1823. Toka-a-kuku was fought, large forces being engaged on both sides. Te Wera was victorious and Marino fully avenged, I should imagine. When the bodies of the slain had been collected (though none were eaten) Te Wera stood up amongst the 1,700 men resting in the war-canoes and said: "O my child, come forth from the bellies and teeth of the men (who slew and ate you). Here am I, thy relative, seeking for thee, lamenting thee, and I turn from thee!" Then addressing his people: "Listen, O Nga-Puhi! Listen, O Ngati-Kahungunu! Enough! my sadness has ceased this day by your aid, O Ngati-Kahungunu! Behold! thy hand there! They lie in heaps in front of me. These are all chiefs; there are Kaka-patu-riri, Te Kaka-pai-waho, Te Hau-to-rua, and Tu-te-rangi-noti. See! there are 70 of them in a heap—spread out—and he (Marino) was but one. Now! in the morning we will be afloat. Desecrate not the bodies; you have done enough in causing their fall."

At daylight the two tribes embarked for home, whilst those in the pa were still wailing their dead. Along the sea coast came the war-canoes, until they reached Nuku-taurua. Te Wera had finished up his speech (as above) by saying: "O people, listen to my words: I will return now, as well as you, to Nuku-taurua. You will never be abandoned by me, and I will die with you, O Ngati-Kahungunu." So the tribes of Ngati-Kahu-

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Frasertown (Border) Hotel in the Eighties
The back portion was the original hotel in Hauhau days

Frasertown (Border) Hotel, 1925

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A Relic of Past Days

Modern Transport—The County's Fleet of Motor Lorries

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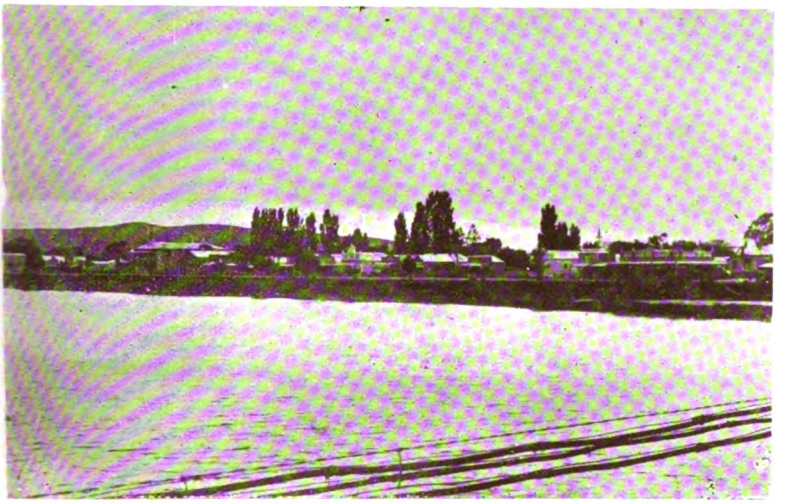

Wairoa from the North, 1900

Wairoa from the North, 1921

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North Clyde in the Seventies

North Clyde—Carroll Street, 1925

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ngunu dwelt at Nuku-taurua, Te Wera being the fence, holding authority to guard them, and conducting all transactions relating to the god Tu, that is, for war.

Te Wera continued to abide by his spoken word. The people who lived under his authority wondered at him, on account of his admirable government. Great was his name, and far-spreading his fame to all the bounds of the East Coast, and even to the West Coast. His magnanimity towards those under him was great. He never feared war, and great was his knowledge of strategy in besieging pas and causing the overthrow of the enemy in battle. Never was he ever accused of evil deeds, nor did he ever abandon those who placed themselves under his guidance and beneficent rule. He never presumed to advise any treacherous dealings towards other tribes, or evil of other kinds, nor wantonly attacked other tribes without good cause. If a messenger came asking his assistance, he carefully inquired into the cause, and if he saw it was unjustifiable he would say: "Begone! Do thy own work." But if Te Wera saw it was a just cause he would consent to conduct the war in order that it might be quickly closed. Great is the reputation of this chief; and he was very highly thought of by the tribes of Turanga-nui (Poverty Bay) as well as by the Ngati-Kahungunu, right down to the time of his death in 1839 (or perhaps 1843). At that time all the tribes of the East Coast assembled to lament over him—Ngati-Porou, with their chief, Kaka-tarau, of Waiapu; the people of Te Kani-a-Takirau and his tribes of Ngati-Hauiti, Rongo-whakaata and Te Aitanga-a-Mahaki, and their tribes with their chiefs, Wiremu Kingi-Paia; with Tawheo-o-te-rangi and his tribe, Ngai-Tahupo. He died of old age.

There is a song of honour for Te Wera, as follows:—

(Give thought) to Te Wera there,
Whose fame spreads afar,
Even to the distant west,
For the sorrow that overcomes me,
For the tears of my eyes
That silently fall.

Such is the story of Te Wera, as told by Takaanui Tarakawa.

But I suppose I have been digressing: I therefore resume my story of the Maori raids. In 1821 Ngati-Whatua invaded Heretaunga, proceeding via Wai-o-tapu valley across the Kaingaroa plains to the head-waters of the Mohaka, and attacked and defeated Ngati-te-Whatu-i-apiti, living there under Pare-ihe and Tapuhara, but beyond mentioning the fact I need not pursue the matter any further just now.

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Pomare's Raid.

Following up the chronological order, and omitting those events which did not concern Wairoa, I must now deal with Pomare's first expedition to the Urewera Country—or Tuhoe Land, as I prefer to call it. The Tuhoe tribes, at the time of the raid, occupied the region extending inland from the eastern part of the Bay of Plenty, nearly as far south as the present coach road from Napier to Taupo—bounded on the north by Ngati-Awa, Ngati-Pukeko, and Whaka-tohea tribes, and on the east by Ngati-Porou and Ngati-Kahungunu; on the south by Ngati-Hineuru and Tu-wharetoa, and on the west by the Arawa, Ngati-Manawa, and allied tribes. Now, for the first time, Tuhoe people were to taste war at the hands of the redoubtable Pomare. In 1822 he appeared in the Bay with a fleet of canoes and a large force, bent on the usual errand of slaughter, man-eating and slave-hunting, and, as an adjunct, to procure heads(11), for a gruesome trade in "preserved heads" with white people was by this time fairly established as a New Zealand industry! Then there was an additional "take," the obtaining of revenge for the losses of his tribe at the hands of Ngati-Pukeko and Ngati-Awa in the 1818 expedition of Te Morenga—for the utu account is not always rendered promptly, and is seldom written off the Maori's book of memory.

News of the starting of the taua spread quickly, alarm was at once taken, Ngati-Awa moving off first, followed by Ngati-Koura and Ngati-Rongo, under Pa-i-te-rangi, Te Ehutu, Matenga and others. Ngati-Awa followed as far as Rua-toki, and then occupied the abandoned pas of Tuhoe, which they fortified in the best way they could, considering the time and means at their disposal. Nga-Puhi soon arrived and a skirmish took place at Te Matai, Ngati-Awa being defeated, losing a Ngati-Pukeko chief named Torona. The invaders took a large number of prisoners, including a son of Mata-te-hokia's who was afterwards renamed Hohaia (Josiah). Nga-Puhi then attacked the next of the neighbouring pas, and took Te Tawhero, Ota-mahaki, Te Hua Wai-kiri-kiri and Wai-tapu, all near the entrance to the gorge. A great many were killed, including the Ngati-Awa chiefs Kahu-kuku, Papata and Haku-pu-rakau, Ngahau being taken prisoner. Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Pukeko—all that was left of them—fled up the Whakatane valley, closely followed by Pomare and his Nga-Puhi, many of the fleeing enemy being killed before they gained a place of refuge in the mountains

(11). The writer has seen, in the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin, one of these preserved heads, brought home by Lieut.-Surgeon Ormsby, afterwards Professor in Surgery, who had gone out with the British troops despatched to subdue the Maoris. The work of preservation was remarkably well done. This gentleman, L. H. Ormsby, became Professor of Surgery when quite a young man, the author of this work attending his classes. He was Director-General of Medical Services of Britain, and knighted as Sir Lambert Hepenstal Ormsby for his eminent services. He died about a year ago.

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near Ruatahuna. The principal chiefs of Ngati-Awa were Te Hamai Waho, Te Ngarara, Te Hoko-Whitu, and Te Mautara-nui. Pomare returned laden with spoil, including many "preserved heads," and embarked at Whakatane for the Bay of Islands, Ngati-Awa and Tuhoe being glad to see the last of them.

A Modern Godiva.

In detailing the fall of Mokoia, Rotorua, which took place the following year, Mr. Percy Smith tells the following story of Te Ao-kapu-rangi (captured by Pomare in 1818 on the East Coast):—"Being anxious to save her own people, when Mokoia was attacked she insisted on going with the taua, and implored her husband and Hongi to save her friends, even as Queen Esther of old pleaded with Ahasuerus for the lives of the Jews. Hongi consented, making it a condition that only all who passed between her lower limbs should be saved. She was in Hongi's canoe as the war-party landed, and when the former was slightly wounded by Te Awa-awa she jumped ashore and made for a large house belonging to her people. She stood with her legs astride the house above the doorway imploring her people to enter, which they did till the house was crammed, and only thus were her people saved—for Hongi kept his word." This incident also led to peace being made with Nga-Puhi, the forces went back to Waihi harbour, and there they divided, Pomare and Te Wera going south. It was thus in 1823, to go back somewhat, that Pomare and Te Wera with a strong force proceeded to raid the East Coast. Besides his usual man-eating, man-slaying object, Pomare had another, namely, to return to the Ngati-Porou several of their people whom he had captured a few years previously. Te Wera had a like object, as already mentioned, for he desired to return a Ngati-Kahungunu chief named Whareumu, whom he captured at Nukutaurua in 1821. Te Wera returned from this expedition on 19th of April, 1821. The allies left in July or August, 1823, and entered the Whakatane, to the great alarm of Ngati-Awa, who had not had time to forget the foray of the year before. The latter gathered in Puke-tapu pa, which quickly fell to the Nga-Puhi guns, and for many days a great cannibal feast was held. When this was ended the allies broke up. Moku proceeded to the Waimana valley and Tuhoe Land, and there in the mountains he defeated Ngati-Awa. Te Morenga went up the Wai-o-tahe valley after the Whaka-tohea, and Titore proceeded to Wai-o-eka valley, chasing the Whaka-tohea before him. Yet another force went into Tuhoe Land by the Rangitaiki valley. The main party, under Pomare, Te Wera and others, also advanced up the Whakatane valley via Rua-toki, the mountaineers retiring before them to the interior. On the way up the valley, and some distance above Wai-kiri-kiri, the

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Nga-Puhi killed a Ngati-Awa chief named Te Awe-o-te-rangi, Tai-timu-roa and his son Pahu-nui, who were all duly eaten. The Tuhoe men retreated to the rough country about Maunga-Pohatu and Waikaremoana, leaving all the settlements about Rua-tahuna undefended. Nga-Puhi camped at Ohaua-te-rangi, while Te Mau-tara-nui([12]), one of the principal chiefs of Tuhoe and of Ngati-Awa, was at Maunga-Pohatu. He at once sent a party of scouts under Iri-apa, his brother, to ascertain the strength of the taua and the names of the advancing chiefs. Iri-apa went on his mission, and looking down from the high forest-clad hills recognized Pomare himself, and returned at once, reporting the fact to Te Mau-tara-nui. The latter was anxious to go at once to meet Pomare, but as the tribes would not consent he despatched a party of chiefs to meet the oncoming Nga-Puhi, who had by this time occupied Kakatahi, on the Manawaru hill, overlooking Ruatahuna, east of Mata-atua. It was formerly a place of great mana, where the Tuhoe people met to make their arrangements for raiding their neighbours. The four envoys met Pomare, who enquired who sent them, and they replied that they had been sent by Te Mau-tara-nui. Pomare requested he should be sent for, and soon, with a great assemblage of chiefs and warriors as an escort, Te Mau-tara-nui went to Manawaru and made not only a formal but a lasting peace with the redoubtable Pomare and his Nga-Puhi, who never again took the field against Tuhoe, but on the contrary rendered them assistance([13]).

Then Pomare started back for Whakatane, taking Te Mau-tara-nui with him to cement the peace made. Finally they reached Puketi, where there were 600 Nga-Puhi assembled. I am tempted to give here, in full, an account of the meeting, as it well illustrates an interesting Maori custom—of which the rising generation should not be ignorant—and a custom which to the onlooker would seem to be fraught with much danger to at least one party: "On arrival the Nga-Puhi forces divided into eight 'matuas' or companies under their respective chiefs, ready to receive the visitors. As Pomare's party drew near he said to Te Mau-tara-nui: 'Kia kaha koe ki te whai i a koe, ka mate a Nga-Puhi—koia hiki te mana o Nga-Puhi' (Be very active in chasing Te Hihi—if you catch him Nga-Puhi will be humiliated, for he is the power of Nga-Puhi)—meaning that Te Hihi was a noted brave, and their swiftest runner. As is usual on such occasions, the 'tangata wero' or spearsman—on this occasion Te Hihi—advancing at a trot towards the visitors, grimacing and dancing as he came along, having two 'hamanu' or cartridge boxes in

(12). Mautaranui was descended from Toi-kai-rakau, the great ancestor of the Maori people found in Aotea-roa when "the fleet" arrived from Hawaiiki about 1350.

(13). Te Whanau-a-Apanui, at Te Kaha (at the end of Te Kaha Point), successfully resisted Nga Puhi.

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front, and another carried saltire-wise over his shoulder. In his left hand he trailed a gleaming bright musket, and in his right the light spear to throw at the visitors, who were all kneeling on one knee, arms in hand, ready for the charge. On reaching within about ten yards of Pomare's force, the latter said to Te Mau-tara-nui: 'That is Te Hihi, your man; chase him!' Te Hihi cast his spear and turned to the right in full flight towards his own party. At the same time Te Mau-tara-nui darted after him at his very best pace. Just before Te Hihi reached his party, Te Mau-tara-nui overtook him and struck him on the shoulder with his spear—but not heavily—amidst the 'umere' (cheers) of Nga-Puhi. Pomare cried out: 'Nga-Puhi, E! to mate to mana, kua hinga!' (Nga-Puhi O! they defeat, thy power has fallen!). The usual war dances, speeches and feastings ensued, and then was a binding peace concluded between Nga-Puhi and the Tuhoe tribes, never more to be broken."

Hongi the Terrible.

I have mentioned in a previous paragraph that Hongi Hika, after the incursion into the Tuhoe country, returned to the Bay of Islands, and Pomare and Te Wera sailed for the East Cape, and now I again pick up the narrative. On the way down they put into Opotiki and attacked the Whaka-tohea, inflicting great slaughter, and again at Marae-nui they repeated the performance; thence on to Te Kaha, but here fell Marino, Te Wera's nephew, to whom he was much attached, and whose death he signally avenged 13 years later. In August or September of the year with which I am now dealing—namely, 1823—the fleet appeared, 800 strong, off Kawakawa, Rangi-i-paea, Pomare's captive wife, being on board—the Native story being that he intended to return her to her tribe and to make peace with Ngati-Porou. This seems quite likely to have been his intention at that time, because a change was certainly coming over Te Wera, and Pomare was quite likely to be influenced by him to "bury the hatchet." The fleet proceeded on past Whangaparaoa, and then Pomare and Te Wera fell suddenly on the Whanau-a-Apanui people, and after killing some of the chiefs and people, landed at Kawakawa with the intention already mentioned. Messengers were sent to Taitai, the mountain stronghold of the Aitanga-a-Tu Whakairiora, asking them to come down and make peace with Nga-Puhi. This they did after a short time to the number of about 4,000, and pitched their camp at Araroa, close to the Nga-Puhi force. Pomare then sent Rangi-i-paea, his captive wife, and another woman to arrange a meeting, but Nga-Puhi kept close behind their female ambassadors, advancing all the while. When Ngati-Porou saw how few were the Nga-Puhi, they threw aside all ideas of peace and attacked the oncoming

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host, but were defeated by the guns of Nga-Puhi, and once more they had to scuttle to their refuge at Taitai. Pomare then went on to Waiapu. Te Ure-taniwha and Te Wera proceeded to Mahia to return Te Whare-umu to his own tribe, as already related. Pomare again landed at Kawakawa, still anxious to make peace, and this time he sent a noted chief, Taotao, and his own wife, Rangi-i-paea, and there peace was made, after 20 years' hostilities. Pomare then sailed for the Bay of Islands, leaving Te Wera to fulfil his mission to Mahia(14); but such was the terror that had been inspired by the former raids that Ngati-Porou and Ngati-Kahungunu were greatly perturbed, and even the great Te Kani-a-Takirau made overtures for peace, and sought assistance against a section of the former then besieging a pa at Uawa. He also wanted help to search for his aged grandmother, Hine-matioro, who in 1820-21 had been missed during Titore's and Te Wera's raid. While the siege was in progress she was taken away by her own people to a place of safety, she having been lowered down by a rope from the pa to the seashore and placed in safety on a certain island, the name of which was not then disclosed. It was probably Whangara Island, the cradle of the Ngati-Porou tribe, and where most of the illustrious chiefs of old are buried. It may well be the resting place of "Queen" Hine-matioro of early missionary days, though very often no one but some particular tohunga could verify the fact or disprove it. The island, at all events, is full of interest, or should be to a local historian; for could its rocky shores speak, many an awesome tale would be told of the wild, woolly cannibal days. Like the Kurupakiaka (Wairoa) hapu, the Maoris still point out a totara tree-stump where the victims destined for the Maori umu were first struck down by the weapons of that day. The chief points of interest, such as rocks, bluffs, bays and promontories, all bear names identical with those of far Hawaiiki, furnishing additional evidence (if any were needed) to justify the Maori claim that their ancestors landed on that coast "from far Hawaiiki." There are many graves on the island, and though the sites are reserved it is difficult to see how some desecration can be avoided when the Public Works Department commences to quarry on its recent acquisition. It is certain that at the time of Te Wera's arrival it was not known whether she had reached safety or not. Te Wera agreed to render aid, but said he must first keep his promise to his prisoner, Te Whare-umu, and return him to his

(14). A witness in the Land Court said of Te Wera: "Te Wera then came to Mahia and sent a message to Toroawhiti (then living in the bush with his people), but he refused to come. On a second messenger being sent, he complied, and peace was made. Te Wera and Whareumu lived at Mahia, Toroawhiti at Nuhaka, Rapa at Whakaki, Tiakiwai at the mouth of the Wairoa River, and Rangi-mataeo at the head-waters of the Wairoa River. It was agreed if there was any fighting to be done it should be out of the district."

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home at Nuku-taurua, Mahia. This he carried out, though he had great difficulty in persuading the Mahia people of his peaceful intentions. But, finally, he not only gained their confidence but accepted their invitation to permanently live with them; and it was well for Ngati-Kahungunu that he did so, for, during several years after, Mahia was a place of refuge for all those of the East Coast to the north, to those of Te Wairoa and as far as Wairarapa; and after-events fully justified their faith in Te Wera, for great was the dread of Te Rauparaha's fierce Ngati-Toa tribesmen.

Trouble on the Coast.

At this time, too, Heretaunga was also much disturbed by the Ngati-Tuwharetoa tribes of Taupo and Ngati-Raukawa tribes of Maungatautari, near Cambridge; the latter, indeed, conceiving the idea of a permanent occupation of this part of Hawke's Bay, and no doubt they would have done so but for the aid rendered by Te Wera, who once, with his Nga-Puhi, harassed the tribes of the East Coast. It was thus that, about the end of 1823 or the beginning of 1824—Bishop Williams inclined to the latter—Te Wera cast in his lot with the tribes occupying Te Mahia, marrying other wives from the people of the place, in addition to his Arawa wife, Te Ao-kapu-rangi—the woman whose singular bravery saved her people at the siege of Mokoia. On the death of this woman, but many years afterwards, her granddaughter, Rangi-wawahia, compiled a very affectionate lament.

And now Te Wera is firmly established at Mahia, it is necessary to go back a few years—to about 1819—to record a circumstance which supplies a reason for Nga-Puhi interference in the affairs of Te Wairoa and Hawke's Bay generally. The Tuhoe tribe, as I have shown in the chapter on Waikaremoana, expelled Ngati-Manawa from their homes at Te Whaiti and Galatea (as this spot is now named), and they took refuge with Ngati-Kahungunu, who dwelt at Te Putere, on the upper Waiau River, one of the principal tributaries of the Wairoa River, which empties itself into the ocean at the modern town of that name. On the refugees' way to Te Putere, a Waikato woman named Whate-uru, who had been staying with Ngati-Manawa at the time of their expulsion, died near Te Waiwai, in the Esk Valley as it is now called. Her body was taken on to Te Putere and buried, but sad to relate, Ngati-Kahungunu—as a sort of compensation for their hospitality—dug up the body, cooked and ate it! Then, shortly after, one of the Tuhoe tribe named Te Oho-mauri, being at Mohaka on a visit, was set upon by the Ngati-Kahungunu chief, Te Kahu-o-te-rangi, who killed him. Thus had Ngati-Kahungunu foolishly and recklessly given two "takes" to two warlike tribes to seek revenge. If Ngati-Kahu-

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ngunu were not deliberately seeking a quarrel, they were certainly reckless, for they then proceeded to embroil themselves with another tribe, of whose cruelty and prowess in war they were not ignorant. "It appears," states Mr. S. Percy Smith, "that a principal chief of Te Wairoa at this time was Te Kapua Matotoru (the Dense Cloud), and his tribe was in the habit of snaring birds, preserving them in their own fat ('huahua') and then taking them to their chief. Among those engaged in this work was Te Waewae, a man married to a high chieftainess of Ngati-Raukawa. On one occasion a tribute of six 'taha' or calabashes of preserved birds was presented to Te Kapua-Matotoru by Te Waewae, who, together with the exiled Ngati-Manawa, had obtained them at Maungaharuru(15), near Tutira, inland of Moeangi-angi, on the coast. Te Kahu-o-te-rangi, who had recently killed the Tuhoe tribesman, felt hurt that this present was not given to him, as he claimed such by right of chieftainship. He consequently relieved his injured feelings by killing the offending Te Waewae, the husband of Te Whatanui's sister, and so gave mortal offence to the head chief of Ngati-Raukawa, for this was the position Te Whata-nui held at the time. Thus had Ngati-Kahungunu incurred a third 'take' or excuse for war."

Out of this incident, the killing of Te Waewae for a breach of Maori etiquette, there arose the ancient name for the district till recently called Petane. On leaving Napier and travelling through Westshore, and over the narrow strip of shingle between the Inner and Outer Harbours, the traveller comes to a small village called Petane, situated at the foot of the hills, about seven miles from Napier. This is simply the Biblical name of "Bethany" in Maori, and it was so named by the early missionaries as it was a nice Sunday's walk from Napier, even as the old Bethany was a Sabbath day's journey from Jerusalem. The Maori name for the place is "Kai-arero," and is so called by the Maoris even in the present day. The name is composed of two words—"kai," to eat, and "arero," the tongue. It got its name from an incident which happened many years ago, as above related, in connection with Te Waewae. It appears that while at Tutira, Te Waewae was killed in a quarrel. On hearing of this his friends immediately formed a party, or taua, and went up to Tutira to "ngaki mate" or avenge his death. This they were entitled to do according to the old Maori code of justice. In a case like this, the life of the person who caused the death was to be forfeit. The murderer or slayer of Te Waewae, knowing full well what to expect, made tracks for fresh fields and pastures new, and eventually arrived at Te Reinga.

(15). Literally translated "cow of heaven"—of Sanscrit origin.

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On reaching Tutira the avenging party found that the murderer had flown. On ascertaining in which direction he had gone, the taua obtained permission from the chiefs on the route to pass through their lands, and they eventually caught their man at Te Reinga. There he paid the penalty with his life, and his tongue was cut out and brought back by the avengers to Petane, where it was cooked and eaten, and thus the death of Te Waewae was fully avenged. The place has been called Kai-arero ever since, right down to the present day, though the Pakehas are now calling it Bay View.

Mr. Guthrie Smith, of Tutira, supplies a tale somewhat different. An island pa in Tutira Lake was being besieged, but the besiegers, making use of an old custom, called Te Waewae to come forth, when his life would be spared. He crossed the lake to the shore, all unsuspicious, and was there treacherously murdered. Then, after peace was made, comes in the incident of the preserved birds tribute, which eventually was delivered to Tu-Akiaki, whose name shall shortly come into this story. This led to fighting, in which Tuhoe took part, and Ngati-Kahungunu suffered defeat at Pa-ruru and Rumaki. These three "takes" soon brought about the usual result, and the Waikato, Ngati-Raukawa, and Tuhoe would not have been Maoris worthy of the name if they failed to avenge their fellow tribesmen.

The Hill Men Out.

The Waikato people, on hearing of the "kai-pirau," or eating of the dead woman, assembled, and soon started to secure revenge. They were joined by Ngati-Raukawa, and the force proceeded to Taupo. Here they were joined by Te Heuheu and some of the Tu-Wharetoa, for although the latter were not immediately interested in punishing this particular branch of Ngati-Kahungunu, against whom the allies were marching, they had a "take" of their own against some of their relatives for people killed by the southern Ngati-Kahungunu on the Ruataniwha plains, as shall be shown later. This force, marching by Waipunga and Tarawera, fell on the Ngati-Kahungunu pa of Te Iho-o-te-rei, a little island in Ahuriri harbour, between Petane and Napier. This they took by storm, many people being killed, including Kumara and Te Ito-o-te-rangi, chiefs of Ngati-Kahungunu. While this was going on Tuhoe had also taken the field, and descending on the Putere district, where the kai-pirau incident occurred, took Hako-nui, a pa of Ngati-Kahungunu, killing two chiefs, Moturi and Haua. This event is usually ascribed to 1820, but there is some doubt on the point. After this came the attacks on Roto-a-Tara, Aratipi and Maunga-wharau, events that caused great alarm in Heretaunga, where the people were

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practically given up to slaughter, and apparently they had not among them a single warlike genius able to extricate them from their difficulties—a task that should not have been so difficult of attainment, seeing that the enemy were very far from their base of operations.

But I have already shown that about the close of 1823 Te Wera had settled down at Mahia as the protector of the local Ngati-Kahungunu. This was a difficult task Te Wera had to perform—to persuade the people that he wished to be their benefactor—for no doubt they felt like some of the Trojans of old, suspicious of the Greeks even bearing gifts. It was, as I have stated, a difficult task for the whilom Nga-Puhi raider, for "the wild men," as he often styled them, had fled into the forest-clad hill country, and it cost him and his emissaries a great deal of effort to bring in Ngati-Hikairo and Ngati-Rakaipaaka from their mountain retreats, from Waikawa and inland of Nuhaka. But at last they all gathered to meet the man who had fought them in the past, and who had now really redeemed his promise to restore to them their chief, Te Whare-umu. The news of the fall of Roto-a-Tara and the consequent slaughter by Te Heuheu spread to Mahia, and it was there feared that the death of Te Arawai, the son of Tu Korehu, at Roto-a-Tara would bring down the Waikato and their allies again, and that eventually even Mahia would be involved. Te Whare-umu then persuaded Te Wera to cross the bay (Hawke's Bay) with a strong party to ascertain how matters stood at Heretaunga. This was in the early part of 1824, and the party landed at the mouth of the Tukituki and moved on to Pakowhai. While this advance was in progress, Pare-ihe, chief of Ngai-te-whatu-i-Apiti, hearing of the friendly relations which had been established between Te Wera and the Mahia people, decided to seek his aid in repelling the invaders of Heretaunga. After consulting his tohunga and getting a favourable forecast, Pare-ihe met Te Wera at Tane-nui-a-rangi, and after many speeches he sang before the assembled Nga-Puhi his "tau" or song, which was well received, and it was agreed that for the present Pare-ihe and his people should remove to Mahia, seeing that rumours of a fresh incursion were current. Before doing so, however, at the instance of Tiakitai, a well-known chief, Te Wera and his musket-armed warriors accompanied the men of Heretaunga to Oporae, south-east of the spot now known as Dannevirke, where they killed a number of people, merely because their relatives at what is now called Castlepoint had procured the death by witchcraft of Pani, a relative of Tiakitai.

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Fall of Pakake

This time Te [illegible] returned to Mahia, and Pare-the proceeded to Pakake pa on Ahuriri harbour, to try and induce the people to go to Mahia for safety, but they refused to move, and Pare-the and his people went on and reached Te Wera at his home on the peninsula. Early next morn there came the Waikato, Ngati-Maniapoto, Ngati-Raukawa and Taupo men, 1,000 strong, and though great preparations had been made to defend the pa—which was situated on the site of the present Ahuriri railway station—it fell, and great slaughter ensued, no mercy being shown to the unarmed—even many children at the breast were cast into the sea to die with their fathers and mothers, whose bodies were eventually thrown up along the present Napier sea front. The remnant fled to the Ruahine ranges while the victors were feasting on the bodies that were considered fit for the "haangi Maori" (16).

Ngati-Kahungunu suffered heavily that day, and even the Wairoa branch did not escape, for Wha-ka-to, of Te Wairoa, was killed, while many people of rank were taken prisoners. Among the latter was Te Hapuku, but he escaped to Mahia. Te Moana-nui and Tomoana were captured, also Te Koare, of Te Wairoa; but Te Heuheu gave the latter his liberty, who on his return home sent 20 men with a valuable mere as a present. Tareha Te Moana-nui, another very celebrated chief, arrived from Te Wairoa off Pakake just as the pa fell, and thus escaped slaughter or the condign ignominy of slavery. The invaders also lost a leading man in the person of Te Umu-kohukohu, an uncle of Te Waru, and the principal chief of Ngai-te-rangi, of Tauranga. When the taua returned home Potatau Te Wherowhero—afterwards elected the first Maori "King"—sent messengers to Tiakitai, head chief of Hawke's Bay, asking him to proceed to Waikato, which he did; peace was made, and the prisoners were released. This is attributed to 1824. Just here let me include one incident. In March, 1805, a very valuable mere pounamu was picked up in an excavation in Gough Island, Napier, and claimed to be the descended property of Tareha's tribe. It had been lost 40 years previously during an attack by the Waikato, the mere being used by Rawiri. It was afterwards left in the keeping of an old woman, who died without disclosing the hiding place, though many searches were made. The finder of the mere, one John Wesley, refused to give it up unless he was paid £40 for it. Hona and Tareha, who had both ancestral rights, offered £9 10s. for the heirloom, and the man giving impertinence to the Court was locked up for contempt. Even-

(16). Te Ahi-o-Te Waru is the name of a spot close to Napier. This chief was killed at Te Pakake, the old pa which stood on the site of the Ahuriri Hotel, and his body was washed ashore in the Inner Harbour.

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tually he got £25 for the mere. Mr. R. Gardiner told me once that the Provincial Government found the money, so necessary was it to cultivate the good wishes of Tareha Te Moana-nui.

Shortly after transient peace, Te Whata-nui, of Ngati-Raukawa, occupied Roto-a-Tara with the intention—expressed or implied—of permanently annexing all the country now designated Hawke's Bay. But Tiakitai sent to Pare-ihe and Te Wera at Mahia for help, and they responded with a strong force, which met and deafeated Ngati-Raukawa near Roto-a-Tara, Te Whata-nui being ejected mainly by the Nga-Puhi muskets of Te Wera, and so the rich Heretaunga plains, and perhaps Wairoa also, still remained with Ngati-Kahungunu.

Following up the sequence of events, there should be mentioned the peace between Waikato and Nga-Puhi (1824) and the troubles at Whangarei, but they are unconnected with this history, and I must now resume the Wairoa story. In May, 1824, Pomare left the Bay of Islands for a place which Lesson, the famous French navigator, called "Iapou at Ox Bay"(17). The cause of this expedition needs to be told in order to understand what follows. In the year with which I am dealing (1824 approximately) there arose in the Waikato a prophet—and many of the troubles of the Maoris were due to prophets, or so-called prophets. This particular one was called Toroa, and he introduced a new god named Wheawheau, with a fantastic form of ritual not much unlike the later Hauhauism. Toroa visited the Urewera Country, or Tuhoe Land, to introduce his new god to them at Ruatahuna, but they declined to have anything to do with him, and the prophet was passed on to the Wairoa Ngati-Kahungunu. As will be seen later on, this slight event was afterwards the cause of much bloodshed. Here was one of the hated Waikato in their very midst, and the Wairoa men at once decided to obtain utu for former losses, and to serve the recognized atua Maori at the same time. So up rose Rangi-ika, who killed Toroa, the newest exponent of the Maori cosmogony and polytheism. This occurred at Orangi-moa. But at the same time he killed a Tuhoe man named Rangi-wai-tatao, and this gave the mountaineers another "take" to be added to those already entered in the mental ledgers of the Maoris as debts unpaid. At the time the coast dwellers appear to have become far too bumptious and aggressive—indeed, apparently quite reckless of consequences. The Tuhoe people, however, deemed themselves too weak to deal with the coast dwellers, and had to delay a general onslaught, though some skirmishing took place about Waikaremoana and near Wairoa.

(17). Waiapu (Hawke's Bay)—the latter a mistake, of course.

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But this was not sufficient to satisfy Tipihau, the Tuhoe chieftain, who therefore decided to enlist some of the musket-armed Nga-Puhi. But first he sought to rouse his own tribe to a due sense of the importance of his project. Te Mau-tara-nui, chief of Tama-kaimoana branch of Tuhoe, and Ngati-Awa, of Whakatane, was at this time on a visit to Maunga-Pohatu, and Tipihau sang to him a "tiwha" fairly appropriate to the occasion; at all events, Te Mau-tara-nui understood it, and decided to visit Nga-Puhi and obtain their help. Before leaving, he gave instructions for storing a supply of huahua, or preserved birds, as a part of the provision for the taua soon to go forth, and then went on to visit his own people at Whakatane, then to Tauranga, where Te Waru agreed to help him(18). He then proceeded on to Hauraki (Thames), and secured the assistance of Tu-te-rangi-anini, of Ngai-Tama-te-ra tribe. Thence he proceeded by water to visit Pomare. The account of his reception is given very succinctly by Mr. S. Percy Smith in the words of his informant, and I reproduce it as characteristic of such meetings. "What is the reason of thy journey?" asked Pomare. "A death has occurred at Te Wairoa," replied Mau-tara-nui; Rangi-Wai-tatao has been killed." Observe here that Pomare did not ask who the victim was, or what position he held in the tribe of Tuhoe—etiquette forbade that—and with the customary readiness of the Maori to go to war, he replied: "It is well; I will help you." Te Mau-tara-nui then arranged with Pomare that when "Matariki" (Pleiades) were high up in the heavens, and the huahua had been preserved, in the fourth month of the Maori year—October—he was to start by sea while Mau-tara-nui should make his attack on Te Wairoa by land. About May, 1824—long before the stipulated time—Pomare rounded the East Cape and sailed down the coast to Mahia, where Te Wera, his former ally, was now settled, and thence on to Te Wairoa.

Fall of Titirangi.

While Pomare was reaching the scene, the allies from the other tribes were gathering at Ruatahuna, and I doubt not the assemblage was a most formidable one. Among the taua was Taraia Ngakuti te Tumuhuia, of the Ngati-Tama-te-ra (Thames) tribe. He led the Ngati-Maru men as far as Ruatahuna (Urewera Country), where they joined up with the Urewera, Arawa, and Ngati-Awa in the attacks on Titirangi, Moumoukai, Waikotero and Pukekaroro, and this latter resulted in a Wairoa expedition against Ngati-Maru, referred to elsewhere.

(18). Here he sang a "tiwa" to Te Waru, Pomare, and Tu-te-rangi-anini. This "tiwha" was a secret method of conveying news to friends. Should a party of people go forth to visit a relative dwelling with another tribe, and should that relative send or present to them a basket of cooked "taro" or "kumara," and should they find a stone among that food, then it is clear to them that the stone is a "tiwha," and by it they are silently asked to arise and attack their hosts.

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Tuhoe, who were the aggrieved parties, and living the closest to the enemy, formed the bulk of the force, which left Ruatahuna about June, 1824, dividing into two separate parties, a favourite scheme of the Maori generals. One division, under Te Mau-tara-nui, crossed the hills to Maunga-Pohatu, then through the dense beech forests to Te Papuni, on the upper Ruakituri, down the steep, hilly valley of which they advanced to the commencement of the open country, near Erepete—that place (Mr. S. Percy Smith states) with a strange name, which is so much unlike, and yet is, a *bona fide* Maori name, and the meaning of which is lost. Here the Ruakituri valley begins to open out in grassy flats, bounded by steep, fern-clad hills, the river running its rapid course through the flats to join the Hangaroa just above Te Reinga Falls, some ten or twelve miles to the east, where their combined waters form the Wairoa River. Half-way down this open valley the hill-men and their allies met a force of Ngati-Kahungunu under Te Ua, Tu Akiaki and others, and a fierce battle ensued on the banks of the Wairepo-repo stream, Ngati-Kahungunu being defeated and obliged to fly to their fastnesses. Te Ua was wounded in the back by a blow from Te Mau-tara-nui, for which the latter paid dearly later on. The combined taua then turned towards the south and crossed over the rough fern and scrub-covered hills in the direction of Titirangi. The other branch of the war-party, after leaving Ruatahuna, followed the old trail over Huia-rau—trodden by so many warriors of Tuhoe and Ruapani in past days—and thence down to Lake Waikaremoana. Crossing the lake, they disembarked at Te Onepoto, at the head-waters of the Waikaretaheke. The taua was evidently directing its movements by prearrangement so as to effect a junction with the other division near the Titirangi pa, then in charge of Whenua-riri, Hipara, Rangi-ika, and others of Ngati-Kahungunu. While the former taua was encamped at Te Onepoto it was observed by the scouts from Titirangi, who at once returned and reported: "E! He ope taua kei Wai-kare, te rakau he pu!" (There is a war-party at Waikare, armed with "pu" [guns]). When the people of Titirangi—blissfully ignorant, as yet, of the new weapons—heard this report, Rangi-ika exclaimed: "Haere mai ena pu ki enei pu!" (These pu will meet those pu!). The reader will, of course, understand that Rangi-ika thought the word "pu" referred to their own ancient war-trumpet; but he was at length sadly disillusioned. There seems to be some doubt as to which taua possessed the death-dealing guns, but most likely it was some of the northern tribes—Nga-Puhi, probably—certainly not Tuhoe, for had the hill-men become possessed of the new weapons, Rangi-ika would surely have heard of it.

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However, it was a fact that at this time Pomare was also advancing on Titirangi, but not from the direction of Waikaremoana. He had, after joining Te Wera at Mahia, advanced by Te Wairoa and commenced the attack on Titirangi without waiting for the allies (it will be remembered that he left earlier than arranged for), and had evidently little fears as to the result of the assault. As the taua advanced to the attack and ascended the " tahitahi " or glacis, those within came forth on to the maioro or ramparts, and saw, not the hill-men from Tuhoe Land, but the Nga-Puhi, with their famous " pu " gleaming in the sunshine. They cried out to those behind them: " E hika ma! O friends! why, the small end of the pu (the muzzles of the guns) is directed towards us, not the larger end, as in our pu " (the wooden trumpets already referred to). Then firing commenced, and as man after man of Ngati-Kahungunu fell without being struck by any missile their comrades could see, consternation reigned in Titirangi, and soon it fell to the braves of Nga-Puhi, and with it a favourite chief of Ngati-Kahungunu, brave Whenuariri, of Old Wairoa, for whom a great lament was sung for many years(19).

Ranga-ika, Hipara, and a small remnant of Ngati-Kahungunu fled to the wooded valleys of Nuhaka, and thus for a time escaped the vengeance of the Tuhoe men for the killing of Rangiwai-tatao, though no doubt my readers will consider that very full payment had already been exacted for the death of one man. Pomare and his Nga-Puhi then returned to their homes in the Bay of Islands via Nuku-taurua.

Some accounts suggest that Te Wera assisted Pomare at Titirangi, but I am inclined to think he did not (at this time, at all events), for it will be remembered he had, on the invitation of Te Whare-umu, settled down at Te Mahia and become the protector of Ngati-Kahungunu there. When the Tuhoe force and their allies arrived at Titirangi, they found the pa had been taken by Nga-Puhi, but, spoiling for a fight, they followed up the broken and retreating Ngati-Kahungunu, and no doubt added much to the losses of the latter.

Siege of Kaiuku.

In the Nuhaka valley—or rather a few miles north-west, at Morere, and about ten miles from the sea—stood Moumou-kai, an ancient hill fort of Rakaipaaka, 2,065 feet above sea-level. Now that the bush has all been felled, the site of this stronghold does not appear very formidable, but when clothed with heavy bush, strongly fortified, and defended, as it was, by resolute if desperate men, it must have been a hard nut to crack. However,

(19). Quite a number were taken prisoners by Nga-Puhi, but they were brought back by Henare Apatere in 1862 or 1863.

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according to the account given by Mr. S. Percy Smith, even Mou-mou-kai fell(20), and again at Waikotero were Ngati-Kahungunu beaten, Te Aparakau being killed by Te Ahi-kaiata. Those who escaped retreated to Puke-karoro at Te Mahia, where at this time most of the Heretaunga people were sheltering owing to fear of the raiders of Ngati-Raukawa and Ngati-Toa (Te Rauparaha's people), besides the Waikato. The allies then advanced on Puke-karoro, but before reaching the stronghold they were met by Te Rakatau, who was related to the Tuhoe people, and therefore, though one of the hated enemies, still safe among the invading force. Te Rakatau made strenuous efforts to save his people in Puke-karoro, presenting a valuable mere named Te Rama-apakura; but the hill-men were not to be bought, at that price at all events, and after advising Te Rakatau not to enter Puke-karoro, they laid siege to it. Again Te Rakatau attempted to patch up a peace by presenting the besiegers with two other meres, named Kahawai and Kauae-huri-hia, but even this did not avail—they meant to get the pa as well as the historic weapons, which Te Rakatau must have given up only after a severe wrench to his pride. The siege went on, however, until the people in the pa became reduced to eating seaweed, and at last took to consuming a species of clay called "uku," hence the pa was afterwards called Kaiuku. This pa fell at last, so states Tuhoe, after great slaughter, which, however, was not confined to the beleaguered ones alone, for the assaulting taua also suffered heavily. Peace was made, and some guns were given to Ngati-Kahungunu to bind it, and then the allies also returned home. But—they did not return with honour, for Kaiuku stood.

Another account—I think from the pen of the late A. L. D. Fraser—places the date at 1832. It says: "Many epoch-making events might be recited in connection with the palisaded pa Nuhaka, many stories told of the defiance shouted to the marauding hordes from Nga-Puhi and Waikato, and how through all the escutcheon of the chiefs and the tribe remained unsullied. But one illustration of the prowess, the determination of the elders of the present generation, the landmarks of this citadel by the sea, must suffice. It was in 1832 when the northern tribes, strengthened with the mystic gun of the European, intoxicated by a series of victories, thirsting for the blood of fresh victims, hurled themselves upon the pa of the Nuhaka-Mahia people.

(20). I am aware that sections of Ngati Kahungunu declare that Mou-mou-kai was never taken, but they furnish no evidence on this point, and the only way in which I can reconcile the claim of Tuhoe to have captured Mou-mou-kai and Kaiuku with the Kahungunu story of the heroic defence is that the siege was suddenly raised, prompted thereto by the timely arrival of the musket-armed warriors of the north. Tuhoe were ever braggarts, and it will be noticed there is no story of prisoners or the haangi Maori attached to it. Surely all the honours of war lie with the defenders of Kaiuku.

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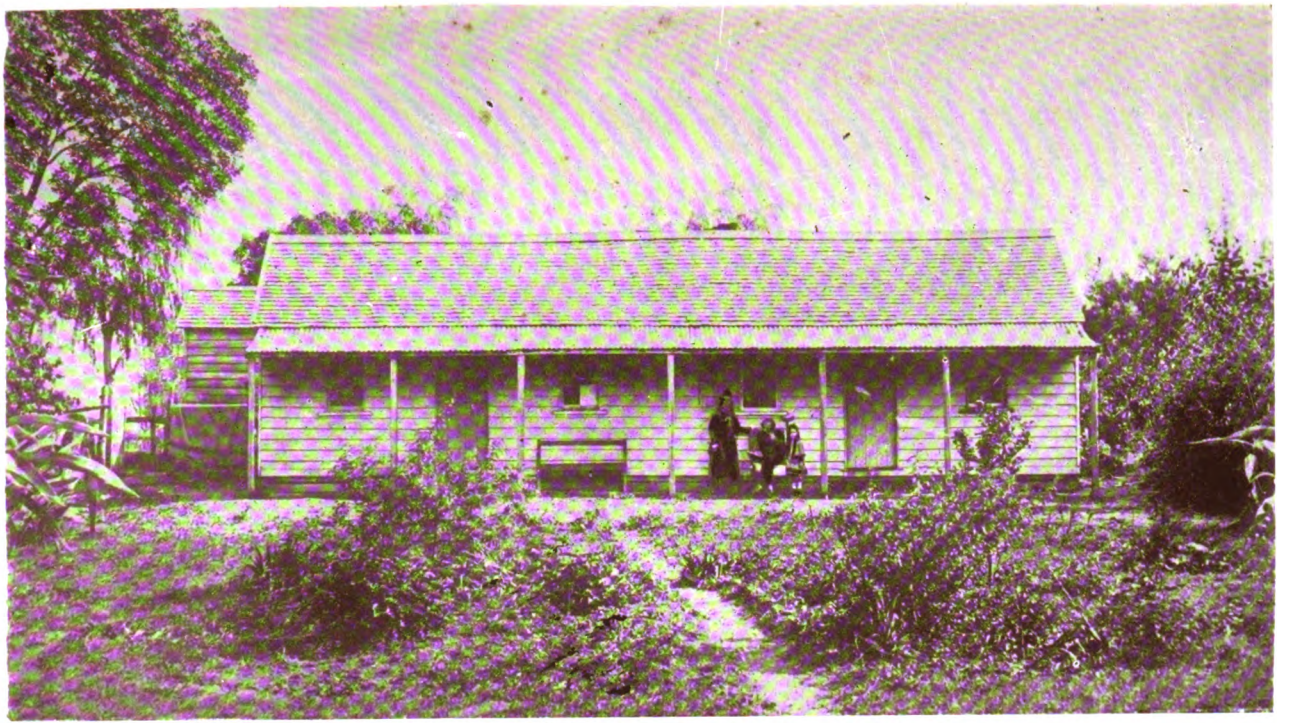

The ''Ravenswood''—First Wairoa Hotel, Kopu Road

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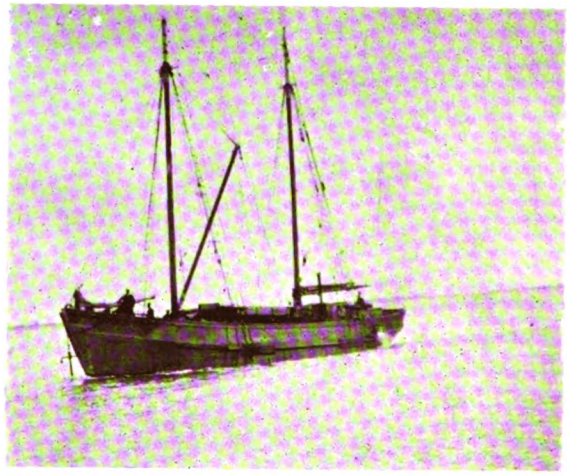
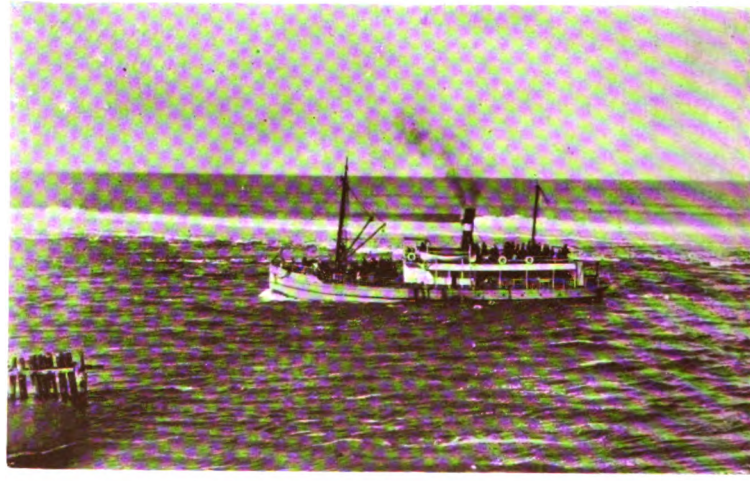


Schooner ''Te Aroha'' working Waikokopu



S.S. ''Tangaroa'' crossing the Bar, 1921.

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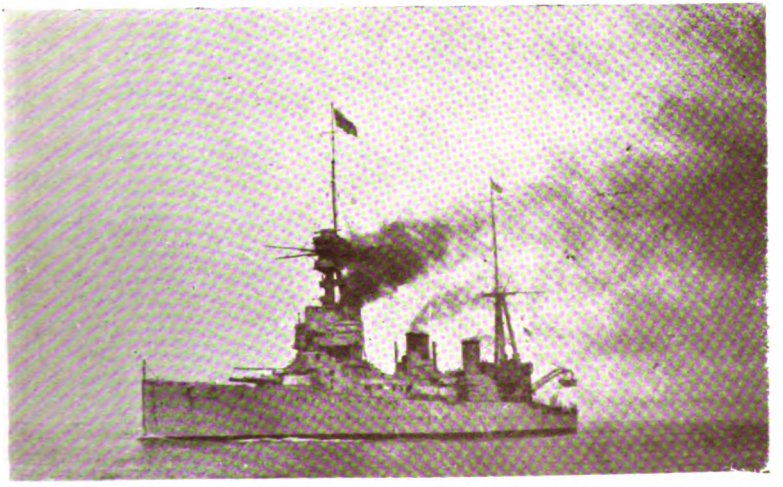
"Te Aroha," schooner, crossing Wairoa Bar



H.M.S. New Zealand off the Wairoa Bar

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Old Clyde Hotel and "The Cottage"

Scows Crossing Wairoa Bar, 1912

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'Kaiuku'(21) is the suggestive name of that pa, and it was situated to the south of the strip of beach dividing the peninsula from the mainland. Here were assembled the braves of the locality, unconquerable, true to the highest traditions of their race. Without were Te Heuheu and his toas, armed with modern weapons, trained to every strategic artifice of warfare. But these were as paper bullets or blank cartridges to the ironbound hearts of the besieged. Day followed night and week followed week, and still no surrender from them. Natural food was exhausted, even the last slave was but a memory, and then—starvation? No, there were still the heavens above, the earth below, and that earth was 'uku' (a soap-like clay). So, as manna was supplied to the Israelites in their distress, the blockaded braves, knowing no 'white flag,' fed upon what God provided—the clay—and fed until the enemy, strange as it may seem, capitulated and peace was made(22)." This peace was a somewhat inconclusive one, and brought about, I understand, by the sudden arrival of a northern flotilla in the rear of the pa. Be this as it may, it did not last very long.

Mr. McLean, when visiting Mahia during the Hauhau times, fixed the date of this event at 1830. The version he was given was that the Waikato attacked to avenge the death of Te Arawai, killed at Heretaunga. After the fall of Pakake in Ahuriri harbour, the Waikato attacked Rangimataeo at Te Wairoa, but he escaped. After this event Kopu and Henare Apatere, with 2,000 men and accompanied by Puhara of Whatu-i-apiti, went to what was afterwards called Kaiuku. The old magician, Mohaka, advised Rangimataeo not to go to Mahia for safety, as the enemy "would become food for the dogs." The Native fortress sustained a siege of two and a half months, during which the defenders became very gaunt and weak. Te Kani-a-Takirau arrived to assist them, but he was defeated on the north-east side of the peninsula, that famous chief narrowly escaping capture.

Battles at the Heads.

Here I must ask the reader's permission to digress slightly to explain why the Wairoa people were in Kaiuku at this time, so far from their homes. Pa Riwhara, or Ahipaniki, was the scene of a sharp fight in early times. It stood on the right bank of the river, extending from about the commencement of the western pile wall to the sea beach and to the foot of the pilot reserve (Rangihoua pa), the river-bank at that time extending much further

(21). "Kaiuku" is, literally, clay food.
The site of this famous pa has now been vested in the Tairawhiti Maori Land Board.
(22). "Capitulated" is scarcely the correct term to use of a force giving up a siege.

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out than it does at present. The little Riwhara creek (now almost dried up), at the turn leading to the hill, ran through the pa, which might be said to extend to the top of the hill, though the upper stronghold had a different name, Rangihoua. The bluff at that time stood further out than it does at present, and was said to contain 30 acres, whereas now it would be hard to get five acres out of it. On the top of the bluff stood the common sleeping-house of the Natives—for they had not then taken to the disease-provoking habit of sleeping on low-lying, damp situations. This house was of considerable size, ornamented after the Native fashion, and called Po-te-rangi. The chief was Pitihera Kopu, of fighting fame, a man whose name will never die as long as there is a Maori left in Te Wairoa, or a generous Pakeha treads the erstwhile domains of a great war chief of Ngati-Kahungunu.

It is related of him that on one occasion, years after the date of which I am now writing, he performed an act of negation to which few Europeans can provide a parallel. The question of confiscating Wairoa lands for rebellion was under discussion with the Government Agent and the chiefs. Among the latter was Kopu, and he was asked if he had any interest in the land proposed to be taken. Kopu replied that he had, but did not propose to say anything against what the Government was about to do, adding, "Ask my wife." The same question was put to her, when she replied: "Yes, the land is mine, but I give it for the sins of the Hauhaus!" A truly noble answer from one of Nature's noblewomen! Pity it was that some way was not found to punish the rebels other than by penalising a loyal chief and his equally loyal wife. But why need one wonder at a blunder like this—a mere nothing, where Natives were concerned, in olden days? It is a fact that in the year 1877 Mr. S. Locke, the Government Agent, met the Natives at Wairoa, Frasertown and Te Reinga and upbraided them for keeping up communication with Te Kooti. He specially mentioned Areta Apatu and Mere Karaka, widow of Kopu, who, it will be remembered, announced the abandonment of Ngatapa. Mere Karaka was a daughter of the celebrated chief Te Rerehourua, who visited Admiral d'Urville's ship, the "Astrolabe," at Tolaga Bay in 1827.

But I must return to the story of Rangihoua. I may state that the western and northern earthworks of pa Rangihoua are still visible, about three feet high now, after a lapse of nearly 100 years—the Heads battles were fought about 1827. As already stated, this pa made a strong defence when the Ngatimaru fell upon it, coming suddenly over the hills from the direction of Wharekiri, half-way between Wairoa and Turiroa.

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Te Rito, a Ngatimaru chief, was killed, and a large number of his people. The enemy's dead when laid out in a row together made a line several chains in length on the river-bed. The victors laid them down on the foreshore as nekes, and on the bodies launched their war-canoes. The invaders being signally defeated, the remnant fled towards Mahia, being followed by the victorious Natives as far as Opoutama.

It was on this occasion, I believe, that the Maori proved himself a past master in strategy. It was when the lower pa, Ahipaniki, was hard pressed, that the war-canoes swept out over the bar and made a feint of attacking Rangihoua on the western face, thus taking the enemy in the rear. All the invaders rushed to defend the threatened spot, but suddenly the canoes swept back again, and reoccupying Ahipaniki, defeated the foe.

Another account given me states that Pomare and Te Wera first attacked the hill pa, Rangihoua, and then proceeded against the Riwhera or Ahipaniki pa. On the first occasion nearly everyone in Rangihoua was slaughtered. Ex-Pilot Jones' uncle, Te Waka Haeo, was captured by the enemy at Whaka-mahia and compelled to make the signal to the canoes to come over from Whare-o-koro, the pa on the eastern side of the river. This they did and the enemy got over, but Te Waka seems to have felt verily guilty in being made a kind of decoy for his people, and out of his canoe he shot one of the principal leaders of the enemy (a Waikato chief). He was the only man who owned a gun.

The fight raged all day, victory inclining first to one side, then to the other. The following day the up-river canoes came down with reinforcements, and the enemy was badly beaten. Te Heuheu was engaged in this fight.

It is said that on this occasion the enemy gained access to the outworks of Whare-o-koro pa by means of a ruse. They carried with them on their backs a great many baskets, ostensibly containing provisions. They were received in the usual friendly manner, but immediately they laid down their burdens each man seized his weapon and treacherously attacked his hosts.

Later on Waikato sent a strong war-party against pa Riwhara (or Ahipaniki) to avenge the death of Te Rito in the former fight. The enemy this time came by way of the beach near Potutu, but found pa Riwhara abandoned (strategically it was badly situated). The invaders then crossed over to a small island in the lower reach of the river, called Te Motu-o-te-Rauhina, to formulate operations against Kihitu, the pa then being situated on the beach and called Whare-o-koro.

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The fight resulted in great slaughter on either side; the enemy, however, suffered very severely, and eventually had to retreat towards Waihua after losing all their chiefs. The line of retreat was marked by further slaughter, very few of the Waikato reaching home.

Death of Autahi.

In the battle Autahi, a chief of renown, was killed, and during the "tangi-hanga" in honour of the victory a great cannibal feast took place, all the chiefs of Te Wairoa being invited to attend. At first my informant seemed inclined not to admit what had been done with the dead Waikato or the prisoners, but warming up with the remembrance of the feast, or possibly the story of it handed down, the old warrior disclosed the fact that they feasted for days on the fallen and the captured Waikato, as undoubtedly was their custom in war times.

A witness in the Land Court told a somewhat different story. He said that when all the Maoris left Heretaunga for Mahia, one named Te Rito-o-te-rangi went to a tangi there and was shot by Ngai-Tahape and his companions, who were Waikato people. This was because Te Rito joined the Waikato in fighting the former at Pukekaroro (Mahia). Te Rito's son, Autahi, sent to Waikato to raise a war-party to avenge his father's death (at Rangihoua). When he got to Mohaka he stated he was on his way to Waikato, telling the object of his mission. The chief, Te Rangi-aihu, approved of the mission, advising him to come in the autumn, which he did. Hungahunga and others joined him and they came to Rangihoua, at the mouth of the Wairoa River. Te Apatu advised them to commence taking revenge at once on Ngati-Kuruhiwi—then he bolted for Waikawa(23). A fight took place at Rangihoua, and Tautahanga, the chief there, was killed. The force then crossed the river to Whare-o-koro, where another fight took place, Autahi and some of the Waikato being killed. Hungahunga was wounded, but was carried back to Mohaka. The Waikato lost their chief, Te Morena, and returned to their own country by way of Maunga-Pohatu. Another statement was made to this effect: "There were cannibal feasts. I took part personally. I ate Autahi. He had been to Waikato and returned to Whare-o-koro. His body was handed to Ngati-hine-pua and Ngai-Tahu to be eaten to avenge Whakatohea." As I mentioned already, very few of the Waikato reached home, but enough returned to kindle afresh the rancour of these warlike tribes, and set them to plan revenge for two disastrous fights: defeat was not to be endured. The Wairoa Maoris were not so foolish as to imagine that the Wai-

(23). The witness was positive in this assertion, but I feel doubtful as to Te Apatu urging an outsider to attack his kinsfolk, except on the ground that the people were mostly Tauira.

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kato would leave them long undisturbed, so they prepared for safety, knowing very well that the next party would be a stronger one. The whole of the Wairoa and Mohaka Natives set to work and built a very strong pa at Nuku-taurua, Mahia, which they called Pukekaroro. The chief was Te Wera of Nga-Puhi, who from the Bay of Plenty had made numerous raids from 1820 to 1824, taking a large number of prisoners as slaves from the East Coast. Not long after, coming under better influence, he set them all free and went to live at Nuku-taurua among the people he had once enslaved. The site of the pa was on the north-eastern side of the isthmus at Mahia, where a section of the Nga-Puhi still reside. Pukekaroro, when completed, was occupied by a very large assemblage of Natives, and only in the very nick of time, as it were. Not very long afterwards, but certainly much sooner than was anticipated, the new pa had to stand a siege. One of the old refugees told me that the Waikato came in full force, the next time by way of Waikaremoana, and not finding their enemies in their usual pas they went on to Mahia and laid siege to Pukekaroro, first killing all whom they found outside. The enemy completely invested the pa, surrounding it on three sides with a strong force, thirsting for revenge. The fourth side faced the sea, over a very steep cliff, a fact which saved the besieged from a great disaster.

Evidently there had been no time to lay in a store of provisions, for the people inside were very soon nearly starved out, being reduced to eating seaweed, and finally mud (from which circumstance the pa was afterwards called "Kaiuku," a name which still appears on the county maps).

The Waikato were partly armed with muskets, but for a while these proved ineffective, as those who constructed the pa selected a spot where there was no commanding eminence to permit of gun-fire being effective. However, in order to overcome this difficulty, the besiegers constructed a number of tall towers, the top of each being made of strong supplejack basketwork. These towers were pushed close up to the pa by means of stout poles. The attackers then mounted by a ladder, and having a good command of the interior of the pa, shot everyone who ventured to show his head—a method of approaching fortified places, it will be remembered, which was much in vogue among the ancient Romans.

Matters had begun to look very serious for the starving people, when one dark night the beleaguered received welcome reinforcements, which reversed the positions of the contending parties and suddenly changed the fortunes of the day. One night, when further resistance seemed impossible, there arrived from the Bay of Islands a large war-canoe full of men, armed

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with flintlock muskets. The besieged, who became almost frantic with joy at the unexpected help, drew their allies up the steep cliff one by one, with the aid of stout flax ropes.

The defenders, gaunt-looking though they were, and sadly weakened by starvation and disease, soon made a sortie and defeated the Waikato once more with the aid of their allies. The tables were now turned, and what was at first but a defeat of well-laid plans became a complete rout, the enemy being followed all along the beach to Wairoa, many falling by the way. The Waikato never troubled Wairoa again, and after the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi the Heretaunga Natives who had been refuging at Mahia sailed for their devastated homes in 69 large canoes in one day, among the party being Te Hapuku. It was stated to be a very imposing sight as the powerful flotilla was sent forward over the moana, the movements of the paddlers being regulated by the kaihautu, while all hearts surged with feeling for " Home, sweet Home."

Tradition tells that in the fight at pa Riwhara a young woman named Erena Hohua was felled by a blow from a tomahawk, the wound in her skull being nearly three inches long. The force with which the blow was struck was so great that it sent the weapon a considerable distance into the brain(24). When struck, the woman threw herself, or fell, on her face, feigning death, and thus escaped a second blow. Then when the fight was over her friends filled up the wound with an adhesive clay much used in Native surgery. She made a good recovery, lived in full possession of her faculties for many years, and only died about 1870.

In 1829 a determined raid was made on the Urewera Country, doubtless for utu for the former attacks on Wairoa. It comprised 500 men, drawn mostly from Wairoa and Mohaka, commanded by Te Koari, Puherua, Hipara, Paetahi, Toha, and Tiakiwai. They attacked pa Pakai at Maunga-Pohatu, took it, and retired after having done so; but shortly afterwards another raid was carried out by the same chiefs, and Manawaru was attacked. This was a fortress of great strength, with a series of defence works round it. It stood on a high, jagged, forest-covered spur at Maunga-Pohatu. In the attack the Wairoa force lost many men, but they drove the enemy out, and the conquerors retired to pa Pakai. Here the Wairoa men were besieged and eventually driven out. A third expedition was essayed by way of Te Putere, and they drove the enemy to Ahikereru, with

(24). To the lay mind this may seem incredible, but as a matter of fact there are many instances where a patient has survived the amputation of the brain. The Natives of the olden days had a marvellous physique, and what I have now stated was quite within the bounds of possibility, and did actually occur as stated.

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heavy loss. Then, after Kopu returned from the Bay of Islands, the Wairoa-Mohaka force, with some Nga-Puhi, crossed the lake on "mokihis" or rafts made of raupo and drove the enemy out of Whakaari and Whatu-a-tama. The Urewera fled to Taupo and the Waikato sent to sue for peace, and no further trouble occurred there till the opening of the "King" Movement, when, through the religio-bellicose attitude of Te Ua Haumene and Te Kooti Rikirangi, the "dogs of war" were again let loose in Old Wairoa.

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CHAPTER XII—(*Continued*)

NATIVE WARS AND RAIDS

THE FEAST OF EELS—RUAPANI AT WAR—FALL OF POHATUROA—ON THE EAST COAST—TE OTANE DAYS—FIGHTING AT OPOUITI—TAPUAE AND TE MAHA—KOPU'S DAY—MINOR EVENTS—LAND TROUBLES.

The Feast of Eels.

After Purekaroro the peace was again rudely broken—indeed, it is doubtful if Tuhoe ever intended it to be permanent; but it was a very convenient way of getting home quickly. The death of Te Waewae certainly lay at the door of Ngati-Kahungunu, but in some way or other Te Mau-tara-nui was concerned in it, and this greatly exercised the Ngati-Kahungunu chief Tu-Akiaki, of Ngati-Kohatu, residing at Papuni, up the Ruakituri branch of the Wairoa river, not very far from the borders of Tuhoe Land. Tu-Akiaki then evolved a scheme worthy of a Machiavelli to "get even" with Te Mau-tara-nui and effectually square the utu account. He began operations in a very crafty manner by suggesting that Te Mau-tara-nui should marry one of his (Tu-Akiaki's) relations, and eventually the Papuni chief's sister, Te Motu-o-ruhe, married the Tuhoe chieftain. A child, which the couple called Owhinu, was born, and soon afterwards the happy father was invited to a "hakari" or feast at Kaitarahae, near Te Reinga. For this Tu-Akiaki made the usual preparations, all the delicacies imaginable being collected and laid out there—eels, lampreys, native rats, woodhens, pigeons, fern-root, kumara, convolvulus roots and various viands. About the time appointed Te Mau-tara-nui and some of his people, as well as his brother, Paetawa, and Te Roro of Ngati-Manawa, passed down the Ruakituri valley. They here fell in with Te Ua, the Ngati-Kahungunu chief who had been wounded in the back by Te Mau-tara-nui at Wai-repo-repo. They fell into conversation, and Te Ua, knowing very well the intention of Tu-Akiaki, gave Te Mau-tara-nui what must be considered a very friendly warning: "Me hoki koe; ko Wai-repo-repo kaore ano kia ea" (You must return; Wai-repo-repo has not yet been avenged). Te Mau-

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tara-nui still determined to go on, so Te Ua made another attempt to dissuade him, saying: "E Tama! Mehemea kaua te toki i titi ki taku tuara, kaore aku tikanga" (O Son! If the axe had not wounded me in the back I should have nothing to say). Te Mau-tara-nui, however, was obstinate and went on. Next morning the celebrated "Feast of Eels"—a tragic feast it proved to be—commenced. Then, while all were eating, Tu-Akiaki, with murder in his heart, arose, patu in hand, and drew near Te Mau-tara-nui, who, divining his intentions, exclaimed: "Te rangona te reka o te kai, E Tu-Akiaki!" (There has not been time to taste of the sweetness of the food, O Tu-Akiaki!) Ngati-Kahungunu then arose and fell upon Tuhoe, and a general massacre of the guests took place. Some of the murderously inclined hosts appear to have been somewhat disposed to spare Te Mau-tara-nui, for it is reported that he said, "He manu hou ahau, he kohanga ka rerea" (I am a new bird [or bird of plumes] leaving the nest), indicating, so it is said, that as the chief of the party he would not consent to be spared, and if his friends were to be killed they must all suffer together, as he had brought them into danger. A noble answer truly, and one characteristic of the ancient Maori. Thus fell Te Mau-tara-nui, the hero of many a fight on behalf of his beloved Tuhoe; and with him went down to a treacherous death Paetawa and Te Roro, besides many others. I may mention here that it is said that when Te Roro saw that death was inevitable he said, "Taihoa au e patua; kia inu au i te wai o Kai-tara-hae!" (Do not kill me yet; let me first drink of the waters of Kai-tara-hae), referring to the stream that flowed past the settlement(1). After this murder—for such it undoubtedly was—Ngati-Kahungunu feasted on the bodies, and portions of that of Te Mau-tara-nui were preserved as "huahua," in a calabash, which, with disgusting and cruel irony, was offered, some time afterwards, to Te Whaitiri-o-te-rangi, a noted chieftainess of Rongo-whaka-ata of Turanganui, who was on her way, via Te Reinga, to visit the now preserved chief of Tuhoe. Tu-Akiaki's gift was, of course, indignantly refused, and there was great lamentation for many days in the pas and wharepunis of Tuhoe. A very pathetic lament was composed and for many a day recited to the tribes when they desired to raise a taua against the "Children of the Rising Sun." Ngati-Kahungunu had not only stained their character by this foul murder, but they had given a "take" to the Tuhoe men that was not in the least likely to be forgotten, for it was writ large in their utu books—the Maori memory.

(1). I have not often come across an appeal like this, because it was contrary to Maori dignity for a chief to ask for his life at the hands of an enemy; but Te Roro seems to have done so in a roundabout way by asking for time to partake of the waters flowing by.

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Ruapani at War.

In 1826—that would be 99 years ago, or according to the Maori account, a good deal earlier—war again broke out in Tuhoe Land. Two chiefs, rejoicing in the lengthy designations of Te Umu-ariki and Koto-tangi-ao, were killed at the Whanganui inlet of Waikaremoana, the body of the latter being mutilated, thus adding insult to injury, and heaping additional fuel on to the smouldering fires of hate. Still worse, it was reported in the council meetings of Tuhoe that Mokoa, of Te Ruapani, had declared that he would bait his eel-basket with the body of Tipihau, one of the chiefs of that tribe. Never was a more mortal insult flung at an enemy, and so the war axe was again raised. The army of Tuhoe set forth under thirteen powerful chiefs, including the one destined for the eel-basket, who was burning to obtain utu or payment for the deadly insult. The gods of Ruapani seem to have quite deserted them at this time, for the palisaded pa of Whaka-ari fell to the prowess of Tuhoe, the garrison fleeing for dear life across Waikaremoana to Pukehuia; but this also was captured during a night attack, and large numbers of the boasting Ruapani went down to death—and the body of Tipihau was saved from indignity. Again did peace prevail, for a time, but did not last very long, for the late Te Mau-tara-nui's people and some of their allies raised a taua to proceed against Ngati-Kahungunu. But before the whole force had assembled, a small body proceeded to Papuni, Te Ure-o-te-whatu pa was taken, and Kiore and Ara, of Ngati-Kotore, two men of note, were slain. It was early in 1826 that the units of the taua gathered at Ruatahuna. Ngati-Awa of Whakatane (Te Mau-tara-nui's own people) were there; the Whakatohea from Opotiki and Ngati-Maru from the Thames (then called Hauraki), besides Te Urewera under Te Umuariki and Iriapa. Verily, O Ngati-Kahungunu, you are in dire straits just now as a result of your base treachery at "The Feast of Eels"! As a commencement in the way of hostilities, the Urewera proceeded to Waikaremoana and attacked Ngati-Ruapani, who were certainly more Ngati-Kahungunu than Urewera. Besides, did they not dwell on the border of Tuhoe, and many a time dispute the advance of the latter? At this time the Ngati-Kahungunu tribe of Te Wairoa and the neighbouring districts had volunteered to join Ruapani at Waikaremoana in an attack on Tuhoe, but a work of self-defence, and not aggression, first awaited them. Tuhoe had risen in their wrath—with the memories of Papuni rankling in their breasts—and marching in two divisions, proceeded to make war on the "Children of the Rising Sun"—the east coasters. One detachment went to Tutira and attacked Ngati-Kahungunu. This left the Urewera and the Ngati-hine-kura, on the western side of the lake, quite defenceless (most of the fighting men being with the war party at Mo-

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haka). Ruapani, trusting probably to the promised aid from Wairoa, could not resist the chance of easy slaughter, so they attacked the defenceless people, killing nearly all of them in small detachments. A large number were killed in a rock dwelling, the place being afterwards found full of bodies, and for many years the massacre was lamented in the gatherings of the people of the Rocky Mountain. The survivors started for Mohaka to bring back the Tuhoe warriors, and, to the joy of Ngati-Kahungunu, they at once left, and by quick marches reached the eastern shores of Wairau-moana in time to join in the pursuit of Ruapani from the historic island of Nga-Whakarara. When the second detachment (states Mr. Elsdon Best) heard the news—

"Waikare has fallen!
Nothing remains but the drifting waters".

—they set out to avenge their tribesmen, whose bodies then choked up the cavern at Tikitiki, and having seized some Ruapani canoes they attacked and took the two island forts, Pa Te-kaha and Nga-Whakarara. The garrison did not take long to evacuate the latter, and some of them fled to Onepoto, near the outlet, where they abandoned the canoes, and then on towards Te Wairoa, followed by the victorious hill-men, even to Whakamaro on the Waikare-taheke, where a force of Ngati-Kahungunu had collected to assist the lake men. Here Tuhoe remained for some time, but the sudden slaughter of two of their chiefs at Tauranga-koau, while they were out sunning themselves one fine frosty morning, again precipitated hostilities. Tuhoe quickly secured vengeance, for after drawing Ngati-Kahungunu into a cleverly laid ambush the latter were defeated with considerable slaughter. During the pursuit many of the Ruapani fell and became a valuable addition to the Tuhoe larder, for food was not too plentiful at Waikaremoana. Horu, the Ruapani tohunga, was overtaken and killed on a ridge between Onepoto and Kowhai Point, where in after years Colonel Herrick's redoubt was built(2), of which more anon in its proper place. Here it was that Tuhoe built a strong pa to hold in check the aggressive Ruapani. I have stated that the victorious hill-men followed Ruapani practically down to Wairoa, where the victors were joined by Te Whata-nui of Ngati-Raukawa, a relation of the dead Te Waewae. Pomare, who was a great friend of Te Mau-tara-nui, came by way of Rangitaiki valley through the Waipunga gorge to Wairoa, and joined Te Whata-nui. Before the arrival, however, of the Urewera forces, Te Whata-nui had

(2). This was situated at a spot called Te Upoko-o-te-ao ("The head of the morning") in a narrow saddle, with high hills commanding it on either side. There fell the chiefs Te Kaka-pai-waho, Rangi-patu-riri, Te Hauto-rua, and Tu-te-Rangi-noti.

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taken Rakiroa pa, near Te Reinga Falls, and Te Wera (?) with his Nga-Puhi warriors had attacked Rangi-houa, at the Wairoa Heads, as already stated.

All the forces then merged and proceeded to besiege Pohatu-roa pa (Te Reinga district). While this movement was in progress, it is stated, Pomare withdrew, considering his assistance was a breach of the peace he had made with Ngati-Kahungunu(3); but the Ngati-Wai and Ngati-Rangi branches of Nga-Puhi rendered efficient aid against the Wairoa forces under Te Mangai, one of Hongi's best men. It is also stated that Te Wera, with his forces from Mahia, was also present, as well as Tarapatiki and Te Putaranui, renowned Nga-Puhi warriors. I own to a feeling of surprise at finding Te Wera attacking any branch of Ngati-Kahungunu, for at this time he was the avowed protector of the Mahia sections of the people. I would indeed be inclined to think it was he and not Pomare (possibly both) who retired from the siege, though there is some reason for the belief that as he had taken up the cause of Te Mau-tara-nui's people he thus reconciled his action by representing his friend Pomare.

Fall of Pohatu-roa.

However this may have been, the forces proceeded to attack Pohatu-roa pa, where those chiefly concerned in the murder of Te Mau-tara-nui were assembled under the treacherous Tu-Akiaki and other toas. After some preliminary skirmishing, Pohatu-roa was reached, and found not so open to attack as expected. This formidable fortress was situated on an isolated rock, cut off by a deep gorge from the Wakapunake range. The pa itself was small, perhaps about fifty yards across, with earthworks of rock and earth held together by layers of fern, the whole work being worthy of the best military engineers of Europe. During the siege the attacking party managed to attach a rope to the parapet so as to tear it down, but failed owing to the rope breaking—assisted thereto, no doubt, by one of the garrison. The sides of the rock were so steep that supplejack ladders were used to make the ascent. At one point there was a cave some distance below the top of the rock, access to which could only be gained by a narrow ledge in the cliff—a spot that could have been held by a couple of men so long as only Maori weapons were used. A party of Nga-Puhi managed to secure a footing above the cave, and constructing a large basket of "toi" and "pirita" they lowered it down in front of the cave with some men in it, hoping to be able in this way to shoot the defenders; but before they could do so, the long spears (huatas) of the cave-men satisfactorily disposed of the daring enemy,

(3). This, I think, refers to Te Wera Hauraki, and not to Pomare.

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and this part of the attack had to be abandoned. At last the pa fell to Nga-Puhi, and amongst the slain was Tu-Akiaki, who was accounted for by Te Whata-nui himself. An advance was then made further inland in the direction of Turanganui, and Waihau pa was taken with very great slaughter, large heaps of bones and skulls marking the spot for many years afterwards. From this point a start was made for home via Waikaremoana, where further vengeance was taken on the unfortunate Ruapani, the following leading men being killed:—Tiaki, Mauri, Piko-piko, Paiaka and Mahia; but Kangi-ika and Te Rito made their escape good.

Soon after these events peace was made between the parties by Te Ahuru, of the Urewera, and Hipara and Puherua, of Ngati-Kahungunu. Hipara's daughter, Hine-ki-runga, was given as a wife to one of the Urewera, the important event being further marked by the singular custom of marrying two mountains—Kuha-tarewa, the female, being given by Ngati-Kahungunu to Tuhi-o-Kahu of the Urewera, and thus was peace made.

On the East Coast.

I must here digress a little to introduce a battle that did not occur in this district, but I include it because the tribes of Te Wairoa were involved in it, and I hope to be able to show that Kopu, well known by repute to the Europeans of to-day, as well as many other Wairoa chiefs, took part therein. Sixteen generations ago, in the days of the rival chiefs Rakaipaaka and Mahaki (both first cousins), an event occurred in Maoriland which showed that a custom prevailed on a par with the action of Herod as regards the world's Saviour—the destruction of newly born males to crush out of existence possible rivals for power and prestige. As far back as the time mentioned a vendetta arose through the jealousy of Mahaki, Tu-Tekohi, and Rakaipaaka and his nephew, Taraia, the result being the defeat of the latter at Whenuanui pa, on the east bank of the Waipaoa River (Poverty Bay), opposite the present Patutahi township. The descendants of Kahungunu then migrated, Hine-manuhiri to the Ruakituri, and Rakaipaaka and Taraia to Mahia-Nuhaka. There they intermarried with women of rank, and pursued a peaceful penetration policy, resulting in these chiefs and their people becoming the possessors of the soil in their respective spheres of influence. The leading descendants of Ruawharo, of the Takitimu canoe, intermarried and became very powerful. After having been firmly established in the Wairoa district, as a result of the battle of Taupara, Tama-te-rangi, son of Hine-manuhiri, organized a taua to proceed to the scene of Whenuanui fight to avenge that defeat. He soon reached Pakarae river with his forces, and at that spot came into conflict with Tu-Tekohi, the

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latter being killed and a woman relation, Hine-nui, captured; her son, Parua, barely escaping with his life in a canoe. As he floated off he said: "The next north wind will bring me back for vengeance." He proceeded direct to the Apanui tribe, in the Bay of Plenty, and arranged for a taua to attack Hine-manuhiri and her people. These conflicts—more or less decisive—lasted for several generations, during which time Tama-te-rangi killed the later Purua, and they continued down to the days of Hine-te-ata, when, to avenge an insult to her younger sister, she personally led a taua into the Bay of Plenty, and in the fighting both she and her sister were captured. It was then, said my informant, the recognised custom that all male children born to prisoners, especially those of rank, were to be killed. Hine-te-ata was then *enceinte*, and when the child was born a tohunga was sent round to examine it, but aided by the dim light, and a clever ruse on the part of the mother, she managed to conceal the sex of her child and it was saved, the name Kotore (which I need not translate) being bestowed on him. But this did not avert a tragedy—the tragedy of the umu or Maori oven—for a few days later Hine-te-ata observed her sister dressing her hair in a peculiar manner. Asking her why she did so, she replied: "I have already offered myself for the umu in place of you, my sister." This she did, and laid down her life as a sacrifice. This led to another vengeance expedition, of which the following particulars have been gleaned. In this expedition Hine-pehingo, the mother of Tapuae and Te Maha, was not allowed to go to the field of battle.

Te Otane, son of Te Maha and nephew of Tapuae, who was treated with some contempt by the latter, appears to have been set aside in favour of Te Huki, a chief of high rank, Nuhaka-Mahia district, who engaged in a fight to relieve a besieged chief at Nuhaka, defeating the besiegers with great loss, many of the Apanui being killed on the Kaimatai beach (Nuhaka-Mahia). Because of this defeat Te Huki was murdered at Te Arai river, near the present bridge at Manutuke. This brought Tapuae on the scene with the assistance of Te Otane-a-Whawhapo. Mr. Chase thus describes the after-events:—

"The year was 1836, and the incident in Maori warfare was Toka-a-Kuku, in the territory of Te Whanau-a-Apanui. It came about in this way. Te Wera, let it be remembered, was settled down at Te Mahia, and had become a tower of strength to the harried sections of Ngati-Kahungunu, and his musket-armed Nga-Puhi contributed not a little to the respect which he inspired throughout the district. In order to find a reason for the expedition I am about to record, it is necessary to go back for a moment to 1825, when Pomare and Te Wera attacked Te

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Whanau-a-Apanui at Te Kaha. Here it was that Nga-Puhi sustained a severe defeat, Te Wera's nephew, Marino, being killed. In 1824, Te Wera assisted Te Kani-a-Takirau at Turanganui by attacking and taking the Ngati-Porou stronghold of Tuatini, and through all this Te Wera was nursing the desire to avenge the death of his nephew. About 1829 or the beginning of 1830, Omaruiti pa, at Wharekahika or Hicks Bay, was taken by Whanau-a-Apanui and their allies, many of the Ngati-Porou being killed as payment for Ngarara, who took the brig 'Hawes' in 1829 at Whakatane. Besides this, Nga-Puhi had another 'take' against Te Whanau-a-Apanui. It was not an unlikely thing, then, to find Ngati-Porou and Nga-Puhi combining against a common enemy, and preparations were begun with this object in view by Kaka-tarau, of Ngati-Porou, and Te Wera, the objective being Te Kaha Point, on the east coast of the Bay of Plenty. Messengers were despatched throughout the East Coast, and in March, 1836, a large force assembled at Hicks Bay. They went from Waiapu and Turanganui, from Nukutaurua and Te Wairoa, from Ahuriri, Wairarapa, and even from the South Island. The rendezvous was the famous Whakawhitira, on the left bank of the Waiapu river, above Pukemaire. This pa was capable of accommodating 2,000 warriors. They soon marched for the pa Toka-a-kuku, which they proceeded to invest by building other pas around it, and there they sat down. In the meanwhile 1,800 of the Bay of Plenty coast tribes came to the assistance of the besieged, 200 arriving by water, and they got into the partly surrounded pa. When the overland contingent was approaching a sortie was made by the people in the pa to engage the attention of the besieged, but this, as sometimes happened even in civilised warfare, brought on a general engagement at a place called Pu-remu-tahi. Nga-Puhi were victorious, and the Bay of Plenty men were hotly pursued about 15 miles. The siege is said to have lasted six months, and in the end it was abandoned, Nga-Puhi being satisfied with killing about 140 of the enemy from the north, including some prominent warriors. The cause of the abandonment was shortness of food, yet even then cannibalism was not resorted to, such was the influence of Christianity then beginning to permeate the lives of the aboriginal people. Even the prisoners taken were not eaten, but hanged on the whatas within sight of their comrades. This was practically the last great intertribal fight on the East Coast, for the work of the missionaries was beginning to tell on the lives of even the man-eating tribes of Aotea-roa.

"Kopu, as a fairly young man, but a well-tried warrior on Maori battlefields, led one of the war parties, fighting all the way from the borders of the Wairoa district to the Bay of

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Plenty, severe battles taking place at Whare-kahika and Ngatimaru. He was not once beaten, and gained great renown among his companions, whilst being dreaded by his enemies. He was accompanied by Tiakiwai, father of Hamana Tiakiwai, who is buried at Kihitu; also by Toha's father, or rather by his foster-father(1)."

Te Otane Days.

I must now hark back to an earlier date, that is, six generations ago (20 years being still allowed for a generation). At this time the population of Te Wairoa had grown very greatly (said Mr. Chase) for the Maoris then had many children, and they were very strong and healthy, living in their hill forts, in spite of the fact that war was carried on regularly between one tribe and another, sometimes for food only, and sometimes to avenge former insults or to wipe out the stains of defeat. Shortly after one of the man-killing raids made by the Ngati-Hinganga, a son-in-law of Rangi-Tua-nui, called Te Otane, was passing one day by his father-in-law's settlement and noticed that he was in great distress over something. Te Otane asked him the reason for his sad appearance, whereupon the old chief said he was fretting for his people, who were being killed every day by the Ngati-Hinganga, so much so that now the inhabitants were compelled to let their plantations lie uncultivated, for just when the crops were fit to gather these Midianites of the Mangapoike swept down on the coast dwellers and carried away the result of their toil.

Te Otane was told all the particulars, and promptly said it was no use being sad over the affair—action was what was needed, and followed it up by taking immediate steps. He advised the collection of a large supply of food to sustain a taua and offered to join with his own men in a combined movement against Ngati-Hinganga, which was done, Te Otane heading his own warriors, and Te Uhi people being commanded by Kawiti-o-Te-Rangi. The expedition soon started, and when they reached the Kahauroa (Scamperdown) creek they met 50 of the Ngati-Hinganga coming down on one of their favourite missions, and the latter not being sufficiently well armed to meet a war-party such as the one described, every man of Ngati-Hinganga fell before the spears of the Te Otane-Kawiti combination. Kawiti and his men then desired to go back to Te Uhi, thinking they had done enough; but not so Te Otane, who said he would not return until they had taken a pa from the enemy.

(1). Toha, it may be stated, was born under circumstances which led to his mother determining to take his life, but through Kopu's influence he was saved in order that he might at some future time look after the interests of the people at the Heads.

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In Old Wairoa
"Residence" of Quartermaster-sergeant Josias Hird, at Spooner's Point

Residence of the First Mayor of Wairoa
Dr. J. Somerville, 1909-1910

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Marine Parade Central, looking East

Marine Parade Central, 1921

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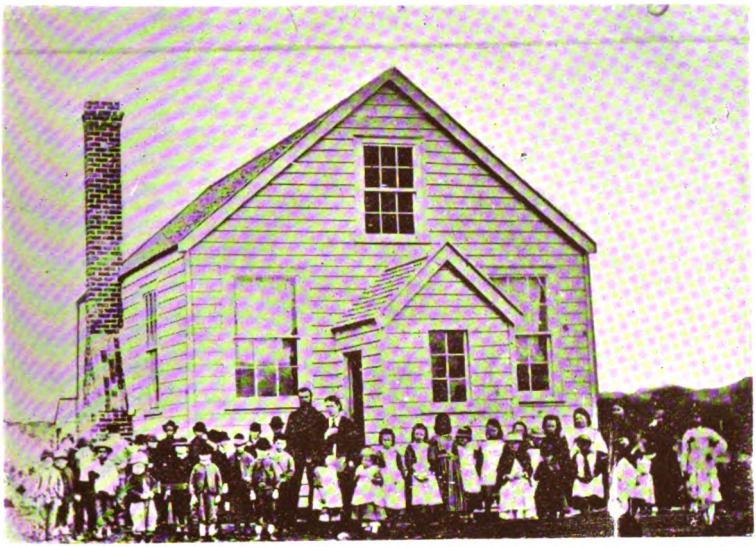
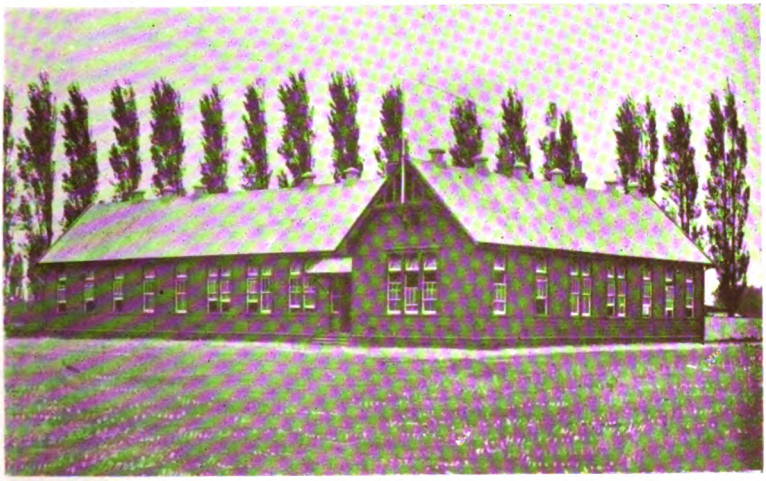


Wairoa School in the Eighties



Wairoa State School Building, 1921

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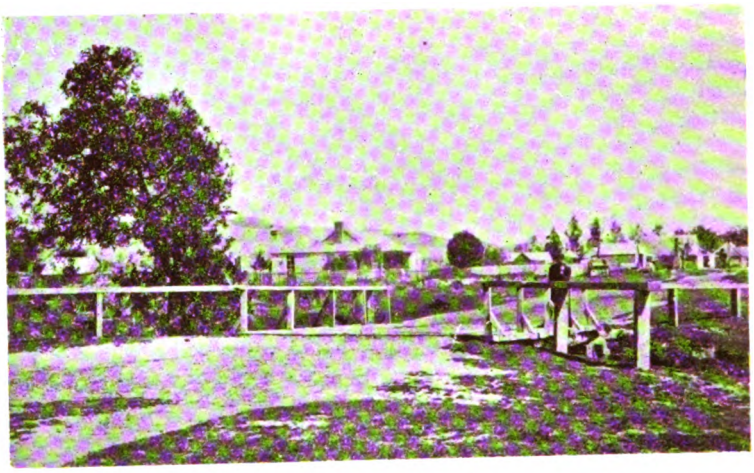

Marine Parade Central—View opposite Mr. J. Corkill's

Same site in 1925

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Fighting at Opouiti.

The force then moved on, and on arriving at a spot now identified as the first cutting beyond the Marumaru hotel, leading to the bridge over a small creek, they encountered their objective, one of Ngati-Hinganga's palisaded pas called Kakapo, just before daylight, and without waiting to institute a regular investment they at once stormed it while the people slept. The slaughter was great, as might be expected under the circumstances, hardly one escaping, most of those who tried to escape from the death trap being captured. Te Otane then started back to bring the good news to cheer the heart of his father-in-law. He had a long string of prisoners to bring back as tokens of victory. The people then wore long hair; and this was plaited at the back and attached by means of flax ropes to the neck of the one behind their backs; even a hundred prisoners made a very imposing procession in single file, which was the only way they could traverse the Native track.

But Te Otane, having tasted once more of victory, and no doubt stimulated by the cannibal feast that followed, was not satisfied at the vengeance wreaked on Ngati-Hinganga. He decided to attack their very headquarters at Te Maihi. Three large war-canoes full of warriors left Te Wairoa and ascended the river, the men carrying their craft over the various rapids *en route* to the Mangapoike. This operation took so long that the enemy became aware of the approach of the naval flotilla, and set about preparing for a siege. The night before the canoes reached the pa about to be attacked, the chief sent out 50 of his best fighting men to collect food to sustain those within should they be surrounded. In order to cross the river, the food-collecting party descended by means of a rude ladder, which, singularly neglectful, was not drawn up again. Te Otane found this very useful, and he and his men climbed by its means in the early morning right up to the pa, which he rushed and captured. The best of Ngati-Hinganga's men found themselves cut off from the pa, and being unable to assist, managed to escape the fate that met the rest of the plundering hapu. This particular pa, in common with most of them, was divided into two, and during the operations Te Otane engaged the front, and his brother-in-law, Tai-whaka-huka, the rear division. According to Maori custom in war time, Te Otane, being the fighting chief, sat at the door of the captured pa, whilst his brother, Rangi-wawahia, strolled to the other end, where he observed Tai-whaka-huka holding two well-grown girls as prisoners. Rangi-wawahia went back to his brother and said he wanted one of the girls for himself, but Te Otane's only reply was to tell him to go and get one. When, however, he tried to do so, Tai-whaka-

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huka shook his maipi or war club at him in a very threatening manner. Eventually Te Otane got one of the girls—a red-haired one—for his brother, and these were the only two saved(5); the rest were killed and loaded up in the canoes, which then started down the river. On reaching Makeakea pa (near Springhill) Te Otane called in to see his half-brother, who lived there, and to tell him of the victory. Being in a generous mood, he offered to give him a large proportion of the slain, but the offer was not accepted, his half-brother exclaiming: "Keep your own." Wise man, he did not want to give possible enemies a valid "take." After the inevitable banquet on the enemy, and when his warriors had been rested and the force revictualled, Te Otane started up the Waiau to attack Owairau, which was situated about seven miles beyond Te Kapu. All that they did not kill they took as prisoners, and tying them with flax as one would tie up pigs, they started back, and on visiting Te Otane's pa at the mouth of the Waitahora the compliment was returned and the gift of prisoners was accepted. Thus were human chattels passed from hand to hand in "the bad old days" in Old Wairoa.

Tapuae and Te Maha.

Tapuae and Te Maha, whose names have been immortalized in the taniwhas at the Wairoa beach, were brothers, and their "children" took a most decided dislike to Te Otane, who had a habit of roaming over parts of the country in which he had no direct interest, collecting food for his warriors, though "the children of Tapuae" believed he was laying off boundaries against the time when he could claim for services rendered against Ngati-Hinganga. Causes for dispute were not hard to find in those days, and Tai-whaka-huka had one against Te Otane for taking away his red-haired girl at the attack on Te Maihi and then giving her to his brother Rangi-wawahia. At this time the brothers lived together at Waitahora, and on one occasion the greater part of Te Otane's men were away collecting the native birds, rats and dogs for food, only twenty men being left in the pa with Rangi-wawahia. Tai-whaka-huka, the brother-in-law of Te Otane, then slipped away and informed "the children of Tapuae" that the warrior-chief was alone in the pa. Tapuae's people asked where Te Otane kept his war clubs, and Tai-whaka-huka replied that they were hung over the door outside, ready to the chief's hand in case of necessity. The patu he usually kept under his head. Tapuae's people asked Tai-whaka-huka to secure Te Otane's clubs, which he did by tying them to the wall. They then asked the treacherous brother-in-law what night they

(5). In Banks Island there are many of the albino tribe, almost white with red hair and pink eyes. Such are regarded by the natives there as beautiful in the extreme, and capable of bringing luck to the tribes in all their operations.

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should come, and he advised it should be a night on which he himself should be on guard. I may digress here to state that the sentries, or look-out men, generally stood on an elevated position, and were supposed to give notice every few minutes, by a song, that all was well, and thus the chief knew that the sentry was awake—woe be to him if not. One night when the false sentry was on duty he let Tapuae's people through, and they charged into the pa, taking Te Otane and his wife and family completely by surprise, and stationing 20 men on the lower side to prevent escape.

When Te Otane saw what had been done he opened the window to collect his famous clubs, but he found them lashed, and he then knew he had been betrayed. By this time eight men, armed with clubs, had stationed themselves in the "whakamahau," equivalent to the verandah of a house, four on either side, just under the "wanawana taiapa"—a light manuka palisading in front of the house. The moment Te Otane put his head outside the inner door the eight clubs descended upon him, but without a fatal effect, for he drew back and adopted a stratagem to defeat his enemies. Wrapping a pake or mat around his right arm until it was about the size of his head (Te Otane's headpiece was noted for its great size), he again came to the doorway in the semi-darkness and thrust out his arm. His enemies were still on guard waiting for him, and they brought down their clubs a second time with great force, but before the formidable clubs could again be raised Te Otane sprang to the outer door. In doing so he sustained a spear wound in the thigh, but breaking off the weapon near its head, without extracting it, he sailed in among his enemies—and Te Otane was an ugly customer when roused—who now found they themselves were entrapped, and he laid about them with his famous patu until they bolted. Te Otane then left the abode of treachery and went to pa Makeakea. Then from there he sent to collect his men for a punitive expedition.

Tapuae was then a very old man, but he took a keen interest in all the proceedings. Every day he was placed on a high puhara, from which he could see all the operations of the enemy. His three brothers—much younger men than himself—took joint command, while a chief called Wainohu led Tapuae in the attack on the pa, and when the enemy sued for peace, excluding the treacherous Tai-whaka-huka, Te Otane stated he would never be satisfied until he got his heart. He then left for Waimaha, and Te Kahu-o-te-Rangi went back to Mohaka, taking Tai-whaka-huka with him. Te Otane, hearing of this, sent word that if his treacherous relative was allowed to remain he would come and get his heart. Tai-whaka-huka then thought

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it was time to put some considerable distance between himself and Te Otane, so he cleared out to Aro-paoa-nui. Fifty men were sent to take him there, but he escaped to Ahuriri and eventually reached the Wairarapa, where he was placed at the head of a tribe and was later killed in battle. So famous a chief was Te Otane that the Wairarapa tribe cut out the treacherous heart of Tai-whaka-huka and sent it in a calabash to Te Otane as an assurance that his enemy was dead, and at the same time as a token of their own good-will.

To resume my story of Te Otane, I must now state that he built a very fine pa at Taramarama (land formerly in possession of the late T. J. Tunks), and Te Otane, though not noted for having a large number of followers, was famed far and wide for his own individual prowess and the bravery of the men under him. He was therefore often asked by other chiefs to assist them in their warlike expeditions, and sometimes a very peculiar way of seeking such help was adopted. Tapuae was too old a man to lead a taua, and knowing that his children were not born fighters he had no means of avenging the death of his brother-in-law Te Huki, who was killed up north.

Tapuae bethought him of Te Otane, and remembering how he fought Ngati-Hinganga he decided to send out a party to test him and his willingness to help. Taka-puwae was sent to Taramarama with 800 warriors, and Te Otane, believing he was about to be attacked, came out, but with only 250 men. According to Maori custom the chiefs were generally at the rear of the men, directing their movements and encouraging them by word and gesture. Te Otane, full of life and vigour, pranced along the line of his slender force, from one wing to the other, and whatever move he made Taka-puwae met it with similar tactics. Suddenly Te Otane, while at one end of his lines, ordered all his men to lie down, and then advanced single-handed into the open space between the two forces. Taka-puwae did the same. Both men were armed with a long maipi, Te Otane holding his point downwards, and the other kept his point upwards. When the champions got sufficiently near Taka-puwae made the first blow, but Te Otane parried it very skilfully and then got his blow home, passing the maipi into the body of his enemy, whom he suddenly threw on his back, and pinned to the earth like a trussed turkey; and so died Taka-puwae in single combat with the redoubtable Te Otane. The men, having lost their leader, fled back home. Tapuae having now undoubted proofs of the powers of Te Otane, sent for that chief, and the meeting took place on the Wairoa side of the (now called) Scamperdown creek, at pa Hiku-koe-koea, the place of honour being given to the nephew-visitor, whilst a tangi party of Tapuae's children

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rushed to the pa to do honour to the occasion. Tapuae explained to Te Otane why he had sent for him, asking that he would assist in avenging the death of Te Huki. To this Te Otane agreed, also generously deciding to let all other disputes die out. A large taua was made ready, and 2,000 men, so it is stated, marched off to Opotiki, Te Otane leading his own men, and Te Kahu-o-te-Rangi the forces of Tapuae. They marched via the coast, and on reaching Turanganui met with a very cordial reception, though one incident occurred which very nearly upset all the plans made for the avengement of Te Huki. The Turanganui Natives made a great feast in honour of the visitors, and when all was ready to serve up, a portion was specially laid before each chief, according to Maori custom. The tit-bits of the feast comprised two native dogs, one very fat and the other equally lean; and as it happened, the fat one was laid before the lesser chief, Te Kahu-o-te-Rangi, and the lean one before the giant, Te Otane. This, however, was taken as an affront, and Te Otane was about to go back until the brother, Kohuwai, cut a leg off the fat dog and handed it to the offended chief, who then, for the sake of peace, consented to go forward, and a start was made for Opotiki. On the way the force met a man of Apanui tribe, a half toa, half tohunga, who advised that Te Apanui was not concerned in the killing of Te Huki, but that his brother, Tinirau, was the man, and he lived two or three miles nearer the enemy. Te Otane then passed by the prophet and his settlement, and soon came in sight of three pas a mile apart on the coast. The first pa was reached near sundown, and Te Otane decided to attack at once, as he said, while the men's blood was warm from walking. Kohuwai was too venturesome, and when looking through the palisading to discover the strength of the pa he was severely wounded with a spear thrust. Te Otane then decided to withdraw opposite to Tinirau for the purpose of treating the wounded man. This chiefly comprised cauterising the wound with a firebrand to stop the bleeding. The tohunga here again came up, and said he had a prophecy to make. He had had, so he declared, a dream, which told him there was a man of the Kahu tribe(6) coming with a taua; his name was Paetahonga, a big red-headed man (one of the tangata-whenua). If such a man was not present, then he was a false prophet; but if he was in the company, how did they know he was not a god? Then, by orders of Te Otane, each man stood up in succession, but none of them answered the description until a man who had been lying near Te Otane stood up at his call. This was Paetahonga, who was at once claimed by the prophet as the man of his dream, sententiously adding: "You will soon wet Apanui's mat, for you have got him in the palm of your

(6). Ancient name of Kihitu people, Te Kahu.

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hand." Te Otane, then, the signs being favourable, sent forward Kahu-o-te-Rangi in the lead against Te Apanui, he himself keeping in reserve; but the enemy coming out boldly in a most warlike manner, quite terrified Te Kahu-o-te-Rangi, who retreated in a very precipitate manner, as may be gathered from the fact that he put on his dogskin mat inside out! However, he made good his retreat, and it was reserved for Te Otane to take the three pas of Te Apanui, whose mat indeed was wet with blood that night, and the fight only ended next day when there were no more Apanui left to slay. The victors also lost a good many men, the first to fall being Paetahonga, the red-headed man; Te Kahu-o-te-Rangi only got back in time to see Te Otane's men piling up the bodies in hundreds on the Opotiki beach, wherefore is the spot tapu to this very day.

Though several tribal fights took place in the Wairoa district, the Natives as a whole were peaceably inclined, if left alone by their enemies. Only of one such fight can I glean any particulars, and the affair certainly partook of the ludicrous. It took place at Te Uhi, opposite a spot on the Wairoa town side of the river, known now as "Spooner's Point." The attacking party were the Hikawai people, who dwelt in large numbers on the river bank, near the old mill site on the Wairoa-Frasertown road, and the chief who led them was Te Rangi-Tuanui. The dispute was in regard to the succession to the position of chief, Tapuae being deemed a usurper by the Hikawai Natives. The latter defeated "the enemy" in a very peculiar way by surprising them, and tying up hand and foot, with flax ropes, all within the pa, and then treating them with shameful indignity. The victors then left the pa, leaving all the occupants bound. They were released by Moewhare, chief of pa Manuka-nui, which stood on the present site of the Wairoa Post-Office, close to a creek which entered the river there. Among the men tied up that day was the father of Paora Rerepu, afterwards chief of Mohaka. The incident does not seem to have bred any ill-feeling between the two parties, and it is to be hoped that the right man eventually succeeded.

Leaving war aside for the present, yet intimately connected with it, I must mention the decimation of the ranks of the Natives by disease. As far as I can gather, the Natives only once suffered from a great and devastating epidemic. That was on one occasion in 1854, when a large party of Ngati-Porou came through to attend a great tangihanga over Te Apatu (father of Paora Apatu), who was drowned at the Wairoa bar by the capsizing of his canoe. The disease, probably measles, carried off large numbers of the Wairoa Natives as well as the

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Ngati-Porou, many of whom died on the return journey(7). The "remedy" prescribed by the tohungas to counteract the disease was to dip the patients in cold water, with what result may be imagined. Yet to-day the more ignorant section of the Maoris, especially those under the malign influence of the tohunga, adopt the same remedy, the end of which is—death.

I think I have now mentioned all the most important of the Maori wars and raids, if not in these two chapters, then in the one dealing with the coming of Kahungunu, an event which was more conquest by absorption than by victory, the tangata-whenua never being very good at defence. The Mahia-Nuhaka Natives claim that all history arose in that district, and if they mean local Maori history the claim is not, perhaps, extravagant. There are, therefore, a few minor events I must not omit, though I cannot pretend to any chronological order. There is one Maori proverb, "He wahine, he whenua, e ngaro ai te tangata" (Through women and land is man lost), and this was true regarding the relations of the Wairoa sub-tribes at all events—women and land caused most of the local troubles.

One account of the conquest of Tahu states that Parakiwa invited Tureia to Mohaka, apparently to settle there, but the latter replied: "There is not room among such a multitude." "Then," said Parakiwa, "why not slaughter Tahu?" The latter was therefore wiped out in the customary Maori fashion; Tureia took his land, and had great mana on the south side of the river. Some of the incidental "battles" were very small affairs. The narrator says: "So-and-so was wounded with the spear, and that ended the matter." There is a story told of this same Parakiwa, who advised the slaughter of Tahu, that when he first settled at Mohaka he found no one on the land, but was soon joined by Kura-hiki-kawa and Te Rangi-tau. Tahu lived in the country to the south of the Mohaka river. On one occasion Parakiwa and his people went fishing, south of the river mouth, at Te Umu-tutu-hoeata, but Tahu refused permission to fish there. Parakiwa, who was a descendant of Kahungunu, became very angry and determined to fight Tahu, a proceeding to which the latter cheerfully agreed. A fight took place at Whaka-parera, Parakiwa being victor, and the last man killed on Tahu's side was Waewatu. Parakiwa was still on bad terms with Tahu, and on the occasion of Tureia's visit, when the question of room "among the multitude" came up, Parakiwa made a very suggestive grimace, whereon Tureia sent to Heretaunga for his father-in-law, Kahu-tapere, who started out for the appointed rendez-

(7). This undoubtedly refers to the combined expedition against the Whanau-Apanui tribe, set down for 1836. Kopu would have been just in his prime at that date. Many of the Wairoa Natives fled to Wakapunake to avoid the scourge.

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vous. The chief Parakiwa remained on the north side of the river until Kahu's canoe went out to fish; when the latter were returning, the other side (Tureia's men) attacked and slew all the party on the beach. They then took all the pas of Kahu in succession, Te Kokiki, the leading man of Ngai-Tahu, and all the other chiefs being killed. Kahu-tapere's party then became jealous because Tureia got most of the glory—and prisoners—and conceived a scheme to kill him. He got word of this and decided to fall back on Wairoa, reaching pa Manuka-nui, but he was unable to cross to the north side of the river, as all the canoes were on that side. He called for a woman to come over, but she purposely upset the canoe and got back. Kahu-tapere then gave it up and returned to Heretaunga by an inland track, killing a number of inoffensive people on the way merely "to assuage the angry feelings of his heart." Another account of this affair is that when Tureia called on Parakiwa, the latter served out food but omitted any "kinaki," explaining in regard to fish supply that Tahu had the mastery of the sea. After some words Parakiwa pulled down one of his eyelids, which meant that Tahu should be conquered. When the latter heard of this he became very angry, and climbing to the top of a high cliff he shouted numerous insults, which were fittingly replied to. There is a slight conflict as to Tureia's movements at Wairoa. One authority states that he halted at pa Upoko-koha, where the Ferry Hotel now stands, Kahu-tapere camping on the south. The latter's daughter eventually reached pa Manuka-nui, and after the usual tangi his son-in-law said to Kahu-tapere, pointing south: "That is your best road home; where you see a fire, extinguish it." Kahu-tapere replied, making this proviso: "Do not return to your kainga until my footprints have become cold." One explanation of the Mohaka exodus to Nukutaurua is that when the reports of Te Heuheu's raids reached Mohaka everyone left.

Kopu's Day.

Considerable dispute arose in early days owing to one chief giving away the land of his people to other chiefs as though it were his own. Thus Te Whare-umu gave the Whangawehi lands to Te Wera Hauraki, and Ngati-Kahungunu confirmed the transaction. Similarly in the case of Tawapata south. He gave Moutere Nos. 1 and 2, the title descending from Rongomai-wahine to Te Wera out of "aroha" (love), because he returned him to his people after having carried him away a captive. In 1854 a land quarrel arose between Ngati-Iwi-katere and Ngati-Puku. The chiefs on one side were Kopu, Kerei, and Karaitiana, and on the other Rangi-mataeo and Maraki. The guns were brought out, but Maihi Kaimoana and Mr. Hamlin stopped the fight and gave the dis-

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Crossing the Wairoa at Frasertown before the erection of the Bridge

Tama-te-Rangi Bridge spanning the Wairoa at Frasertown

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Marine Parade East in the Seventies

Marine Parade East, 1921

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The "Riverside" (centre) in the Sixties
Built by C. H. Single, father of F. J. Single, Wairoa

Ferry Hotel, North Clyde, 1925
Same site as above

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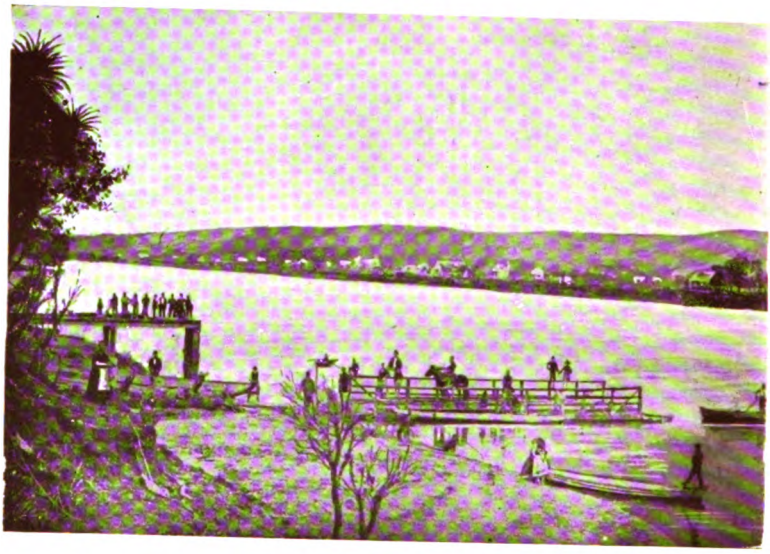
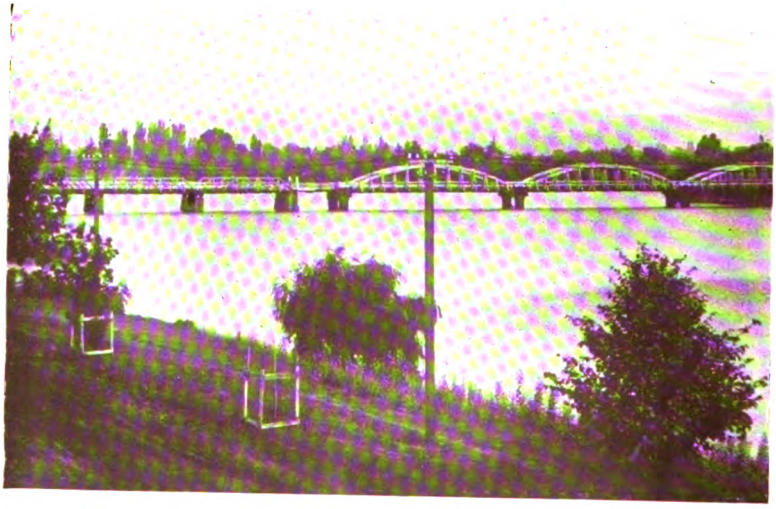


Crossing the Wairoa in the Seventies



The Wairoa Bridge, 1921

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puted land to Tamihana Huata, also Wairau and Ohuia, the titles to which descended from Tauira, and after a dispute Rakaipaaka got possession and his son held it. Then Tai-mapuna, son of Urewera, sent a "karere" to Rangi-tuanui (a descendant of Tauira) inviting him to eat a calabash of huahua. As the guest delayed his coming Tapuae got the delicacy, whereupon Tai-mapuna said Rangi-mataeo should get the land as compensation for his injured feelings(8). There is also another version, namely, that Rangi-tuanui, who had fourteen children, on one occasion attacked and defeated Tai-mapuna. The quarrel arose over such a trifle as a calabash of preserved food, and the remark of Tai-mapuna: "The first get the best food; the last their own saliva." Rangi-tuanui was greatly enraged, and drove Tai-mapuna off the Ohuia lands and occupied in his stead. Ohuia must have been a wonderful spot for eels, the record being that "thousands went there for eels." Every eel pa had a distinct name. A Native Land Court witness gave it in evidence that considerable disturbances arose at Kihitu owing to the removal of the skulls of dead chiefs from there. It was decided that Ohuia was not suitable for a fortified pa, but Tahaenui was, and the old pa was re-erected for the reception of the bones. Tapuae, the great Wairoa chief, had many troubles, especially in his latter days. In addition to being feeble, his men were not brilliant in fight. On one occasion he was defeated at Ohuia and his head was put into a hole and then smeared with eels; he was about to be killed, but Tamao prevented the deed and said: "Don't kill him; let him be the chief of the family."

The signing of the Treaty of Waitangi did not at once stop the blood-lust of the Maori tribes, especially in districts somewhat isolated, such as in the Seventy-mile Bush and Tuhoe Land. In a district like Old Wairoa, where chiefs were in close contact with the main events in current Maori history, it was different. At this time sections of the population had fled elsewhere than to Nukutaurua for safety from the man-eating northern and western tribes, and many of Kopu's people had refuged at a settlement in the Hauraki Gulf with sundry prisoners, till about 1856. War having been stopped by the Treaty, Kopu set out from Wairoa by sea in his own war-canoe with a small party, most of whom were armed with the old flint-lock guns, though according to Kopu the guns were to be loaded but not fired except under orders. On reaching the gulf, near the Maori settlement where were Kopu's people and the prisoners taken in former wars and raids, it was found that, the tide being high in the creek, the hostile shore people were not able to rush Kopu, whose canoe lay on the shore broadside on. Turning it upon its edge, Kopu

(8). There is still another version, and a most likely one, to the effect that "the first-comers got the best of the food, and the others only their own saliva." Moral: Never be late for dinner.

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and his men sheltered behind her, and as fast as his men handed him the loaded guns Kopu maintained a steady fire, killing in the space of a few hours between two and three hundred men (so the story goes), including three or four chiefs of note, after which "the enemy" gave up the sponge, and Kopu brought away his people without losing a man, though he himself sustained a couple of bullet-wounds. The immediate cause of the conflict at the landing place was that Kopu's men had killed a number of pigs belonging to the Ngati-Maru tribe, residing at the spot, otherwise it is probable he would not have been interfered with. A man of the well-known prowess of Kopu could easily have killed the number of men stated while they were wading over the creek singly, especially as the crew was handing him the loaded weapons as he called for them.

Another version of this event, or perhaps it might be better called an extension of it, has been supplied me by Mr. W. Cooper, of Gisborne, and it is additionally interesting in that it throws further light on the doings of the redoubtable warrior Pomare. The spot to which Kopu went in his war-canoe was the Bay of Islands, where he was well received by Pomare, now fallen under the influence of Christianity. He got back his friends, and if the incident already mentioned occurred it was on the way back, after Kopu called at the Little Barrier, in the Hauraki Gulf. In order to understand how such an event could happen in the days of the Treaty I must hark back to about 1818 or 1819. During one of Pomare's raids on the East Coast he visited Wairoa by sea with a small fleet of war-canoes, and landed at Whaka-ahurau, in the bend of the river at Te Uhi. On his left, at the present day Spooner's Point, was Kaimango pa, partly concealed by bush, and on his right (near the top of the cutting) stood Pa-ho, which seemed to Pomare to be a fortress worthy of assault. There was no sign of the enemy, but doubtless Pomare assumed they were waiting for him, and he mounted to the assault. While he was doing so the Kaimango people dashed across suddenly, seized his canoes and beached them on the Wairoa side. Then they indulged in a dance of derision and defiance, but a rude awakening was in store for them. Pomare found Pa-ho was tenantless, and he descended to find his canoes gone. He quickly despatched a section of his men over the hill to cut raupo wherewith to make "mokihis" to enable him to make the passage of the river to punish the Kaimango Natives who had dared to flout the renowned Pomare. Another section lined up on the foreshore and began firing—for they were armed with the new weapon, the old flint-lock pieces—and soon many of the Kaimango people fell, for they were unable to reply, guns not having been introduced at Wairoa. The killed and wounded

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were numerous, and among the former was Te Haputanga, father of Kopu. Soon the manufacture of the mokihis convinced the leaders that their case was hopeless should Pomare get across. In the evening Te Apatu rose in the marae and sang a song descriptive of the power of the guns, and advised a retreat, which was carried out. The women and children, with a few men in charge, were to go out to sea, but the able-bodied men were to remain, to divide up into relays to dance the haka, then to retire into the bush, which lay almost impenetrable on the Wairoa flat. Te Apatu himself went to sea with the bulk of the people, Pomare's canoes proving of great advantage. Among those who went into the bush was Rekihini, father of Haputanga and grandfather of Kopu, then a mere lad, who also stayed behind. On reaching the high land behind Wairoa a pause was made, and the old chief made his grandson swear in Maori fashion that when he grew to man's estate he would avenge the death of his father. Then it was for this purpose he proceeded to the Little Barrier to carry out the utu programme. After securing the release of the prisoners, he called at the Little Barrier, and as he was now also under the influence of Christianity, he felt he could not openly attack, but sought a means of provoking an attack on him by the chief of that place, the man who had killed his father at Kaimango. Observing that the chief owned a very large pig, and that it was the subject of tapu (how that was ascertained is not explained), Kopu entrenched his men, went out and killed the pig. He was at once attacked, and retreating to where his men lay he opened fire, and a regular fight was soon in progress. Kopu's younger brother was killed, and on the other side the enemy was practically wiped out, including the slayer of Kopu's father. As the landing party had previously scuttled the enemy's canoes they were unable to pursue, and Kopu proceeded homewards, having squared his innate conscience with his Christianity.

KO PITIHERA KOPU
He Rangatira No Ngati-Kahungunu
i mate ki te Wairoa
i te tau
1867
Te Hoa tuturu o te
Pakeha
i whakaarahia tenei
kowhatu
i te Kawanatanga o
Niu Terini
Kia Mihi ki te Hou
Kua Ngaro.

(*Translation.*)

In Memory of
PITIHERA KOPU
A Chief of
Ngati-Kahungunu
who died at Wairoa
in the year
1867
The staunch friend of the
Pakeha
This stone is erected by the
Government of New Zealand.

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Minor Events.

There were many fights of a more or less desperate nature over the Opoho lands. Rehu, who lived at or near Nuhaka, fought against Te Kapua-Matotoru, and a good many were killed on either side, 30 or more. After the fight Rehu sent his daughter to visit Te Ipu, and though at first threatened with death, peace was made.

The death of Te Rataau appears to have raised a great war tumult in the Nuhaka-Mahia district. This chief was of high descent, namely, from Manawa. There is considerable conflict as to the cause of Te Rataau's murder. One account is that it arose in a quarrel between Tamawhiti and Te Rataau about Mou-mou-kai and Whiorau, near Morere, Te Rataau having killed and eaten Hine-wharetia at Mou-mou-kai. She was a Nuhaka woman, of the Rakaipaaka tribe, and a relative of Tamawhiti, who quickly took up her case. Ihaka Whaanga's story is probably the correct one. He said Te Rataau was killed on account of the deaths of Rangi-wai-waho and Aku-rarangi-waho, the latter's body being brought to Nuhaka to be eaten, the intention being that Te Rataau should do so. Hinekoro, the wife of Matenga, saw him being eaten, and she hated Rataau for it, and induced her husband to avenge these deaths. Matenga then got the Whakatohea, to which tribe she belonged, to come over, which they did, and sent a messenger to Te Rataau, who lived at Waikawa (Portland Island), inviting him also, but he did not respond to an invitation given by strangers. Then Matenga himself went, and Te Rataau unsuspectingly followed him. Immediately on arrival he was killed by Matenga, who fled north. All the tribes of Wairoa and Mohaka met at Hururangi, Mahia, to avenge Te Rataau's death, and heavy fighting occurred at Haotowhenua and elsewhere, the idea being to exterminate all the Nuhaka tribes. Rakaipaaka were usually defeated, the tribe being divided, one section holding with Whakatohea and one with Te Rataau's people. After Haotowhenua some of Rakaipaaka went to Turanga and others with Tamawhiti to Nuhaka, where they prepared the guns to renew the conflict; they fought and defeated Ngai-Tarewa at Kopuawhara and elsewhere. In those contests, which were quite inconclusive, Ngati-Hine took up the cause of Te Rataau, and Rakaipaaka the other side.

Land Troubles.

When the Hereheretau block was before the Native Land Court, a witness threw an interesting sidelight on Native customs as regards land occupancy. He stated that on one occasion the eldest child of Te Ipu had killed some of the children of Tiati-Maru-tau-o-tea and Tangiiaero. These latter were eaten by Ngati-Hine and Ngati-Ipu, hence the Ngati-Hine proverb, "How sweet the flesh of a chief is." Te Ipu was sad at this, because those eaten were his

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[illegible] Since then all the old disputes have been fought over and over again—and some are still being fought but the weapons are verbal shafts, not spear-heads.

Ihaka Whaanga, the last of the race of Old Wairua's warriors, died in 1875, and the Crown erected at Nuhaka a memorial stone, inscribed as follows:—

He Tohu Aroha Mo IHAKA WHAANGA. He Rangatira No Ngati-Kahungunu. He hoa piri tonu ki te Pakeha. He kai Hapai i te ture. I mate ki te Mahia Tihema 14, 1875. Na te Kawanatanga tenei tohu i whakatu.	(Translation) In Memory of IHAKA WHAANGA. A Chief of Ngati Kahungunu. A Firm Friend of the European and Supporter of the Queen's Laws. Died at Mahia, 14th Dec., 1875. This Monument is erected by the Government.

On the top of an isolated hill at the southern extremity of the Mahia peninsula—on what must at one time have been an island, named Tera-Paikea—Ihaka Whaanga, chief of Rakai paaka, is buried. In the same sacred spot the following famous chiefs are interred:—Wiremu Te Paihau, Te Teira Toheriri, Hamuera Te Runga and others.

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CHAPTER XIII

EARLY DAYS

FIRST WHITE TRADER—WHO WAS FIRST?—FIRST WHITE MAN—THE WHITE CHIEF—STORY OF BURNS—ALONE AMONG CANNIBALS—THE EXODUS—BURNS AND THE TATTOO—THE HAANGI.

In a former chapter I referred to the difficulty of securing information as to the early days of Te Wairoa, especially in locating the first white resident; and though I have almost wearied many of my informants to supply the omission, I have so far failed to locate a purely Wairoa man.

First White Trader.

From the evidence of Henare Mihingare, given in the Native Land Court, it appears that the first European who arrived at Nuhaka was a man named "Henare," or "Hare," in a vessel called the "Pane" (Fanny). This craft called in at Waikokopu, and Hare took a chief named Waaka Toroawhiti, and Kohai, with him to Sydney. As a result of the visit of Hare or Harris, already referred to, as a flax-factor, the tribes "began to scrape flax" and with great feverishness and energy, the raw material being abundant on every hand. Rakaipaaka, Ngai-te-manuhiri, and Ngai-te-Aomate especially began to turn out great quantities of flax. Labour in those days was plentiful and decidedly cheap, for the Maoris knew no labour laws to increase the cost of living, and the slave might as well die at the primitive scutching apparatus as be immolated in the haangi Maori. One small cask of powder was payment for a very large heap of flax, hence it will readily be inferred that the object of all this unwonted energy was the possession of firearms. Ihaka Whaanga mentions also that at the time when Te Wera Hauraki(1) came to live at Te Mahia a European, whom he also names "Hare," came

(1). Te Wera was the first man to ride a horse in this district, travelling from Nuhaka to Wairoa on one occasion in that manner, and the performance excited great wonderment among the Maoris, who looked upon him as a god. The first horses were brought to New Zealand in 1814. See the account of the famous canoe "Te Toki-a-Tapiri." The modern sequel is that "the iron horse" is now traversing the same route, and at my request the then Public Works Minister, Hon. J. G. Coates, kindly caused the name "Taika" to be inscribed on the ballast-engine to mark the feat of Te Wera.

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from Wellington to Mahia. He first brought guns into the district, and all the tribes, as far as Heretaunga, attempted to scrape flax to buy guns. The possession of guns then became almost a mania, and as "the people were numerous," they got through a vast amount of work with this object before them. Nowhere in my incursions into ancient Maori history have I been able to ascertain the relative value of a musket in flax, but the late Mr. S. Percy Smith states that the Urewera often paid over from three to five slaves for a musket, and two or three for a small keg of powder. A ton of flax was often given by the Waikato or Nga-Puhi for one or two muskets, and it frequently cost a small hapu as much as 100 tons of flax to ensure defence against their musket-armed enemies. So keen were the Maoris to ensure a successive supply of flax that Tureia, chief of Mohaka, brought flax plants from there and planted largely those portions of Hereheretau block which were not then growing flax, or where it had been killed out by injudicious management.

Who was First?

Later on I will submit a list of the early settlers, or some of them, but I doubt very much if the very first white resident will be found amongst them, for even Harris, the flax-factor, could not be called a "resident." Occasional visitors touched here, but they only stopped a short time—mere birds of passage, and some, I fear, birds of prey. Most authorities agree that the first white men to visit Te Wairoa were whalers, but these could never be called settlers in the true sense of the term, as they were simply sea-rovers—here to-day and gone to-morrow—and sometimes, owing to their own ill-conduct, they "stood not upon the order of their going," but got away as speedily as possible from the reach of the war-club(2). Mr. W. Dinwiddie, in a paper read before the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Society, gave some facts which go to show that my estimate of the population was not far out—that in fact Hawke's Bay was, towards 1850, a favourite resort from justice, as had been the case with the Bay of Islands at an earlier date. In May, 1829, two armed police arrived in Wellington from the East Coast, with a prisoner who some time before had escaped from the gaol-gang and made his way to Hawke's Bay. The escort reported that while at Ahuriri they saw one James Brown, described as a deserter from the 90th Regiment, who was with a mob of Taupo Natives crying over "Jacky Tie" (Tiakitai), who was drowned while voyaging to Nuhaka(3) the previous year. They tried to arrest him, but

(2). In 1825 the sealing and whaling fisheries were transferred from Tasmania to New Zealand, and not many years after, as many as 131 whaling vessels lay on one occasion at the Bay of Islands. A very common designation for Kororareka in early days was "Hell"—and not far out, either.

(3). Tiakitai was the grandfather of the late Mrs. Airini Tonore (Donnelly), Hawke's Bay.

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the Taupo men would not give him up, saying they would take him to Auckland and claim 18 months' board and lodging for him! Whether they ever did this or not I cannot discover, but the Wellington *Independent* stated that Brown had turned a complete savage. In 1844, reports the *Spectator*, lawlessness was rampant at Mahia, the "Hoturangi" being plundered at Waikokopu of goods and money by white men connected with the whaling stations. (Here, again, let it be noted that it was the Pakeha and not "the untutored savage" that caused trouble.) By the exertions of a Mr. Perry, of Waikokopu, and with the aid of the Natives, the robbers were traced and a considerable proportion of the property recovered. Four white men were apprehended on suspicion, and as the "Hoturangi" was too small to take them to Wellington they were allowed to go at large, the Natives undertaking to prevent their escape. Even at Mohaka there were many acts of lawlessness committed, and I am not sure that the Natives were always to blame, though in one special case it is said they were. Mr. Alexander, of Napier, had a trading station at Waikari in 1847, Mr. W. Thompson representing him. One night the house caught fire, and Thompson's wife and two children were burned to death. The Maoris were credited with the outrage, "as they had been refused payment by the trader for some undelivered pigs." No one was brought to justice, however.

First White Man.

Coincident with the introduction of Christianity, probably the first white man to live among the Maoris of Turanganui was a man named J. W. Harris (referred to earlier in this chapter), who was acting as flax-factor or agent for Montefiore and Co., of Sydney, flax-dealers. Harris, accustoming himself to the ways of the Natives, soon became their "Pakeha," and was quite indispensable to those who desired to trade. At that time every tribe of any pretensions, and especially every tribe that desired to carry on a successful trade, had to possess a "Pakeha" or more to carry on negotiations with the European flax-buyers—the owners of the much-coveted guns and gunpowder. Harris was treated in a most generous manner, recalling many of the incidents in the life of John Rutherford, the White Chief. He was given, in fact, all that it was in the hands of the Maoris to give. Possibly the only things he had to fear were the consequences attendant upon a breach of the tapu, or disregard of some other time-honoured or sacred custom. On one occasion, Bishop Williams told me, a Pakeha—whom he thinks was not Harris—nearly lost his life through an unwitting breach of the tapu, and at the same time the tribe nearly lost its invaluable "Pakeha." He told Bishop Williams that he was strolling through the pa when he saw a chief's son

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Barnet Burns, First White Man at Mahia

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Barnet Burns, the Tattooed White Man

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take up a stick and begin to thrash his mother unmercifully. The woman made a great outcry, naturally, with the result that there was a great disturbance in the village marae. The Pakeha stepped forth and gave the undutiful son a smart box on the ear. This brought about at once a regular hullabaloo. The belaboured woman, the son, and the chief himself all joined in, and the angry faces of the Natives showed plainly that in striking the chief's son, who was a tapu personage, the Pakeha had practically signed his own death warrant, whilst sundry warriors sprang to their feet, clubs in hand, ready to do their chief's bidding. On slight reflection, however, the chief wisely ruled that the Pakeha had acted, not in defiance, but in ignorance of Maori custom, and he therefore did not give the order that would have sent him to a speedy death, and in this manner the tribe retained its high dignity and its "Pakeha" at the same time. Judge Maning mentions a similar case in his *Old New Zealand.*

Mention is made in this work, on the authority of the late Bishop W. L. Williams, of the fact that John William Harris was the first European to settle in the Poverty Bay, or Turanganui district as it was then called. There can be no doubt that Mr. Harris, who engaged in various trading enterprises, was also the father of the whaling industry on the East Coast, having established a station in Turanganui River as far back as 1837. This was subsequently removed, for convenience of sighting and working the harvest of the sea, to Papawhariki, near Tuamotu Island. Interest in the association of J. W. Harris with the early settlement of the East Coast has been revived by the discovery at Tuamotu Island of a small cannon once owned by him, and which it is recorded he once used to advantage in assisting his Maori friends in an intertribal war. How the cannon got into the possession of Mr. Harris is not yet known, but it could easily have been bought from one of the visiting traders or whalers from Sydney. Be that as it may, the *Poverty Bay Herald* has unearthed a good deal of information in connection with its use in actual warfare. It was employed by Mr. J. W. Harris in supporting an attack on a Maori stronghold in the district of Waikohu, with what result is not known yet, but apparently it enabled the attackers to rush the pa and slaughter the defenders, Mr. Harris being the rescuer of a lad of high lineage, who lived many years to bless his name. Wi Pere at one time fixed the date at 1832, and placed on record the fact—already mentioned by me—that "the first European who came here was 'Ben' Harris"—why "Ben" is not explained. "He went into the pa," said Wi Pere, "with long boots full of bullets." This was referred to Mr. Cooper, a trustworthy Native interpreter, and he suggests the phrase is probably a case

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of faulty interpretation, and probably should have read: "A long gun full of bullets," a clear reference to the cannon now found at Tuamotu Island.

The above incident opens up a page in the early history of Turanganui in which the Wairoa tribes were concerned, and it is not fitting that it should be omitted here. For the facts, as gleaned, I am indebted to the *Poverty Bay Herald*. The ancient Maoris had a practice of associating particular pas in which men of note resided as "rangatira" pas, such as the one that existed near the site of Lake House, Waikaremoana, Te Kiwi. Similarly, a battle in which many chiefs of note were engaged would be called a rangatira fight. Such probably was the last big Maori engagement on the Turanganui flats, otherwise known as the battle of Kekeparaoa ("armpit of the whale"). The late Wi Pere in 1897 gave some details of this event during the hearing of what was called "the Rangatira case," famous in the annals of the Native Land Court. From this and additional records it is disclosed that the Nga-Potiki or local tribe split over a certain matter, half of them taking in the Whakatohea, or Bay of Plenty people. The other section of the Nga-Potiki organized an opposing force, drawing assistance from the fighting bloods extending from Wairoa to Tolaga Bay. The participants included none other than the famous Te Wera, who organized Hone Heke's historic fight at Rotorua, involving the dragging of canoes along Hongi's track to Mokoia. Te Wera came over with the Wairoa bloods, including Te Apatu, Kaimoana, and Rangi-mataeo. On this occasion Kaimoana had as a weapon a European axe, a present made to one of the East Coast Natives by Captain James Cook, which weapon is reported to be in the possession of Mr. Paetai Wilson, of Whakaki, a grandson of Kaimoana. Te Wera, as I said, assisted in the assault and defeat of the Bay of Plenty tribe entrenched with Nga-Potiki at Kekeparaoa. The first fight of the engagement, according to Mr. Cooper, the well-known authority on Native matters, took place near Mr. Holdsworth's at Puha, the trenches of which may still be seen near the railway line. But the big fight occurred near Puha. The rebel section was driven out and took up their defence at the Kekeparaoa pa, which is located on the left of the Whatatutu road, among some pine trees. The attackers were in a pa further along the road. The Wairoa section was located on the opposite side of the river, below the late Hon. W. D. S. MacDonald's former homestead.

Wi Pere records that the Kekeparaoa pa was invested and reduced by starvation. They held out for a month; Nga-Potiki Bay of Plenty forces were attacked and killed when they came out for food. One chief, Te Awariki, came out on the promise

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that his life would be spared, but he was killed. In detailing the fight he stated that the pa was absolutely stormed out. Mr. Cooper adds that the pa was rushed. A few bloods succeeded in getting into the fortifications, driving the defenders out. The attackers lined up and only members of the leading local families were saved, the others being slaughtered by the warriors as they emerged; and on this occasion J. W. Harris, or "Ben" Harris, as Wi Pere called him, was responsible for saving the life of a Whaka-tohea chief. I may add, on the authority of Mr. Cooper, that the head of Te Awariki fell to Te Apatu, of Te Waiora, and it was buried at Waihirere.

The White Chief.

Harris used to visit Te Mahia until the arrival of a man named Barnet Burns (1820), who was a contemporary of Harris and represented the same firm. He carried on a very profitable trade with the Natives of Te Mahia and Te Wairoa, vessels being dispatched regularly to Sydney with flax fibre dressed in the crude methods then only known to the owners of the soil. Burns became so intimate with the Natives that he practically surrendered his own individuality and adopted all the customs of the Natives, even undergoing the ordeal of the tattoo, his face being adorned with all the beautiful curves and spirals of that decorative art. It did not improve the appearance of Burns in any way, and certainly he bore in his face the exemplification of the old saying—"Beauty unadorned's adorned the most." He often told a story of having been captured by the Maoris and compelled to be as one of themselves, but this story Bishop Williams told me he did not quite credit. It was true, however, that Burns disappeared from the district rather suddenly and was no more seen.

Story of Burns.

The full story of this remarkable man was unearthed in 1911 by Mr. James Cowan, in the Dominion Museum in Wellington, and the pamphlet is yet there for anyone to see. In accordance with the early times in which it was printed, it bore a long title, which is worth quoting here:—"A Brief Narrative of a New Zealand Chief, being the Remarkable History of Barnet Burns, an English Sailor, with a Faithful Account of the way in which he became a Chief of one of the Tribes of New Zealand, together with a few Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the People, and other Interesting Matter, written by himself." Readers of the adventures of Rutherford, the White Chief, will find it an "ower true tale" of early times, and the autobiographer supports his statements of his own existence and story by two woodcuts (not quite up to modern art), which by right of purchase I am enabled to reproduce. One is a depiction of Barnet Burns, show-

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ing that he had been most elaborately and closely tattooed from the top of his forehead to his chin in the most artistic fashion of the day. The other woodcut shows "B. Burns, a New Zealand Chief," attired in one of those now rare kiwi-feather or dogskin--covered cloaks, with a short flax mat round his waist, Maori ornaments hanging from his neck, and the topnot (koukou) of his long hair tied up in chief-like style, adorned with three huia feathers, while the rest of his hair flows down over his shoulders. In his tatua (belt), made of the native flax, there is stuck a stone mere; in his hand he holds a long tongue-pointed and feathered taiaha. Not only is his face tattooed, but graceful spiral tattoo patterns adorn his legs. Round his ankles he wears peculiar ornaments like a row of white stones, after the Polynesian fashion. Scattered round about him—and doubtless inserted for effect—were many of the accessories of "a New Zealand chief" of the cannibal era. On the ground at his feet is a human thigh-bone, and on the other side a tattooed Maori head. There is a Maori whare near-by, and in the background a wrecked ship with the waves breaking over her.

After a long preface, showing reasons for the publication—the principal one being that he wanted money—he opens his narrative, and as I am loth to see it lost to the world as a record of the bad old times I give the account nearly in full. "I left England," states Burns, "in the year 1827, in the brig 'Wilna,' with Captain Tate, bound for Rio de Janeiro, touching at the Western Islands." At Rio, he explains, all hands were paid off and he reached Sydney, New South Wales, in the barque "Nimrod." At Sydney he spent two years in the service of the Bank of Australia. He then joined the brig "Elizabeth," Captain Browne, bound on a trading voyage to New Zealand for flax. The brig was on the New Zealand coast for nearly eight months, during which time Burns picked up the Maori language and was able to speak it fairly fluently. Peculiarly, though, the word "Maori" never occurs anywhere in his narrative; he invariably speaks of the people as "New Zealanders," or "Natives." As a matter of fact the Maoris themselves did not use the word except to designate something common or ordinary. Thus, "wai wera" was hot water, but "wai maori" was ordinary or cold water. But to resume the story. Burns took a great fancy to New Zealand, and determined to return from Sydney and settle here. Eventually, in February, 1829, Burns was appointed a trading master for a well-known Sydney merchant, L. Baron Montefiore, already referred to, and under agreement with that gentleman proceeded to Mahia peninsula to trade for flax and other New Zealand commodities. Burns's wages were fixed at £4 per month, together with a commission of 5 per cent. on all flax, to be valued at £12 per ton. Burns sailed from Sydney for Mahia in the

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schooner "Darling," which called at "Corfier" (Kawhia is probably meant; Burns's spelling of Maori names is very funny) and "Mocaw" (Mokau) to land a trading master at each place, then at "Taranackia" (Taranaki) and at Entry Island (Mana), arriving at last at Mahia after a voyage of four months. At Mahia settlement the schooner landed Burns, with his trade goods, and then sailed for the Bay of Islands, leaving Burns alone on shore.

Alone Among Cannibals.

Anyone must admit it was a nerve-racking time for the venturesome trader, alone with cannibals that first night on shore at Te Mahia. Probably there was not one man of his own race within 100 miles or so of him. It was a time when the man-slayers and man-eaters of the north and south were on the warpath, the intertribal raids being rendered doubly destructive and disastrous by the introduction of guns and gunpowder, both placing the weak tribes at the mercy of the strong. As before mentioned, the Maori people welcomed the trader and his "taonga," especially weapons of war, but even then he had to be very wary or the haangi might easily be his fate, though the average Maori cannibal was of the opinion that the sailors tasted rather salty! However, Burns landed his "trade" in canoes and stored it in a whare. "Directly I landed," he says, "the chief whom I had particularly selected to trade with left me; so I had the whole charge on my hands. I was obliged to carry my musket and constantly sleep with it by my side; in fact, I had to keep watch all the time. Then, for the first time since I took my fancy to visit New Zealand, I felt frightened at my situation; I knew I was not sure of my life an hour. In the course of a few days my trading chief returned with a large quantity of flax. I traded with him by giving powder, muskets, shot, blankets, tobacco, etc. I stopped here for nearly eleven months before I received any news from my employer, when at last a vessel arrived from Sydney, sent down to receive the stock that I might have on hand. At the time the ship arrived it was a poor time for the trade in the place, so they had orders to take away the trade." Surely now was Burns in a dire predicament. His mana depended on the goods he might possess, and this was about to be taken away. He surrendered the flax, and the trade left over, to the firm's agent. This made trouble among the Natives and boded no good for Burns, though he was under the protection of the chief, whose name was printed "Awhawee." He had married this chief's young daughter, and she was about to be accouched. What else could he do but stay at Te Mahia? "The vessel left and I was left behind," states Burns. "Words cannot express in what state my feelings were; suffice it to say it would have been better if I had been dead. The ship, which contained all

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my friends and countrymen, leaving me at one side; and on the other my wife, who would not quit her native country; and as she was on the point of lying-in I could not bring myself to leave the country with the ship." The ship's sails are spread, and the vessel heads off for Portland Island and is soon hull down, civilization has departed, and in the background the dark forests, peopled by savage tribes; no wonder Burns was sad. Life as a Pakeha-Maori and a probable father of the tribe opened up for him.

Then his troubles, not unanticipated, began. Spies belonging to a distant tribe—he called them "Wattihabitties," meaning probably the "Whatu-i-Apiti" in the Napier district—came. The object was plunder, and when Burns told his chief about it, he could only tangi and advise an immediate scuttle to Turanganui and safety. Burns loaded up a canoe with his taonga, his wife and the chief, and manned by some slaves the craft headed for Turanganui.

The Exodus.

On the beach stood the Mahia women making their customary laments, cutting themselves with sharp implements, until, as Burns says, "the blood came streaming from them," it grieved them so much that the almost indispensable "Pakeha" should have to leave for want of the protection that could be afforded by a capable chief and a strong band of warriors. The voyage was a rough one, and owing to the heavy sea running the canoe party had to put in at "Wyshee," or Waihi, where they were weather-bound some time, so that eventually they tramped the whole way through the bush to Turanganui, finding friends there in great numbers, the goods being even more welcome than Burns himself. Here he was safe for a time, as he thought, living inland under the protection of a well-armed tribe. He writes thus of his experiences there: "I think this is the finest and most beautiful of all the island—at least what I saw of it. Here I found plenty of game, such as ducks, pigeons and other kinds of birds; plenty of pork, potatoes, melons and Indian corn, and every kind of vegetable in abundance." Then war—which was the normal state of the Maoris at that time—broke out with another near-by tribe able to put about 600 men in the field, and of course Burns must fight with his hosts. He says: "It was now for the first time I went to battle, it being my chief's particular wish for me to accompany him. I needed but very little pressing to take this step, as I thought it was better to go than stop behind by myself. I gave them all the muskets I had, also all the powder and shot. So we went out from here for a place called Mariaathe"—[What place that was I cannot divine, unless it was Maraetaha]—"I dare say nearly 700 of us. We had to strike right through the

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country about 20 miles to where we heard the enemy were. On the day we arrived we perceived a great deal of smoke arise in different places, from which we thought the enemy were not far off. We had a dog along with us, a common thing among New Zealanders, who generally take these animals with them when they are going to war. We intended to lie in ambush the night we perceived the smoke; but the dog having made its way right to where the enemy lay, the foe, finding it to be a strange dog, seized it and made it fast round the leg with a piece of cord, by which means, with the help of a person who was piloted by the dog, they discovered where the whole of us lay, and took the opportunity of making their escape, for when we came on the following morning to where we thought they were we found them gone. We pursued them, but could only take four persons, who were some of the slaves that were employed carrying their provisions. They were shot and devoured; on which the tribe performed a war-dance, and then proceeded home again."

On returning home after this abortive expedition Burns again took up trading in flax and pigs, and as a vessel was daily expected he went inland about 28 miles to Mutu (Motu), where he took over a quantity of dressed flax. While at the spot his people were suddenly attacked by the "Knightarangy" (Ngai-te-Rangi). "There were not many of us, to be sure," said Burns, "but we gave battle to a man, were beaten and every soul killed, and not only killed but eaten, except myself, whom they spared, making a prisoner of me, thinking thereby to secure a ransom from my chief for me. They took me along with them in the bush; they had no houses belonging to them, being a regular wandering tribe." Burns was now in a very perilous position indeed, threatened with death at any moment at the hands of the savages; but, like many a "Pakeha" in a similar position, he found favour with the young daughter of the chief, and though his life was spared he got no opportunity of making good his escape.

Burns and the Tatu.

It was at this time that Burns was given into the hands of a Maori artist for the purpose of being tattooed. Burns tells the story thus: "When I found there was no chance of making an escape, I tried to make them all think I was getting very partial to them, and by this means I found I was both loved and respected by them. On one of these occasions the chief took an opportunity of telling me that it was the wish of the chiefs under him, not his own, that I should allow myself to be tattooed after the manner of his subjects. I asked him what was the reason for wishing it, and he told me it was merely to make sure I should stop along with them, bring them trade, fight for them, and in

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every way make myself their friend. I told this old man, who had a great regard for me, that I did not fancy the tribe and I could not stop along with them; that I was losing a great deal of time by stopping along with them, and that I never gave them reason to serve me so. I was losing all my trade, I was losing my time; in fact, I told them that I should kill myself if I could not get away." Not long after there was a regular fracas in the bush, and but for the promise to be tattooed and to fight with the tribe he would have been killed then and there. Anger turned to demonstrations of joy, and then, adds Burns: "For the purpose of getting extra liberty, I told them to commence tattooing me as soon as possible. They immediately began the operation, the priest cutting into the flesh with bone instruments, which were horribly painful." When the operation was barely half completed Burns made his escape, and after travelling three days, bare-footed, through the bush he rejoined his former friends, who gave him a regular *feu-de-joie*, and soon a war-party set out to punish "the enemy," but he could not be found. Burns went up the "Tooronga" River (Turanga) to buy flax, and the tribe with which he was operating was attacked by the "Walkathowas" (Whakatohea), a tribe consisting of 400 men, women and children. Burns left with his flax. Then the tribe he had left, the "Biddiraakos" (Pirirakau, the Bush-dwellers), prepared for a campaign against the "Walkathowas." Burns's tribe was called upon to help, and all the warriors set out on the warpath. Burns accompanied them, having the command of 150 men himself. The war-party was 600 strong. "We marched to the Walkathowas' pa, which was very strong; we surrounded it for three weeks, during which time several persons were shot and devoured." Bishop Williams wrote me anent this remarkable man:—"Burns certainly came to Mahia about 1830. His story is embellished somewhat. Harris, who lived in Turanganui for many years, came in the same boat and traded for the same firm, but at Turanganui. Harris and others whom he found in this (Turanganui) district knew Burns well, but he had left New Zealand before 1840. The story of his having been taken prisoner and tattooed against his will is a fabrication, as those who knew him used to say that he submitted to the operation of his own accord, and paid the operator a musket for his services."

The Haangi.

But to return to the story of Burns. One of the victims of his cannibal friends was the wife of the enemy chief, captured while escaping, and quickly destined for the haangi, the poor creature being a witness to the preparations and the disposal of the best portions of her body. Says Burns: "One said he would have a leg, another an arm, and another her heart, etc., etc., until she was shared

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Rev. E. Regnier, First Catholic Priest

Rev. W. Lambert,
First Anglican Minister

Rev. P. J. Riddle,
Second Presbyterian Minister

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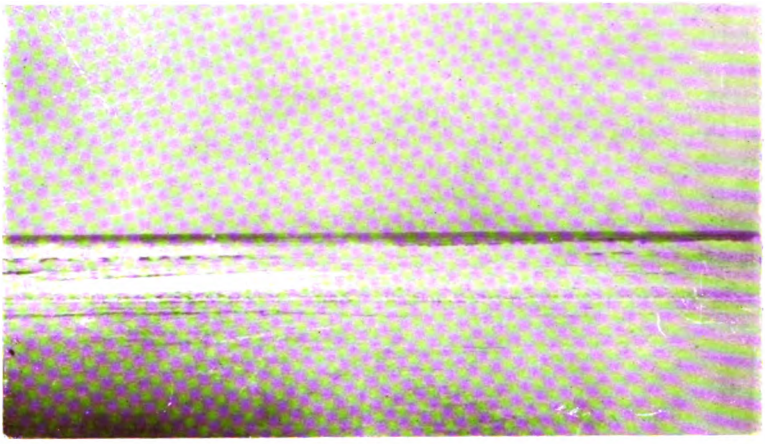
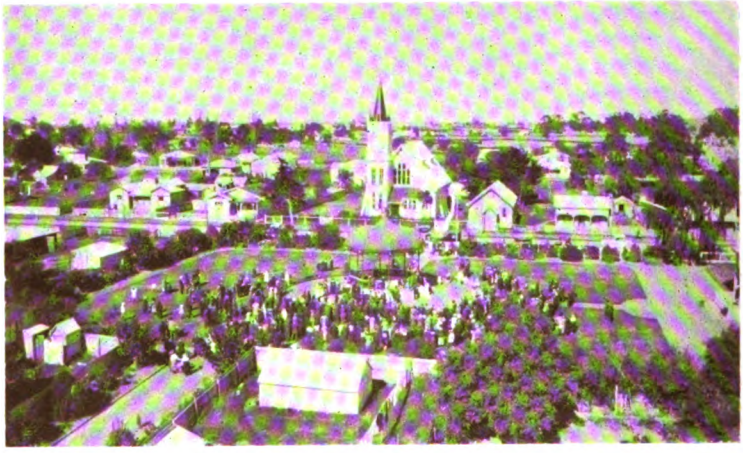


The Opoutama Beach—"The Brighton of Hawke's Bay"



Coronation Square on Anzac Day, 1921

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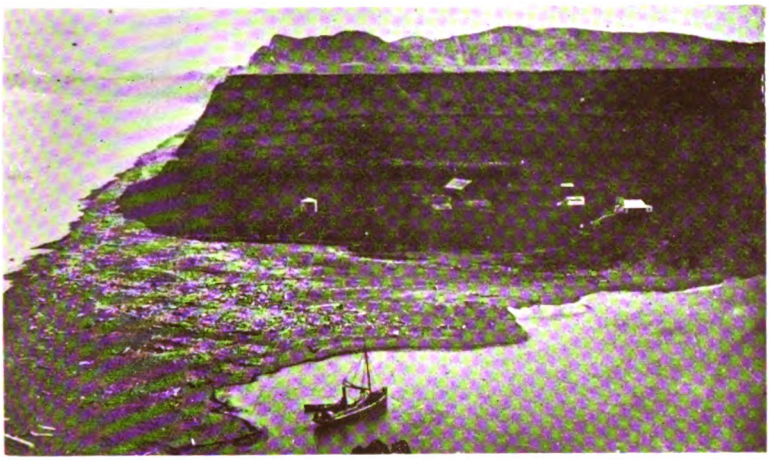

Mohaka in the Seventies
The building nearest the sea is the Blockhouse

The Wairoa, at Turiroa

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"Joe" Carroll
Father of Sir James Carroll, M.L.C.

Sir James Carroll, K.C.M.G.
Father of Waikaremoana Sport

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amongst them. Then she was ordered to prepare some potatoes for cooking with herself, and to gather green leaves for the oven. The savage made a large earth stove, laid the leaves on the hot stones, tied both legs together herself, and then asked one of the party to tie her hands. When this was done she took a friendly leave of two or three persons whom she knew and then threw herself down on the leaves. When she was over the fire she begged some of the party to knock her brains out, but this they would not do; they kept her on the fire a few minutes, then laid potatoes over her and covered her with earth—aye, before life was half gone—until she was cooked fit for eating. I assure you, so sweet is the flesh of a New Zealander—an enemy—esteemed by these people that part of this woman's body was sent upwards of 300 miles off to other friends, merely that they might have a taste." The siege lasted some time, and it was ended by a storming party. Says Burns: "We effected an entrance and made every soul it possessed a prisoner—about 400 in number. When we brought the prisoners out they were all regularly shared between each tribe; and I myself was an eye-witness to about 60 being killed and eaten." Burns mentions what really was a fact, that if a chief were killed his head was generally cut off to be preserved according to a regular art and sold for export! "The bodies," stated Burns, "were cut up in quarters, something like the way you see a pig cut up by a butcher; not a single particle of the bodies goes to waste. . . . They have also a method of preparing human flesh for the purpose of travelling, which is done by making a fire underneath a grating of vines. They then lay the flesh over the smoke of the vines until it becomes quite dry. Such is the way they get meat ready for travelling"(4). The war ended, Burns laid down his weapons of offence and went on with his trading, the long-expected vessel having arrived. He agreed with the skipper to trade for him at the modest sum of £3 a month. He shifted to "Onawa" (Uawa), 30 miles further on the coast, where flax was plentiful. On his arrival with his family and relations, he found himself forestalled by another white man trading for Captain Kent, but instead of becoming dangerous rivals they decided to take a side of the Uawa each. He stayed in this spot for three years, securing over 100 tons of flax for the Sydney manufacturers. "This was the place," he says, "where I enjoyed happiness. This was the place where I was tattooed—at least, where the remaining part of my face was marked, and not only my face, but my body. I do not mean that I have been tattooed altogether against my will, as I submitted to have the latter part done. In fact, I

(4). Calabashes of preserved foods called "huahua" were sent often from the Urewera to chiefs whom the ruling men desired to propitiate or whose aid they sought.

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thought within myself, as one part of my face was disfigured, I might as well have it done completely, particularly as it would be of service to me—and so it was. In the first place, I could travel to any part of the country, amongst my friends, if I thought proper. I was made, and considered, chief of a tribe of upwards of 600 persons, consisting of men, women and children. I could purchase flax when others could not. In fact, I was well liked amongst the rest of the chiefs as if I had been their brother." It was while trading in the Bay that Burns heard of three white sailors having been captured by an East Cape chief called, as he writes it, "Cotahrow," and with a force of 60 men he sailed for the place of their captivity, and rescued them from prison and the haangi Maori. Thence came the call of the blood. Burns began to long for home, and in six months a vessel called the "Bardaster," of Liverpool, commanded by Captain T. J. Chalmers, arrived in the Bay. Burns resolved to leave by her and have a settlement in Sydney with his employer. The ship went on to Turanganui and Burns joined her there, his wife and children and relations travelling to the Bay with him. "I had now," he writes, "to take leave of my wife and children, her friends, and all my other acquaintances. I cannot describe how the Natives felt; but, however, I will say for myself that no man ever left a place more regretfully than I did when leaving New Zealand." The ship called at Queen Charlotte Sound on her way back to Sydney to buy whalebone from the white whalers at Te Awaiti and elsewhere. Here Burns detected and frustrated a plan on the part of the Maoris—not less than 50 canoes came off to the ship—to seize and plunder the vessel. Then up anchor for Sydney. "This ended my adventures in New Zealand," says Burns. "The gentlemanly, kindly way in which the captain of the 'Bardaster' used me, to whom I shall always return my most sincere thanks, induced me to stop in his ship and return with him to England, after an absence of eight years, glad enough to see my countrymen, to whom I have been no less an object of curiosity than of commiseration."

Thus ends the story of Barnet Burns, probably the first and only white man of his day living in the Mahia district. Those who doubt that cannibal deeds were done in the days of which I write must not forget that in 1818 worse things stood to the discredit of Rauparaha and his man-slaying, man-eating hordes. Bishop Williams, I know, does doubt Burns's tale of cannibalism(5), so I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

(5). It may be that the Bishop was not in touch with all the inland tribes, or was loth to admit the apparent failure of Christianity to subdue cannibal practices.

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CHAPTER XIII—*Continued*

EARLY DAYS

AHURIRI OR "HOUREDE"—THE WHALERS—AUCKLAND'S FIRST "PUB"—A CHARACTER SUMMARY—THE TRADING TRIBE—FARMING THE FLAT—THE MAORI NATURE.

"Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered as a tale that's told,
They pass away."

Ahuriri or "Hourede."

This chapter cannot well be begun without a brief mention, at least, of Old Hawke's Bay, seeing that Old Wairoa was very much dependent then on the goodwill and good offices of its neighbour. True, in very oldest days the infant township of Napier had not a Pandora's box, full of gifts for Wairoa, but what she had she gave freely—Hope. The Ahuriri was little known to outsiders prior to 1851. "I think it was about the year 1851-52," said a chronicler, "that rumour first reached Wellington of the large tracts of fine country open for occupation at 'Hourede,' as Ahuriri was generally rendered(1). My earliest recollection of this district was hearing a shearer in a Palliser Bay shed aver that he had been in that part of the country, that it was all grass, and that a coach-and-four could be driven 50 miles on end through it! Just before this a party had passed up the coast, escorting the Chief Land Commissioner, Mr. McLean, with a horse laden with coin, and a man in charge with a musket. All sorts of stories were told of the destination of this party and of their adventures—how the pack-horse had bolted with the money-bags, how he was about to be shot by the man with the musket, how that catastrophe did not come off owing to the horse suddenly pulling up, how a big meeting was held at Waipukurau, 2,000 men, women and children attending, and how they each got 2s. 6d. to cede all the land from Dan to Beersheba. The land was somewhere, but what was it like? I met a man who had been round the East Coast in a small vessel,

(1). Other names for Ahuriri were Aoriri, Auridi, and Haurere.

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and asked him if he knew 'Hourede.' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I called in there in the —— schooner. We sailed into a big swamp, and landed in the bottom of a gully. On clambering up an immense hill I saw nothing but a long sand-spit, the Pacific on one side, and everlasting swamps and snowy mountains on the other.' 'But,' said I, 'there must surely be fine country somewhere about there?' 'No such thing,' he said; 'the dry land is all sand and fleas, and the fluids are all salt or stinking bad water.' He added that 'there were some cliffs, but that Captain Rhodes had bought them for a bale of blankets and a few muskets to settle a whaling station.'"

The ancient name of Scinde Island, on which the flourishing town of Napier now stands, was Mataruahou, the block having been originally purchased for the Crown on the 11th April, 1855, from the chief Tareha te Moananui, for the sum of £50 and the promise of two small sections when Napier became a town!(2). A Maori scholar, looking at the name, would cut it up into three words, thus: "Mata," a face; "rua," a hole; and "hou," new. From this, reading backwards, we get "new, hole, face." Like many Maori place-names, it was founded on an incident that happened away in the dim past. It is said that one of the early aboriginals who was on the Spit side of the Napier bluff, at a spot called Whata-a-puka (the Maori name for the foreshore between the present breakwater site and the Port), wished to get to the southern side of the island, and he took what he thought to be a short cut up the gully, since known as "Sturm's Gully," to Pukemokimoki, a Native village at the landing place behind the old recreation ground. Making his way tediously through the thick undergrowth and fern, he gradually got over the hill and came to another gully, now known as Coote Road. From there he made his way up the hill past the present site of the Boys' and Girls' High Schools, then down through thick fern to the bottom of the present Corry Avenue. Here he came to a sudden stoppage on account of a steep bank which barred further progress. On peering through the fern he became startled at what appeared to him at first sight to be a man looking up at him out of a hole below. It happened to be his own reflection in a pool of water that lay at the bottom of the bank, whence flowed a spring, the existence of which had not been known previously; hence the name, Anglicised, "New hole face," or Mataruahou.

It has been said that if half a dozen Englishmen were cast on a desert island, one of the first things they would do would be to convene a meeting to draft laws or regulations to govern

(2). The area was 640 acres, and the value of the two sections was set down at £100; so that the cost of the hill portion of the site of Napier was £150, and the valuation of the same area to-day is £3,830,480!

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the conduct of the castaways for the time being. Such was the case with the Mahia whalers—not perhaps in the interests of morals, but for personal safety. These whaling laws were very often invoked in Napier in what was called the "Peace Court." In November, 1857, Mr. Joseph Carroll gave evidence in a claim made by J. Campbell against a whaler named Morell. A copy was put in of resolutions agreed to off Mahia on H.M.S. "Pandora," in 1855. The whalers present that day were Morris, Bartlett, Lone, Campbell, W. Thompson and F. Goullett. The laws put in dealt with the final disposal of whales struck but which got away with the line. If found by another the parties were to divide, but if the whale ran ashore after being struck it belonged to the striker. The same meeting decided that no liquor should be brought into the Bay, a regulation more honoured in the breach than the observance. This action, which no doubt originated with the more far-seeing members of the whaling fraternity, and somewhat belated at that, was due to the gross and violent lives led, both afloat and ashore, by the whalers and the hangers-on, between whom and "the missionary party" there was no love lost, as far, at least, as the whalers were concerned. The latter thwarted as far as possible every effort to save the Maoris from the inevitable degradation being wrought by rum, licentiousness and diseases unnameable. The whalers usually won in every contest with the powers ecclesiastical, and despite precept and example, the excesses went on—carnal lust, drink lust, and the corollary of both, blood lust, made havoc irreparable among both the men and women of the finest aboriginal race in the world. The whaler, baulked of his prey by the missionary, became very often a demon incarnate, and he showed his hate on every possible occasion by pursuing the illicit traffic in Maori girls, and often at the risk of death at the hands of some uncontaminated Maori brave wielding the tomahawk or the ponderous club, after the manner of the cave-man of old defending his woman.

The Whaling Days.

The late Dr. McNab wrote me enclosing some notes he made from the Rhodes manuscripts in Sydney, and says that towards the latter end of 1839 the firm of Cooper and Holt, in partnership with Captain W. B. ("Barney") Rhodes, had a vessel called the "Eleanor" trading on the New Zealand coast, which was manned by employees of Cooper and Holt. One of these stations was at Wairoa, and the manager was William Burton(3). Burton's agreement states that he was to trade for and procure New Zealand produce for one year from the time he was supplied with trade ("taonga") and casks. Burton bound himself under

(3). His descendants are to be found in Wairoa to-day.

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a bond of £300 to deliver all he got to the order of his employers and not to trade for himself or others. The prices of the goods supplied to Burton at Wairoa were to be 50 per cent. on the Sydney cost, and Burton was to be paid one-twelfth of the net proceeds of the sales in Sydney of the goods so supplied. This agreement was dated on board the "Eleanor" at "Wairowa" on 26th December, 1839. In other words, the "Eleanor" was at Wairoa on Boxing Day, 1839, over 85 years ago. He was not, however, supplied with "trade" until 4th September, 1840, and Captain Rhodes, on returning to Wellington on 14th November of that year, stated he had nothing on board from "Wairowa," and that he had filled up at Poverty Bay. An old invoice shows that John Hayes was at Waipiro, East Cape, about that date, and the Natives at his station had supplied him with 420 baskets (supposed to be about 200 bushels) of shelled maize, and in October, 2,054 baskets (684 bushels) and four fine pigs. This was before the proclamation of British sovereignty, and about the time when Te Wera was sheltering the Heretaunga Natives from Te Rauparaha and his hordes.

In 1837 two fisheries were established, one by Ward brothers at Waikokopu and the other by Mr. Ellis at Mahia, and a number of whites collected together in consequence(4). At the time Mahia, like Wairoa, was thickly populated by Natives—Hapuku, Puhara, Morena and the chiefs of Heretaunga then residing there, so that there could have been no fewer than 12,000 Maoris at that end of the Bay. The whites lived a careless, reckless kind of life, drinking and gambling, having nothing to check them, and it is said that more people died of drink at these settlements than by the accidents of the trade, hazardous as it was. The two fisheries named employed about eight or nine five-oared boats, carrying six men in each, besides a little army of hangers-on, such as look-out men. Black oil was the chief harvest, the sperm whales not showing up till 1842. The Wards retired after the first season, and Mr. Ellis took over their station. In 1841 the Auckland people began to take an interest, Messrs. Morris and Brown working under their auspices. In 1842 Mr. Perry, an American, appeared on the scene, and gradually seems to have acquired the rights of most of the other principals—a not unlikely thing. Mr. Morris shortly afterwards shifted to Whakaari and Mr. Ellis to Kini Kini (Long Point), where he resided till 1843, when Mr. Perry bought him out. In 1844 Mr. George Morrison started at Wairoa. Most of these men were no doubt agents for outsiders. One, Mayo, of the Bay of Islands, seems to have been the principal concerned in the fisheries, and later Messrs. Macfarlane and Salmon, of Auck-

(4). Among them Captain Bendall, brother of the late E. B. Bendall, of Opoutama.

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land. Whaling continued in importance till 1850, at which time there were 50 boats engaged in the pursuit in Hawke's Bay, the person having as many as 12 under his direction. Some of the Natives owned boats, and others took part in the boats of the whites. Most of the owners paid a rental for the ground occupied by the fishery huts and other works to the Natives. The oil sold for £18 to £20 a tun, leaving the profits to the buyers. The boats were worked on shares. The headsman would receive 1½ share, the boat-steerer 1½, the boat 1, each pulling hand 1, and the try works ½. The owners would appear to have been worst off under this arrangement, but in reality everything went to them. Clothing, food—lodging, perhaps—had to be paid for, and the balance—when there was any—went for rum, which the owners supplied. In 1845 a record catch of sperm whales was made, 26 being taken at Kini Kini alone. Each of these fish was worth on an average £200. The *New Zealand Gazette* and Wellington *Spectator* for August 27, 1842, states:—"The schooner 'Kate,' from Hawke's Bay, reports the whaling stations to be in a prosperous way. At the station belonging to Messrs. Hay and Machattie 40 tuns of oil (black) had been procured and one sperm whale captured. The owner states the value of this sperm whale to be about £300, a small sum certainly for a sperm whale." I find in the New Zealand *Spectator* for January 11, 1845, the Home prices are given as follows: Sperm oil per tun £84, head matter £92, whalebone £250.

In the *Handbook for New Zealand*, published in 1848 (edited by E. J. Wakefield), I find a statement from official returns of the stations in Hawke's Bay in 1847. These were as follows:—

Kidnappers (Morris), 3 boats and 20 men.
Wairoa (Lewis), 2 boats and 18 men.
Waikokopu (Morrison), 3 boats and 20 men.
Mawai (Babbington), 3 boats and 20 men.
Long Point (Ellis), 3 boats and 20 men.
Portland Island (Mansfield), 3 boats and 20 men.

In that year 150 tuns of oil, worth £20 a tun, and 5 tons of whalebone, worth £140 a ton, were taken in the Bay, the Hawke's Bay whaling stations being situated at Whakaari, near Tangoio, and at Moeangiangi, Whakamahia, Wairoa, Waikokopu and Kini Kini.

As already stated, the "Pakeha" was essential to every Native settlement, and in the early whaling days of Te Wairoa he was the property of the chief and his tribe and regarded as a thing speciallly sent for their benefit. He was subjected to pressure whenever the necessities of the chief or his subordinates made it desirable that a portion of his substance should pass into their hands. He was never thoroughly plucked, but was sys

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tematically blackmailed. The sales of land were made by the Natives to obtain the settlement of Europeans for their own benefit solely. When they witnessed the increase of these settlements they would have stopped their growth; when they found that impossible they attempted to make war on the settlers. An instance of the feeling of the Native to the white man occurred in the old whaling days. Most of the whites lived at Kaimango, opposite Te Uhi, on the south bank of the river, but for the purpose of being close to the fishery many shifted to a place near the mouth of the Wai-o-Paoa stream, at the Heads. One of their party by mischance broke a sliver off a canoe belonging to Kopu and Hapurona, whose tribe, the Ngati-Puku, came down in a war-party and demanded payment, enforcing their demand by seizing all the boats. The Ngati-Kurupakiaka, who considered the whites as specially under their protection, immediately took up arms, and after violent threatening and fierce denunciations compelled the Ngati-Puku to deliver up the boats and retire discomfited from the scene.

Here, perhaps, it is fitting that I introduce some of the early whaling personages, and to the late Mr. W. Mawe (himself an old whaler) am I indebted for particulars which we both have done our best to verify. The list comprises Captain Ellis(5), who brought three boats from the Bay of Islands to whale at Mahia, his location being Waikokopu, where also he kept a store and paid for Maori labour in goods, there being then no Truck Act. Ellis afterwards went to the Chatham Islands and engaged in whaling there. Later he was appointed harbour-master at Auckland. His daughter, Emma, a half-caste, married Peter Smith, of Nuhaka.

Ned Tomlins, a Tasmanian half-caste, and said to be one of the best whalers that ever stepped into a boat. He made many good hauls for his employer, Captain Mansfield, and had great experience in the whaling business, having been made "headsman" when only a boy. His favourite cruising ground was off Waikokopu and Kini Kini, Mahia. He was recklessly generous, for one day, after killing three sperm whales, he gave one away for a bucket of water! Tomlins came to an untimely end, for he fell off the doorstep of a house at Waikokopu and broke his neck; so declared Mr. Mawe, but the published facts were different. Among a set of whalers noted for their drunkenness Ned Tomlins was specially notorious. One evening he was struck heavily by Perry, thrown out the door and later was found dead. He was buried without enquiry, Perry reading the burial service!

(5). Captain Ellis was whaling at Waikokopu in 1833, and continued till 1841-42. The first whaler to establish himself at Wairoa was George Morrison, but he did not make a capture till 1845, and Wairoa generally was not a whaling success. In 1846 the Lewis brothers were whaling at Wairoa.

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"Happy Jack," one of the old Whalers

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Typical Mahia Half-caste, Early Days—Martha Greening (Anglice), Maata Te-Kai-a Mahaki (Maori)

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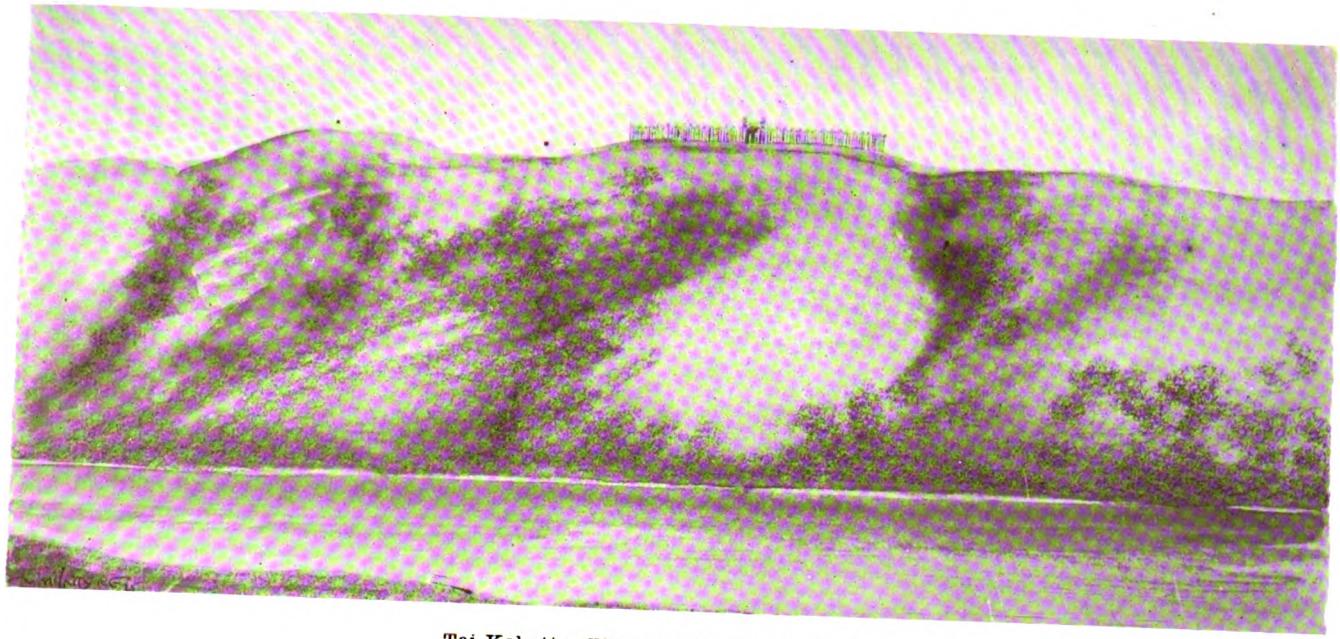

Tai-Kahutia, Whenuariri's Pa at Ohuia

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Another, not mentioned by Mawe, was "Blind Charlie," who for a wager drank a large basin of rum at a draught. He was missed in a few moments, and a search revealed him dead under the table. Perry himself died from apoplexy.

John Morell, also called "Johnnie Wi Wi" ("Oui oui"), was a French sailor, who deserted from his ship at Akaroa. He came soon after to Mahia and was Ned Tomlin's boat-steerer or harpooner for some time. He afterwards built some boats and went whaling on his own account at Moimutu, Mahia, and also kept a store.

His son, John, went to Queen Charlotte Sound, whaling. He has, or had, four sons living in Wairoa, and one daughter married Robinson, a half-caste, who was at one time the champion wrestler of New Zealand.

Captain Robert Baxter, "Bob the Wrinkler," formerly whaled at Mahia and off Cape Kidnappers. It is noteworthy that while in the latter locality he was once caught in a "souther" and had to run to Waikokopu for shelter—Napier was not much of a safe port then. "Bob" subsequently traded between Wairoa and Napier. His greatest trouble was with the paddle steamer "Manaia." On the high seas in a head wind she travelled very slowly, and up river she tore out nearly all the willows on the Wairoa-Frasertown run in a strong westerly.

Fred Lewis, a headsman, who whaled both at Mahia and at Wairoa. He was brother to William Lewis, also a whaler and captain of a coaster. The latter was drowned on the Poverty Bay coast, supposedly at Nick's Head, in the "Tryphena."

Joseph Carroll, a blacksmith by trade, engaged in whaling at Te Hoe, Mahia, and kept a store there while his boats were gathering in the harvest of the sea.

Hampstead whaled at Mahia and Petane-Heipipi, and in the capacity of a headsman did some good work.

William Morris, a native of Queenstown, Ireland, besides keeping a store, headed one of his own boats and was one of the most fearless men who ever went out. He did well in the trade and subsequently became a sheep-farmer. As a whaler he was obstinate, also short-sighted—facts which he never admitted. On one occasion he was leaving Waikokopu and thought he descried a fine whale close in to the creek. Ordering his boat's crew to run alongside, he prepared to hurl his harpoon. In vain his men told him it was not a whale he saw, and then, using some unscriptural language, he hurled the deadly weapon, which rebounded—from a rock! Morris was a very quiet man for the rest of the day.

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To resume the list of whalers: there was George Morrison, a Tasmanian half-caste, headsman at Waikokopu and Wairoa.

Samuel Harrington, another Tasmanian half-caste, was whaling at Mahia, Kini-kini and Waikokopu, and for J. Carroll at Te Hoe. He died at Te Mahia. He was nicknamed "Shiloh."

John Smith, "Hake" Mete. He came from the Bay of Islands with Captain Ellis, and engaged in whaling at Te Hoe. He afterwards was headsman in a boat of his own and built boats for others. One of his sons was taken out of the boat by the rope when fast to a whale and was never seen afterwards. His eldest daughter married Hirini Te Rito, Ihaka Whaanga's eldest son, and afterwards she and her husband went to Utah, where he died.

Jim Mackie, formerly boatswain's mate on an English man-o'-war, whaled at Mahia. His eldest son, Ra Mackie, served in Von Tempsky's Forest Rangers in the Poverty Bay district.

John Greening ("Happy Jack") came from the Bay of Islands with Captain Ellis and whaled at Mahia. He was formerly an English man-o'-war's-man, and served as a boy in Jamaica, the ship being wrecked on his first voyage. After ceasing the arduous work of a whaler he kept a store at Putiki, Whangawehi. There he kept a light burning for the use of trading vessels for over 30 years, being allowed £20 a year by the Government, Captain Bendall and the masters of several traders supplying him with oil(6).

William Bartlett, came from the Bay of Islands with Captain Ellis and whaled at Te Kereru, Mahia, with two of his sons as headsmen.

The Smiths—Tom, Peter and Charlie—all whaled at Te Hoe, which was once a very busy spot indeed.

James Wilson, a half-caste, whaled at Waikokopu. He hailed from Gisborne.

Jemmy Moody, a white man from Tasmania, was with Captain Mansfield at Te Hoe.

George Robinson (Noyes), formerly a deep-sea whaler, followed the craft at Te Kereru, Te Hoe and Moimutu.

William Simmonds, an English man-o'-war's-man, H.M.S. "Calliope," Captain Stanley, whaled at Moimutu, and was boat-steerer for John Morell.

Joseph Dyke whaled at Te Kereru for his father-in-law, William Bartlett, while "Flukey," a blacksmith by trade, engaged at Mahia and Mohaka.

(6). "Happy Jack," who married a Native woman named Victoria Te Hei, caught the first whale off Waikokopu on 24th June, 1838.

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Billy Smith also whaled at Mahia. He was formerly one of the Governor's boat crew at Sydney.

Ben (or "Barney," or "Shuffler") Reed was one of those that came with Captain Ellis from the Bay of Islands. He carried out whaling operations at Mahia and was drowned in 1876 crossing the Wairoa River. His second son, Sam, was killed while serving under Colonel James Fraser at Paparatu. His third son, Bernard, served in No. 9 Company, Wairoa Military Settlers, and died from fever at Frasertown.

Jack Hawkins whaled for many years at Mahia and Mohaka, as did "Billy" Thompson, for Captain Ellis, and the latter died at Te Hatepe. Campbell also engaged in whaling, but took up storekeeping at Kini-kini, and sailing from Wairoa in the "Tryphena" he and his wife were drowned.

William Lockwood was headsman in a boat at Mahia (Drywood Bay) and later kept a store above the Wairoa Bridge (Lockwood's Point). There he died.

Hemi Mahuika, a Maori headsman from Murewai pa, whaled for years at Wairoa; and at the latter place there also whaled Toha Rahu Rahu, who was later pilot at Wairoa Heads, Native Assessor, and had a small sheep-run at Whakamahia.

Wi Nepe (Nepia) was headsman in a boat at "Wipuppa," (Waipapa). He was one of the chiefs of Ngati-Hikairoa. He owned a small ketch, with which he traded between Mahia and Gisborne.

Piha, a Ruataniwha Maori, was boat-steerer for Morell, and afterwards headsman in one of his own boats at Mahia and Wairoa. He was one of the guard sent with the Hauhau prisoners to the Chathams, was in the fight at Te Kopane, and one of the party that drove the enemy across Lake Waikaremoana.

Ned Sloane, when whaling at Kini-kini, had his boat smashed and one man killed. A whaler of great skill, and one of Captain Ellis's men.

There was then Captain Salmon, who used to buy the oil and find all stores for the whalers. He had vessels running from New Zealand to England and America (Salmon and McFarlane, Auckland).

Another old identity of Mahia was a man named Rees, belonging to one of the islands; was whaling at Petone, Napier and Mahia. He was taken prisoner by Fraser's force on the morning of the fight at Petane (12th October, 1866).

Pompey, a negro, and another called "Darkie Coon" whaled at Mahia and Wairoa. The latter was a Tasmanian half-caste.

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Captain William Jones ("Big Bill") was whaling at Moimutu, Mahia, and later ran a schooner from Napier and Auckland to Wairoa. He was killed at Fiji while on a whaling cruise.

Davy Lewis, another old-time whaler, worked Mahia and Wairoa for years, and had one or both thighs broken in an encounter with a leviathan. One of his daughters is the widow of the late C. Harmer, a one-time Wairoa storekeeper and publican.

Davey Jones, once a whaler at Mahia and Wairoa. His eldest son was one of Toha's pilot-crew, and then for many years pilot at the Wairoa Heads.

Ned Beattie, a Mahia-Wairoa whaler, drowned in the Wairoa River, as was also his son and grandson, the latter due to an explosion in a Wairoa bridge cylinder during construction (1886).

"Doctor" Smith and "Dr." Matthew Scott whaled for a short time, and then acted as medical attendants on the colonial forces at Wairoa, doctors then being very scarce.

Last but one on the list, Hugh McCabe, whaled for Captain Ellis at the Chathams and Waikokopu, and died on Portland Island.

W. F. Mawe was whaling at Kereru (1868) and Moimutu (1869-71). Served in the Waikato war, fought at Waiapu and Pukemaire, and was wounded at Kairomiromi. He also fought at Hungahungatoroa (Biggs) and at Petane (Fraser), and ended by engaging in the chase after Te Kooti.

Other whalers, some of them noted elsewhere, were Jack Hook or "Flash Jack," a man named Fraser, Jack Lewis or "Dirty Jack" alias "Jack Muck."

Many of these whalers married the belles of the pa, and thus it was we got our modern Munros, Smiths, Greenings, Robinsons, etc.—descendants of the pioneers of Old Wairoa in whaling days.

Auckland's First "Pub."

Jack Lewis, mentioned above, died at Te Araroa, East Coast, in 1913, and thus was snapped, at the age of 96 years, another link that bound the modern to old Wairoa. Lewis joined the British Navy at an early age, and was present at the bombardment of Acre in 1840. Soon afterwards he joined the "Buffalo," Admiralty transport, which sailed for Hobart with convicts. She then came on to Mercury Bay for kauri spars, which were in great request for the Navy. While the crew, save a single watch, was ashore in the bush a north-east gale sprang up, and the ship was totally wrecked. The crew reached the

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Waitemata, and almost immediately set to work to remedy what was to them the greatest defect in the then civilization of Auckland, then a collection of not more than 16 buildings. The infant city did not boast of an hotel, and Lewis and his mates proceeded to establish one. There was an old, unseaworthy brig on the beach which the crew thought would answer the purpose, so they worked her round to the opening of the gully (now Queen Street), rigged up a windlass, and with some sleepers hauled the vessel "well up the gully amongst the raupo." The vessel was then shored up, and a gangway put on either side for access. Some additional bulkheads were put in, a supply of rum obtained, and the first hotel was "floated" fairly well. At the opening ceremony all enjoyed themselves, and drank well, but not wisely. The crew shortly after became scattered; some made themselves scarce, some were discharged, and others sent home. Afterwards Lewis joined a whaling ship and went to Sydney, where he became acquainted with Sir James Carroll's grandfather. He returned to New Zealand with Sir James's father, and started whaling at Wairoa and at Mahia. Subsequently he went to Napier, and for a time ran a cutter along the coast, delivering supplies to the various stations. When the Hauhau outbreak occurred he was residing at Upper Mohaka, where he owned an hotel. He joined Sir G. Whitmore's force, and was present when Captain Carr and Captain Canning were killed at Ruakituri River. He escaped the ambuscade, and joined the retiring force after killing an enemy who was following him up. In the Taupo campaign he was in charge of a blockhouse at Hauroto. In 1888 he went to Te Araroa, where he had resided practically ever since. The writer of the newspaper account of his death says:—"He was an original character, utterly fearless, and to the last preserved his memory. He died respected by all who knew him."

Amongst other early settlers I must not omit Louis Duval, or "French Louis" as he was generally called. He was one of the first arrivals at Akaroa from La Belle France, and went back there many years ago, dying at the reputed age of 100 years. John Morell, or "French John"—father of the Morells of this district—was a whaler and the builder of the first boat in Wairoa.

A Character Summary.

Generally speaking, if I were to say that the population along the coast was a mixture of whalers, convicts, runaway sailors and Pakeha-Maoris, I should not be far wrong; and in this I should not be libelling the genuine early pioneer settlers—among whom there were many sterling characters—and such are, of course, clearly excepted in this description of the heterogeneous population of Te Wairoa in the early days. No one who has

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read the history of the whaling days in the Bay of Islands will attempt to deny that those who migrated to Hawke's Bay from the north brought their characters with them, and they were of a nature that they did not improve much by keeping. They were, indeed, a most lawless lot—in fact, the offscouring of the earth, or rather of the sea. They feared not God, neither did they regard man, except to further their own ends, and I fear much that if a full catalogue of their deeds could be presented it would shock the reader, who would no longer wonder why the name of Wairoa was once deemed infamous. So heinous were the deeds of some of them that even pure savagery stood out as spotless purity, and strict justice compels me to say that, generally speaking, in matters of sobriety, morality and right-dealing, in those days the Natives led the way as against the whalers; that is, they were not nearly so bad as the so-called "white men." It would be very hard if I could not say that some of these men—even the whalers—were very good men, though uncommunicative as to their real names and how they became introduced to the country. They liked the nick-names bestowed upon them better than the correct appellations, for in some cases they showed a strong inclination not to satisfy a too keen thirst for personal knowledge. They were much-travelled men—some of them—and Sydney was only a port of call on the way to comparative freedom; and those only who know what the harsh laws of England could do in the sacred name of Property —a capital "P," if you please—can realize that after all some of those men may have been more sinned against than sinning, and they became Ishmaels. They loved the bush, especially when there was a pa close handy full of plump brown maidens with soft, loving eyes; a pipe, a pack of cards and a keg of rum, and they were as happy as the Vicar of Wakefield, even if not quite so moral—for there were no registrars of marriages in those days, and Maori custom was good enough for them. If any trouble ensued they put their hats on and walked off to safety unencumbered with belongings, animate or inanimate.

In the early days, before the cetaceans began to fight shy of our coasts(7), the arrival of a ship off the river mouth or anywhere along the coast as far as Te Mahia was the signal for the commencement of a series of drunken orgies, disorder, riot, and, it is alleged, murder also. The trying-out station at the Heads comprised a five-roomed house on the point of land to the left of Te Riwhara creek, at the turn in the road to the bluff, the reigning spirit—in addition to the spirit of Rum—being a white

(7). That the whales began to disappear, and with them the whalers, in the early 'seventies is shown by the fact that when "Watty" Black's hotel was burned down on the Mahia peninsula in June, 1877, it took all the adult population there to constitute the jury, so great had been the decline from the whaling days.

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man nicknamed "Blaze-away Jack," and at other times by a sobriquet not fit for polite or religious ears. Near the house was the trying-out station proper, one of the buildings of which still stood there in the seventies. The land to the left of the road leading from Riwhara creek to the Wai-o-paoa, at the foot of the hill, was covered with huge try-pots, where the whalers tried-out the right whale, great quantities of oil being shipped away to Sydney. At such times, then, as a vessel arrived, pandemonium began. Casks of rum would be landed, and after a stipulated sum of money had been paid down as a kind of entrance fee to the bacchanalia—usually these fees comprised the full price of the rum, or a little more—the heads of the casks were knocked in, pannikins placed beside them, the liquor was free to all, and the men drank until they had to lie down to it(8). It must be stated, again to the credit of the Natives, that at this time not many of them drank heavily, and they were more often the victims of the whalers than their partners in crime and debauchery. At such times many of the Natives, especially women, had to escape into the bush for safety from annoyance. But gradually the power of rum grew, and many of the Natives became easy victims to the cupidity or lust of "the men from the sea." A few illustrations from actual fact will show what Te Wairoa must have been like in those days. During one drunken row, a man known only as "Scotty," resenting something said or done to him, kicked a whaler with great brutality, whereupon another seized an axe and chopped at the man's legs from behind, cutting through, with a couple of blows, the muscles or sinews of both legs! "Scotty," it is needless to add, was thereafter a cripple for life, being unable to move either foot from the ankle-joint. It is averred that on another occasion, during a bacchanalian orgy at the Heads, the whalers bound and put one of their number on the fire as a "back-log"! Another time a religious service by Rev. Mr. Williams was forcibly delayed until the arrival of two personages who bore nicknames to mention which were blasphemy. Most of the disturbances had their origin in practical jokes, or mad tricks indulged in while under the baleful influence of the potent spirit Rum, the god of the whalers. One man, it is stated, for a wager, stood in a pot on his head, and actual "swelled head" resulting he had to be up-ended, and the vessel broken with a hammer to free him from the inconvenient and unbecoming headgear, even for a half-demented, tipsy whaler. Another was, against his will, stood head downwards in a pot of soup, then taken out and dusted with flour! A man named "Scotch Jock," an easy-going, harmless character, who will come into my story again later on, was

(8). "A bucket of rum and less jaw" was a common expression among the whalers.

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cropped and shaved on one side only. The change was so great when he looked in the glass—for the whalers did boast such an article to enable them to see themselves as others saw them—that he declared he was not "Scotch Jock" at all, but someone else!

It will not, perhaps, be denied, after reading of these doings, that a man named McDonald or McGregor who had been whaling at Mahia and Wairoa, but who was bootmaking at the time of which I write, while suffering from an attack of *delirium tremens,* ran out into the dense manuka near where the blockhouse was afterwards built. Here, while chasing imaginary devils, he died the death of the drink maniac and was devoured by pigs, great droves of which roamed the Wairoa flats along with the licensed cattle. (By the way, is not the present borough cattle-licensing system a relic of the old days?) Mohaka, too, had some experiences in this way. In 1861 a man named Higginbotham died in a state of intoxication at Mr. J. Sim's private house, despite all that could be done for him. There was no coroner and no jury, but a few of the settlers met informally and sent in a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God"—Bacchus understood.

The Maori people, not only at the date of which I am writing but much earlier also, were great voyagers, as well became the intrepid navigators of 1350. Mr. James Cowan, in a paper read at the Science Congress in Wellington (1923), said that "Arabia, by reason of its strong racial affinity, was given as the birthplace of the Maori nation, genius for seamanship and navigation being derived from the ancestry of the Arabian littoral Arabs. The Maori's love of exploration found its expression from Indonesia eastward for centuries. Trade-winds carried him from Tahiti and Rarotonga to the Kermadecs, which, with the islands since lost, served as steering landmarks and resting places. The Natives of Hawke's Bay, Wairoa and Turanganui in their many voyages were only carrying out the spirit of adventure inherent in their ancestors." Mr. Cowan mentions an example of Maori genius as geographers, as instanced in the nomenclature. "The South Island," he said, "is Maui's canoe, and Stewart Island was its anchor; Kaikoura, a peninsula, was its thwart; the North Island was Maui's fish, the bend of Hawke's Bay being his fish-hook. The Maori named living and extinct volcanoes and enshrouded them in mythical poesy. Tamatea pokai-whenua (Tamatea who penetrates land) was a true type of pathfinder and topographer. Six centuries ago he traversed the whole length of the South Island and passed through the heart of the North Island to the East Cape. Te Puoho, in 1836, led a war-party from Nelson down the West Coast to the Haast

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River, over the Haast Pass to Lake Wanaka, and thence through Otago. Only the love of exploration inspired the Maori expedition in question."

I am much indebted to one very early settler, though not the one I am looking for—the first pioneer—for a good deal of the information in this chapter. I allude to Mr. John Torr, who arrived in Te Wairoa in the year 1862 in the "Effort," a fore-and-aft schooner of 60 tons, whose owner and master was Kopu, the loyal chief of fighting fame among Ngati-Kahungunu, a man whose authority over the Natives on the Wairoa flats none dared call in question. The vessel referred to came to be in the trade in this wise:—

The Trading Tribe.

When the trading fever was high among the Natives of the East Coast generally, the Wairoa tribes became infected also, and the attack was so severe that they earned for themselves, among the more warlike Tuhoe tribes and the followers of Te Kooti, the title of "the trading tribes," an expression similar to that used by the French when they referred to the English as "a nation of shopkeepers." This by the way. The Wairoa Natives, as I remarked just now, became very anxious to own a vessel of their own. Not having any ready money wherewith to purchase one, they promptly decided to take it out of the land—a policy which is certainly worthy of emulation by every hapu in the land at the present day. A large party started and cleared all the land from the Waiparuparu creek back to the hills and right over the neck of land connecting Rangihoua Bluff, and then dug the whole area with spades in one day! There were, at least so it is stated, more than 1,000 men engaged in the work. The crop they put in was wheat, and they reaped by means of sickles a most bountiful harvest, and got the vessel already mentioned. Before I proceed further I must not omit to couple the names of the late T. W. Torr and his brother, the late W. H. Torr, who, though not permanently resident here in the early days, were closely in touch with Te Wairoa in trading matters.

In running the "Effort" Kopu showed a singular disregard of the old Maori idea that it was undignified for a chief to work—in fact, I suppose the sacredness of the person of a chief was beginning to be looked on rather lightly, apart, however, from prowess in war, and that no one ever denied to Kopu. For though he had no mana as a chief had, save that which he acquired by marrying Mere Karaka, who was of illustrious descent, he was undoubtedly the leading toa of Ngati-Kahungunu, and withal a remarkably generous, kind-hearted man. No one ever accused him of self-seeking, nor did he act so ambiguously as to be misunderstood by either friend or foe.

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But I must hark back to 1862. The "Effort," as she negotiated the Wairoa River entrance, a little way up the Kihitu lagoon, encountered an object-lesson just inside the bar. There lay, half submerged, the wreck of a smart-looking fore-and-aft schooner of 60 tons, called the "Anna Lloyd" (Captain Mustard). She had, so it was afterwards learned, come from Auckland with a full cargo of supplies for the whalers, and had to run for the entrance in a strong southerly gale. In doing so it is surmised she tore out her bottom on the bar, and sank after entering the river. It is stated that at the time of the wreck the entrance was well up towards the eastern bluff, called Whakaihu-pakake(9), both lagoons then being much wider than at present, and for a reason which I shall show later on. Only the masts and deck gear of the "Anna Lloyd" were salved, and she lay where she went down until she rotted away or became silted up, but in the seventies I plainly could see the keel and ribs when the water was clear. Rounding the point, Kihitu pa stood on the right hand, the chief being known to the whalers as "Big Harry"—his real name being Henare Apatere, which is a mixture of English and Maori, due to missionary practice. To the left there appeared a small island, covered with scrub and reeds. It might be supposed that it got its name—Motu-o-te-Rauhina—from the presence of the reeds, but this is not so, for there is another story. It is this:—In the days of Tapuae and Te Maha the Kihitu land projected out into the river channel much farther than it does at present, and on the point lived Te Rauhina, one of the wives of Tapuae. During several very heavy floods the river cut a new channel and made the spot where Rauhina lived an island, and on a space of about ten acres for several years lived Rauhina with a few retainers. And thereafter was the island called Motu-o-te-Rauhina. In the seventies the island comprised two and a-half acres, and on it were several fishermen's huts, whilst in the later troublous times settlers in dread of a Hauhau attack resorted there at night for safety. The Rangihoua Bluff, once the site of a great pa, stood to the left. It had evidently been also used extensively as a kumara ground, to judge by the large quantity of beach shingle carried up there. On the west side of Rangihoua there was erected a rahui, put up originally by Te Waka Haeo, uncle of Pilot Jones, who, with Ihupakeha, was a joint owner in Te Manga (Whakamahia) lagoon. The rahui has been already described, and I state now merely that its purpose in this case was to prevent one of the owners from taking eels out of the lagoon without the permission or co-operation of the other. Ihupakeha had been in the habit of sending his men to take the tunas whenever he felt so dis-

(9). The word "Ihu" denoted the bow of a canoe, and the hill referred to is not unlike the bow of a canoe turned upside down. Pakake was a famous Maori ancestor.

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posed. Consequently Te Waka Haeo set up a whale's rib on the hill facing the lagoon, and to the day of his death it was respected by Ihupakeha(10). Toha Rahurahu, a lesser chief of Kahungunu, adopted the same rahui, and at certain seasons regularly drew a net in the lagoon for eels. These were so large that when slung on poles, and carried on the shoulders of the most stalwart Natives, the tails usually swept the ground! It was no wonder the tuna grew into veritable monsters during an extended close season. The rahui was in existence, I may state, until a few years ago. At the time of which I am writing there were several groups of Natives living at Poututu and to the north of the Whakamahia, but most of them died in a very short space of time from some form of fever, malarial or enteric. There was no medical assistance available, and the remedies of the tohungas were worse than the disease. At times the lagoon emitted a very offensive odour, and in this respect Kihitu was far better off, for the salt water flowed in past the settlement, and sweeping out again, carried away all offensive matter with it to the sea. A little to the west of Rangihoua there was situated on the beach a large burying ground, and some years ago, when the river cut in close to this spot—nearly getting into the lagoon—considerable human remains were carried away. On the river-bank, not far from Mr. J. Torr's present residence, there stood once a store owned by W. Lewis, father of the late Mrs. Torr, in which he did a lucrative business in the early days, when the Native population was greater than that of the borough now. The prices were, of course, high, but the risks were great. A box of matches, once sold at less than a halfpenny, cost sixpence; candles were 2s. 6d. per pound; a 50lb. bag of flour, 40s.; and a bag of sugar, 50s. Meat was the cheapest article, and those who were not too lazy could get crops out of the virgin soil by just "tickling Nature with a hoe." The storekeeper could get two or three large pigs—none of your "Captain Cook" fellows, either—for a very small parcel of tobacco, or perhaps a blanket, red being the favourite colour. At the foot of the bank, in front of this store site, may be still seen a large oaken cask at the level of the mud flat. This is one of a tier of casks lining a well dug 50 years ago on solid land, a good distance back from the river. The land was washed away after the river was opened near the Heads for the first time, and with the land went all the casks down to the level of the river-bed, but the oaken staves of the oil-casks—real "hearts of oak"—are still as sound as the proverbial bell.

(10). The Futuna natives had a custom called "Monoa" or marking for personal use some particular thing, say a cocoanut tree, by tying a string or creeping plant round it.

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The present town flat in 1862 was covered with a white pine and matai bush, together with heavy scrub. There were also to be seen several large patches of burnt bush, but the largest area of standing timber was in the Tawhara valley. It is stated that after the sale of the township site to the Government, some years later, Paora Apatu's sister, Hipora, who claimed to be a chieftainess in her own right, became dissatisfied at not receiving what she alleged to be her proper share of the purchase-money. In retaliation she sold all the land from Turiroa up to Whare-rau-rakau, near Putere, and in a fit of temper set fire to the bush at a spot on the Wairoa town side of Turiroa. The conflagration extended to the Rauwa (as the Wairoa town flat was then called) and it burned for nearly a month, almost everything in the shape of timber being destroyed except close to the Maori settlements. Prior to that, when the "kie-kie" (cabbage-palm) grew luxuriantly, it was fired by an angry chief because some of his people disregarded the rahui and started to gather the succulent leaves before the appointed day. There were then dense growths of flax all over the town flat. Much of it comprised magnificent blades ten or twelve feet long, and so dense was the growth that when Mr. Torr landed at Spooner's Point—then the centre of the Native settlements, and named Kaimango—he was unable to find his way to the Heads to visit his relations, and had to traverse the bed of the river to get there. Native settlements extended from the Waiparuparu up to Spooner's Point and round nearly the full length of Marine Parade, as it is at present. Here not many years ago the posts of Manukanui pa were dug up near the wharf, and at Locke Street the contractor for the drainage works cut through an old-time haangi Maori, where mayhap many a captive was cooked to a turn. A large Native burying ground was situated at a spot in the old-time Clyde Hotel garden, near two large karaka trees, cut down some time ago to make room for extension of premises. There was another burying ground in front of the present post-office, where also human remains were found not long ago—and mighty adjacent to the Maori ovens, too! On the bank of the river, from Grey Street to north of Rose Street, there stood Kairakau pa, a large palisaded enclosure containing hundreds of Natives, the chief being Maihi Kaimoana. There were also extensive cultivations of wheat along the bank at the rear of the pas, also maize, potatoes, kumara and taro right up to Lockwood's Point, at the extreme west of our present town. Not long ago the writer was able to trace the furrows of the wheat-fields on sections over which the European holders of later years had permitted the sweet-brier, or tataramoa, to spread. At many points raspberries, apples, peaches and cherries, besides other fruits, grew in profusion on the river-banks. The bulk of these

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were raised as early as 1840 by the late F. W. C. Sturm—father of the present-day Sturms and Mrs. Ben Glass—who then lived at Mahia. There he occupied himself in gardening, and, in conjunction with the missionaries, liberally orcharded many points in Te Wairoa. He had come out to New Zealand with some scientific expedition, and in the seventies he carried on in Hawke's Bay a very successful nursery business, almost till the time of his death. To show the long-lived nature of some seeds and plants, I may mention that Lewis—who evidently had an eye for the beautiful—sowed some purple sweet-pea near the Heads, and they spread all along what is now known as Kopu Road, but finally they disappeared. The town flat was simply traversed by foot tracks, but the greater part of it was too wet and too overgrown with scrub to permit of winter travelling. The valuable flat lands now owned by Messrs. Black Bros. were under water the greater part of the year, and properly designated "the swamp," though in summer time, along the base of the hills and into the Tawhara valley, there were some lovely glades, where the New Zealand birds still sang, where the clematis and the other bush plants perfumed the air, and where the few young people then in Te Wairoa loved to roam, and where sweet nothings were uttered with but one to hear.

Farming the Flat.

But I must descend to more prosaic matters. At this stage in Te Wairoa's history pigs and goats roamed the present town flat, and when the larder required replenishing it was only necessary to go a little distance from the back door for a sucking pig, a full-grown grunter, or some goat venison. W. Lewis held from Kopu the right to run 200 head of cattle, the "rent," or, as the Maoris would put it, the "utu," being one bullock per year delivered to the chief for his sole use and benefit; so that "the long paddock," so warmly cherished still by some of the Europeans, is an institution that has existed almost from time immemorial! These cattle were of enormous size, many of them scaling considerably over 1,000lbs. each. Time was evidently no object in the growing of beef in those days, and even if it was not very tender—well, the teeth of the Maori people were very good in the olden days. The cattle found a ready sale in Napier, which then was not half as large a place as Wairoa is to-day. They were driven in mobs of 50 or 60 head along the coast by the Native tracks, and the drovers must have had a hard time of it on "the road"; but here again, I suppose, time was no object, and any cattle that broke back to their usual haunts were generally secured for a second drove. The Maoris lived chiefly on the products of their cultivations, birds (which they snared in great numbers and preserved in fat), shellfish, and an abundant harvest drawn from the sea, rivers and lagoons, and now

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and again many a fine fat bullock was sacrificed surreptitiously —a fact which, under all the circumstances, it was found convenient to wink at, for Lewis's tally generally went well over the number allowed.

In common with the Natives of Turanganui and those of Nuhaka and Te Mahia, the Wairoa Natives grew a great deal of wheat, which brought—in the days of the Australian gold rush, in the fifties, and up to 1864—as high a price as 12s. per bushel! And here let me say that for many years Te Wairoa wheat commanded top prices in the Sydney market for seed purposes.

At every white man's house there was a windmill for working the steel mills then used in grinding wheat, the Maoris also adopting this plan of treating the cereal. Prior to this, however, the hand mills—heavy, slow and cumbersome—were in vogue, and Lewis, who was as well known for his hospitality as his humour, had a custom of requesting would-be gossips to turn the mill or move on—they generally chose the latter, and " small blame to them," says " Paddy." Some such system would not be amiss at the present time, to stop or at least shorten the visits of loquacious scandal-mongers.

Money, of course, there was little or none amongst the Maoris (that is, before land-selling became general); they therefore exchanged what they grew for articles which they needed, or thought they needed. If the Natives had a lot of kumara or potatoes on offer to the whalers they would place all the kits in a row on the ground; the whaler would then lay a piece of print, for instance, on a line of kits—an equal length of print and potatoes—and, as may readily be imagined, the whaler usually got the better of the deal(11). Many a Native woman was bought and sold in the same way, though the value was generally assessed at more than the maiden's height in print; the more usual price, however, was a cask of rum. Many a time in the Native Land Court has an angry litigant been heard to interject in the vernacular, regarding a rival claimant: " Bah! you were bought for a cask of rum." This is no far-fetched statement, but a positive fact. A certain settler on the coast had a man working for him, and one day the latter suddenly struck work. His employer ordered him to " buckle to," but the man refused, whereupon the latter was reminded, in language more forcible than polite, that he had been bought for a cask of pork —a fact which the ticket-of-leave man quickly recognized. The fact was that the captain of a whaling vessel was short of pork and the longshoreman was short of help, so the bargain was struck.

(11). When the late Captain Fernandez visited Turanganui in 1850 in the "Sarah Jane," of Auckland, he took away 650 bushels of wheat, for which he paid the Maoris a couple of pounds' weight of glass beads, 16 yards of red muslin, a handful of spike nails, two pairs of old boots, and a coil of rope.

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The Natives, as a general rule, were kind to each other and to the members of other tribes—except in war time, when old grudges were revived, and utu or payment sought as a matter of course. But usually they were generous to a fault; and even now, money, horses, sheep, cattle or produce are often handed over to relatives—a custom which in our courts in these latter times is provocative of much recrimination and hard swearing. Business people frequently found that some particular animal bought or pledged had a pedigree as long and as obscure as those of some of the navigators from Hawaiiki. The grandsire was the property of debtor's grandfather and the dam belonged to plaintiff, the resulting foal was swapped for a draught horse that belonged to the original owner, and it was therefore as clear as daylight that the animal, the subject of the litigation, was the property of someone other than the defendant, and the too-confiding Pakeha had advanced his goods on the off chance of the Court being able to set the matter right; but the Court did nothing of the sort, for it nonsuited the unlucky plaintiff, and the Maori went on his way rejoicing, and would chuckle in his sleeves, if he had any.

The Maori Nature.

But this is a digression on my part. The Maoris were kind to their children, even to the point of extreme indulgence, punishments being almost unknown amongst them. To this day many of them object to corporal punishment in our schools as far as such concerns their children. It was only to the very old people that they were really unkind, and in many cases, when death seemed near, they were led away to some old deserted whare, there to die a lonely death; but this seems to have been a part of their religion, connected with the law of tapu. As workers, the Natives were in the olden times, as they are to-day, only fitfully industrious. While in the humour they could grow large crops, generally ploughing with bullocks. Then for two or three years they would relapse into idleness, a very small thing turning them away from toil. Tangis especially they rarely missed, and in unhealthy seasons the plantations were sadly neglected, with the usual result to those that copied not the ways of the ant. They carried on at times, before the outbreak of war, a very good trade with Napier, shipping numbers of pigs and large quantities of potatoes, kumara and fruits, which, needless to say, brought a ready sale in those days.

Witchcraft, tohungaism and superstitions of all kinds were still rife, and there were so many forms still prevalent of the tapu that it was scarcely safe for the uninitiated to have any dealings with the Natives, lest unwittingly he should break some cherished custom. When Ratima, son of Toha Rahu Rahu, died

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in 1864 from tuberculosis, his death was immediately attributed to witchcraft, and two Natives, Reihana Kohupapa and Paora Onekawa, were blamed. The writer knew the latter well, and he was quite incapable of practising "the black art." When Rangi-mataeo died in June, 1863, his demise was also attributed to witchcraft on the part of a Native named Mitipara. Not relishing summary execution, Mitipara built a pa and prepared to do battle against all and sundry. Peace was brought about by the Bishop of Waiapu and Rev. Jas. Hamlin. In September of the same year the Mitipara trouble was reopened, more threats were made and the accused man was asked to leave the district. To enforce the demand, pa Riri at Matiti was garrisoned with 40 well-armed men to resist Mitipara, and the measure proved effective for a time; but in 1864 he was shot dead by two Natives, after a brief witchcraft trial. The R.M., Mr. C. Hunter Brown, demanded that the two murderers be given up, but he was told, in effect, to go and take them if he could. Later, Porohiwi, who lived at the mouth of the Wairoa River, was accused of causing the death of two persons by sorcery. Two Natives, Parakite and Hotene, undertook the deed of killing, and while one held the unfortunate man in conversation the other shot him at six paces distance and then escaped into the bush. At the inquest a verdict of wilful murder was returned, but no further legal action was taken. The matter was referred to by several high officials on successive visits, and one sententiously remarked that after all shooting a sorcerer in New Zealand was no worse than burning a witch in England, as was done not so very long before.

The usual dress of the Natives, even at the time of which I am writing, was a shoulder-mat and loin-cloth of flax for both men and women, but on State occasions they wore some very beautiful mats made of feathers such as I have described in a former chapter. The children, it may be remarked, mostly wore their own skins only, and in summer time were as much at home in the water as on the land, which in a measure atoned for or nullified the insanitary conditions existing at the pas.

Many of the older Natives were deeply imbued with a spirit of fatalism, which even now seems to keep the race from progressing as it should. If they once made up their minds that they were going to die, then die they certainly would, all applied remedies notwithstanding. Apparently they possessed no reserve power on which to draw. The writer had an experience of this kind once. Happening to possess a knowledge of medicine, I was once taken to an up-country station by a sheepowner to visit a Native woman who was ill, and whose signature was needed to complete some sale or lease of land, of which she was part

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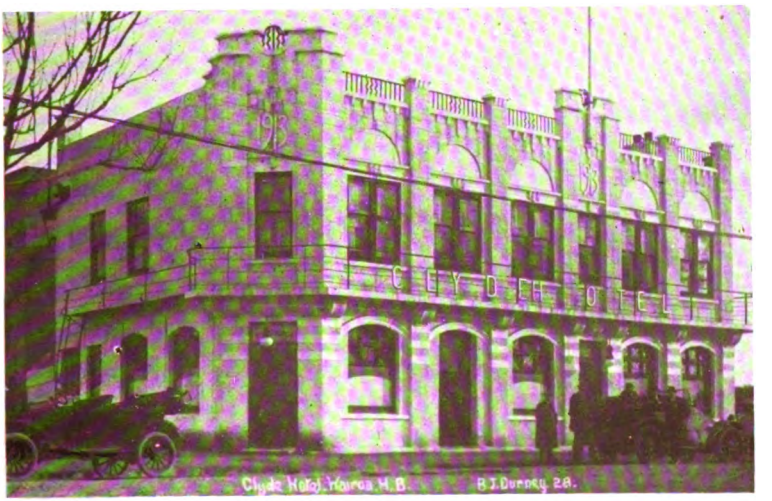
Clyde Hotel in the Sixties



Clyde Hotel, 1921

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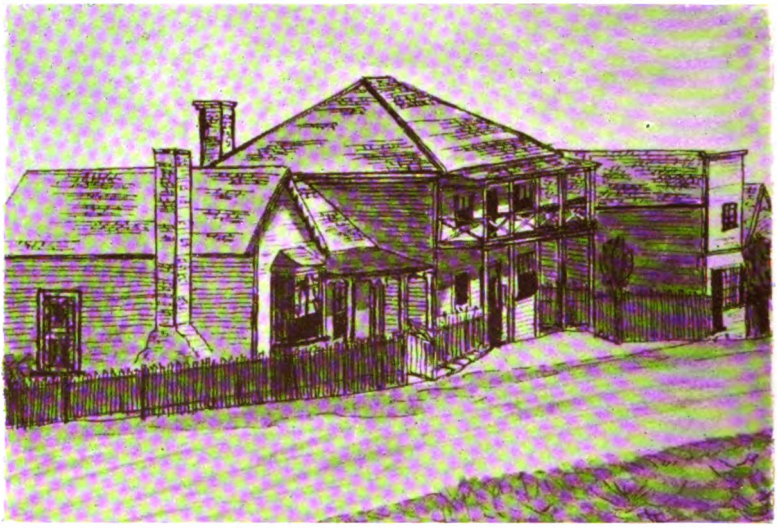
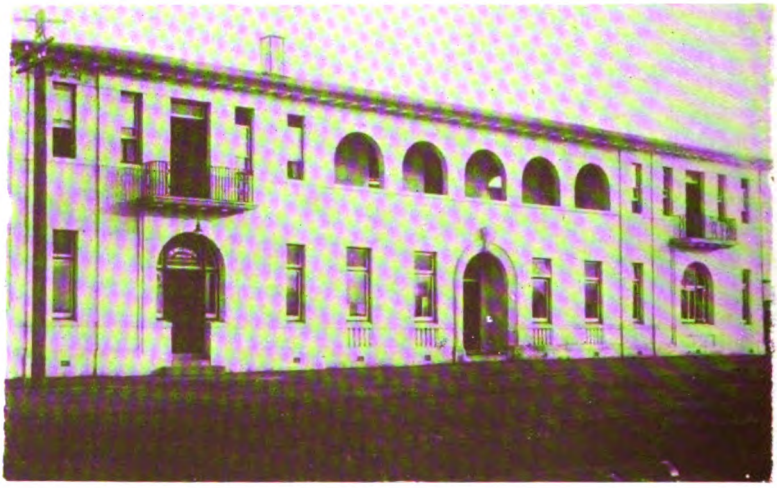


Wairoa Hotel in the Sixties



Wairoa Hotel, 1925

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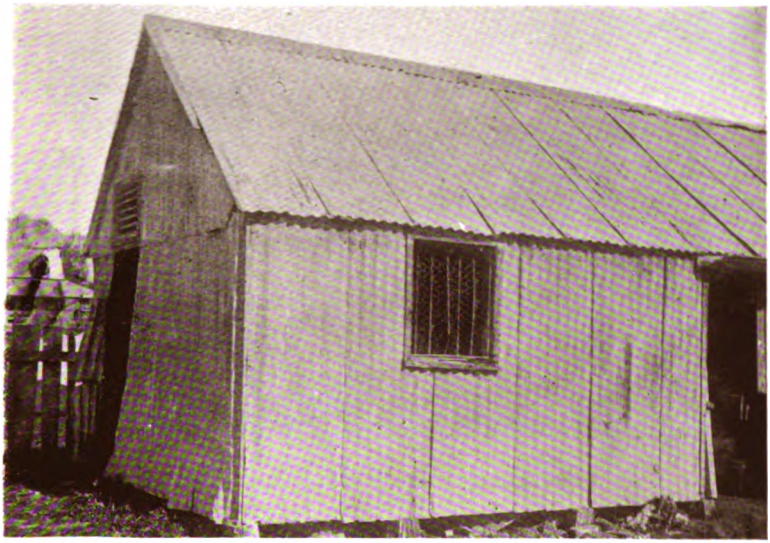
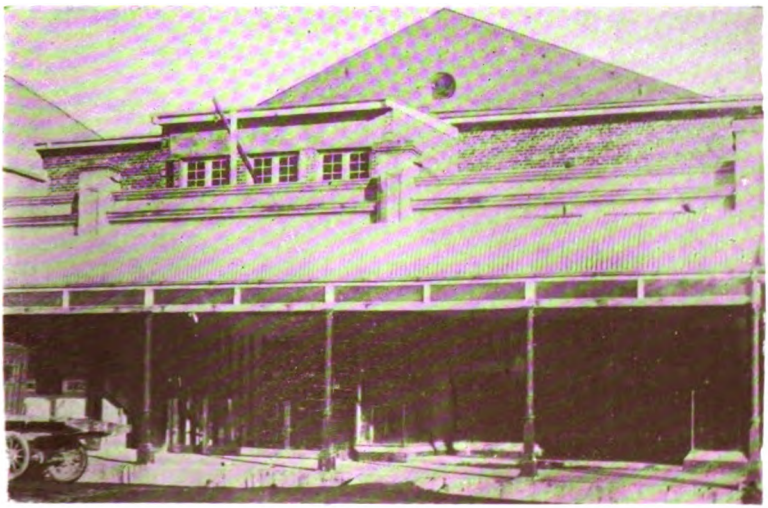


First Wairoa Ballroom, rear of Clyde Hotel



Wairoa Gaiety Theatre, 1925

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Marine Parade West in the Sixties

Left to right—P. Jonson, tailor; T. Parker, saddler; G. B. Flint, storekeeper; Clyde Hotel and " The Cottage "

Same Site, Wairoa County Club, 1921

Cost £6,000

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owner. I mentioned the extreme date that I thought the poor woman might live to see, and unwittingly, but still unwisely, the farmer told her, after I left, the verdict pronounced. From that moment she never made the slightest attempt at a rally, and died on the day and at the very hour predicted!

As I have already stated, superstition was rampant, even as late as 1860, when the Rev. James Hamlin had been for some time at the head of the Church of England Mission. More than one Native was shot or otherwise disposed of for the alleged practice of witchcraft, and it is stated that as late as the time of Kopu's death, 1867, Te Waru was accused of having practised makutu on that renowned toa and thus caused his death; and this charge, it is said, was the principal cause of throwing Te Waru into the arms of the Hauhau rebels.

Another Native, a very old man, was cruelly murdered by his son, thus in a measure giving the lie to my statement that the Maori usually was kind to his people, but this only reillustrates the truth of the saying that it is the exception which proves the rule. The old man in question was very ill and weak, and no doubt was a hindrance to the son, who desired to go off to a feast up-river. What could he do to solve the dilemma in which he found himself placed? He could not take the dying patriarch with him, and to go off and leave him to take the journey alone to Spirit-land would not be tolerated by the rest of the tribe. He settled the difficulty in a truly savage fashion by proceeding to bury the old man prematurely. Digging a grave in the sand for his aged sire, he carried him to the trench and laid him therein. Then the idea of burial alive seems to have struck the young savage as being extra brutal, or else he conceived the idea that under the circumstances killing was not murder. Seizing the spade, he brutally smashed the poor old fellow's skull, covered him up with the sand, and then betook himself to the feast, where, no doubt, he enjoyed himself—until Nemesis came demanding utu, and if the sequel be correct, Nemesis got her own(12). This was in the days before law and order penetrated to Te Wairoa, for even in 1857 the Government had none too good a grip of New Zealand. Lieutenant-Colonel McDonnell tells the same story thus:—"I have said that the Government were afraid to carry out their own laws. I could give many instances of this, but I will content myself with relating one. It was about the year 1857 or 1858 that an old man fell sick in a village on the Wairoa River, Hawke's Bay. It happened to be the planting season, and though the sick man was a chief the tribe could not delay their planting, so they left one of their

(12). Nemesis was a female Greek deity whose mother was Night. She represents the compensatory principle of Retribution.

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number to look after him till he died. This was daily expected, but he lingered on. The Native deputed to look after him was angry because this old man would not die, and he thought he would be too late to put in his own corn and potatoes. 'You ought to die, as you are keeping me here doing nothing,' said the man to the sick person, who replied, 'Perhaps I may die to-morrow.' But the morrow came, and still he was there. At last the sick man's attendant got a spade, an old blanket, and a prayer-book. He put these in a canoe, and then carried the old man and placed him in it, jumped in himself, and pulled down the river for a short distance to a sandy point, got out and dug a hole, placed the old man in it, read the Pakeha burial service over him, and covered him up alive! He then returned to the village, and from there went up to the plantations where his tribe were at work. He told them that he had buried the sick man. 'When did he die? Why did you not tell us, so that we could have a tangi (cry) over him?' he was asked; but all they could get was that he had read the burial service over him." At last they got at the truth of this dreadful murder. The headmen of the tribe, Paora Rerepu and others, sent to the Magistrate at Napier to send up a policeman to take the Native who had committed this crime, but no notice was taken of the information, or of the request of the Natives. They therefore held a meeting, but were puzzled to know what to do. In olden days utu would have been summarily exacted; but now Pakeha law reigned, such as it was, and the Maoris did not know how far they would become involved themselves if they took summary measures. At last a young chief got up, and said he would end the difficulty. The murderer was placed with his back against a cabbage-tree. The young chief then loaded his double-barrelled gun and took up a position one hundred yards distant. "I am going to fire two shots at the murderer. If I hit him," he said, "there is an end of the matter. If I don't hit him he shall go free." He fired at him, and the bullet going clean through his brain he fell dead, and was there and then buried. It was apparent to all that it was only the Government that was afraid to act.

A very similar case occurred at Nuhaka in September, 1860, again illustrating the Maori idea that killing is not murder. A murder attended with circumstances of unusual atrocity was reported as having occurred. A Native named Hori Porikina had been ill from influenza for some time, and his life being despaired of he was left with one attendant, a Native named Wera Wera. The latter became impatient, and decided it was time his charge departed for the Maori Reinga. He placed the man in a canoe and paddled to the entrance of the river, where

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he dug a shallow grave. Informing the sick man that he proposed to read the burial service, he threw him into the hole, and with his foot on the unfortunate man, to hold him down, he used words translated as "In you go," and then filled in the earth over him. A meeting of Natives was held, and the man, brought before them, at once pleaded guilty and was shot—all in less than an hour. Judge Lynch in Maoriland was not a taihoa character. In May, 1863, a Native of Whangawehi, Piripi Te Noti, was sent out in charge of a party of girls collecting karaka berries, and though the collections were made in a proper manner, something else occurred which brought Piripi under the notice of the Maori Runanga. He was arrested, tried, and banished into the bush in the dead of winter for a prescribed time; there he hanged himself, cutting up a wool-pack into strips for the necessary rope.

I return now to conclude my description of the early times of Te Wairoa proper. Although considerable laxity among the young people was allowed, the married people—the women especially—were expected to be models of propriety, and occasionally when a husband became unduly enamoured of some other damsel, the demon of jealousy was let loose. Marital infelicity of this kind was responsible for a murder at Poututu, a Maori settlement to the west of Te Wairoa Heads. A Native woman, for good reasons, no doubt, became intensely jealous regarding her lawful spouse, whom she believed to have been unfaithful—and the Native woman can be just as jealous, and perhaps even more so, than her white-skinned sister. However, one day after a wordy war between the pair, they proceeded on some business or other to the Poututu creek, their footmarks having been traced thereto. The man came back without the woman, who was never seen again. The husband's explanations were not considered satisfactory, and it was freely alleged he had drowned her in the creek or in the sea. He was therefore arrested by the Native policeman on a charge of murder, but nothing could be proved against him. He was, however, deported to the South Island in order to prevent reprisals by the relatives of the dead woman, and perhaps other disturbances, which the Government at that time seemed quite powerless to prevent or to punish the offenders, who often acted under the Maori laws and customs of Old Wairoa.

Another version of the Heads murder may be given. In June, 1862, a Maori named Netane Te Huiki was arrested by the Natives at the Heads for the murder of his wife Hiraina by drowning her in the Makareo stream, Whakamahia, and was sent by the "Gipsy" to Napier for trial, a high state of feeling existing. He was indicted in the quaint language of the statute

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of the day " for that, not having the fear of God before his eyes, and being moved and instigated by the Devil, he did," etc., etc. Evidence against him was given by Wiremu Kerehama Hurewaka, Toha, " Dr." Scott, Hiria, and Mr. Colenso. The verdict, owing to certain doubts, was one of not guilty, but as the Government could not save him from the vengeance of the wife's relations a subscription was got up and he was deported to Otago, where it was hoped he could maintain himself. A Solomonic decision was one given at Mahia, with tragic results. A leading chief, annoyed by the wordy dispute by two persons as to the ownership of a child, seized the unoffending little one by the ankles and dashed its head several times on the hard ground till it was lifeless. He then turned to the disputants, and remarking, " There's your cause of dispute settled, now be quiet!" off he walked.

I have shown that cannibal feasts did take place in Old Wairoa, and two incidents equally atrocious were reported about the early days, on the authority of the late Mr. F. W. C. Sturm, as occurring during a visit he paid to Wairoa from Nuhaka. On one occasion an altercation took place between a Native and a storekeeper, whose name I could not ascertain. Finally, the Maori struck the Pakeha with a stick which he had in his hand. This caused quite a sensation, and on the affair reaching the ears of Te Apatu he made enquiries about the insult to his Pakeha, and told the storekeeper: " Before night the enemy's head will be cut off and his heart cut out." In vain the Pakeha protested that he was not hurt, or very little; but the chief was adamant, and issuing his orders the unfortunate Native's head was off before night, and both it and his heart were taken to the supposedly injured trader as utu for the indignity. The head it was proposed to fix on a pole close by the store and the heart was for the white man's oven—but he declined both. On another occasion a Maori woman was collecting firewood on a prohibited piece of the foreshore near the Heads. Ordered by the chief to desist, she refused, whereupon he went into his whare, got out a gun, and putting down the barrel a small handful of coarse shingle on top of an already present powder charge, he fired, and the poor creature fell over dead. Such was Wairoa in the old days—justice exacted by rough-and-ready methods wholly untempered by mercy([13]).

I have just read another account, published at the time, which states that it was Toha's son who shot this woman. She had visited the house, hideously painted up with ochre, and

(13). I referred these two incidents to a local half-caste over 75 years of age, and she denied the story, but she was too young then to have had much knowledge of Old Wairoa. I must leave it at that.

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abused the lad about his doubtful parentage, and finally threatened to cook his head, an offence unpardonable even by a chief-to-be. He therefore shot her as stated, and the comment of a chief present at the time was equivalent to " Serve her right."

So I leave the reader to draw his or her own conclusions. The last of the cannibal chiefs, and one against whom the Wairoa and East Coast tribes fought in early days, died at the Thames in May, 1870. Taraia Ngakuti, chief of Ngati-Tamatea, of Orakau, in 1842, attacked Tauranga, where he killed many, and after the usual orgy carried away human flesh with him. He landed on the present site of Shortland Street, Auckland, where he built a strong pa, the opening of which was celebrated with human sacrifices, war dancing, feasting, etc. He was not liked by his tribe, but, as may be surmised, very much feared. It is said that he had seen Captain Cook, and if so he must have been a great age at the time of his death.

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CHAPTER XIV

TOWN AND COUNTRY

MAKING A TOWN—A TERRA INCOGNITA—WAIROA COMES IN—BUT PROGRESS LAGS—MOHAKA SETTLERS—THE NATIVE QUESTION—THE TOWN SURVEY—LOW TOWN VALUES—EFFORTS AT SETTLEMENT—THE BACK-BLOCKS—THE LOCAL INDUSTRIES—EXPLOITING GENII—AS A FRUIT CENTRE—LOCAL ROADMAKING—THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC—THE OLD ORDER.

Bred in the outlying bushland,
With the hook and axe they toil,
Having the faith of their fathers
In the bush-clad mountain soil.
Each to his way of working,
Ready to give their all,
Sons in the rough for shaping,
Rich gems in the Empire's Hall.

HUGO FINN.

In the earlier days of Te Wairoa, before the spirit of rebellion began to stalk through the land, the few white people then in the district lived as much like those of ancient Arcadia as any lover of the simple life could desire. The river, then as now, flowed peacefully through a fertile valley, and on its banks, clothed with fruit trees, the pioneer Pakehas lived pleasant and not too hard-worked lives. One of these was Mr. J. Carroll and the other was "Dr." Matthew Scott, and both from 1855 to 1860 were close friends of the late H. S. Wardell, who was sent in October, 1855, to the East Coast to act as magistrate over a large and populous Maori district extending from Wairoa to the East Cape. There was not much forensic skill needed in those days, but he had need to be a veritable Solomon to settle the cases arising out of the predilection of Ngati-Kahungunu for the practice of "makutu" or witchcraft, and here in this "hollow lotus-land" lived the Carrolls and the Scotts, and a few other hardy pioneers, in that happy vale, newspaperless and policeman-less, the only excitement being the arrival, twice a year, of a modest supply of luxuries from Napier by Mr. Carroll's vessel. "Dr." Scott thus described the palmy early days of Te Wairoa:—

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"Inhabiting comfortable homes situated on the banks of a magnificent river, which in due season supplied us plentifully with fish, while its lagoons and tributaries contributed wild duck innumerable, and the forests, fringing its banks, pigeons and other Maori game without end; surrounded by and not on too intimate terms with our Maori landlords and their hapus, who raised wheat and other produce in large quantities, and were then an industrious, happy community, we contentedly ground our flour in our improvised steel windmills and lived on happily, and took little thought for the morrow, and for many years our intercourse with our Native friends was genial and sincere on both sides. They invariably resorted to us in any great trouble or calamity which threatened to assail their quiet domestic life, consulted us in their little ailments, and gratefully appreciated any kindness rendered them, while I verily believe that all they had, including themselves, was at our behest and service."

This was before the coming of the shadow of war; before even the site of the town of Wairoa had passed out of the hands of the aboriginal owners; before even the Queen's writ dare run freely.

Making a Town.

The progress of any town, however small, is best gauged by that of the immediate country—the land at its back(1)—and the measure of the people's prosperity is the measure of the work done by the man on the land—either on its surface, by causing two blades of grass to grow where before there was but one, or deep down in the bowels of the earth, compelling Nature to yield up her treasures for the enrichment of the individual, the community, and the State. For, let it not be forgotten, work—or what results from it—and not money is the truest wealth. A pound of pig-iron is worth less than sixpence, but when man's labour is expended on it and it appears in the form of watch-springs, it is worth hundreds of pounds sterling. A value of £10,000 added to the land in the shape of clearing and grassing is more real wealth than ten times that amount lodged in the bank—that is, of course, as far as the State is concerned. Those, therefore, who are so apt to try and set town against country and country against town—especially the former—ought to paste the opening sentences of this chapter in their hats. Whatever a town may be, it will be found in most cases that it is the country which has made it great, populous and rich—unless, of course, in cases where some special industry contributes directly to the

(1). It is on this principle I hold that the development of a small harbour at Waikokopu, and its connection with Wairoa by rail, cannot possibly hurt the latter place or cause it to cease being the county capital. We have the back country, which Waikokopu has not; and in addition we have the population, the great industries and all the institutions that spell out the word "civilization."

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progress of the latter, irrespective of the rest of the district. The town should always remember that the country settler, especially in the backblocks, is a man who, though usually doing well, carries a heavy burden—the burden of settlement. Although he may have a big revenue some years, he has to run the risk of lean years; and rates and taxes, like the brook, go on for ever. Finally, he not infrequently in past days found himself squeezed as dry as a lemon by some bank or loan company, and the world then lay before him for a fresh start. On the other hand, the country settlers should not contemn the town or wilfully asperse or obstruct its citizens in their forward aspirations towards progress. Farmers are used to waiting long periods for the harvest to come round. Not so with business men; their trade goes on continually and continuously, or it should, from day to day, and all interruptions are not only unbusinesslike but spell actual loss. In dealing, therefore, with this subject, questions of roads, ferries, lands, surveys and settlement must be taken together—town and country in co-operation—and before I have done few will be found to wonder why Te Wairoa did not make greater progress in the early days; and when those who should have pushed the district ahead declined to do so, was it any wonder "the common people" were unprogressive? It was as early as March, 1851, when Mr. McLean, at Huramua, refused the offer of some land by Rangi-mataeo on the ground that the Government had no funds; nothing was therefore done north of Mohaka for many years. Hawke's Bay itself was only doing a little in the way of wool-growing, yet her wool brought, in 1858, 1s. 7½d. to 1s. 9d., and at that date Wairoa was described as "a very prosperous district" on a false report that thirty sperm whales had been caught that year. So "prosperous" were Wairoa and Mohaka in 1858 that these districts petitioned the Superintendent to try and do something for the Wairoa-Mohaka road, and it was stated that at that time letters had been lying in Napier for months. June 15, 1858, saw the greatest flood in the Wairoa River in the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." All the northern flat was covered, a Native church was washed away, Maori whares were swept out to sea, and many fine porkers were drowned. The sudden rise of the river was due to a blocked entrance and torrential rains. When the flood subsided a big slice had been taken off Motu-o-te-rauhina Island, just inside the bar. A small mercy was showered on Poverty Bay this year, when in October the Wairoa post was extended to Turanganui and chronicled in the *Herald* as a spirited action on the part of the local Government.

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A Terra Incognita.

In 1859 the whole of the land at Te Wairoa (excluding Mohaka) was in the hands of the Native owners, and consequently there was practically nothing done in the way of roadmaking north of Mohaka; and the vision of the authorities may be marked by the fact that the seaward limit of the Wairoa and Mohaka Harbours was fixed by Order-in-Council as comprising a circle one and a half miles (nautical) from the western bluff in each case. The Wairoa district proper was then outside the boundary of the Hawke's Bay Province—at the extreme southern end of the large unwieldy Auckland Provincial District. Mohaka was then the only part of what is now the County of Wairoa where anything like farming was carried on. A man named Robert Riddell—a one-armed man—was farming, in partnership with Alexander Allen, a run now known as Springhill, comprising 11,160 acres. Both of these settlers were remittance men, and well educated. The latter, in a fit of *delirium tremens,* jumped overboard when off Mohaka in the "Gypsy" and was drowned. I may mention here, though somewhat out of chronological order, that Robert Riddell subsequently went Home to England, succeeded to a large fortune, and married a titled lady. His brother, Walter Riddell, belonged to a class then very common in New Zealand—"the social derelicts." He was drowned in the Huramua creek, and buried in the old graveyard, near or on the present Harbour Board landing reserve at Turiroa. Seven years later two priests of the Jesuit Order came out from England, exhumed the bones, and placing them in a splendid casket, took them home for reinterment. There were 11 brothers in all, of a very high Roman Catholic family, and out of the number five or six of them were priests, all having been educated at Stonyhurst Seminary.

But to return to the year 1859. Robert Riddell then represented Mohaka on the Hawke's Bay Provincial Council, and in that year, by dint of importunity, he got a vote placed on the Estimates for Mohaka roads for £500, but nothing seems to have been expended—it went to swell the surplus, perhaps(2). Apparently the first attempt at a regular ferry service was made that year, when a bush liquor license, costing £5, was issued to the late John Sim, on condition that he kept a ferry at Mohaka for the use of the public. The next year Robert Riddell, who was still member for his district, got a vote of £3,000 passed for the Mohaka and Petane roads, but the bulk of it was spent on the latter portion—the backblocks always came last. In 1861 Phillip Dolbel sat on the Council as member for Mohaka, and moved for a select committee to consider the propriety of aban-

(2). The track from Napier to Wairoa was finally laid off in 1860.

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doning the Mohaka road and, instead thereof, constructing one "from the Tauranga bush to the Mohaka harbour, to enable the settlers to convey their produce to a market." This seems to have been favourably received, for shortly afterwards a vote of £1,000 was made for this purpose. But getting the vote on the Estimates and having it expended were two different things —then more frequently than now. Not the least of these difficulties was the dearth of labour, a fact which Captain Carter, the Superintendent, continually deplored. At this time, in addition to Robert Riddell, James Anderson farmed 4,813 acres at Mohaka; John Harding, 20,000; Curtis and Curtis, 9,950; and John Lavin, 9028(3). This year (1861) very insignificant votes were made for Mohaka roads and ferry services, though the Council enlarged its heart enough to grant a ferry at Waihua, which was established the following year, J. Lamplough being the first ferryman. An idea of the state of the roads, or the dearth of men, or both, may be gauged by the fact that this year tenders of £205 and £287 were rejected for the carriage of mails by pack-horses from Tangoio to Mohaka.

Wairoa Comes In.

The district was then extended up to the 39th degree of latitude south, running about two and a half miles north of the Wairoa River across the present Frasertown road. Wairoa was thus still in two provincial districts and at the extreme end of both, a situation not very favourable to development or progress. A bush license was granted to one of the Wairoa settlers (the late E. W. Knowles) at a fee of £5, provided he kept a ferry going for public use, and it goes without saying that the landing place was not many feet from the licensed house. The following year Mohaka petitioned the Council to establish public ferries at Wairoa and Mohaka, but the letter was merely "received," a polite way of saying "Not if we know it, thank you."

Meanwhile Wairoa, by reason of the great fertility of its soil and geniality of its climate, was gaining a few additional settlers, some of whom merely "squatted" on town or rural lands on sufferance, or bought from the Natives. These settlers comprised, exclusive of those already mentioned, "Bob" White (whose proper name was Robert Criseol), W. Christie, J. Hawkins and his sister (both bearing nicknames suggestive of blasphemy), J. Rigby, J. Torr, W. Lewis, H. J. Sturley (who first sighted New Zealand in 1829), W. Lewis, sen., W. Thompson, "Scotch Jock" or Gamble, W. Atward and wife (now Mrs. Britnell), Thomas Bell (afterwards the celebrated "Hermit of the Kermadecs"). There was one settler known as "Billy

(3). J. Lavin was Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages at Mohaka in May, 1863, vice Andrew Thomson, resigned. Wairoa did not then exist as a settled district.

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Looley," another was dubbed "The Shuffler" (Reed), and yet another, a financial genius, nicknamed "Stephen Debenture." He gained this appellation by his attempts to "raise the wind" on debentures issued in his own name—he would be a valuable acquisition to the Dominion in these days when borrowed money has to be sought for almost every enterprise. "Kitchen" was the name of another early settler, and then there were E. W. Knowles (of whom more anon), J. Lewis, "Jack Muck" (so called because of his filthy habits), J. Hook (or "Flash Jack," as he called himself), J. Chase, an African called "Shiloh" (long since dead), and another named C. Pompey. Shiloh was, in his day, the best headsman on the coast, and very few whales did he ever miss. He claimed to be the last of the Tasmanian blacks, but this could not have been so, for "Truganini"—the last of the Tasmanians—only died on 8th May, 1876. Pompey, supposed to be an African, was really a Tasmanian black, and was alive not very long ago. Then there were Captain D. Jones (father of the late ex-Pilot Jones of our day), "Tommy Ralph," D. Lewis (father of Mrs. C. Harmer), and "Tommy the Cow" (so called because of his usual occupation of "bullock-puncher"). The last-named was the first white man to work a team of bullocks in Wairoa when it began to emerge from the "Wheelbarrow Age." It was the Natives who called him "Tommy the Cow"—every horned beast, whether of the male or female gender, is with them a "cow." The introducer of the bullock wagon died here in the old days and was buried at Huramua. One of the old medicos I must not forget, as being one of the old type. He was a clever medical student, but his life was blasted by intemperance. Possessed of a constitution like iron, he endured hardships and privations that would have speedily killed most men of the present generation. His favourite occupation, when overcome by his enemy, was to parade the river-bank in all kinds of weather, cane in hand, drilling the line of willow trees in his mad delirium. Many a time have I heard his stentorian voice rising above the howling of the "souther" as he called "Attention!" or "Right wheel!" or some other military term. There were Joe Burton and Spooner. I must not forget the latter, for one locality in the borough has been called after him. He came to Wairoa in very early days from Poverty Bay, where he had reached after having deserted from an American whaler in Sydney harbour. He resided at Tolaga Bay for years, and when out in the bush one day he had half of one hand blown off through his gun bursting. His Maori wife carried him on her back through the bush a distance of 20 miles into Turanganui for assistance. Soon after coming to Wairoa he commenced trading with the Maoris, and kept a boarding-house at the Point. Spooner's boarders, when the Hauhau dis-

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turbances came about, were the officers of the Military Settlers and the R.M., Mr. C. Hunter Brown. Spooner was rough-and-ready, and it will doubtless be believed when I say that the menu card was lacking, nor did he supply serviettes at his table. One day he was engaged frying something on a pan when the R.M. rather rashly preferred a request that some beans should be supplied to his horse. Spooner, hardly believing his ears, had the question repeated, when he replied in characteristic fashion: "Beans! Is it beans you want? I'll give you beans!" And he did, for he promptly hurled the pan and its greasy contents at the magisterial head. Spooner died at the old house 50 years ago, and just prior to his death he stated that his house had been built 50 years. Though mentioned last, there comes by no means least the name of "Joe" Carroll (father of Sir James Carroll, Native Minister and Acting Prime Minister, 1911). Mr. Carroll lived at the Awatere in an old house which till some years ago stood not far from the tall cabbage-palm still standing on the northern bank of the river(4). This old tree has associations sacred to Sir James Carroll, and through the many years it has stood in its present location it seems to have been hedged about by some protecting spirit or taniwha, as though the word had gone forth—

"Woodman, spare that tree;
Touch not a single bough."

It has been singularly protected from axe, fire and flood, for under its limited shelter on August 20, 1857, was born James Carroll, who in the first year of His Majesty King George's reign occupied the position of Cabinet Minister, Acting Prime Minister, and representative of an important European constituency—the East Coast. Thus in his own person "Timi Kara" proves that there is no position in New Zealand to which a member of the Maori race may not climb if he only calls up, to aid his natural genius, persistent determination and inflexibility of purpose.

Scab broke out among the Wairoa flocks in 1862, and in August of that year William Morris, of Mahia, was fined by Captain Curling, R.M., sixpence a head for 30 sheep found to be affected with scab, which had broken out at Mohaka and Waikokopu the previous month. Some fairly good wool must have been grown, for Toha's flock at the Heads clipped 5½ lbs. per head, and as Mr. Fannin was continually crossing sheep at the mouth of the Wairoa River he was ordered to muster for scab, and refusing to do so was fined £7 and costs.

(4). James Carroll was knighted in 1911, and after representing Gisborne electorate in the House of Representatives for many years he was elevated to the Legislative Council.

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But Progress Lags.

The mere handful of settlers I have mentioned could do very little to hasten settlement, owing to the Native occupancy of the land and the difficulty of roading the district even when the will was present to do so, which was not frequently the case. I am still dealing with the year 1862, and endeavouring to show how remarkably little Wairoa owes to the Provincial Council of Hawke's Bay. On the 4th March in the year mentioned, the Provincial Engineer reported that the Mohaka road would be laid off "shortly." A Native named Teira had taken a contract to repair the bridle-track Tangoio to Mohaka by removing slips therefrom, but the Engineer could not get him to go on with the work. All he would say in response to invitations to speed up was "Wait, wait," and to wait they had. At last the Engineer became so tired of so much "taihoa" that he sent a party of Europeans to repair the road, but they were turned off by Te Teira, and they thanked their lucky stars that they were not all tomahawked. Te Teira was admitted to be master of the situation—he would not do the work himself, nor would he allow anyone else to do it(5). At the same time the Engineer reported that Toha and Paora (Apatu) were making very slow progress with the Wairoa-Mohaka bridle track, but stated he "heard they were inclined to go on with it"—the Natives were still evidently masters of the situation. A portion of the Mohaka bridle track was cut at the moderate price of £1 12s. per chain. In 1863 P. Dolbel still represented Mohaka on the Provincial Council, but the result to his district was the passage of a few insignificant votes barely totalling £70! Beyond this, little or nothing seems to have been done north of Napier, owing in part to the Native difficulties, but no doubt chiefly to the fact that all the energies of the Council and most of the money were used up in roading Napier and the rich plains to the south of it.

The Mohaka Settlers.

At this time the Mohaka settlers were but a small body; and after all it is the voice of the electors that speaks loudest to those in places of power, and not that of individual men in moving "the powers that be" to the exercise of a progressive policy. To show what slender chances Mohaka had in the general scramble, I give the names of her electors in the year with which I am dealing:—

Thomas Bell	J Topping	J. Potter
P. Dolbel	J. M. P. Lavin	J. Wishart
J. Harding	J. A. Cooper	N. McGreevy
J. Sim	A. F. Henrici	J. Norcross

(5). Milder methods, however, prevailed at times, actuated less perhaps by a religious fervour than by the need for "raising the wind." In 1862 two travellers, Messrs. Wall and McDonnell, were stopped by Natives on the Wairoa-Napier road for travelling on Sunday, and fined 5/- each.

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To show that these settlers lived very far apart I may mention that on the 7th July, 1863, a settler was "gored by an ox," to use the words in the *Hawke's Bay Gazette*, but an inquest was not held, "as the settlers lived too far apart" to summon them as a jury to meet at a given spot; and as twelve good men and true then formed the jury, it would have taken the whole of the landed aristocracy of Mohaka to "sit" on the body. The law of tapu was invoked in the neighbourhood of the Wairoa for six months owing to the death of three men engaged in fishing. Wirihana, Horomona, Hohepa Rata and J. York proceeded over the bar to fish, and finding the canoe overloaded they landed one of their number, a half-caste, and again went out, but were never heard of afterwards. Later the body of Wirihana, a Waikato war veteran, was found.

In July, 1864 (during the superintendency of Donald McLean), a vote of £50 was made for "Te Witi" (Te Uhi) hill road or bridle track—the farthest north extension—and £30 for a footbridge over Kaka creek, Mohaka, a little to the rear of the late John Sim's hotel. This year the provincial finances must have been somewhat tight, for the ferry vote was increased to £25 after much debate, and the munificent sum of £20 set aside for the Mohaka track! "Set aside" is distinctly good. Safe for a time from the maulers of the greedy Napierites. The Council at that time still had a small shred of conscience left, and the scraps from the rich man's table were "set aside" for the Lazarus of the north. The game of "grab" was proceeding merrily, for out of £90,000 claimed by Hawke's Bay from the General Government loan of £3,000,000 not a single penny appeared in the schedule for Wairoa roads and bridges. Such luxuries were not for "the Wairoa cockatoos." Perish the suggestion! This year the engineer reported that one mile of bridle track to Wairoa was made in 15 months!

At this time the whole of the land on the northern bank of the river, opposite the present borough town, was thickly covered with scrub and toe-toe, with swampy patches here and there, especially to the left of the present Frasertown road, near where the dairy factory and railway yards stand. There were also the remains of giant trees, some of which had been sawn up by expert pit-sawyers and dispatched to Napier by sailing craft. There were also signs of great destruction by fire in past days.

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The Native Question.

The land referred to was all in the hands of the Maoris, who placed such little value on it that in 1866 they offered to Mr. Donald McLean (afterwards Sir Donald) all that area from the Awatere creek mouth to its junction with the run recently occupied by Mr. Duff, and bounded on the west by a line near Mr. Coker's present-day cordial factory. The price asked was a modest seven and sixpence per acre, but Mr. McLean refused to buy, alleging he did not like to take it from the Natives—a consideration which did him infinite credit. I think, however, that the low state of the Treasury had a good deal to do with it. At all events it is certain that not many would be found to-day to endorse his policy. Early in the seventies, however, the Native owners sold to Dr. F. F. Ormond, brother of the late Hon. J. D. Ormond, 150 acres for £150, the land previously refused by Mr. McLean at 7s. 6d. an acre. In common, however, with all or most Native land sales, there was some dissatisfaction, and claims more or less shadowy were put forward by the Natives professing to be owners, who alleged that they had not been parties to the sale. One man claimed special compensation for a small "parcel" of land in which he said his ancestors had been buried, and he wanted utu in the shape of current coin of the realm as a solatium for his injured feelings. This claimant kept on worrying the Government about the matter, and they eventually referred it to Mr. J. D. Ormond, the Government Agent at Napier(6). That gentleman wrote to Dr. Ormond asking him to settle the question somehow and get rid of the bother, which he did in this way:—The next time the Native claimant proceeded to urge his point Dr. Ormond asked him to call next day and point out the spot where the bones lay. The Native did so, indicating the exact spot where his deceased ancestors had been interred. Dr. Ormond had two men on the spot with spades, and he ordered them at once to dig up the skeletons. When the spades were put into the ground, one at the head and the other at the foot of the graves, the claimant threw up his hands in horror and fled from the spot. Nothing more was ever heard of the claim after that. This was one way of "settling

(6). John Davies Ormond, whose father had the rank of captain in the Royal Navy, was born at Wallingford, Berks., England, in 1832, and educated at Plymouth. He came out to New Zealand as a boy in company with Mr. F. J. Eyre, who became Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand in 1846. Mr. Ormond being his first secretary, as well as clerk to the Executive Council, a very onerous position for a lad of 16. After resigning that position he became a land-owner in Hawke's Bay, and in 1859 took office in the Provincial Council, Superintendent 1869. As shown in the pages of this book, he exercised great influence over the Maori people, and on many occasions brought peace where a less tactful man would have plunged Hawke's Bay and Wairoa into the red ruin of a war of extermination.

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the Native difficulty" in the olden days. Mr. McLean(7), however, was successful this year (1864) in securing some land for settlement. As a result of his visit to Wairoa and Mahia he purchased the following:—Mahia, 16,000 acres; Nuhaka, 100,000 acres; Upper and Lower Wairoa, 4,570 acres; Waihua, 20,000 acres. At this time so little attention was given to the Poverty Bay district that the settlers petitioned, but unsuccessfully, for separation from Auckland and annexation to Hawke's Bay.

The Town Survey.

The surveyed road from Mahia to connect with the road to Te Kapu crossed the Awatere creek near its mouth, and then ran along the river-bank towards the present bridge site and in front of the late J. H. Brown's residence. It was, however, found that a bridge over the Awatere near the mouth would cost about £800, whilst one could be built higher up for about £250. Mr. J. D. Ormond then arranged, through Mr. Weber, Provincial Engineer, to deviate the road through Mr. Carroll's land and the 150 acres, where it now runs and known as Mahia Avenue, Dr. Ormond taking the river road in place of the other. Thus did the short-sighted officials give away the people's rights to the foreshore. Had this not been done the Borough Council and the Harbour Board would have had a valuable asset in the shape of building sites, which are now private property. The reason that a small portion of this road was left at the site of Messrs. Williams and Kettle's wholesale store is that this was outside the portion of 150 acres sold to Dr. Ormond.

But to resume the story of the Provincial Council's dealings with Wairoa. The utter insignificance of the work done is recorded in a single sentence: One mile of road in fifteen months. And not a single expression of regret: it was, in fact, the customary way of treating Wairoa in those days. In 1865—a year momentous in military matters—P. Dolbel succeeded in getting votes for Mohaka and Wairoa roads totalling £800. The Mohaka Harbour was voted £25 and the Wairoa Survey Office £148 7s., the late George Burton being then assistant surveyor. This year in the Council Mr. Tiffen asked why the Wairoa land surveys had not been put up to tender. This was more a party question than anything, for party spirit animated the Hawke's Bay Legislature then just as it does now in Wellington. His Honour, in reply to Mr. Tiffen, said that "the other two sur-

(7). Mr. McLean, who was knighted in 1874 in recognition of his services to the Crown and the people of both races in New Zealand, was born in Scotland, and died in Napier in January, 1877. He first entered the Government service as Protector of the Aborigines (Western District), but on the abolition of the office by Governor Grey, Mr. McLean carried on similar duties under a different title. It was in 1850 he got a commission to acquire land on behalf of the Government, and made large purchases in Hawke's Bay and Wairoa, as detailed. He finally settled in Hawke's Bay in 1863, and his name is "writ large" on the page of Hawke's Bay history.

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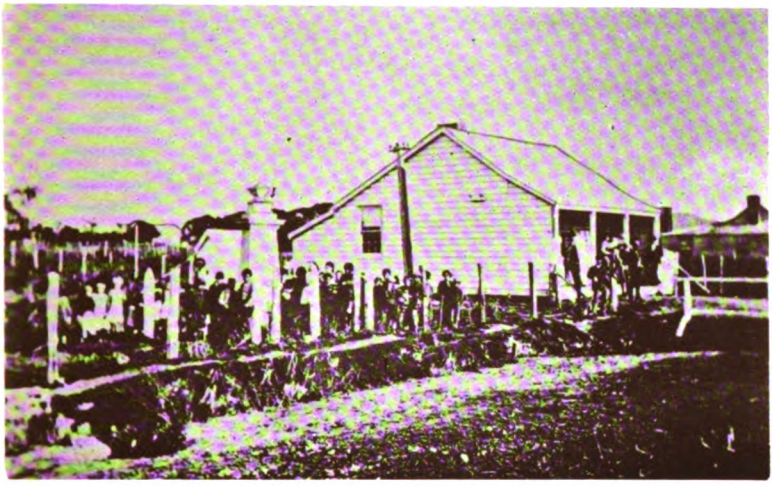

Wairoa Post Office and Courthouse Site in the Seventies

Surfing on the Wairoa Beach—Early Days

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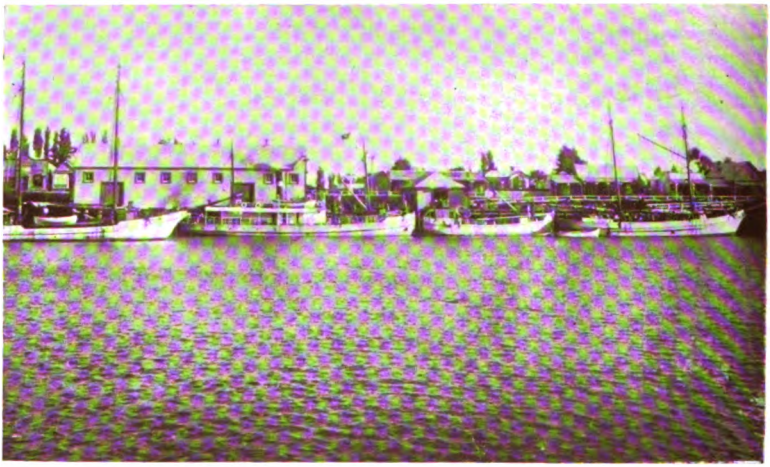
Wairoa Trader crossing the Bar in the Sixties



A Busy Day at the Port, 1912

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Monument to Pitihera Kopu at Wairoa

Monument to Ihaka Whaanga at Nuhaka

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Typical Young Half-castes under Pakeha Rule

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veyors" were engaged, and he had therefore given the work to Mr. Fitzgerald at £3 per mile. Notification was given about this date that the Native title had been extinguished over the following Wairoa lands in favour of the Crown, at the following prices:—

Locality	*Acres*	*Price*	*Average Cost per Acre*
Waihua	21,000	£1,250	1s. 5½d.
Potutu	2,800	1,100	8s. 7½d.
Wairoa, Upper & Lower	4,570	2,200	13s. 6½d.
Nuhaka	10,000	3,300	7s. 7½d.
Mahia	16,000	2,200	3s. 3½d.
Turiroa	15,000	2,500	3s. 7½d.
	69,370	£12,550	

The first sale of township lands was advertised for November 29, 1865, and the second for January 17 of the following year, but both seem to have been postponed, as at that time armed bands of Hauhaus were threatening the East Coast, and Wairoa in particular, and as a consequence it was feared the sale would prove a failure. As a matter of fact the sale was not a success, many of the most eligible sections not eliciting a bid. The quarter-acre upsets were £5 and the larger sections in the same proportion. Mr. McLean, in his capacity of Land-purchase Agent, visited Mahia on October 17, 1865, with Mr. Fitzgerald, and he immediately formed a very high opinion of Ihaka Whaanga. In his official report he said the Mahia was the keystone to the district, and from there he conducted the land-buying operations, which were extended to Wairoa. There a very curious reason was given to Mr. McLean by Te Koare against selling Wairoa lands at a particular spot. He said that on one occasion his ancestors were travelling from Maungaharuru to Te Wairoa, and during the journey they became very hungry and were not offered any food till they reached Wairoa. In gratitude he made over the land to the benefactors, therefore he could not sell. On this occasion Putoko was a very fierce opponent of land-selling, embellishing his speech with many fiery gestures and runs. The whole party, about 200, including some "King" Natives, paddled down river to Kairakau, not far from the writer's present residence, about a mile from the Kahu pa (Te Uhi). Putoko was observed by Mr. McLean to be intensely ragged, and he presented him with a new pair of unmentionables. Never was such a change in any man's attitude. "Let the land go to sea" (or be sold), he said. Thirty thousand pounds was the price asked for a small part of the present Wairoa town flat, but Mr. McLean's bid only went to £800. The Natives laughed at this offer, declaring the land was "the gem

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of the Wairoa," but eventually they parted with the "gem" for £1,200. Before Mr. McLean left, Hipora, the sister of Te Apatu, offered 7,000 acres of her own for £1,000, which was accepted. The 1866 land sale, at which 166 town sections were put up, resulted in the sale of 60 at £10 per quarter-acre—the demand was still dwindling. Twenty suburban sections were disposed of at from £10 to £15 per acre.

A peculiar difficulty cropped up this year between the Provincial Council authorities and William Morris, a Mahia settler. He shipped to Napier 509 sheep—then quite a large shipment—and on arrival there he refused to dip them or pay for having them done. The dipping, however, was carried out by the Inspector of Stock at a cost of 5¼d. per head(8). The Inspector pointed out the anomalous fact that the same steamer took sheep to Wairoa and even Mahia without dipping being required! This Morris was a remarkably well educated man, and it is said he was able to quote almost any passage in the Bible when the subject under discussion seemed to call for a clinching argument. Nevertheless, he did not love his enemies very much, and the Sermon on the Mount had evidently not been worked into his life. Some of the whalers were in the habit of stealing his firewood, so he contrived a means of revenge on the next party of marauders. He selected some nice-looking, easily split logs, charged them in several places with gunpowder—and waited. One day he missed the logs, but that night he knew where they had gone, for a certain whaler's hut was blown sky-high, but—fortunately for Morris—no one was killed, but his property in firewood at least was thereafter much respected. In the middle of December, 1865, the little band of settlers was augmented by the arrival of J. J. Taylor and wife to take over the Clyde Hotel, then being built. At this time there was another hotel in the infant town, the Ravenswood, in succession to Morton's (Kopu Road). So the small band of pioneers was well supplied in that line.

In 1866 was officially recorded the sale of the Wairoa town site by Kopu, Paora Apatu and his sister Hipora. The chief, Maihi Kaimoana, made some exception to the sale, but was overruled by Kopu, whose word was law to the Maori. The amount was divided amongst a large number of Natives, some of the payments being represented by a few shillings. Mrs. J. Torr's father, who was not among the least of the Natives, received

(8). The cost of dipping before the Great War was reduced to 1-15th of a penny per head!

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£40 as his share(9). This year the advance of settlement and the growth of population demanded more attention on the part of the Provincial Council, and a vote of £460 was made for the erection of a police station and courthouse. A total of 120 chains of bridle track to Mohaka and 140 chains of the same class of road to Wairoa were constructed—not a very brilliant record in road-making efforts for twelve months, even fifty years ago!

Low Town Values.

The next sale of the township land was advertised for March 9. The upset prices varied from £5 to £9 for quarter-acre sections; two acres, £10 to £12. Suburban lands: Seven acres, £23; ten acres, £30; thirty acres, £60;—are a few examples of the upset values of town lands that cost the Crown an average of only 13s. 6½d. an acre in the first instance(10). A further sale of town land was advertised for 29th May, and with it the sale of the Turiroa reserves. These, with Waihua, Ohinepaka, Potutu and Waihua rural sections, were surveyed by George Burton. The upset in the case of some of the Waihua sections was as high as £75 for 105 acres—quite as much as the land was then worth, considering its condition and the want of a market. The four sections from the Bank of New Zealand corner running back to Queen Street were in the late sixties under offer by Mr. S. Locke to "Dr." M. Scott for a total of £20, but he was not able to raise that amount, and later the land became the property of the Powdrell family at £135. The values of these four sections now are—capital, £13,700; unimproved, £6,645. One other illustration will suffice. The two town sections in Marine Parade abutting on the entrance to Coronation Square, where formerly the Bank of New Zealand did its business, was bought by the writer for £75 and in a few days he sold them for an advance of £25, few then believing that Wairoa would ever progress—and little wonder, seeing that so many were helping to hinder progress. The values of these sections to-day are—capital, £8,635; unimproved, £4,755.

The Wairoa town roads were then formed "in front of Clyde" (Marine Parade), culverted and drained, though ten

(9). In 1877, when a sale of Wairoa town sections fell through, a responsible press writer said: "Anyone with a local knowledge of the place could be only too well aware that the supply of town sections in the Wairoa is greater than the demand. . . . The Government has done very well out of selling sections in the Wairoa township; not to put too fine a point upon it, there was a mild kind of swindle perpetrated on the original purchasers, a second case of the township of Eden, on paper; nay a city, extending for miles. . . . The Government should put a stop to the absurd system of attempting to delude people into the belief that there ever will be a township down at the Heads."

(10). In 1876 the Government purchased the following lands—Tauwharetoi, 56,680 acres, price £6,000; Rotokakarangu, 19,640 acres, £2,000; Whakaonganga, 18,640, and part of Hangaroa, in all 22,840 acres, £5,000, or about 4/3½ per acre.

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years later, when I first saw them, they were all overgrown back from the river with scrub and toe-toe. The town was christened Clyde and names were given to the streets, most of them commemorating great scenes and actors in the conflicts between England and the native peoples of India. Kopu and Apatu alone of the Wairoa chiefs were honoured in this way. It was at this time that the Provincial Engineer suggested the formation of a road to Turiroa along the river-bank, with sheath piling at one or two points, where the hills struck down to the river; estimated cost, £700(11). At these very points the river is now causing great anxiety to the local County Council, the water undermining the road and threatening to obliterate this very picturesque drive along the Wairoa River to the town.

Efforts at Settlement.

In 1867 Major G. S. Whitmore was the member for Wairoa. The only public vote made, however, was one of £250 "for Wairoa roads." A further sum of £150 also appeared on the Estimates, without particulars; it was therefore most likely an unexpended balance—a surplus was wont to be made in those days, as now, by not expending votes passed. In September a sum of £48 19s. 6d. was voted for fixtures for the Courthouse, which was then evidently completed. And here I must again digress to introduce a settler who had much to do with the development of Wairoa in the early days. In the same vessel which brought the Imperial forces to Wairoa the only civilian passengers, I believe, were the late Edwin Carter and his wife. Being a practical carpenter himself, with a good deal of experience gained in the South Island when carrying out extensive Government works, the first thing he set himself out to do was to build a residence in Kopu Road, fronting the river, where it still stands. Leaving his wife in a tent on the section, Mr. Carter proceeded to Auckland—a trip which then occupied a considerable part of a month—and there he selected his own materials. These and the workmanship being so good, the house to-day is mainly sound though over 50 years old. Subsequently Mr. Carter built the courthouse and gaol at Lambton Square, and afterwards his own store in Marine Parade. The building was more useful than ornamental, and was long ago thrown into the shade by other business premises. It was destroyed by fire in June, 1910, when the largest and most pretentious store in the early days of Wairoa vanished in smoke, and in its place there is now reared up a double-storey reinforced concrete building at a cost of about £3,000.

(11). The Wairoa County Council carried out the work afterwards at a cost of £500 without any piling.

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The Backblocks.

Even in 1868—that is to say, 57 years ago—the area of land at the back of the town of Wairoa—or, as the authorities have since been vainly trying to call it, "Clyde"—which was properly cleared and laid down in English grasses was inconsiderable(12). The bulk of it was along the extreme coast, the least fertile—as regards the hilly portion—and the least enduring area of our pastoral country. The late George Walker(13) ran sheep at Nuhaka, as did the late J. Carroll at the Awatere, whilst Toha had a few at Potutu. But Mr. Carroll was the first white man to bring sheep to Wairoa proper, apart from Mohaka or Mahia. His mob comprised 400 or 500, which he brought by the native track, and ran on the land till lately known as Hamlin's Te Uhi estate. Henare Apatere, chief of Kihitu, created a regular furore over this importation, declaring it was only another step in the designs of the Pakeha to take away the Maori lands from the tribes. He and his men seized the sheep one day, despite the efforts of Mr. Carroll and his retainers to stop them, and they were driven away as far as Mohaka, and then just as suddenly brought back. To what this change of conduct was due I cannot say, but Apatere still resented what Mr. Carroll had done, and later on, when his mind became somewhat unsettled, he sought utu. One morning, armed with a heavy hammer, he walked into Mr. Carroll's bedroom at Awatere, with the intention, so it was believed, of killing him, but fortunately he was away at the time. The late John Davis worked a portion of the Paeroa run in partnership with a man named Corbin, but the venture did not prove a great success, owing partly to the unsettled state of the district and the very low prices mentioned, and in those days the banks and land and loan companies always came out on top. George Burton had by this time become almost an old settler, and still followed his profession as a surveyor. He was one of the most progressive men of his time in Wairoa, though inclined to be autocratic. It will be remembered he was sent to Wairoa to assist in the survey of the town by Mr. Fitz-

(12). "The people of Hawke's Bay were late," said Malcolm Ross, "in realising the potentialities of the Wairoa district. When this country was being stocked, and the sheep were going into it in thousands, a Hawke's Bay man would ask of his brother, 'Where are they going to?' and the answer would be, 'To the graveyard!'" There are many Hawke's Bay people who, to-day, must regret that they had not the forethought to secure a section in "The Graveyard." I remember that some years afterwards, when meat-freezing came into vogue, a Wairoa farmer, who thought no end of his farming knowledge, sent some "sheep" to Napier to be frozen, and the merchant through whom he consigned wrote back and stated there evidently had been some mistake in the instructions, and that the carcases must have been intended for conversion into Chinese lanterns!

(13). But for many years before that, on the Mahia peninsula, on the run now held by Mr. G. C. Ormond and at the same time as Mr. G. Walker, Messrs. Glenny and Large held the Kopuawhara run on the Isthmus. Wool and mutton were both down to nothing at that time, and sheep-farmers had in 1868-1870 to boil down fat sheep for the tallow. Scab was also very prevalent. In all, 13,500 sheep were boiled down between 16th May and 13th September at Awanui, and from this total there was only obtained 25 tons of tallow and 96 bales of wool!

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gerald, and also the rural lands purchased for the Crown by Mr. McLean as land-purchase officer. Subsequently Mr. Burton surveyed all, or nearly all, the land confiscated for rebellion, lying between the Kahauroa stream and Waikaremoana to Ruakituri. He then settled in Wairoa, and subsequently became its representative on the Provincial Council and first chairman of the Wairoa County Council. He at one time owned the Whakaki estate, afterwards sold to the Hon. Mr. Peters, M.L.C., and J. Bonifant, who managed it for years.

The land back from the coast, to the north of the river, was occupied by very few settlers, working in a very primitive fashion; and short of capital and devoid of a market, none of them made fortunes at farming. The land to the south was little better occupied, while that to the north (inland) was practically in a state of nature, and settlement might be said not to exist at all, or only to a very limited extent. Nor did the provincial authorities, even at this date, put themselves out of the way to help the struggling pioneers.

In 1868, to follow up events of settlement chronologically, the Provincial Engineer reported that "since steamer traffic to Wairoa had ceased, the overland traffic had greatly increased, and travelling was much impeded by bad roads"—Tangoio washout then, as for many years, giving much trouble. Evidently the subsidy paid to the trading steamers had been, from motives of economy or requirements of law, withdrawn. This threw all the traffic on to the half-formed, ill-kept roads, and the total of the year's vote to provide a remedy was £391. The town roads were this year further formed in part, the bridle track over the hills to Turiroa was completed, and the timber for the first Government jetty was placed on the ground. At this time there existed in Wairoa a very strong East versus West feeling. The town was working westward, what there was of it, and the East-enders were making Herculean efforts to check it. Feeling therefore ran high when the timber for the wharf was landed on the river-bank at the foot of what is now known as Delhi Street. Each end of the town had a claim to urge, but finality was so long delayed—the good folk did not believe in being hurried—that the contractor, a Mr. Osborne, from "the Spit" (Napier), settled the matter by building where he found the timber, and thus were the West-enders defeated. Up to this time a couple of broad planks, run out from the bank on trestles, did duty as a wharf, and for this—which, like the Waverley pen, came as a boon and blessing to men—the town was indebted to the late William Atward, senior, who was then storekeeping, and regularly on Independence Day he hoisted the Stars and Stripes on his flagstaff near-by—the flag he was always proud to own,

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as became a citizen of the United States. Just opposite the Clyde Hotel there was a private wharf erected by the then proprietor, to promote trade in his own direction; but notwithstanding all efforts, trade refused to budge from the recognized landing, though occasionally when there was keenness of competition(14) vessels arrived or departed from this structure, and at one time that neighbourhood was the scene of a remarkable combat to decide the muscular endurance and skill of two great tribes, Ngati-Porou and Ngati-Kahungunu. On the primitively formed road, practically a greensward, in front of this hotel there was, in the late sixties, a most exciting rough-and-tumble fight between a representative of the visiting Ngati-Porou and the local Ngati-Kahungunu. The Ngati-Porou champion was a tall, well-made Native, as black at the ace of spades, and in a swaggering mood announced himself as the leading personal-combat hero of Ngati-Porou, and then challenged any other tribesman to contest the laurels with him. He was taken up by the late John Carroll, elder brother of Sir James. Every Pakeha was there, and the Maoris in their thousands from far and near. As the tussle proceeded, feeling ran high, and at one time it seemed as if the sparring match would result in a general melee. However, Carroll downed his man, and Ngati-Kahungunu was declared the victor.

About the end of 1868 a sum of £81 for ferry charges and £70 for Wairoa district roads covered the Council's expenditure on Wairoa. Steamers had again almost ceased running, and the Provincial Council, after a spasmodic attack of progress, had again become lax, although Wairoa had, in the person of Colonel Whitmore, a man who ought to have known the value of good roads in helping to subdue an enemy so completely at home in the almost trackless hinterland of Wairoa.

The Local Industries.

At this time the local industries of the district might be described by the word nil. The exports, of course, were very trifling, and almost confined to wool, maize, and wheat, and at fitful times a little flax(15). Nevertheless, three years previously Wairoa exhibited at the New Zealand Exhibition such of her wares as she could. Mr. W. Peakman showed some fine hams and bacon. The best sample of tobacco, shown by Mr. Sam Begg, of Napier, was grown at Wairoa. Samples of whale oil were exhibited, and Mr. W. Finlayson, of Moeangiangi, showed a handy machine for paying out fencing wire. The Wairoa Maoris showed a

(14). Great parties of Natives were taken hundreds at a time, by boat to Napier (to take part in tangis) at a rate as low as 2/6 per head!

(15). The first New Zealand Exhibition was opened by the Otago Provincial Superintendent, John Hyde Harris. Among the Hawke's Bay exhibits the late W. Atward showed some fine dressed flax and flax rope from Wairoa.

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haversack made from "the dressed skins of some animal," also wooden pipes very little inferior to the imported article.

Fruit of all kinds was overabundant in Old Wairoa in 1867, and a large war canoe named "Ahikokako" was sent from Wairoa to Napier by Hamana Taiapa and a crew of seven, loaded with melons, peaches, and apples as a gift to Tareha and his friends. The population, owing to war's alarms, did not increase to any extent—indeed, seems to have gone back. The Wairoa electoral roll (on a property basis only) contained 13 names, and only one of the number was a resident, eight being in Napier, one in Adelaide, and one each in Petane, Clive and Ngawhakatatara. The election of a member for the district needed a seconder for Major Whitmore, and one had to be sent up from Napier to perform this electoral duty! The passage of the first Land Court Act and the first sitting in Wairoa in February, 1867, before Judge Munro, gave an impetus to land-settlement. In March of this year a large meeting was held in Wairoa, attended by Mr. J. C. Richmond, the Provincial Superintendent, and Messrs. Moorhouse and Williams (Canterbury), Cooper, Hamlin and Grindell. There were also present 300 Natives, as well as Mokena and Henare Potae, of Turanganui, in order to clear up some outstanding land matters. Another meeting was held a month later to discuss the question of acceding to the wish of the Government to secure land for settlement. There were 1,500 to 2,000 Natives present. It was decided that 30,000 acres be provided for the military settlers who had helped to stem the Hauhau invasions, the balance of the lands proposed to be confiscated to be handed back to the Native owners. Hamana Taiapa, descendant of Te Kahu-o-te-rangi (Rainbow of the Heavens), Maihi-Kaimoana, Hapuku and Karaitiana were also present, the chief opposition to disposal coming from Tamihana Huata, Hapuku and Karaitiana. This (first of April) was a great gala day in Old Wairoa, most of the time being taken up with quaint reception ceremonies, feasting and war dances in the nude both by men and women. Never before had Kopu's pa been the scene of such a gathering. It cost, in all, £1,000, of which Kopu contributed £300. He had to build two houses 60 feet by 20 feet, ornamented with the best of Maori scroll-work, and Hamana Taiapa built another, at Te Uhi, 80 by 20 feet, which he called "Poho-o-te-Rangituanui," great piles of food being handed over to Mr. McLean to distribute to the visitors. During the meeting Hamana, who was a descendant of the great Murakarake, said the Hauhaus had no land about Wairoa worth mentioning, and the Government should take what they wanted at Manga-a-ruhe and Waikaremoana. Kohia pointed out that all the outrages and murders were committed by people outside

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the district, sententiously adding: "While I am asleep my land is taken." On the 5th Henare Potae agreed to the Government's wishes, and Kopu gave his sanction to the cession of about 70,000 acres. Te Waru, in a spirit of temporary penitence, admitted he had brought many troubles on the land, and the payment for his sins should not be small. The land ceded that day was 26,000 acres on the east side of the Wairoa River mouth, and 45,000 acres on the west side, bounded on the south by the Waiau. From that date Kopu seems to have fallen in favour, and many accusations were made against him that he had "driven the land out to sea." He got an attack of pleurisy and died on the 11th at his pa, Te Hatepe; the greatest chief of Ngati-Puku, his last words were: "Kia atawhai koutou ki te Pakeha" (Be kind, all of you, to the white people). His death was no doubt hastened by the strenuous time he had at the big hui; but whatever the cause, it had come at a very inopportune time for both Maoris and whites. A mighty man in Maoriland had fallen, and the blow fell severely on Wairoa. A charge of makutu was made against Te Waru, but afterwards shifted on to the shoulders of Rakiroa, the chief who used against us the guns the Pakeha gave him for his own defence against the Pai Marire.

This year Wairoa began to be very short of timber, and importing began, the chief export then being flax. The first lot sent to London brought £108 per ton. The following year, however, the price fell to £9 a ton, defective dressing being the assigned cause of the drop. The Inspector of Sheep reported that Wairoa, together with Poverty Bay, had absorbed 30,000 sheep, but he omitted to say how many perished in the grassless bush. The Inspector also stated that there was no room in Hawke's Bay for surplus stock, "unless some of the meat-preserving experiments should prove a success." He therefore advised farmers in the meantime to cull out and boil down largely. The wool export was not large, that must be admitted, but no one in Wairoa kept records in those days. I cannot, therefore, institute any comparisons so far back. The Natives were still very numerous and they continued to grow maize, and the hum of the corn-sheller was about the only industrial sound, save that of the thresher and the flax scutcher, which disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere, and excepting one of the trading steamers' whistles announcing arrival or departure—for the deafening, ear-splitting syren had probably not then been invented. At such times, and for many years afterwards, almost the whole population turned out to welcome her, and the practice was kept up for many years. A little flax was dressed in a very crude manner by water-scutching at Tuhara and elsewhere, and the remains of mills may yet be seen at Tahaenui and Nuhaka. The

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tow, then of no commercial value, was regularly burnt or otherwise disposed of. Timber-sawing and brickmaking were carried on, for local use only, and nothing in these lines was exported except timber; in fact, the exports were so small that, in accord with the population, the wharfage accommodation needed was met by a structure about 20 feet by 10 feet frontage. Wool formed the staple product, and most of it was shipped off the beach.

This little digression has served to take the reader's mind off figures, and now I resume the story of settlement. The year 1869 saw only a total of 30 chains of side-cutting constructed between Mahia and Ohinepaaka! Stupendous enterprise on the part of the governing body! Yet some people, as I have already stated, wonder even now why Wairoa is still so far behind in the march of civilization and progress. To the north of the Hawke's Bay boundary I cannot find that anything was done by the Auckland provincial authorities in the way of roadmaking or advancing settlement except to sell the land and spend the proceeds in Auckland. The only road in the Auckland Province at this period was made by the Armed Constabulary. To follow on, J. G. Kinross, for Wairoa, and W. W. Carlile, for Mohaka, took up the reins of office for their respective districts, but little or nothing further was done for either district, as far as the records tell, until the abolition of the provincial form of government and the inauguration of the county system, the story of which will be told in its proper place. To show that the Provincial Government could but would not assist Wairoa, I may mention that when this form of government was abolished there was in the Treasury in Napier a sum of about £28,000, money principally accrued from the sale of Wairoa town and rural lands, and this was seized by the General Government, when it should have been spent in the development of Wairoa. Another great injustice was done to Wairoa when 1,200 acres of the best land in the district (the Kiwi) was given as an endowment to the Napier High School, an institution which at that time was solely a high-class boarding school for the children of wealthy Hawke's Bay men, supported by the lands of the people of this district.

In the early days of which I am now writing the vehicles of the district were limited to one dray, belonging to Paora Apatu, and a few wheelbarrows, if such can come under the definition. Any more would have been a superfluity, seeing that they could not well traverse the narrow bridle tracks, bridges and culverts being unknown quantities. The sum-total of the machinery comprised a few flaxmill engines, a threshing machine or two, and a few ancient-looking single-furrow ploughs and a harrow or two, most of the latter being made of wood. When the people desired to travel they mostly went on horseback—at this time,

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whatever else there was short it was not horses, for I really believe that a regiment of cavalry could have been raised off the Wairoa flats. Those who did not own horses took "shanks' pony," as did the worthy Bishop Williams on many occasions, especially in the Mahia district. The milkman carried round the morning "sky-blue" in cans slung to a yoke on the shoulder after the manner of the Orientals. The policeman took the troublesome "drunk" to "Her Majesty's Hotel" in the useful wheelbarrow. The public, not having the fear of a sanitary inspector before their eyes, made the river and its banks a general dumping ground. Each householder poisoned his own well of drinking water, and also those of his neighbours, and as a consequence typhoid, diphtheria and scarlet fever took a heavy toll of the scanty population. Sudden death also came to many all over the district, partly owing to the rivers and creeks being unbridged, contributed to not a little by the victims' way of living. There were no public halls in those days (until the drill hall was built) and the first ball was held in an old iron shed in the yard of the Clyde Hotel, there being only seven white women there. The building was alternately used as a liquor store and a guard-room.

The various pas, even in the later days, were still thickly populated, the Natives being usually flush of cash and very free with it; and when the land-purchase agents were about the Maoris splashed their money very freely. They frequently scorned to take change, and some of the storekeepers scorned to give it. If a blanket was priced 18s., £1 was passed over, and neither party troubled about the paltry florin. The wants of the Natives were not many—tobacco, drink, bright red shawls, rugs and handkerchiefs being their special weaknesses, not omitting a tangihanga or a dance, the latter being the usual wind-up to the shearing season, no matter how hot the weather might be.

Exploiting Genii.

If there were unsophisticated Natives here in the early days there were also many genii to exploit them. One such I have in my mind, who was a fairly good translator of "the Maori language into the English language, and the English language into the Maori language," and who also posed as a "surveyor." He once "surveyed" a good-sized block of land in this district by climbing to the top of the highest hill he could find, then he mapped out most artistically the piece of country which lay at his feet, sent in his account and was paid! Needless to say, the boundaries "as defined" were in later years a source of worry to all parties. The same gentleman also occasionally traded off gay prints for pigs, etc. When the Maoris brought him well-grown "grunters" he used to set up his theodolite in front of the store and thereon

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duly weigh the animals, to the great wonderment of the aboriginals, who greatly marvelled how such a large pig could weigh so little! A local butcher furnished another example of trade methods in the early days. This man had a very peculiar pair of steelyards with which he was in the habit of weighing pigs he bought from the Maoris, or beef or mutton which he sold them. The movable ball on the steel bar was so constructed with a thumbscrew that it could be quickly taken off, and not having before his eyes the condemnation pronounced in Holy Writ upon the man who used a false balance, he had two of such balls, a light one to be used when he bought, and a heavy one to be used when he sold to the Maoris!

The Maoris were still good at entertaining visitors, whether of their own race or that of the Pakeha, and especially to persons in high authority. On the occasion of Sir George Grey's somewhat abortive visit in April, 1866, they brought into the township an immense quantity of fruits, melons and produce of all kinds, stacked in a long row on the Parade. The Governor had first to walk along the row, laying a hand on each pile, after which the offerings to the representatives of the Queen were free to all. As already mentioned, the people then did not need many vehicles, because there were very few roads on which they could be used —indeed, it was quite a difficult matter to take even a wheelbarrow across the town flat as late as 1876. There was a kind of boggy road to Te Kapu, Native tracks only to Marumaru and to Mahia via Nuhaka and the sea beach. The inland road from Wairoa to Turanganui via Te Reinga was completed in February, 1877, and described by a thankful and easily satisfied pressman as a "fine specimen of engineering skill." If this eulogium included Parikanapa, all I can say is that in these days it would be anathema.

Morere had not been discovered to the then generation, and there were no pilgrimages to its curative waters by those in search of health. It was then entombed in such dense bush that the then proverbial "oldest inhabitant" did not know of the existence of the Hot Springs region. The Maoris, however, knew of the Mangakawa (bitter creek), which runs into the Tunanui, and they had penetrated as far as Stewart's crossing by the name they gave the locality, Whiorau (a place where someone saw or snared a hundred blue mountain ducks). The discovery was made in 1884 (about), and I recall at the time the news created some sensation. During a visit paid to Mr. George Walker's homestead at Nuhaka, the late E. B. Bendall noticed early one morning steam rising in the dense bush of those days. He made a search and found the springs, for which effort he never received any public acknowledgment. Corroboration is

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provided by the fact that in 1884 Mrs. D. Wilson (mother of Mrs. F. McRae), of Springhill, met Mr. Bendall in company with Mr. Glenny, and they had with them a pack-horse carrying samples of the water of the springs.

Nuhaka and Mahia, as well at Mohaka, were thickly populated by Natives, and many whalers still plied their calling. A track to Waikaremoana made by the Armed Constabulary and the less turbulent of the Urewera was in existence, but there was very little settlement along the route. Bush, resonant with the music of myriads of native birds, existed on every hand, while at many points fruit grew in abundance.

As a Fruit Centre.

There is nothing so grateful to the hot, dusty and tired traveller (except a cool spring by the wayside) as to come upon a clump of fruit trees. There were then in Wairoa many large orchards, for which both races were indebted to the missionaries, though in another respect our farmers can scarcely be expected to feel grateful for the introduction of the blackberry and the sweet-brier. At Opouiti, Whakaki, Whataroa, Waihua, Marumaru and up the Waiau there were large orchards, and at many points along the river, and by the Native tracks, the traveller (if he escaped being tomahawked) might regale himself with peaches, bright-coloured cherries, wild plums, figs, grapes of excellent flavour, and magnificent apples. This was before the days of the codlin moth, the pear-slug, the devastating oidium and the many pests which render the life of the amateur fruit-grower hardly worth living.

Thus Wairoa got its great name for fruit-growing long before there was a tree planted on the Ahuriri flats. Now, however, the clearing of the bush and the stocking of the country has brought about the disappearance of the trees in many localities, and when visitors arrive in these modern times who had once heard of Wairoa as a fruit centre they exclaim: "Where is all the fruit?" Like the simple Londoner on the goldfields, they expect to tumble over tons of fruit the moment they step off the boat.

Local Road-making.

Among the most important roads begun in the early days was that to Waikaremoana. This track was surveyed by a Mr. Staphell, and a very good survey it was, causing less deviations, perhaps, than any route in the country. A large majority of the Wairoa road surveys in days gone by were made up hill and down dale, apparently on the principle of securing "the shortest route between two places of entertainment." On the Cricklewood road to-day may be seen four grades, one above the other —the names given to some being remarkably candid, to say the

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least. The surveyors of the olden days evidently expected that Wairoa would never emerge from "the pack-horse era." Thousands of pounds sterling have been spent, and more will yet have to be spent, in making deviations because of the laches of the old knights of the theodolite.

In 1872, before the old bridle track was made, the only access to Waikaremoana consisted of a track which crossed the Waiau eight times, and came out at a place called Te Ariki, near the junction of the Waikaretaheke with the Waiau. As may well be imagined, owing to the distance of Wairoa from the seat of either Provincial Government, combined with other factors, the roads leading through and from the township were still in a very primitive state, many of them mere foot-tracks through the tall and dense manuka. The Marine Parade straggled all over the place, and at many points in its length grew toe toe and manuka, the greater part of the present-day Queen Street being covered with a heavy growth of scrub. The street alignment existed not. A creek ran from the locality of Queen Street West behind the Clyde Hotel and emerged near the site of Mr. Corkill's carriage factory, being there spanned by a 15-inch plank, to safely cross which was considered as good a test of sobriety as toeing a chalk-line—indeed, one settler so often measured his length in the creek that it came to be named after him. This creek must have been fairly deep, for one of our settlers told me he nearly lost his life there while having one of those stolen swims so dear to the heart of the schoolboy, who ought to have been at his desk but a few yards away. The whole of the town flat was, as I have before stated, clothed in heavy manuka, into Queen Street and down Marine Parade as far as Paul Street. So heavy was the scrub that the settlers belled their cows so as to be able to find them with as little delay as possible at milking time. To reach the cemetery after a wet day, even as late as 1876, one had to part the scrub to avoid a shower-bath, whilst the road itself was so rough that the coffin had to be securely roped to keep it on the vehicle which did duty as a hearse, at one time a common dray, and later on an express.

The road to Napier—courtesy compels me to call it a "road"—ran via Kopu road along the river-bank to Potutu and Whakamahia, west of the Heads, the original surveyed road, thence by Native track to Mohaka, and for the rest of the distance by a bridle track up hill and down dale along the coast, numberless dangerous rivers and creeks having to be crossed on the way. The number of "Gentle Annies" on this line was considerable, and jogging along in the saddle over deeply serrated country the traveller might well be excused if his language was anything but gentle.

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Later on the road ran along the river-bank to Orere, climbing over the hills at Wharekiri and by "One-Tree Gully," thence to Waihua and along the Marengo plains, with a dip every 100 yards or so. Her Most Gracious Majesty's mails were carried in front of the mailman, or when extra heavy on the patient pack-horse. North Clyde at this time comprised, as may be judged by one of the illustrations, a dilapidated-looking hotel and two stores, J. H. Smyth's wholesale store at the west corner of the bridge and Shaw and Anderson's at the other. The "Riverside"(16) and a few "shacks," mostly wattle and dab with shingle roofs, prevailed. The suburban area then only owned to the late W. Maloney's cottage and that of Dr. Ormond. Then there were very few settlers in the town or the immediate vicinity in those days, excluding the military. Among them, W. Peakman, wife and family, resided at Turiroa in a residence occupied for years after by Mr. J. Powdrell; "Dr." Boyd and family at Wharekiri, on the present Wairoa-Turiroa road; W. Lockwood, after whom the Point at the Public Pound was named; Lewis, who resided a little way beyond "Dr." Boyd's; F. McKain, wife and family on the Awatere.

The Liquor Traffic.

A man named Morton, with his wife and family, kept an hotel in a house on Kopu road, built in 1863 by James Whitfield, well known to old Frasertown settlers. Morton removed his license to town premises and the building was purchased by Captain S. Deighton, in which for many years he, with his brother, the late R. J. Deighton, wife and family, resided. The old building was only dismantled a few years ago, and all that remains to tell what Wairoa's first hotel was like is the illustration I am able to publish. "Tommy Ralph," a self-appointed ferryman, ran a boat across from the present Wairoa Hotel site, and travellers then journeyed up or down the bank on the Awatere side. Alex. Gethin and Montague Stopford were farming at the Kiwi prior to Watt Bros., of Napier, who sold out to Cable and Drummond. "Sam" Waterhouse, Thomson the schoolmaster (who taught Sir James Carroll), G. B. Worgan and his wife, not omitting Spooner, "Jos." Hird, G. Mayo, and a mixed population at the Heads, practically comprised the population of Wairoa town, not 100 all told. Worgan, about 1865, built the Clyde Hotel, and as it appears in the illustration it was not of a very pretentious nature, the architect having apparently taken his design from the figure of a barn-door fowl with wings outspread over her brood. "The Cottage"—and the name was whispered with awe—was attached, and so called because "the gentlemen" lived in it. The hotel and "cottage," as well as several other buildings, stood well out on

(16). Now called the Ferry Hotel, which is a misnomer.

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to Marine Parade, which it almost completely blocked with a garden and orchard, the cottage itself being a kind of outwork, so to speak, a spot wherein much scandal and roguery was hatched. The other end of the obstruction was flanked by dwellings, also on the road, occupied by two old settlers now gone to their rest.

A clever friend of mine in 1877 thus described Wairoa under the heading "Streets of the World":—"Have not I, *moi qui vous parle,* seen the streets *par excellence* of the world's marts, the highways 'where merchants most do congregate' in both hemispheres? Is not the Nevski Perspectif as familiar to me as the inside of Pentridge? The Strada di Toledo, Naples; Unter dem Linden, Vienna; Sackville Street, Dublin; Fifth Avenue, New York; the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris? *Basta!* I could run on 'for a good hour by Shrewsbury clock while i' the vein.' Coming nearer home, have not I sauntered up the shady side of the Rue de Pitt, Sydney? Have not I done the post-meridional hour in the Rue de Collins, Melbourne? *Cela va sans dire,* friend beloved of my soul! Where was I? Ah! What can these streets, abodes but too often of a cruel despotism, of a corrupt aristocracy, compare to the ornate yet chaste, elegant yet innocent aspect of the Parade of the Marines at Clyde? Hast seen it, Spongius? Dost know it, Hircius? Standing on the Manaia's lofty bridge, steaming rapidly round the Cape of Spooner, leaving astern that noble pile of buildings standing thereat known as the Kort Haus, the township bursts upon the view in all its pristine glory, with all its boasted wonders; at the first glance alone Marine Parade endears itself to the memory. See Naples and die, forsooth! See Wairoa and live—(live in anticipation of seeing something better). 'Sir, let us promenade ourselves.' The Wairoa hostelry first demands a passing call. How severely classic the architecture! Doric? Yes, evidently Doric and imposing. Then passing stores innumerable, catching a glimpse of a shop devoted to the sale of drugs. (Physic in Paradise—alas me!) We actually hear the sounds of labour, manual labour. Heavens! a blacksmith, and at work! Wonders will never cease. There a flagstaff denoting the official residence of Uncle Sam's acting-deputy-assistant-vice-consul. Here a bridge, spanning with lofty arch the dizzy height locally known as Waterhouse creek, and then an empty kerosene tin—no, the Post Office building, useful though unpretentious. Then a Bank. See, Spongius; there stands a complete refutation of your idle sarcasm that money is so scarce here the inhabitants can hardly muster up the necessary coin for Yankee-grab. More unpretentious dwellings meet our view, and then a lofty edifice, dwarfing by comparison its neighbours. The Clyde Hotel! Curious, we are dry again. We here meet several hospitable storekeepers, we see a genial

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saddler, also another man at work—a tailor wielding the massive bar of steel peculiar to his trade. And now, what building is this humbly embowered amid the drooping willows? This question we ask a man whom we saw strenuously supporting one of the trees that adorn the river-bank. Nervously glancing both up and down the road, the man replied in an awe-struck whisper, 'The Cottage.' What Cottage? '*The* Cottage,' again answered he, this time changing the emphasis; further reply vouchsafed he not. Continuing our researches we approach the ferry leading to Moloney-town (I beg pardon, North Clyde). Here we see a punt, a boat, a wharf. Ye gods, what signs of progress, what tokens of industry! Eh, what? Sixpence each for crossing, and our last kopeck went for that final beer. Reluctantly we pause, the want of that small coin brings our description to a sudden halt."

Near the present town wharf there stood on the road crossways a store owned by the late E. W. Knowles, once chairman of the Press Association, news-collecting agency, and proprietor of the *Napier Daily Telegraph*, further illustrating the words of the great dramatist that "one man in his time plays many parts." This was originally the second Ravenswood Hotel, which then stood straight across what is now Marine Parade, and when the streets of the township were surveyed the building was shifted back to its present position, and was long occupied by the late H. Sargent, who arrived in 1866 with his wife. He was a bootmaker by trade, and the previous December his tender had been accepted by the Provincial Council for the manufacture of boots for the prisoners. It will be interesting to note that his price for "Wellingtons" was £1 4s. 6d., and for "Bluchers" £1 3s. Considering that in those days labour was scarce, material dear, and freights and cost of living high, the prices compare very favourably with present-day rates. These boots, by the way, went by the name of "Sargent's mud-testers." There were no unions, awards or protective tariffs then, and our little world wagged along very pleasantly. The building, I may say, probably from its age and unpretentions shingle roof, was frequently dubbed with the title of "Noah's Ark," though the occupant was not by any means a patriarch. In the early days Mr. Knowles kept a store at Clive, which he advertised in the *Hawke's Bay Times* under the title of "Noah's Ark," probably from the watery surroundings, and no doubt that was how the Wairoa store received the same appellation. This building was composed of Wairoa yellow pine, hand-sawn, and good timber it must have been, for it was still sound after 60 years of [illegible] for long

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would not yield up the ghost, much as the Wairoa people desired to see it removed in the interests of architectural æsthetics. The first licensee who had this building was "Sam" Proctor; after him came J. Rigby, and it was subsequently held by C. Harmer until he removed his license to the Wairoa Hotel, which was pulled down some years ago. Evidently the licensing authorities in those old days—the Customs or the magistrates—must have been deeply imbued with the thirsty propensities of the handful of settlers when it needed two hotels, and later on a third, at North Clyde, the Riverside, to supply their wants in the liquor line. The buildings I have enumerated, with a few mentioned in an earlier chapter, were the only ones in or near the town in 1868 as far as my researches have resulted, independent of some "shacks" in Queen Street and military erections.

Let me digress here to state that there was no regular canteen attached to any of the various corps stationed at Wairoa, though there was a co-operative canteen at Frasertown, and a private whisky still was in operation up the Kahauroa creek. In Wairoa the hotels were declared canteens, and every day a corporal was put in charge from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. (tattoo) to see that the men did not exceed the number of drinks allowed. The origin of this is not difficult to ascertain. Our Saxon forefathers were accustomed to use "peg tankards," or tankards with a peg inserted at equal intervals, so that when two or more drank from the same vessel no one might exceed his proper share—a custom attributed to the good St. Dunstan to prevent brawling(17). The custom seems to have been handed down almost unchanged through the Army, even to the colonial citizen soldiers. In the hotel canteen there was spread out on a board a list with the name of every soldier in the camp on it, and at the end of each name four holes. In the hole nearest to the name there was stuck a peg, and it was the duty of the corporal, as he saw a man step up to the bar and get a drink, to shift the peg to the next hole. When it was fixed in the last hole the man had got his quota for the day. Thus, to put the peg in came to mean "I've had my tally." But this deponent will not vouch for the fact that the corporal always did shift the peg, for in his case "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." There was, perhaps, some excuse for the men to kill time in Arcadian Wairoa, but "the wee drappie" too often killed them instead. A great deal of the grog in those days earned the significant epithet of "kill-soldier," and one who sold it frequently told me it well deserved the name.

(17). Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable."

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The Old Order.

About this time C. Anderson and his wife arrived, and for many years engaged in business on the site till recently occupied by Everybody's Theatre. At that time there was no local Press to stand up for the rights of Wairoa, no Argus-eyed pressman to advocate her many wants or scent out abuses and seek to have them remedied(18). Arcadian Wairoa was indeed isolated even in those latter days. Kings and Emperors might die and be succeeded by others, empires might totter and crumble away, or heroic deeds be done on land or sea, and the easy-going isolated denizens of Wairoa not know it. There was no telegraph-wire to Napier until 1874, and till then despatches were carried by the military. Nor was there then a wire to Gisborne, or Poverty Bay, as it was then always called, and the only mail northwards went via the coast, all the country except a narrow fringe back from the sea being covered in bush and wrapped in primeval solitude.

As may be surmised, the noble Wairoa, flowing between high banks almost the whole of its length, was unbridged. The bare idea of such a work would have stricken the members of the Provincial Council as dead as Ananias and Sapphira. That it was left to poor old neglected Wairoa to bridge the sluggish and dangerous Waihua and the dancing waters of the Mohaka—both of which took their toll of life—is not to be wondered at, seeing that till recently the Esk, a dangerous river at Napier's very back door, was unbridged, and then Wairoa had to help carry out the work! It led to Wairoa, that was enough, and Provincial Council doctrines died slowly. The business places of Wairoa were very few, and mostly of the bush shanty type, as the illustrations show. When "Carter's Store"—burned down a few years ago—was erected it was considered a magnificent piece of extravagance! The Bank of New Zealand was first established at the Clyde Hotel, the manager being Chris. Maclean, a son-in-law of Bishop Williams. The safe in those days stood on the veranda! Even in the late seventies the bank was located in a small lean-to in the west end of the late Miss Powdrell's residence, which so narrowly escaped destruction by fire on January 3, 1909. The old courthouse, described under another heading, stood in Lambton Square, near Spooner's Point. Had the town grown up around the Point, with its curiously shaped "square" and its broad boulevard in the centre, with roads to right and left, it would have been a very picturesque

(18). The first newspaper, and the first country paper in Hawke's Bay, the "Wairoa Free Press," appeared on 12th May, 1877, and the first copy was presented to the late Mrs. John Davis by the proprietors and staff, Messrs. H. Webb, H. E. Webb, F. Davis, J. Davis and G. Gosnell (then "P.D."). It measured, each page, seventeen inches by eleven inches, and it appeared weekly at a cost of 3d. per copy.

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town indeed. When the township, however, resolutely refused to grow in that direction, and the time came to build a new courthouse, the old one was dismantled. The several portions, however, were destined for new uses. One section of the building was used to form the nucleus of the first cottage hospital in the Square. The gaol itself was removed to town and did duty as a press-room for the *Wairoa Guardian* newspaper. The compositors literally worked behind prison bars, for the gratings of the cells were neither removed nor boarded up.

When anyone desired to go to North Clyde or journey to Te Kapu (afterwards called Frasertown)—and people sometimes did—they frequently had to wait half an hour or so, if the ancient-looking punt happened to be on the wrong side of the river, or if the indispensable Charon was engaged in "having one" (or more) at the bar of the "Riverside." It was a treat that one would not wish to be often repeated, to stand on that punt in a pelting southerly "buster" on a dark night. The doubtful privilege cost the traveller a shilling, the fare being doubled after dark, probably in order to inculcate the very virtuous practice of staying at home o' nights. The people paid still a fairly high price for provisions, whilst freight had fallen very little between 1862 and 1865.

There was little in the way of amusement. A bazaar, a Christmas tree or a magic-lantern entertainment was sufficiently thrilling excitement for the times. There were no A. and P. shows, as my readers may well imagine, for the district had nothing to show. The country population to the north was very small, Frasertown being a military post, where it was only safe to remain while the soldiers were about. Mohaka, as far as Europeans were concerned, was but a tiny hamlet, and between these points one might ride a long way before seeing a house; in fact, the country had not then begun to even make the town.

In the early days the district was very poorly supplied with medical men, and the settlers did the best they could for each other, and the "best" in most cases was not quite according to College of Surgeons methods. Dr. Ormond (brother of the late Hon. J. D. Ormond) practised a little but was loth to leave town or go on long journeys, the writer having frequently undertaken work for him. "Dr." Boyd and "Dr." Scott, to give them the titles they bore in courtesy though not by right of license, did a great deal of work, principally among the military. Mrs. Atward (now Mrs. Britnell) did a good deal among the Maoris besides the Europeans. The writer, also, in the absence of any medical man, or while intemperate ones were incapable of duty, had charge of some serious cases, ranging from enteric to fractured

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skulls and limbs, and though not duly licensed, had some success. The tohungas, and they were many, had, of course, full sway among their fellows, and I doubt not the ghosts of their many victims must even now haunt the "prophets" in the far-distant Spirit-land. The day of the tohunga, however, is nearly ended, for Old Wairoa is fast passing away(19).

(19). It is somewhat remarkable how the old Maoris were unable to distinguish between their tohungas and Christian ministers. I heard a Maori in the Native Land Court say in his evidence: "Hone Te Wainohu lived at Mohaka after he became a tohunga," i.e., after he entered the ministry.

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CHAPTER XV

VARIOUS INSTITUTIONS

EUROPEAN SCHOOLS—NATIVE SCHOOLS—LAW AND POLICE—OUR TOURIST RESORTS—MORERE CURATIVE SPRINGS—THE OPOUTAMA SANDS—TE REINGA—THE CHURCHES—BISHOP WILLIAMS—THE ALLEGED LAND-GRAB—OUTDOOR SPORTS—DEER-STALKING AT WAIKAREMOANA—ROD AND GUN.

European Schools.

In order to avoid the multiplicity of chapters and headings, I have grouped into one a number of various institutions connected with Old Wairoa, as set out at the head of this chapter. First in importance are matters educational and judicial, these being so intimately bound up with her history. The first mention I can find in Hawke's Bay records of a Wairoa school was in 1859, when a vote of £50 was made by the Provincial Council in aid of education at Wairoa. Two years later, namely, in 1861, there was in existence a school kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Deerness, who taught at several villages in turn(1). It seems to have been a private school, or posibly an offshoot of the Mission. It was established, at all events, as the records go to show, "for young half-castes," and when Mr. Colenso—then Inspector of Schools—visited Wairoa he examined the pupils. On 21st November, 1861, the date of one of his visits, he found no less than 43 on the roll, though there were but 16 present. The Inspector had the usual complaint to make of the half-caste and Maori children—irregular attendance, a complaint still made by every inspector and teacher. In March of the following year this school came under the Government, and received aid amounting to £12 2s. 1d.! In 1863 there were but three of what were then called "common schools" in Hawke's Bay—Wairoa, average attendance 17.75; Clive (or, as it was then called, Waipureku), 15.50; and Petane, 11.50. It will thus be seen that though Wairoa was then an unknown territory, or nearly so, it was moving in the direction of education, if not, indeed, keeping well ahead of districts nearer to the then centre of Hawke's Bay civilization.

(1). In 1861 Mr. and Mrs. Gasson opened a school at Wairoa and announced that they were prepared to receive boarders. In February, 1862, Mr. and Mrs. Deerness, school-teachers, were living in a new "whare" at the Heads, built for them by the chief Toha.

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Of the Wairoa School Mr. Colenso stated in his report on November 1, 1862, that the average attendance the previous year was 14, and this he recorded as an advance of 3.75. The pupils comprised 2 Europeans, 11 half-castes and 13 Maoris; total 26, the daily average being 15. He stated: "All the half-caste children were those of one man, Mr. James (Joseph) Carroll, an old settler there(2). It is somewhat against a rule I have laid down to mention anyone's name in a report, but I have done so in a note, that I may also state that a good deal of his children's improvement is to be attributed to himself, he never allowing them to absent themselves from school, and also always supporting the master's authority—in this respect highly worthy of imitation by all parents." Of Mr. Carroll's children, he added: "They read and wrote very well, and ciphered pretty well, doing compound multiplication and division. A sample of their work was submitted for His Honour's attention"—and I can well believe this was a sample of the late Thomas Carroll's work, for he was admittedly a splendid penman.

At the corner of Carroll and Ruataniwha Road there has been erected an obelisk in memory of the late Thomas Carroll. It is inscribed as follows:—

Tenei Kohatu I Whakaarahia
E Nga Iwi E Rua
Maori, Pakeha.

Hei Tohu Aroha
Mo
TAME KARA.

Poroporoaki!
Haere atu ra Te Momo o Kahungunu
Ka Ngaro koe i roto o Te Wairoa
Te Kai-hautu o te Waka
Te Whakaruru-Hau o te Iwi
Te Matua o te pane O te
Rawakore.

No te 19 O Nga ra O Oketopa
1904.

Ona Matua me ona
Tipuna.

(*Translation.*)

A Memento of Affection
from
European and Maori Friends

To the Memory of
THOMAS CARROLL

October 19th, 1904.

"Lest We Forget."

Mr. Colenso, however, had the same complaint then as now so often heard—"The children kept at home for little things." The inspection just referred to took place on November 21, as

(2). Mr. Colenso made a mistake here, evidently. The late Joseph Carroll had only eight children, but he may have had a protégé or two attending with his own children. The examinations, even in the later days of Mr. Colenso's reign, were not very complex, the curriculum was by no means high, and the easy-going inspector was satisfied to do his duty by patting the little ones on the head and telling them he knew their fathers and mothers.

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stated, and though notice had been sent in advance there were only ten pupils at school, and of these two belonged to the schoolmaster. The Government grant this year was £87 5s. 6d. The year 1864 was marked only by one solitary action, the appointment of C. Hunter Brown, R.M., as "Inspector of the Provincial School at Wairoa." Probably the inaccessibility of the district would account for most of the neglect, but I am inclined to think that this was the period referred to by Mr. Tiffen somewhat later, when Wairoa was altogether neglected in the matter of education. In September, 1865, that gentleman asked the Provincial Council why for some time past there had been no schoolmaster at Wairoa. His Honour the Superintendent replied that it was no use sending unqualified persons, but that the position would be filled up as soon as possible—apparently there was then a great lack of candidates for the teaching profession, or possibly there was no great anxiety exhibited to take service in a district so seriously threatened by the Hauhau fanaticism. The matter was not, however, neglected, for on December 26 of the same year Andrew Thomson was appointed schoolmaster at Wairoa in succession to Mr. J. Gasson, Mr. J. H. Campbell being then Inspector. The school building, a very unpretentious structure, stood on what was afterwards made an education reserve, about midway between Grey Street and Kaimango (Spooner's Point) and near Maihi Kaimoana's pa, a few large willow trees, just north of Mr. J. W. Sargisson's former residence, about marking the spot where it stood, and under the shade of which the first generation of Wairoa children romped and played and fought their little battles. Thomson, who was also Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages—of the first and last there were few—seems to have held his post till 1867, though no reports were made as to Wairoa. During this period Dominie Thomson had pupils sometimes, and sometimes he had none. The attendance depended largely on the fees, the depth of the desire for education, or whether or not the district happened to be in a disturbed state. Thomson seems to have left in 1867 for Mohaka, and on June 2, 1868, Mrs. Ormond, wife of Dr. F. F. Ormond (brother of the late Hon. J. D. Ormond), took up the work—a lady who all through her life was highly respected. Mrs. L. Gosnell (late Mrs. R. Gardiner, of Frasertown) was appointed in 1871, her late first husband then being the village constable. As the town began to work westward from the centre fixed for it by the survey authorities, the old school building was shifted to the site between Marine Parade and the present Presbyterian Church. The work of shifting was carried out by the late John Gray, Martin Winter, and J. Hird (all now dead). The cost of moving, refixing and enlarging was paid for by means of funds raised by holding winter entertainments, called "penny readings," but the

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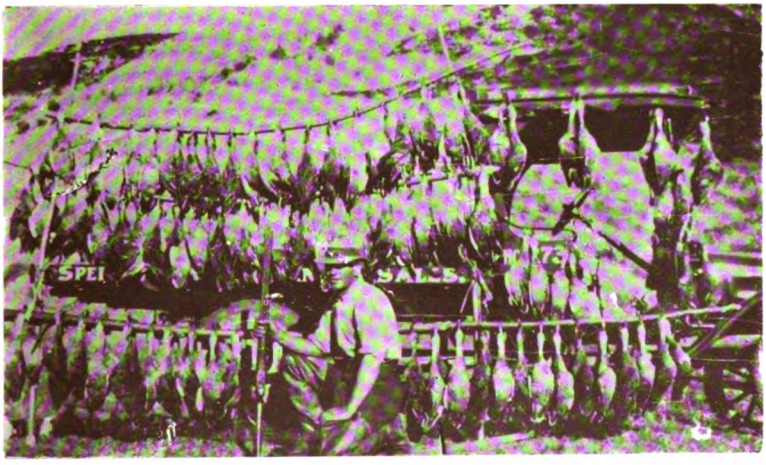
The Wairoa Band—Heroes of "Corkill's Ride"



A Day among the Ducks

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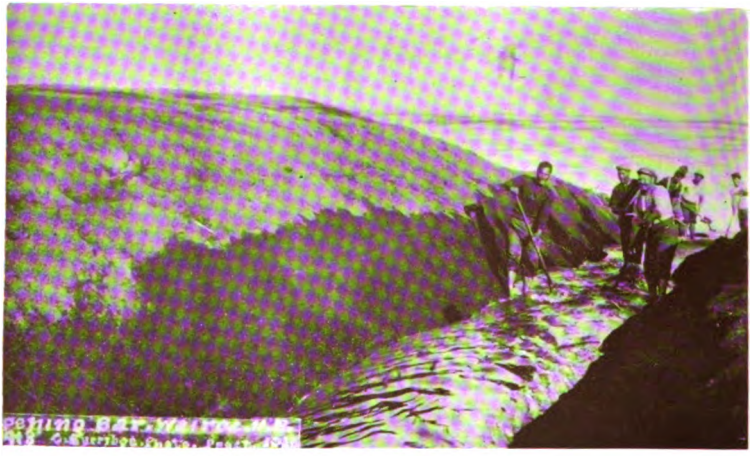
Endeavouring to Block the Bar



Cutting a Passage to the Sea

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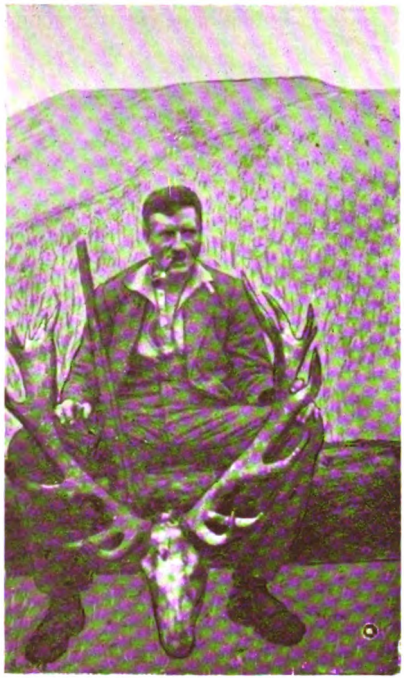
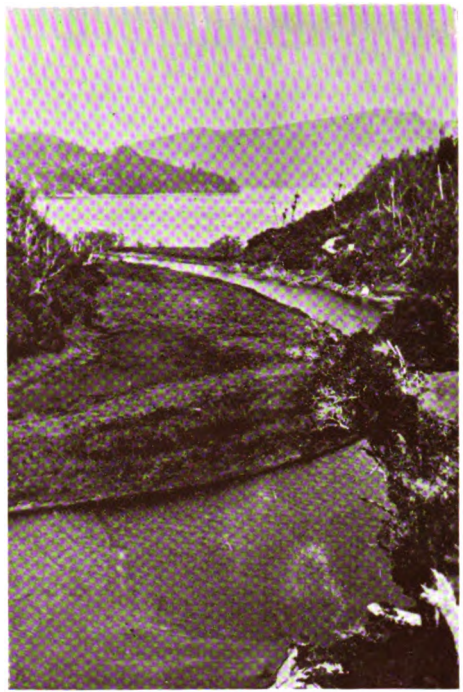


Fine 22-pointer
Shot by Sergeant Wade at Mahia



A-niwa-niwa River—Waikaremoana

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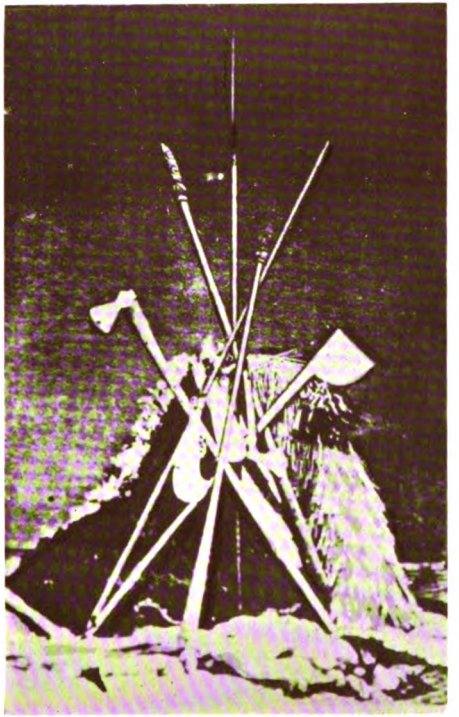
William Morris
Old-time Mohaka Whaler



[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.
Maori Weapons

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financial genius running the same charged a shilling for admission! Judged by our modern entertainments, they were well worth a shilling—to keep away. This building afterwards became a shop, and it was not so many years ago it went up in flames, shingled roof and all. While the shifting was in progress, Mrs. Gosnell taught in a small cottage of her own, which then stood behind Mr. Saba's present-day fine drapery establishment. Many of this teacher's pupils rose to good positions in various parts of the Dominion. She was a self-taught teacher and rose from a very humble position, but in her day and generation, and according to her opportunities and limited facilities for learning, she bore her part well in the work of the pioneer, having given 35 years of service to the cause of education.

At Frasertown in 1868 a meeting was held (at Pakowhai) to arrange for building a schoolhouse, but so vague were such matters as provincial boundaries that no one could say with any certainty in what province they were residing, as neither Hawke's Bay nor Auckland recognised the district(3). In February, 1869, the examiners for the Wairoa School were Captain Deighton, R.M., Mrs. Ormond, and Captain Corfield (arithmetic). The examination was apparently competitive, the "umpires" being Captain Spiller, Lieutenant Finlayson, and Mr. G. B. Worgan.

As late as 1868 the Wairoa School had on the roll nine boys and nine girls, the highest daily average being 12¾. The following year there was a slight increase, but singular to relate, the numerical equality of the sexes still prevailed—thirteen boys and thirteen girls, average attendance 16. The school came under what were called "managers" in 1874, and since then it has made almost uninterrupted progress, keeping up with the general advance of education until it has become one of the most flourishing schools on the East Coast, and out of its pupils in the year 1921 there was established a District High School under a capable staff, and from which great things are expected. Education in other parts of the district, both under the Education Department and the Native Department, has also continued in progress, and the following returns for 1924 tell the whole story:—

(3). On the coming into operation of the general Education Act the Hawke's Bay authorities got so muddled up as regards the boundaries of the several school districts that town people living at Orere could not vote for the Clyde committee, nor could the North Clyde people vote at Te Kapu (Frasertown), though Mohaka people could.

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School.	Roll No. 31st December, 1924.	Average Attendance.
Clydebank	13	12
Frasertown	88	75
Koro Koro	14	13
Maru Maru	22	18
Mohaka	80	69
Morere	22	20
Nuhaka	35	33
Okare Homestead	3	3
Opoutama	46	40
Papuni	14	12
Tangitere	6	6
Terapatiki	12	12
Turiroa	42	37
Waikatea	33	27
Wairoa—Primary	459	419
„ Secondary	30	29
St. Joseph's Convent School	161	148

Native Schools.

In the early days of Te Wairoa there was very little done for the Natives by the various Governments in the way of separate schools in the purely Native areas. There was, however, one school at Waihirere, on the north side of the river. When I saw it in 1876, the building was very little better—perhaps not so good—as a barn. With a searching wind blowing through every cranny, with the rain penetrating through a roof the shingles of which were half off and the balance half rotten, the schoolmaster, Mr. R. T. Roberts, had great difficulty to keep the pupils there at all. There was no fireplace, and the cold in winter was very intense—in contrast with the blazing hot summers in the seventies. The Maori children affected at one time a light and airy costume, and at another wrapped themselves up like a European in a pack at the hospital. The roll number was 61 but the daily average only 24, principally due to the bad accommodation provided for them. It was no wonder they contracted severe "colds," too often ending in chest complaints which proved fatal. The building was so damp that the maps could not be kept unfolded for any length of time. Add to this the fact that with crass stupidity the school was built cheek-by-jowl with a "wahi tapu," or graveyard, in consequence of which the older and more superstitious Natives looked on the institution with anything but a favourable eye. Now, however, there are good Native schools all over the district, and the following returns up to December 31st, 1924, illustrate the position:—

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School.	Roll.	Average Attendance.
Kokako	36	28
Nuhaka	125	112
Rangiahua	29	28
Te Mahia	38	35
Te Reinga	40	34
Tuhara	42	38
Waihua	18	17
Whakaki	57	55

THE SCHOOLS AND THE GREAT WAR.

"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning
We will remember them."

Wairoa rose nobly to the occasion when the Germans sought to destroy the territorial integrity of the British Empire, and in all about 700 or 800 Europeans left the district and fought, endured and many died on the fields of battle in Mesopotamia, Egypt, Turkey, Palestine and France.

No detailed list was kept during the Great War of men who left Wairoa to fight in the defence of the Empire, and even the Government list of the Expeditionary Force is defective in that it does not, in many cases, set out the place of residence of the volunteers or the conscripted men. Not desiring to omit Wairoa's share in the Great War, I must content myself with the statement that the East Coast sent a total of 2,227 Maoris alone to the front, of which total Wairoa contributed a large quota, and the names are now enclosed in a damp-proof cylinder in the centre of the pedestal of the monument to Rev. Henare Wepiha Te Wainohu and the East Coast soldiers. To this I may here add the contribution provided by the school roll of honour, which may be taken as correct. Many of the lads who went away came back as captains, majors and lieutenants, and wearing the Military Medal, Military Cross and D.S.O. decoration. Some, alas! never came back, having laid down their lives on the fields of Palestine, Mesopotamia, Turkey or France for our beloved Empire. Their mortal remains are crumbling to dust, but even that dust is sacred, and will be for all time. The Wairoa School records are as follows:—

G. D. Anderson, J. Anderson, M. Edward, L. Falconer, W. C. Falconer, J. Gosnell, Kingi Hamana, G. Hura, Ruakawa Hura, O. Hura, Moki Hura, Kingi Herekiekie, F. Hird, W. H. B. Hingston, L. H. Hingston, B. Huka, Wiha Hira, Foster Hall, Frank Hall, J. Johnson, D. S.

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Jones, T. J. Jury, P. Konuke, Tamihana Kainga, S. Konuke, T. Karaitiana, J. Kennedy, P. V. Lane, G. Logan, W. Lehndorf, F. Logan, S. F. Logan, M. Logan, J. M. Mackay, R. Lewis, R. Mackay, I. G. McKinnon, A. McKay, Teko Mihaere, Piwa Mihaere, A. V. Mayo, P. Manuera, C. G. Mayo, Haora Mete, E. R. Mayo, J. Macandrew, Ed. Mayo, M. M. Munro, Sergt. G. Arundel, M.M., Major J. R. Bodley, Lieutenant C. P. Brown, Lieutenant P. Brown, Lieutenant D. Bedingfield, Sergeant A. T. Carroll, Lieutenant E. C. Clifton, Lieutenant C. T. Clunie, L.-Corporal T. Christy, Lieutenant J. Duggan, Corporal R. G. Deighton, Sergeant-Major C. H. Brown, C. S. Armstrong, V. Brown, Theo. Brown, R. Bluck, C. Blake, W. J. Drysdale, Lieutenant W. Ebbitt, M.C., Sergeant E. Finucane, M.M. and bar, L.-Corporal C. C. Finucane, Corporal B. Howell, Sergeant P. Kaimoana, L.-Corporal M. Kaimoana, Corporal J. W. Kennedy, Corporal A. Lewis, T. Dillon, F. C. Dyett, A. Dillon, J. Douglas, L. Dyett, V. Ebbitt, J. S. Gilligan, Captain J. McRae, Sergeant J. Macandrew, M.M., Sergeant W. M. Neill, Lieutenant Tupara Rotoatara, Lieutenant Kipa Rotoatara, Sergeant-Major N. F. Rigby, Staff-Sergeant-Major S. M. Stairmand, Corporal L. Williams, Corporal G. Wilson, L.-Corporal D. Webber, Corporal C. Lewis, Lieutenant L. Younghusband, W. Fletcher, A. Flint, Karina Hoepa, F. Holt, G. Ebbitt, E. J. Harmer, T. McKee, Wi Marsh, J. Marsh, A. E. M. McKenzie, J. H. McGrath, Rua Morrell, K. McGregor, D. M. Mullins, J. P. Mullins, B. Nickalls, W. Neale, A. J. Oldham, F. Neale, Akuhata Paku, Api Paku, Mahurangi Pohatu, R. E. H. Pilson, W. Paul, Taare Rotoatara, F. Ross, O. Ruddock, A. H. Ramlose, J. Spooner, K. J. Smyth, J. R. Smith, H. Stairmand, W. F. Shaw, P. Sargisson, K. J. Shaw, W. Thompson, A. B. Shaw, W. P. Timperley, E. M. Torr, R. J. Thompson, P Toomey, Tipene Tamihana, J. Torr, Wini Tamihana, Epeniha Te Kihi, Miki Tapine, Poai Whatuira, A. M. Walker, R. H. N. Williams, T. G. O. White, S. H. Webber, E. Winter, Tamati Waikara, A. Younghusband Supreme Sacrifice:—G. D. Anderson, C. H. Brown, G. Ebbitt, L. Falconer, W. C. Falconer, J. Gosnell, Kingi Hamana, Raukawa Hura, P. Konuke, I. G. McKinnon, A. McKay, Teko Mihaere, Akuhata Paku, F. Ross, O. Ruddock, K. J. Smyth, P. Toomey, A. M. Walker, E. M. Torr, L. Younghusband.

Of the Wairoa ex-school-boys who departed for the several fields of battle, and who returned and "made good," many personal stories might be told; the lads, however, have in most cases remained silent, preferring to draw a veil over their experiences. Still, it is pleasing to know of a few who "made good" from Old Wairoa. One of them is James Mullins, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mullins, formerly of Wairoa and now residing in Auckland district. When last heard from, in 1923, he was commander of the Fiji Government yacht "Ranadi," and he had received his F.R.G.S. for services rendered by certain investigations made by him on coral-reef formation. One other Wairoa lad must be mentioned, for he has "gone west," having laid down his life on Gallipoli for the Empire. I refer to W. C. Falconer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lake Falconer, formerly of Wairoa and now residing in Otago. I do so the more readily because the service he rendered was a national one, leading as it did to the prompt destruction at Cocos Island of the commerce-destroyer "Emden" by H.M.A.S. "Sydney." The first information at my disposal comes from an extract from the

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Auckland *Free Lance*, dated 3rd September, 1915, as follows:—"Private William Falconer was the real 'Emden' hero. He was wireless operator on the transport 'Arawa,' and was the only one out of the 42 ships which composed the transport fleet and convoy to pick up the Cocos Island call for help. But for his keenness, alertness, and attention to duty, the German pirate might have continued on her voyage of destruction, and many good ships and brave men have been sent to their doom before she was captured or sunk. To Private Falconer, then, in the first place, is due the credit for her early retirement from active operations, and her rusting hull on a rocky coast will be a lasting monument to his faithful service. That he did not receive some official recognition of his action has caused a little comment. But perhaps it was not to the credit of the flagship that he succeeded where she failed; hence no promotion or decoration was awarded." This was supplemented by the Sydney *Bulletin*. Referring to Private W. C. Falconer, of the first Maoriland Expeditionary Force, that paper said:—"Aboard the transport he was set to handle the spark, and while he was on 'listening' duty had plenty of opportunities to experiment with a detector of his own contrivance. It was while using this device that he picked up the hurried call sent out by Cocos Island. Of all the wireless 'listeners' in the big fleet he was the only man who caught the cry, and he probably wouldn't have got it with anything but his own receiver."

Here is Falconer's own account, taken from a letter to his mother, written immediately after the affair. It shows well the modest, unassuming character of the lad:—"It was on Monday morning, November 8, at about 6.30 a.m.," he said, "when I heard some station give the distress signal, 'S.O.S.,' and saying that a strange warship was approaching the entrance. I saw something serious was on; so I just waited and made sure that he sent it all right, and then awoke the ship's operator (Mr. Raw), who immediately recognised it as Cocos Island who were giving the signal out. He got the message sent on to the escorting cruisers, who dashed off and terminated the 'Emden's' career. I was working on a very sensitive instrument at the time, called a 'crystal detector,' which does not belong to the ship but is private property belonging to a chap named McLellan, and I think it was on account of this that I was able to get the message when all the other 41 vessels missed it. . . At the time the operator at Cocos Island was sending out his distress signals the 'Emden' was trying to make them unreadable by sending figures and all sorts; but I managed to get the signal O.K., and then Cocos Island stopped sending quite suddenly, so I presume the 'Emden' blew the station up." Private Falconer received the

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congratulations of Colonel Johnston and Colonel Malone, and the former promised to mention his name to General Godley; but the statement that appeared in orders was certainly not altogether correct, and no official recognition was bestowed on the "real 'Emden' hero."

Wairoa's first statue stands at the corner of Carroll Street and Ruataniwha Road, and standing 18 ft. above the roadway the face of Henare Wepiha Wainohu looks down on the busy passing throng of the Newer Wairoa. The inscriptions are as follows:—

For God, King and Country

Erected in Memory of the
REV. HENARE WEPIHA WAINOHU,
Vicar of Wairoa Maori Pastorate
Chaplain-Major
New Zealand Maori Expeditionary Forces
1915-1918
Died 1st October, 1921
Aged 38 years

Also to the Memory of
All Members of the Pioneer Battalion,
Especially those who have made the Supreme Sacrifice on the Fields of Battle or at Home

---

Mo Te Atua. Mo Te Kingi,
Mo Te Whenua

He Tohu Whakamahara Kia
REV. HENARE WEPIHA WAINOHU,
Minita o te Pariha o Te Wairoa
Chaplain-Major
O Te Ropu Hoia Maori O Niu Tireni
1915-1918
I Mate i te I Oketopa, 1921
Ona Tau 38

Hei Whakamahara ano Hoki ki nga mema katoa o te Pioneer Battalion, Engari Rawa ia ki nga Tamariki i tuku i a ratou ki Te Mate i nga Marae o te pakanga me nga mea i mate Mai Ki Nga Kainga

Law and Police.

I must now deal briefly with the magistracy, police and public officials generally, though of course only in the briefest manner possible. The first Resident Magistrate appointed for Wairoa was Mr. C. Hunter Brown (1863). Captain Sam Deighton, whose appointment was announced in February, 1865, by the *Wellington Advertiser*, came next. The paper stated on that occasion: "Mr. Deighton

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has had considerable experience in the administration of law in Native districts." He was at that time a captain in the Colonial Defence Force in Wellington, and while in Wairoa he held the rank of captain in the New Zealand Militia, his clerk of court being Mr. G. A. Preece (who was afterwards R.M. himself, also at Wairoa). The latter died at Palmerston North, in July, 1925. The next was Dr. F. F. Ormond (1870), already mentioned. In addition to his magisterial duties Dr. Ormond attended the local military forces in the capacity of surgeon. After holding the position for a number of years he removed to the south, where he died. Mr. C. Hunter Brown also reoccupied the magisterial bench, and in 1868 Major James Fraser (as he then became) was appointed Resident Magistrate. At a later period the late Ebenezer Baker, a brother of Mr. H. W. Baker, held the position. Mr. G. A. Preece, who was attached to the Native Contingent, and who rendered valuable active service on the East Coast and in the Urewera Country, came next. All the rest are comparatively modern and need not be mentioned, except to say that in early days Wairoa had a Resident Magistrate all her own, and now she has but a share in a visiting one. Sittings were also held at Mohaka, Nuhaka and Mahia, then populous Maori centres. I have in an earlier chapter mentioned the first Native policeman, but the first European to fill the position was Private James Carter, of the Hawke's Bay Police Force. He was chiefly noted for being a great cock-fancier—I never could find that he did anything else but match his bird against that of some other settler. Carter was succeeded by the late J. Gosnell, who looked after the law-breaker while his wife was engaged in teaching "the young idea." On relinquishing this he assisted as a member of the school staff (unpaid), and at the same time was a member of the school committee! "Dave" McGuire came next in order, followed by a man named Ryan; the rest are too recent for mention. In the old days, in Maori cases a Native assessor usually also took a seat on the bench, Toha Rahurahu and Kerei Te Ota acting in this capacity. The Native military police of the old days comprised J. Mitchell and Ahipene Pakitea, but it was difficult to tell what their duties were—they acted mostly in the neighbourhood of Spooner's Point. During the reign of Reti Kaukau the Government abandoned for many years the resultless policy of trying to overawe turbulent Natives with one of their own number, without the backing of law afforded by the European. The majority of the cases set down for adjudication in Captain Deighton's time, I may mention, were whaling ones, and most of these came from Mahia, where dwelt one especially litigious whaler. At almost every court he would have someone up for following and securing a whale which he alleged he himself had first struck, or for some imaginary foul practice or

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other. The Resident Magistrate generally knew a long time in advance when this man was about to bring a case, by the varied presents which began to arrive, all from the same mysterious quarter. Palm-greasers, no doubt they were, as though the magistrate was some corrupt Eastern cadi of old, open to sell him justice for a bribe however great. It is a satisfactory commentary on these proceedings to be able to state that nine times out of ten the would-be briber lost his presents and his case as well—if he really ever had what the lawyers call "a case" in law. Captain Biggs, so foully murdered in Poverty Bay, frequently assisted in the hearing of these knotty cases, and most amusing dialogues ensued at times between him and this particular whaler.

"Did you see this particular whale in its flurry?" asked the Bench.

Witness: "Did your Worship hever see a 'uman being in the death hagony, and ——"

The Bench: "We do not want to know about human beings in the death agony, but about this whale in its flurry."

Witness: "I can't say hanything about the flurry, your Worship, but it looked like a whale in the hagony of death."—Case dismissed.

As late as 1878 the last Native trouble occurred—and it was at Nuhaka or Mahia, illustrating that the Maoris had not lost the sense of humour. A court was to be held there about the rescue of some horses from a poundkeeper. Dr. F. F. Ormond went there with assessors, Toha and Hamana, together with Rewi Karauria and Komene, the two latter as *amicus curiae*, to urge a better frame of mind on the Natives. The people of the pa got ready for the court in this wise. They built up a "kopa Maori" in front of the "runanga whare," and when the stones were well heated they spread them out and laid the mats thereon. The visitors arrived and were shown to the mat, as the magisterial throne. Of course, etiquette demanded that the R.M. must take his seat first, and he did—but he very soon jumped up again and fled the scene, no court being held that day. In an intertribal affair this incident would have lit the war beacon, but Dr. Ormond saw the humour of it as well as anyone else.

Our Tourist Resorts.

Waikaremoana has been already given a separate chapter to itself, and rightly so, as the premier resort of Wairoa —and a Dominion asset also, as soon as this beauty spot has been opened up by motor roads or railways, north and south. In the Morere Hot Springs resort there is a combination of natural beauty in the form of virgin bush with the health-restoring waters. This, too, calls

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for greater attention on the part of the Government, by first making the resort easily accessible to invalids and the aged, then spending considerable funds on it, as was done at Rotorua, providing up-to-date housing and bathing accommodation, advertising the resort far and wide, and ceasing to make it a mere appanage of the licensed house(4). In order that I may not be accused of overpartiality in describing the resort, I shall adopt the account given of it by Mr. Henry Hill. That gentleman not very long ago wrote of the Morere Hot Springs:—'If any reader of these notes has not visited the Morere 'fairy glens,' it is difficult to make him realize what is meant by this term 'fairy glens,' and more, of this spot. To travel among the islands within the tropics, to see some of the beauty spots that adorn the islands, is to understand the wealth that Nature herself bestows in bounteousness to those that live on her products. How dependent all the higher world is on lowlier creatures? The rich on the poor, the poor on the fruits—the simpler fruits —of the earth, the fruits on the soil, and the soil on God's moistures and dews as they descend from Heaven! And so the whole world goes round. To enter the Morere bush as the sun rises and to see the waves of light as they penetrate here and there through the varying foliage is to realize the mightiness of those things which are so common that the bartering merchant and busy tradesman cannot barter nor keep from the enjoyment of man. You cannot limit the sweet air of heaven, the glorious contours of the hills, the flowing brooks and the gentle trilling of the waters. These all belong to us in common. Nor can the millionaire grasp beauty or see the mightiness of Nature's ways better than the lowliest of the creatures that have come forth at the instance of their Maker. As you proceed into the 'hot springs reserve,' which for all time is set aside for the enjoyment of the people, you see how bounteous Nature has been in clothing the land with beauty. It would not add to the pleasure of a reader of these notes to have a mere mention of the trees and shrubs and flowers that adorn the landscape at this time of the year, but as you wend your way through the tall, slim trees that rise skywards you are met with hundreds of tree-ferns and palms which no pen can describe, as they rise in their nobleness and grandeur through the tangled scrub. There you see the varieties of tree-ferns, dixonias and cyatheas, rising to 20 or 30 feet in height, and underneath are hundreds of smaller varieties that add to the charm and make the whole landscape a thing of beauty. But why are they more beautiful this autumn morning? Certainly, I have been to this same place many times and I have

(4). An energetic licensee once drew on the natural gas in the vicinity and in a rude way lit up the path through the bush. That could be still done under an energetic policy, and quite a fairyland scene could be presented at small cost.

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breathed in the breath of something that one can barely describe, yet this morning there is a new something—living and acting—a spirit unlike the past and yet fuller, deeper than ever before. See those majestic palms and ferns, and notice their hanging and dying fronds—and observe above them crowns of new life, as charming and as beautiful as a graceful maiden prepared to meet her lover. Tennyson's 'rising from their dead selves to higher things' comes to my mind, and you see at a glance the full meaning of it all. 'Rising from their dead selves!' Those dead leaves underneath the new life, the new environment to which the dead past could never aspire. Here then at sunrise on an autumn morning, in the Morere bush, comes the first inspiration of the truth of the words that the poet used. Wandering through the bush in the early morning is the time for new thought and new aspirations." Thus also wrote Mr. Malcolm Ross, subsequently New Zealand's war correspondent in the Great European War: "The bush, however, is ideal. Even those who are not lovers of Nature realize, as soon as they wend their way towards the hot baths, that there is something unique in the character of the Morere bush. It is the best representative of a bit of bush in the southern archipelago that I know of in the Dominion. Its trees, its ferns, its palms, its—I was about to write fireflies—no, its glow-worms, which are more beautiful than fireflies—its flowers, including the tiger-mottled calceolaria, its medicinal springs, hot springs, gas springs, and withal its isolation from the busy haunts of men, make the spot a veritable Lotus-land for the tired, the weary and the weak. Wandering, lolling, meditating on a glorious morning in autumn following a dry and hot summer, one sees in this spot a restfulness where energy may be renewed, and the mind strengthened and prepared for new activities."

In addition a wonderful and interesting car trip has been arranged to cover the East Coast and its hinterland. The fine 12-cylinder Packards leave Gisborne and make Opotiki the first day. This will include the world-famed Motu-Opotiki Bush and the Motu Falls. The second day Rotorua will be reached, travelling round the five lakes via Whakatane. Two days will be spent in Rotorua, and all places of interest will be visited. From Rotorua, the next stop will be Taupo and Wairakei, the heart of the natural thermal region. The following day Napier will be reached, and from there the following day to Lake Waikaremoana via Wairoa, and on to Gisborne the following day, thus completing the 500-mile circuit of the best scenic run in the world.

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Morere Curative Springs.

I am indebted to the Government Balnealogist for the following analysis of the Morere waters and others in the Nuhaka district awaiting development(5) :—

Morere—Calcic-sodic muriated waters:

Calcium-chloride	594.78
Sodium-chloride	1249.67
Total solids	1899.60
Temperature	120° Fahr.

Kopuawhara, Mahia:

Calcium-chloride	177.82
Sodium-chloride	1027.66
Total solids	1241.65

Class III—Iodide muriated waters.

Kopuawhara, Mahia:

Magnesium-iodide	2.98
Total solids	1241.65

Morere:

Sodium-iodide	2.7
Total solids	1858.07

(Also free iodine sufficient to tinge the water light brown)

Of the iodide muriated waters the Balnealogist says in his report:—"Iodine is found in these waters combined usually with sodium or magnesium; in addition there is generally present a certain and varying amount of free iodine. The amount of iodine present is seldom more than about 2.5 grains per gallon, but even this small quantity exceeds the amount present in most similar European waters, one of the richest of which, Heilbrun (Bavaria), is given in the *Year Book* for comparison."

The therapeutic value of such minute quantities of iodide has been much questioned, though Neisser has, on the other hand, pointed out the potent effect on human metabolism of minute quantities of iodine in thyroid extract. There remains the possibility, however, that the essentially active factor in these waters is not the iodide but the free nascent iodine, which is almost always present. The pungent smell of this mineral may generally be detected for some distance round the source of an iodine spring, and where the thermal water is broken up by a fall into the spray or douche, under which circumstances free iodine seems to be liberated, the odour is unmistakably strong. It is conceivable that, quite apart from the iodine that is taken into the system when the water is drunk, quite an appreciable amount, and that in a highly active condition, may be

(5). These were secured in 1885, and I have not heard of any variations since.

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inhaled with the water vapour and spray by the bather. It is also somewhat singular that in the Morere reservation there may be seen flowing these waters side by side with excellent potable water.

The Opoutama Sands.

In a picturesque bay close to the Mahia peninsula there may still be seen the site of the infant township of Mahia, the still unrealized dream of an early-days Government department which allegedly "sold" the township as well as the buyers in this "Eden" on paper, by declaring the spot was destined to become the Brighton of Hawke's Bay, if not of the colony; and though the dream it as yet unrealized, there is still time for it to be made good unless this poor old world should come to an end. But to the story of Opoutama, once the repository of a far-famed Hawaiikian god. A shallow purling brook, states a correspondent whose identity I can only surmise, known as the Opoutama stream, flows into the sea. The beautiful bay which curls in from the Mahia settlement to Opoutama abounds in fish, and its shores are composrd of a fine flat beach, upon which in the summer months there are numerous camping parties. A better place for spending a holiday it would be hard to find amid all the grand scenery of the Dominion. From the hills along which the road winds on its way to Morere one may obtain a magnificent panoramic view seldom equalled, certainly rarely surpassed, in any part of the world. At one's feet nestles the little township of Opoutama on a flat evidently formed by the deposition of material brought down by the stream. This bay then sweeps round to the rough, rugged Mahia peninsula, with Te Kapu (Taupara) rising with its several peaks in the air. Connecting the Mahia with the mainland is a strip of sand-hills—bare, desolate and barren. At the Mahia end is a small lagoon, which almost cuts the connection between it and the mainland. In fact, a subsidence of a few feet would flood the narrow isthmus and make Mahia again the island it once was. At the end of the peninsula is Portland Island, where at night the lighthouse flashes out its red glare every thirty seconds, warning the mariners that they are nearing a "stern and rock-bound coast." Towards the right, one can see that curious-looking headland to which Captain Cook so aptly gave the name of Table Cape. It is curious to think that across that blue sea glittering in the sunshine the white sails of Captain Cook's ship passed by. Then and now—what a difference! There can be no doubt that then a large Native population lived on the peninsula, as the extensive burial places which are said to exist show. Now, scarcely a Native lives there. There is sad evidence of the rapid and almost incredible rate at which the Maori population has

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declined during the past century. Looking towards the south one may see the cliffs of the coastline in the direction of Wairoa, while in the dim blue distance can be seen the Kidnappers Range and the Havelock Hills. When atmospheric conditions are suitable one may even see Scinde Island, on which part of Napier is built; but usually the distance is too great, and the haze which hangs over the sea too thick.

There is a tradition that the sandy beach at Opoutama was brought from Hawaiiki in the Takitimu canoe—in other words, the channel closed soon after Takitimu passed through on the route to Te Wairoa from Hawaiiki.

To return to Opoutama. It is to the worn-out man of business a haven of refuge, where a fortnight spent by the seaside will work wonders and almost rejuvenate him.

The value of the sands of Mahia or Opoutama cannot be overrated, for when Hawke's Bay shall be able to number its population in the million the Hawke's Bay Brighton will be realized, and it may very well be even sooner under certain conditions. One of the landowners—who is now deceased—had prepared plans to lay out a township within easy reach of the sands, where future generations may disport themselves in the briny, and the children build sand castles to their hearts' content. The only other resort, besides Te Reinga Falls, described in an earlier chapter, are the caves in the Marumaru and Mangaone districts, not yet very well known nor sufficiently visited.

Te Reinga.

One other ideal spot for the holding of sports gatherings may be mentioned, as the local authorities unsuccessfully tried to acquire the same for public use. This is the old Maori sports ground at Kaiterahae, close to Te Reinga Falls. The ground lies in a small valley entered by an opening about two chains wide and then widening out to five or six chains, surrounded on both sides by precipitous overhanging cliffs of limestone about 300 feet high, almost entirely covered with maidenhair ferns, the koheriki, the pohue and native convolvuli, trees and plants of every hue and genus, mosses and lichens in profusion. How they grow, perched on the bare rock, seems a mystery; certainly if man planted them there—if he could—not a tree would grow. The whole scene is one of indescribable beauty and grandeur. The head of the valley was blocked in early times by a great mass of rock, some thousands of tons weight, which had evidently been cast from the hill-side by earthquake convulsions. At one time the river must have flowed through this gorge, to which the gouged-out cliffs bear eloquent testimony; but the same earthquake which blocked the gorge also opened an outlet at the present falls, and for a time,

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perhaps, Titi-o-rangi was an island. Of this the Maoris have a legend, in which the historic names of Ruamanu, Ruawharo and Hinekorako are prominent, concerning the diversion of the river, but I have not yet secured the whole story.

The Churches.

Premier among the churches for extent of activity as well as earliness in the field stands the Church of England, chiefly in relation to its missionary side, which was strongly fostered by Exeter Hall, then in the heyday of its power and influence. As one of the results of the operations of the Church Mission Board, C.M.S.—which was working from 1840 to 1844—there was a mission established in Turanganui to bring the benefits of Christianity to a great tribe, the warlike Nga-Puhi, who had given up their murderous raiding propensities to engage in agricultural pursuits or in trading enterprises in common with the Native people of Te Wairoa(6).

In the earliest registers of Wairoa and Ahuriri there are entries of baptisms as early as 1841. In 1842, when Bishop Selwyn, the first Bishop of New Zealand, came out, he brought with him the Rev. C. Dudley, who was intended for work on the East Coast at a mission then projected. There is no record of his work as such, but he was certainly working among the Natives of Old Wairoa. Bishop Selwyn's journal of his first visit to the East Coast shows that on November 18, 1842, at 4 a.m., he crossed the harbour at Ahuriri, and traversing the coast reached Aropaoanui (anc.) Arapawanui (mod.) at 9 a.m. the same day, making quite good progress. On the 19th, he says, "after morning service as usual, started down the pretty valley of Aropaoanui, after which our way lay over a succession of cliffs, over which the Native beaten track is carried close to the verge, instead of keeping through the valley, which generally lies on the inland side of the cliff. In many places the whole upper surface of the cliff is cracked and ready to fall, forming fissures of which we could not see the depth. In other places we had to ascend the face of these cliffs, the ascent of which occupied nearly an hour; and when we arrived at the summit, I could have thrown down a stone to the place from which we started." The next day was Sunday, and the Bishop "had services with the Natives, there being no other inhabitants." The Bishop made remarkable progress, for on November 21 he arrived at the Wairoa, the station intended for Mr. Dudley. "The Wairoa," he says, "is a very pretty station, with a beautiful river winding through an extensive plain and communicating with a chain of inland lakes." (The river then entered the sea

(6). Great quantities of wheat were grown on the Wairoa flats, the Rev. Mr. Hamlin's sons being engaged in the buying and shipping of that product.

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at Te Poti, up the eastern lagoon, and it may be that at times the river got round the eastern bluff.) He goes on: "Here we rested one day and conducted services with the Natives." On tne 23rd he writes: "Wairoa to Nuhaka. Path along the beach with the chain of lakes closing us in on the land side. Nuhaka, a remarkably nice Native settlement, with the most civil and intelligent Natives." Such was Bishop Selwyn's testimony regarding the then uncorrupted aborigines of Old Wairoa.

Te Wera, the ally of their arch-enemy, Pomare, had at this time become the protector of the people he once harried. The Maoris who had suffered very heavily in the past from Nga-Puhi and Waikato raids, and hunted to the coast of Mahia by the fear of Te Rauparaha, were readily disposed to embrace Christianity, although it is certain they did not fully grasp the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. But while this was so, they saw at once that it made for peace; and perhaps a good many concluded that it made for profit also, and in this they were not unlike some modern Pakehas who are good at throwing stones. The Maoris had, no doubt, seen in their intertribal visits, or had heard from others, of the benefits of Christianity, so they accepted it readily in large numbers. The Wairoa Natives were, therefore, very eager pupils of the Rev. James Hamlin(7), who, with the help of Native lay-readers—three of whom came from the north—threw themselves heartily into the work. These men, who came from Rotorua in 1840 or 1841, were, I have reason to believe, Wiremu Maihi Tarawaru, Wiremu Matenga Te Ruru, and Hoani Te Hauiti. Of these only Matenga comes into my story, and he fell from grace sadly, having been mixed up in some way long before with the death of Te Rataau, father of the late renowned warrior Ihaka Whaanga.

Not only were the Natives taught in the ways of religion and morals, but to read and write fairly well. But there were many disturbing elements, among them the increase of white men and the introduction of intoxicating drink and disease, hitherto almost unknown, and the Maori soon discovered that the Pakehas themselves were not united in brotherly love or in reverence for the Atua of the new religion. They could understand, as they thought of their past, that they themselves might be children of Satan; but when they heard the disputations be-

(7). Mr. James Hamlin came to New Zealand at the same time as Bishop William Williams, in 1826, and was stationed first at Waimate, Bay of Islands. Moved in 1835 to Maungapouri, and the next year to Manukau, and finally in 1844 to Wairoa. He was ordained deacon 22nd September, 1844, by Bishop Selwyn; priest on 4th December, 1863, by the Bishop of Waiapu; and he died in Auckland on 15th November, 1865.

When the Rev. Mr. Hamlin came through from Turanganui a party of 20 or 30 Natives from Wairoa went through to assist the family on the way to their future home. The Rev. Mr. Hamlin and his wife walked all the way by the native track via Mahia, certain Natives being allotted to each child.

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tween the Roman Catholics and the missionaries, it was no wonder that, like the disciples of old, they went back and walked no more with either sect. Thus came about much disunion and strife, which might have been avoided had there been but one sect among the Pakehas.

In 1847, for instance, a young Native woman of Waiapu became a widow, and her husband's relatives desired her to marry his brother, which she declined to do, mentioning at the same time a man of Ngati-Maru whom she preferred. Opposed in this, she ran away to the man of her choice, who, of course, took up her case. The chief of Ngati-Maru, who tried to arrange the delicate matter, met with a refusal, and a demand that the woman be sent back. After much negotiation and fiery speeches on either side, it was agreed that the woman should be sent back, and that if she again escaped there would be no further opposition. She was then removed to a village a considerable distance between the two contending parties, but the whole of the ground was cunningly occupied in force by those interested in preventing her escape. However, woman-like, she did escape—for love then, as now, laughs at locks and bars—and by avoiding the usual tracks, and swimming a river twice, she got back to Ngati-Maru and gained her object. In revenge, the aggrieved parties practically gave up Christianity, alleging that the missionaries had encouraged the woman to refuse to marry her brother-in-law. Te Whata, after abandoning his own wife and family (so states Bishop Williams), went off to Wairoa, where he hatched plans that resulted afterwards in much trouble, and the weak faith of many was rendered still weaker, and the followers of the tohungas were encouraged thereby(8). But Mr. Hamlin still laboured on, the mission services being held, up to 1863, in a large Maori whare at Te Uhi. In July, 1863, a commodious wooden church was built by means of funds raised among the Maoris themselves, most of the carpentry work falling to the lot of the Rev. Mr. Hamlin's son, George. The building, which was a conspicuous object in the early days, stood on a little hill or mound called Pukepoto, and was pulled down some years ago to make room for a more modern structure, also now demolished. The bell, sent out originally from England by the Church Missionary Society and deemed the best in the district, still calls the Maoris to meet for worship every Sunday, though the numbers have sadly diminished. The missionary, I may say, carried out the school work chiefly in the early mornings, and the Maoris, even now, speak very highly of the work of the Hamlin mission. Those who know least about the Maoris do not even imagine how hard it must have been to give up savage ways, yet such

(8). The tohungas, as a matter of fact, felt their power going, and, like Simon the Sorcerer, they fanned the flames of dissension in every way possible.

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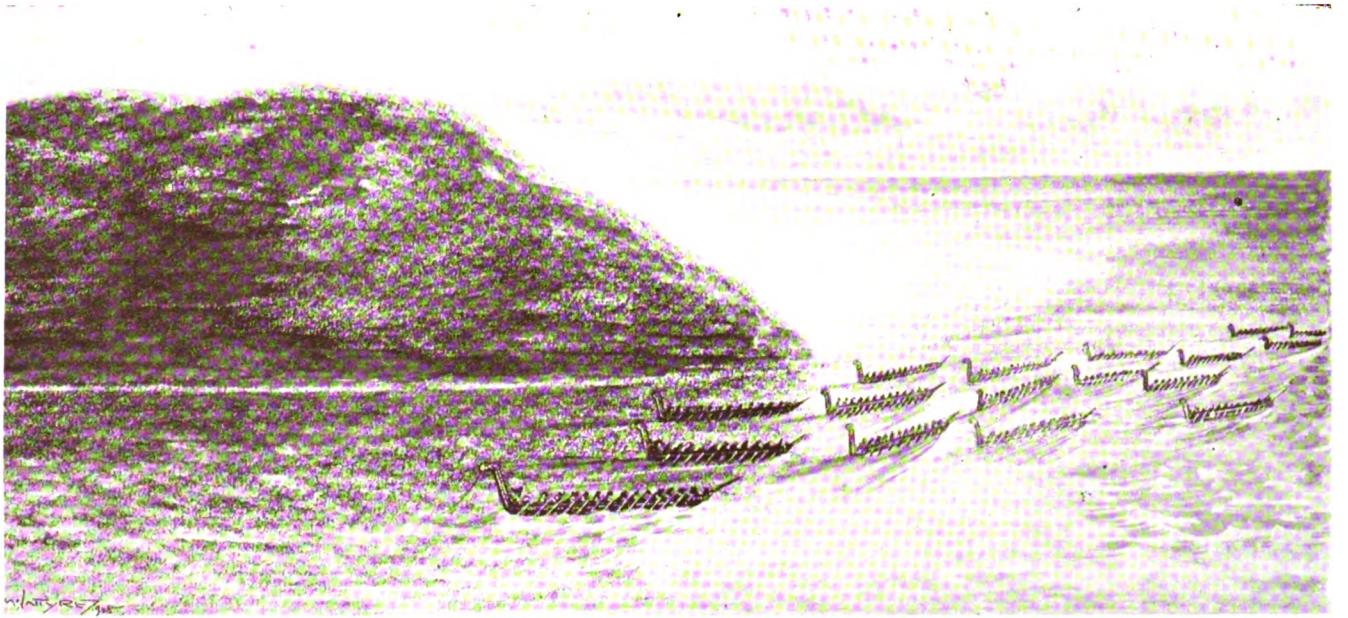

Maoris Bound for Heretaunga

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are not slow to point out the fact that Te Uhi pa, the nearest to the centre of mission influence, was later on a hotbed of Hauhauism. Is it not the fact that the fight waxes hottest around the standard? And surely we ought to expect to find the Hauhau emissaries seeking to draw their converts from the ranks of those whose religion and power they aimed at destroying. That there are black sheep in every flock must be admitted, and notwithstanding the hostile critics, Mr. Hamlin's mission greatly benefited the Natives, infusing a spirit of loyalty into many which they would not otherwise have exhibited. Certainly the fact that some of the Natives did not profit much is no reflection on the missionary and his work, for truly, in this respect, the Pakehas cannot afford to throw bricks. To the missionaries, then, I must turn for information regarding a good deal of the early history of Old Wairoa so far as it was within their ken and their province.

Bishop Williams.

Among the missionary pioneers on this coast there comes up foremost the name of the Right Rev. Bishop William Williams, who in 1826 commenced work at the Bay of Islands, where he assisted his brother, Henry Williams, founding schools and teaching the untutored Natives, born and bred in savagery, to read and cipher. A fine old Christian gentleman, as the writer knew him for a short period when Bishop of Waiapu, an office he held from 1859 to 1876 (he died two years later), and left behind him his son, Archdeacon Leonard Williams, who was chosen Bishop of Waiapu in 1876, holding that high office until June 30, 1909. He then resigned in order to make way for a younger and more vigorous man, though even then want of vigour could be scarcely urged against his continuing in office. Both the old Bishop and his son left their mark on the district, ranging from Turanganui to Napier, and both were most intimately acquainted with the district of Te Wairoa in the early days. The writer had the pleasure of an interview with the latter in June, 1909, on the occasion of a farewell visit to the people of Te Wairoa, when hundreds of people—the white and the brown race, but a newer generation, met in His Majesty's Theatre at North Clyde—the one to bid him a European farewell, and the other to utter the "poroporoaki" or lament of the tribes for the severance of the ties of a generation. An old man truly, for he was then approaching the eightieth milestone of an arduous and eventful life, spent amidst hard and discouraging conditions; for it must have been a great blow to him to see the grand work begun by Marsden undone by public men full of ineptitude, regardless alike of Maori rights and the consequences of trampling upon them. Hampered by the ignorance and superstition of the Natives themselves, unable honestly to excuse his own countrymen, thwarted in his

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work by the greed of the white man for the lands of the Maori, and vexed at the incompetence of the various Governments, it would be no wonder if he bore in his face lines of care. No wonder would it be if his back was bent, not with the weight of 80 years, but with disappointment that the results of his life-work had not been greater. Yet here he stood before me, bravely holding up his hoary head, which was a crown of glory, with a flowing snow-white beard, giving him the appearance of a venerable patriarch. He stood erect, his shoulders well squared back, with one hand to his massive forehead as he recalled for my benefit some incidents in his chequered life. So unimpaired was his memory at the time of my interview that he was able to bring out with remarkable clearness the smallest details of any particular incident, even to stating the days of the month or week when some particular event or events occurred. He showed a keen sense of humour, too, and now and again permitted a mirthful laugh to escape him. Next moment he would relapse into seriousness, as he pointed out some stupid action on the part of the authorities of his day, or showed how the exercise of a little more tact might have avoided this or that trouble—mistakes which caused in the end the loss of valuable lives and the expenditure of many thousands of pounds sterling, which the then young and struggling colony could ill afford.

In 1840 Bishop Williams—father of the subject of this sketch—removed to Poverty Bay, as Cook misnamed it, the Turanganui of the Maoris, henceforth to be the scene of his labours. Here there were about 1,500 nominally professed Christian Natives, though the vast majority of the tribes still lived the life of the semi-savage. Schools were established and Native teachers instructed there, and then spread the work to Table Cape and to Te Wairoa—three teachers especially, two from the Bay of Islands and one from Rotorua, as already hinted at—being the principal instruments used to spread the Gospel. The following year found a total of nearly 9,000 Natives attending Christian worship, 3,000 being set down as resident at Table Cape, Te Wairoa and Ahuriri. Whether or not there was some pretence admixed with a superstitious fear of the God of the Pakeha does not now matter, for if all were not sincere—and assuredly the "loaves and fishes" figured large in the Maori estimate of the new religion—it was a great triumph of the Cross to have withdrawn that number even partially from the ranks of their man-slaying, man-eating tribesmen.

In 1840, let me state, the line of coast running from the East Cape to the centre of Hawke's Bay was peopled by three great and powerful tribes of illustrious descent from the navi-

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gators of far Hawaiiki and men valiant in fight. These were concentrated severally at Waiapu (Ngati-Porou), Turanganui (Aitanga-a-Mahaki[9] and Rongowhaka-ata), and Te Wairoa (Ngati-Kahungunu and allied tribes), distributed over a wide area of fertile country, the whole of the district being known and described in the missionary journal as Te Wairoa. Bishop W. L. Williams, as a lad of fourteen or so, accompanied his father on foot on many of these journeys, and the first visit was paid to Te Wairoa in 1841. They walked through from Turanganui by the coast via Te Mahia, traversing the Native tracks beaten down by the feet of many a taua in past days. Sleeping places there were none along the tracks, save what shelter the bush afforded, and supplies of food were only obtained when they came across any friendly disposed Natives. On another occasion Bishop Williams came through via the Mangapoike Native track, where the Government is now constructing a dray road through from Frasertown to Te Arai. All the journeys in those days were made on foot—a horse was quite out of the question, even if one could be obtained. On the occasion of the first visit by way of Te Mahia, the Bishop states there was, even then, a very large pa at Nukutaurua, which was added to later on to accommodate an unexpected addition to population. The explanation is this, and I make it briefly here, though more fully dealt with in the chapter on "Native Wars and Raids":—At the time of which I am writing, as some of the old maps stated—and with perfect truth—the whole coastline from Cape Palliser to Cape Kidnappers was "uninhabited." The legend "No Natives along this coast as far as Ahuriri" is explained by the fact that about 1818-1820 Te Rauparaha, the noted Maori cannibal-warrior, armed with the new death-dealing weapons—the guns of the Pakeha—overran the west coast of the North Island, advancing as far as Wairarapa. The East Coast Maoris well knew the character of the terrible Rauparaha—the Attila and Nero combined of New Zealand—and heard of his advance with real dread. The southern section of Ngati-Kahungunu were not the bravest of the race, but even had they been as strong in battle as Nga-Puhi they would not have dreamt of opposing Te Rauparaha. He was mostly after men, women and slaves, not after land, and Ngati-Kahungunu rightly concluded that the best way to save their land, and themselves at the same time, was to desert the land; and they did so, completely evacuating all the country between the capes mentioned, and large numbers, running into thousands, assembled at Te Mahia peninsula, where they built,

(9). Mahaki flourished about twelve or thirteen hundred years ago, and most of the Maoris from Turanganui to Mangatu are descended from him. He had many strong pas, Makihoi, on the summit of Rakauroa, Pa Werawera and Waimana, besides many others. Nga-potiki are the descendants of Whakarau, the youngest son of Mahaki.

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as I have stated, extensive and strongly fortified pas. Ihaka Whaanga, then a young man (father of the present chief of that name), reigned at Nuhaka, and Te Wera Hauraki, the former Nga-Puhi raider of Waiapu lands, took all the people under his protection; and here it was that missionary enterprise had its greatest sway, and from that area radiated many benign influences which to a certain extent permeated all the Native centres of Te Wairoa till the coming of the Pai Marire.

Church services were held anywhere and anyhow, and the same applied to all kinds of meetings common to a British community. A large tent was used at first, and then the courthouse on the Government reserve near Spooner's Point was pressed into service, where also Mrs. Ormond, wife of Dr. F. F. Ormond, then R.M., held a Sunday-school for many years. The first Bishop Williams, and later his son, preached there; and later, in the schoolroom, when the first resident Anglican minister was appointed, the Rev. W. Ronaldson, of Wairarapa. He left for Wairoa because the Native population there was much greater. He held his first service on 26th February, 1868, but soon after changed his mind and left Wellington for Motueka, where tranquillity reigned. The first actually resident Anglican clergyman was Rev. W. Lambert, father of the writer. The Rev. Peter Ramsay, who over 60 years ago founded St. Paul's Presbyterian Church in Napier, also paid regular visits to Wairoa, and here it may be mentioned that the Rev. Mr. Barclay also offered a half-acre section lying to the west of the Clyde Hotel, and running through to Queen Street, as a site for a church building, but no one thought of church-building in those days. This body built the first European-owned church in Wairoa, the first regular pastor being the late Rev. Wm. Nichol. The Church of England followed soon after.

The Rev. Euloge Regnier, of the Meanee Mission, also visited the district very often, sometimes remaining for long periods, often against his will(10). On the bank of the river, north side, about opposite the Clyde Hotel, there may still be seen the remains of some fruit trees, rose bushes and other plants. This about marks the site of a small wattle and dab hut occupied by Father Regnier. Close by the doorway he grew and tended with great care a plant of the "rosa canina," dog-rose or sweet-brier, imported from La Belle France. In 1872 my informant was horse-hunting amid a dense mass of sweet-brier eight feet high, when he discovered the hut and what he believes was the first sweet-brier planted in the Dominion, certainly the first in Wairoa. From this one plant sprang the well-known pest

(10). The first regular priest was Rev. Father Le Pretre, S.M., appointed in 1894.

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which, at North Clyde especially, became such a dense growth that the flat was rendered almost impassable. It is somewhat singular that two great churches, while being responsible for the introduction of the Gospel each in its own way, were also answerable for the bringing-in of two gigantic pests. The blackberry is usually set down to the credit of the Rev. Mr. Hamlin and the Anglican Mission, and the sweet-brier through the Rev. Father Regnier. It would complete the story if I could say with truth that the Scottish Church was answerable for the thistle. In addition to the Catholic Church (the last town-built structure) there are now eight or more churches in the district, including St. John's Maori Church at Te Uhi, a neat hollow-block erection.

The Alleged Land-grab.

While yet the sound of the Gospel had not reached Te Wairoa, and whether or not the majority of people of the present day are prepared to admit it, there can be no doubt, as I have already shown, that the missionaries have been in all lands the forerunners of pioneering and civilization in winning savage peoples to a regard for the rights of their fellow creatures and the claims of God. Not only this, but they have been the means of opening up fair tracts of country for the occupation of the white man. In earlier chapters a fair idea has been given of what the Maori was like as a savage, and early voyagers like Tasman and Cook saw enough of their disposition to give them a wide berth. All honour, then, to those intrepid soldiers of the Cross—no matter the denomination—who, taking their lives in their hands, sought to win a stalwart race from savagery. And let it not be forgotten that the results might have been greater but for the brutality of the earliest specimens of our race to visit these shores, the general greed of the later arrivals, and the bungling of public men. The fact that some missionaries in other districts overstepped the mark in the matter of acquiring land for themselves at small cost does not in any way detract from the value of their work as pioneers. Nor does the fact that some of the aboriginals who embraced Christianity proved to be rebellious scoundrels discount the value of the work done by the missionaries for civilization; after all, the total claims to land in New Zealand made by ten Church missions only totalled 185,233 acres, whilst the claims of those not in any way connected with missionary enterprise ran into millions of acres. At this time there were many, even of the rank of chief, who in their greed for muskets were ready to sign anything to procure them.

In 1840 Mr. Spain, the commissioner appointed to inquire into the various land claims, reported that there were 595 claims by 280 individuals. Many of the blocks were only marked by

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degrees of latitude and longitude, computed in square miles instead of acres. The total claims were estimated at 40,000,000 acres. The payments in goods and money in respect to 400 of these claims were set down at £34,496, and for the balance it was estimated that the total amount was £40,000, or one-third of a penny per acre. The New Zealand Land Company, in addition, claimed another 5,000,000 acres, and as a matter of fact the whole of New Zealand was claimed by six to seven hundred persons. Then church missions entered claims for 185,233 acres alone. In making a settlement on what was considered a fair basis, the commissioners appointed after the passing of the Lands Act by the New South Wales Legislature in 1840 (which declared all titles void if not validated by the Crown) recommended that no individual grant should exceed 2,500 acres. The rates at which the purchase-money was calculated ranged from 6d. per acre in 1815 to 8s. per acre in 1835. Goods given in barter were calculated at three times their selling prices in Sydney at the time. One man claimed 50,000 acres in the North Island, and Mr. Wentworth claimed 10,000,000 acres in the North Island; he had, it was stated, paid £200 cash and had undertaken to pay an annuity of a like sum to the settlers as long as they lived. A Mr. John Jenkins, of Sydney, claimed to have purchased 384,400 acres for £50; and upwards of 16,500,000 acres of New Zealand were claimed by two firms and four individuals in Sydney. Another man endeavoured to secure a tract of country from Port Nicholson (Wellington) to Ahuriri, and another from the north bank of the Wairoa River to the north of Table Cape and a coastline of 100 miles extending far inland to Waikaremoana. The price paid for the latter was £160, given on board a ship in the bay(11), and very few of the Natives who "sold" had the slightest right to the land—and Barney Rhodes was not exactly a missionary.

But the lust for land and the exploitation of the "untutored savage" was on the white man then, unhampered by law of any kind, and he took full advantage of the position. Had the advice of missionaries been followed there would probably have been no Waitara war. A modern Maori correspondent, giving an account, entirely new, of the Wairau massacre, and touching on its cause—early and doubtful land transactions—says:—"They bought by degrees, longitudes and latitudes; they bought with money, but more often with red blankets, guns, jew's harps, tomahawks and red nightcaps. They bought fairly and they

(11). Rawinia Apatu, daughter of Te Apatu, giving evidence in the Land Court in very early days stated: "My father sold all this land (Ohuia No. 2) to Captain Rhodes. He took Paratene and others on board the vessel of Captain Rhodes, who put a 'pepeha' on the land. No one objected to the sale. Apanui gave a woman to Captain Rhodes, who took her to Mahia, but I am not sure if he took Herewini in consequence of the sale."

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bought slyly; they bought honestly and they bought dishonestly. What did we know of the value of land? What did we know of degrees, or of latitudes and longitudes?" The indictment is severe but it is doubtless very true, and the reader will observe here that this intelligent writer does not lay this charge against the missionaries. This serves to show most clearly that the missionaries were not the gross land-grabbers that some people would make out. Each of them carried his life in his hands, for the promulgation of the Gospel as announced in the Sermon on the Mount meant the lessening of the mana of the chiefs and the power of the tohungas, the destruction of superstition and the abolition of degrees among the Natives themselves. "Jack is as good as his master" was not to be found, I venture to say, in the folk-lore of the ancient Maori.

Outdoor Sports.

There are some people among my readers who think there are not enough avenues for sport in Wairoa. This, I think, is not a justifiable complaint, for if there was much more thereof no time would be left for work, and in these days the gospel of work should be as applicable to the Pakeha as to the Maori. It is as least a certainty that new Wairoa has more sport in a week than old Wairoa enjoyed in a year, unless answering "war's rude alarms" could be called sport. There are now races, shows, athletic sports, golf, pigeon-shooting, deer-stalking, trout-fishing, 'possum-hunting(12). Besides what I have enumerated there may be listed cricket, bowling, croquet, football, hockey, tennis, basket-ball, boating, boxing, dances, cinemas, tangis, huis, etc., all of which have, in their proper seasons, their several votaries; so that no one need hesitate about casting his or her lot in with Wairoa for fear they might not be able to follow their particular bent in the way of amusement.

In most of the national sports of New Zealand, Wairoa has taken her share, with decided honours, more especially in the domain of football; and she is proud to own as one of her sons the famous George Nepia, the Nuhaka All-Black footballer, who returned in March this year (1925) to receive a hearty welcome from Europeans and Maoris. Out on his own, the only man of the last All-Black team who played in every match against the football stalwarts of the Motherland, he comes back to Wairoa, sharing with the Brownlie Brothers, whose parents are now Wairoa settlers, the honours of the bloodless conquest of England.

(12). A limited number of trapping licenses are now authorised, and some day Waikaremoana 'possum skins may cover the shoulders of my lady of Mayfair or Belgravia. I saw recently a very fine lady's coat made from Waikaremoana skins, the blending of the shades being quite artistic; the selection was made from forty-five skins.

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In addition to athletic sports on the river-bank in the early days, racing was indulged in. These were held anywhere and anyhow, at Turiroa, Waitahora and Awatere, but chiefly at Matiti pa, a little to the north of the present Huramua homestead([13]). The first regular race-meeting was held at Turiroa in February, 1862. Though the weather was bad the attendance was reported as good. The following were the results:—

Paora Apatu's Little Tommy (J. Burton)	1
Rangimataeo's Hure Hina (Hamuera)	2
Naihe's Manawanui (Hoani)	3
Hamana's Manuangu (Kihi)	4
Paora Apatu's Tutawhanga (Ruapapara)	5

Second event:—

Rangimataeo's Rongotawhanga (Burton)	1
Hamuera's Rangaranga (Matenga)	2

Third event:—

J. Carroll's Hokopou (Burton)	1
Henare Apatere's Potini (J. Mitchell)	2
Rowana's Merina (D. Lewis)	3

The next of which there is any record was held at the same place on 1st January, 1867.

The course was a mile oval, and my readers may well believe the races were not hedged in by too many vexatious restrictions. One incident out of many must suffice. The Natives, who were then, as now, very keen on equine contests, had a rather good-looking horse called Rererangi, which they imported from the Wairarapa, and they expected great things from him. There were five events on the programme, and Rererangi was entered for the Wairoa Stakes, a two-mile event. He was trained at Matiti, and on the eventful race day was ridden by a Maori hunchback, whose shortness of body Nature had compensated for by abnormally long arms and legs. Crossing the racecourse was the track leading to the stable. Rererangi decided that he had had about enough of it, and on reaching the track he bolted. So straight he dashed for a Maori stab-fence, and not being a hurdler he shot the rider, all arms and legs, over on the other side, rendering him unconscious for a long time. The Natives duly soused him in the waters of the Wairoa—a sovereign remedy for any ailment from enteric to a broken head. Loud were the lamentations made over the ill-fated jockey, who in truth was not dead but suffering from a cracked cranium, from which he eventually recovered. The same day two horses were started back-to-back in a scurry event in opposite directions, and one of them, Kerei, ridden by a Maori of the same name,

(13). In early days there were also some interesting regattas held, including contests between war-canoes, whaleboats, etc.

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had the top of his head torn off and the other had his heart burst by the fearful impact, and of course both died. One jockey skidded along the course like a football and escaped injury. The other, a man named John Burns *alias* Kopiri, had his thigh broken. Such was racing in the old days, when there was no fear of stewards or of disqualifying, meddlesome metropolitans. Racing was also indulged in at the Awatere, Marumaru, Te Kopane, and Nuhaka, but the earliest course I heard of was on the foreshore of the Wairoa River, from Kihitu to Te Uhi pas, the river not then having cut into the hill. The modern race-course is at a spot known as Te Kupenga, on the Wairoa-Fraser-town road, acquired and equipped at a cost of £7,500.

Deer-stalking at the Lake.

To the kindly interest and activity of Sir James Carroll, when a member of the Liberal Cabinet and representing this part of the East Coast, much of the forward movement at Waikaremoana is due. He it was who secured the opening-up of the Lake area by the establishment of Lake House on the very best site in the district, at a time when the Government hold on that region was very precarious. He was instrumental in securing adequate roading, and had he continued in office the now disused road connecting with Rotorua would probably have been completed. He secured the first consignments of trout, deer, opossums, and many rare birds. This is not a mere eulogy of our former member—it is an admission of the district's indebtedness to "Timi Kara," as his friends still like to address him. It is only fair to the present party in power to say that there were indications—before the outbreak of the Great War—that further good things were in store for Waikaremoana, and now that a small beginning has been made it is the duty of the settlers and the local authorities to keep the ball rolling.

The following characteristic sketch of a day's deer-stalking at Waikaremoana has been written for me expressly by Mr. Albert Hall, the energetic secretary of the Rod and Gun Club:—

"'Rustle out, Jonah! Man alive, don't you know the time? Rouse Charlie.' . . . It was the boss. We rolled slowly and lazily in our camp bed, and in the dim light caught sight of an unhatted cranium and form clad in a thin singlet. We shivered as the opening he made in the tent let in a draught of icy air. Yes, it was the boss—'Mercury,' we called him, because the beggar was never still, and always reminded us, on deer-stalking expeditions, of the chuckling, scalped, smoky old sinner, a forgotten name, now, in Captain Mayne Reid's 'Scalp Hunters.'

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"'Whazzer matter?' we sleepily ask. 'Whazzer time?'

"'Three o'clock,' answers the almost naked form at the door. 'Wake up; don't you hear 'em roaring? Wake up Charlie, too. It's a beautiful morning.'

"At this we rise, properly alive to the incessant roaring of the stags, and shake out Charles. Charles, by the way, is my tent-mate, and in civil life is a consulting engineer, but in camp life an inveterate hunter of stags when they're roaring, and an ardent lover of sleep when it's dark, but—never very keen on venison.

"'Charles,' we said, 'get up. Can't you hear 'em roaring?'

"A roll, a grunt, and a groping about in the dark for togs, guns, and gear proves the fact that Charles has heard the call, and after dabbing our almost naked backs against the damp, slanting tent-roof in the effort to get dressed, we both passed out through the opening. It was too dark to see, except a dim light in the 20-yard-distant kitchen—'smoke-house' we called it, for the simple reason that the wind blew the smoke down the alleged chimney and out through the front. Anything in its course got streaky eyes except Mercury—smoke seemed heaven to him. But the light was our early beacon. Something in the grass, as we made for the light, crisped and surged beneath our feet, but we made the smoke-house and poked about for heavy boots laid out to dry before last night's dying fire, to which we had bidden adieu over a last sip of 'Cardhu.'

"Meanwhile, 'Porry,' our Native cook, and Peter, our Native factotum, gave us our first breakfast, and at 3.30 a.m., amid the roaring of the stags, we ate heartily of a meal of hot mashed onions and potatoes and steaming tea. Good, too, at that time, and like a certain cocoa, 'grateful and comforting.'

"Then we made our plans—at least Mercury did. He said: 'You, Charles, go to the head of the inlet and work the spurs up the peninsula. You'll likely spot that big brute you reckon made the big "slot" last night. Take Peter with you. He'll skin the beast. Cut off the haunches only, and when you're ready yell for the boat. You, Jonah, come with me. We'll take the big spur at the back of the camp. The wind's good, and the old stag we heard so often is roaring his soul-case out. We'll bag him, he must have sixteen points.'

"'Right oh!' we reply. 'We' happen to be Jonah, probably because we are such a lucky beggar at always spoiling other people's sport. 'Right oh!' and we popped back to our tent to bag our camera, and started groping in the half light up the spur.

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"'Confound all spurs,' we say. You see, it's a matter of constitution. Mercury in the bush is as much at home there as an eel is in the water. He must have a certain amount of steel in his composition, and is one of Pharaoh's 'lean kine,' while we, who, we blush to state, are a bit too robust 'midships, lack the steel of old Quicksilver, and are not ardent in bushwork, have to follow where he leads. Very well, then.

"Charles and Peter grope round the Lake to attack the peninsula, and we take to the spur; through bush, bracken, and waist-high fern, up, always up, past muddy stag baths, with the foliage around still wet from his stagship's early ablutions. Up, ever up, sometimes on a beaten deer-track, most times off; under and over rotten moss and fern-covered fallen giants, into holes hidden by undergrowth, over country that must have been cursed by Te Kooti years ago and trodden only by deer since. Up we go, Quicksilver leading, as easy in his gait and action as a stripling of four-and-twenty, though five-and-fifty is, as the Japs say, nearer his honourable age.' We follow, our bellows working prodigiously in the effort to keep up with him. Cursing inwardly his rate of progress, and whistling jerkily through our teeth to prove to him that we are not blown, we reach the crest—Mercury first, of course. He looks behind, sees that our bellows need repairing and, bless him, calls a halt. He takes a mean advantage of the halt to tell me that the noise I make with my number tens would 'startle every stag between there and Lake House.' Lake House is ten miles away. I turn mine eyes longingly to the fairy mist covering the whole lake, and think of the rainbow-hued beauties that the mist is caressing. Then away again, down—he ahead, we behind—grabbing at every hanging supplejack, violently slipping, sliding; now with my rifle in the air to avoid brambles; now on my pantry, on the ground, groping through the undergrowth.

"'Cuss for ever and ever all spurs.' We think this desperately and mentally, and a dozen fervent 'Amens' and a wicked desire comes over us, and a sullen wish that the long-shanked, never-tiring spectre whom we called friend, leading us in this unrighteous deer-stalking foolishness, would break his neck or anything else that would ease up his stride a bit. But no such luck; on we go. Finally we reach the bottom. We have lost sight of the lake entirely. A lovely little watercourse at the bottom, dark and almost hidden by fairy ferns, calls for another rest; but no. Quicksilver goes on, and we face another spur twice as high and thrice as steep. We sigh, pull our belt in another hole, and face the music again. Up, up, we labour to the top; down again, and, Lordy, Lordy, face one more that looks as high as Panikiri. These spurs, interminable and everlasting,

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are as giant teeth in a giant saw, with a lovely purling stream between each tooth. Anyhow, the roar still calls Mercury, and I follow doggedly, and again reach the summit. Still the roar calls Quicksilver, who is well ahead of us now. We hesitate, make a few steps forward, signal to old Quicksilver to go on alone, and sky the towel. If that stag had one hundred points, every point a diamond and every antler made of platinum, it could go hang for us. We couldn't climb another abominable breath and soul-destroying spur for nuts, so there.

"So we sit in unutterable content in the early dawn on the crest of the third spur, and listen to the distant roaring of stags, the liquid note of the tui, and dreamily wish Mercury luck in his quest. We regain our lost wind, and look contentedly around. Even at this hour, cool and altogether lovely, wekas are shrilling all round, and we gaze intently through the fern at the foamy, tumbling, moss-strewn, stony creek at the bottom. Something moving cautiously amongst the dense foliage above catches our eye. As instructed by Mercury, we hold our breath, not daring to bat an eyelash. The beast, whatever it is, acts as we do, and stares stonily at us. But it is not a stag; it is a big, black, blunt streak, set in an immense grey-black head with prominent, very shifting, beady eyes. The size of the head appals us; forgotten is the gun and the camera, and, as a bird is mesmerized by a snake, we watch the immense, feathery, muscular neck, supporting the head, slowly appear, and the whole beast stands revealed to us—an immense bird body, 20 feet high, with short, powerful wing limbs set close to its feathery body; wings of awful power, but which could never aid it in flight. The beast seemed to be of the land alone, not of the air. He crosses the creek at one tremendous step and comes stealthily, but quickly, in our direction. Mazed and numbed as we are, we notice that the huge step is an ungainly one and whole body and neck droop in rhythm to its peculiar drooping step. It comes through fern and undergrowth as easily and smoothly as a sun lizard climbs a tree, parting the foliage noiselessly, the stone-eyed head only swaying from side to side as if watching any sideway retreat open to us. We hesitate in dumb amazement at its unexpected advent; then slowly realize that its unholy, scaly legs, terrific toes and beak are a menace to us, and that the awful Thing coming upon us out of the Waikaremoana bush is the bird deemed by scientists to be extinct—the mighty 'moa.' It is now close upon us, the head still swaying. We rouse from our stupor, and turn in mad terror down the side of the spur. Only one thought now—to get away from its towering presence; forgotten now are stags, Mercury, and even the 4th of the month, and we scramble through undergrowth, bruised, scratched and bleeding. Too late: the mighty

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bird is upon us, and we cower in abject fear, covering our faces with our arms and awaiting the onslaught. The terrific weight falls with a crash upon our unprotected body, and before sweet oblivion comes we realize that a blood-warm covering of hairy, fleshy skin is enveloping us.

"'Wake up, Jonah! What do you mean by sleeping here at this hour?' Still dazed and horrified, we fearfully raise the arm that protected our face, sweep away the hairy skin and sharp horns of a newly-slain 12-point stag that Mercury cheerfully dropped on us to awaken us, sheepishly gather up our rifle and camera, take a sideways squint around to be sure that the bird is not about, and fall to wheezing in the track of the victorious, head-laden Quicksilver, over the never-ending spurs to the smoke-house. But the stride is easier now; we can keep up—not because he is tiring, but the antlers he carries on his shoulders catch in every bit of bush that bars the way; these are many, and yank Mercury back with sudden jerks which incite him to shameful language—explosive, fervent, hearty and blasphemous. We gently chide him for this, but secretly hug ourselves for sheer pleasure at hearing it. You see, it's our turn; we cussed some going up, but he holds four aces to our small pair at the game coming back.

"Home again by 8.30. What was crispy underfoot at 3 a.m. proves to be a heavy white frost. The sun, glorious omen of a fine day, lifts the mists from the beautiful arm of 'Marau,' lifts them until they rest in a rich creamy, foamy cloud midway between the summit of the foliage-clad hills, and showing the lake underneath, a dream lake, a huge sun-tinted mirror. Our boats drawn up on its quiet edge, its only motion is a rippling triangle made by a pair of black swans, and an ever-expanding circular ripple caused by a rainbow trout rising to a fly, all else rich in colouring and perfect in lovely peace.

"Waikaremoana! Lovely, lonely, superb, incomparable.

"Bang! And we fall from our clouds with a thud to earth again through the agency of a kerosene tin—it is Porry's and Peter's way of announcing breakfast, and what a breakfast! Stewed plums—of which, by the way, we had secured a kerosene-tin full at Te Puna, Mercury climbing the tree like a 'possum while we garnered the crop he shook down—grilled trout, venison steak, potatoes and onions. And such is the kingdom of stalkers that we ate heartily, even Charles, who had been unsuccessful, mildly stating that venison was good. The only distressing thing to us was the fact that Mercury, with a zest for a jest, rather cruelly informed Charles about my sleep when I should have been stalking. But, ah, he never told about the moa. You see, even old Quicksilver never saw that!"

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Rod and Gun.

In Old Wairoa, when the hills and valleys were clothed in bush, it must have been a treat to lovers of Nature and bird life to traverse some of the Native tracks. In these secluded glens and on the towering hills bird life was plentiful, and the songs, though varied, were always sweet, and the notes true. Among Wairoa's birds may be mentioned the kiwi, the weka, the korimako or the bell-bird, the tui, the kaka or brown parrot, and the godwit or kuaka. Of the migrant birds there are two cuckoos that must not be omitted. One of these is the handsome pipiwharauroa, or the "shining cuckoo," and the long-tailed cuckoo, designated by the Maoris as the koekoea or kohoperoa. In the South Island it is called "Maui's bird" or "Te Manu-a-Maui." The huia, too, now almost extinct, whose tail feathers were the special head adornment of the old-time Maori chiefs. The "Kotuku-rerenga-tahi," or the white heron, a very rare bird, has once been seen in the Waikaremoana area. Many of these birds were named by the Maoris from the cries or songs they made. Thus we get the kuku (pigeon), the koko (tui), the kaka (parrot), the whio (blue mountain duck), kea (parrot), and the horirire or little grey warbler. Nor can I omit the pukeko or swamp hen, the native grebe or diver, the bittern (matuku), and a small water rail formerly abundant in the swamp areas of Old Wairoa. Most of these are now very rare, due not only to the demands of the Maori larder but followed by the bushman's axe and the match-box; so that the Maoris at their tangis utter a truism when they address the departed in the words, "Kua ngaro i te ngaro a te moa" (They have gone for ever from us like the moa).

Now the Pakeha has had to take it upon himself to restock New Zealand with birds and fish, but it is not birds for song but birds for sport. To this end the Wairoa Rod and Gun Club has done, and is still doing, good work, so that the tourists of the future may come from many lands overseas and enjoy their favourite sports of deer-stalking, game-shooting, and fishing in the highlands of Wairoa, "far from the madd'ing crowd."

The Rod and Gun Club (Inc.) was started in Wairoa on 13th June, 1918, by a small but enthusiastic body of sportsmen. The district just then was under the jurisdiction and control of the Rotorua Acclimatisation Society in the matter of game, etc., but up to the time the club started there was really no control whatever over furred or feathered game, and such protection as the law decreed was an absolute farce, every man or boy that could pull a trigger being "a law unto himself." The club immediately went earnestly into the matter of restocking rivers and lakes, and to make the protection of the game already in the district a reality and not a byword and a sham. The club applied

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to the proper quarters, with the most excellent results, inasmuch as up to the time these pages go before the reading public two and a half million trout will have been hatched and the fry distributed in Lake Waikaremoana, in Waikaretaheke and Ruakituri streams, and in all other streams for which members of the club make application. This work has been done systematically since the inception of the club, and on the conclusion of the first year's work an application was made to headquarters for the appointment of 20 of its members, and to have them gazetted also, as honorary rangers. This had a very salutary effect, and evildoers were not so easily tolerated as before the advent of the club. Fresh and better-bred stags were liberated at the lake, and every year mallard duck and pheasants, fresh brood stock, were liberated, with the result that many sportsmen now come from Gisborne and Hawke's Bay to obtain the excellent sport the district provides. In the days to come the Lake district bids fair to become the sportsman's paradise of the North Island. In 1920 opossums which had been liberated at the lake through the agency and kindly interest of Sir James Carroll, M.L.C., had bred to a vast extent, so much so that the department opened up the district as a trapping area, and from that year and every following year opossums have been taken to the number of 18,000 to 20,000, as shown by the departmental officer's books at Wairoa. The fact that during recent years the licenses issued to take game in the Wairoa district had so largely increased caused the department to think seriously, and in 1925 a permanent ranger was stationed in the district, and his knowledge and talents are now employed in the advancement and protection of all game in the district. The motto of the club is, "A good sport protects the sport," and it says much for the members to be enabled to state here that the only president and secretary the club has had since its inception is Mr. G. C. Ormond and Mr. A. Hall respectively. They are the right men in the right place, and it is a sound policy to keep them there as long as possible; for it goes without saying that both are only too willing to hold out the right hand of fellowship to visiting sportsmen.

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CHAPTER XVI

THE BAR AND THE SHIPPING

BAD BAR!—THE WAIROA TRADERS—OLD-TIME CARGOES—THE PILOT SERVICE—TRYING TO MEND IT—A NEW OUTLET.

Bad Bar!

My readers will doubtless admit that any account of Old Wairoa would be incomplete if it omitted reference to that ancient institution the bar, and the shipping in the early days. The bar we still have with us, and the shipping we sometimes have and sometimes we have not. The river then, especially fronting the infant township and in its lower reach generally, was much narrower than at present. (At one time away back in the distant ages it was but a mere earthquake crack.) So much narrower was it in early days that opposite Te Uhi pa (that of the Kurupakiaka) it was said to be possible for a strong man standing at the water's edge to shoot a small canoe across to the other side, especially with the aid of a southerly wind. This certainly cannot be done now, unless possibly there may be some local Samson in our midst of whom I have not heard. Up the river changes have also taken place.

The Wairoa once ran close over to Ramoto, away from the present junction with the Waiau. At Awamate the river at one time flowed behind the present homestead—in fact, I know that even in comparatively recent times a present-day resident passed round that way in a canoe on a shooting expedition. Then there are signs that the river once flowed past the bases of the hills near the Wairoa cemetery, and it was gradually pushed out till stopped by the Ohuia hills, and then was formed the flat on which our modern town is built. There was once so much land in front of the present Marine Parade that there was a rope-walk in line with the present wharf, and athletic sports were held there. From Spooner's Point downwards there was also a broad strip of land outside the road-line, and comprising many acres—its loss a monument to-day to the impecuniosity or neglect of the local authorities, who permitted the road and valuable frontages to be claimed by the river(1).

(1). The older Maoris told me that in former times great trees grew on the river-bank in front of Manukanui pa—site of present post-office—but they were gradually fallen for the purpose of getting the eggs and young birds for food. All along what is now Kopu Road several acres lay between it and the edge of the river, and at the Heads itself, under the foot of Rangihoua, there was an extensive flat covered with "karaka" trees.

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It will therefore be easily understood that the current being then confined was much stronger than we find it to-day, especially as the commencement of settlement caused numbers of trees and a great deal of silt to come down and shoal the lower reach, thus reducing in later years the tidal inflow, and consequently the outflow also. This must have been so. The watershed existed then, as now, and the rainfall was, I suppose, a fairly good average, so that the bar ought to have been more easily navigated then than it is now. Old settlers with strong prejudices against any river improvement works being undertaken are wont to aver that when left to its own sweet will the bar—that *bete noire* of modern Wairoa—was on its best behaviour, was in fact quite exemplary, and no bar to progress. In further support of this view it is also alleged that since man began to tamper with the entrance it has grown worse instead of better. As to the first, I shall show, as I proceed, that in the early days the bar was just as bad or worse than it is at present—if it could be worse. The mosquito fleet had its difficulties as well as the later and larger craft, whilst the toll of human life taken by sea and river was very heavy; and that now is a thing of the past. The second allegation is rather the wish that is father to the thought, or rather the hope, that nothing may be done which would impose further financial burdens on the land. There can be no doubt whatever that modern requirements need something better in the way of harbour facilities than what was necessary for the schooners, ketches, and cutters of 60 years ago.

The lower reach of the river, as a matter of fact, has been subject to sudden and repeated changes from time immemorial. I have already pointed out where the entrance was situated in the early sixties. The island referred to—Te Motu-o-te-rauhina—began to wear away, and during a heavy flood it disappeared altogether, leaving nothing but a mud flat, which is found an inconvenience to shipping even to the present day. The bar, let me again repeat it, was subject to many moods and vagaries in the old days as well as now. As far back as 1866 the Provincial Council made a vote of £10 12s. 10d. for opening the river, followed by another of £74 9s. for a similar purpose. In September of the following year the opening of the river mouth cost £32 15s. 6d. Again in 1868 a similar work cost £14 14s. That year the Council paid £150 as subsidy to a Napier-Wairoa steamer, chiefly, I imagine, to enable settlers to get away in safety should the Hauhau disturbances become too acute. In June of the same year this was reduced to £25, and very shortly afterwards "opening of the Wairoa River" cost the Council £47 9s. 6d.

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It is on record that Mr. R. Gardiner cut a channel, at the instance of the Provincial Council, through the mud flat (the site of the island), which was dry at low water. Thenceforward there were two deep channels leading to the shingle beach, and during one block of the river a new entrance was made (for the first time, it is believed) under the western bluff (Rangihoua). It was still of a shifty character, however, for as late as 1876 or 1877 the entrance was back again at the old spot or nearly so, and the steamers had to take an eastward course along the beach and into the Kihitu lagoon before taking the bar. Therefore, to say that the Wairoa bar was an exemplary institution in the early days would be untrue, for it was not so, and the death roll among those who went down to the sea in ships amply proves my statement.

The Wairoa Traders.

Most of my readers have heard of the famous American boat which was said to have been constructed of such light draught that she could skim over the grass, provided the early morning dew was sufficiently heavy! It was, however, reserved for one Wairoa skipper to take his vessel overland—a short distance at least. The "Hero" (15 tons), a flat-bottomed, bluff-built fore-and-aft schooner, commanded by "Jock" Campbell, traded regularly to Wairoa, and when the bar was blocked, or the sea too heavy to run the gauntlet with the rollers on a shallow bar, the skipper just ran the vessel up on the beach, high and dry. Word was then sent to Kopu—who seems to have been as indispensable in matters nautical as in warfare—and he despatched a hundred or so of the Natives, who soon relaunched the vessel into the river and she resumed her voyage as though nothing had occurred out of the ordinary routine. The sum of £5 paid to the chief secured the needed help.

On one occasion Mr. S. Locke, the Government Agent, left Napier in the "Hero," carrying with him a large sum of money wherewith to pay the Natives for the present Wairoa town site. On reaching the bar it was found unworkable. "Jock" Campbell was, however, undaunted by the fact. "If you will risk the money," he said to Mr. Locke, "I will risk the boat." Mr. Locke agreed, and "Jock," selecting the smoothest part of the shingle spit, sent the boat straight for it and the rollers tumbled his vessel safely into the river.

It may not be generally known that Wairoa had her shipbuilding yards (apart from the Maori canoe yards), the ketch "Scamperdown" (15 tons) having been built on the Kahauroa creek(2), near Frasertown, by a man named Norcross. She was

(2). This creek was also called the Scamperdown from the fact that a whale of that species, which wandered up-river, was chased into the mouth of the creek and there killed.

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owned and sailed by William and Thad. Lewis, and was, perhaps, the first European-built vessel launched in Wairoa. A vessel called the "Taraipine" was built at the mouth of the Huramua creek, quite close to the present homestead. She was first started by Rangimataeo the younger, but in consequence of his death before the vessel was finished, the work, according to Maori custom, was stopped, and for several years she remained on the stocks. About 1864 or 1865 the mother of Rangimataeo, in conjunction with the late Joseph Carroll, engaged the late R. T. McRoberts, whose son is still living, to finish the vessel, which he did, removing all the decayed timber. She was duly launched, and a man was brought up from Napier to set up the masts and rigging, after which she was brought down to Wairoa and anchored in front of the present Wairoa Hotel site. The "Taraipine" was an unlucky boat from the start. The rigger got drunk to begin with, fell off the vessel and was drowned. Immediately after this she made a trip or two to Sydney, and going out the third time she struck a snag opposite the Kurupakiaka pa, knocking a hole in her bottom. She was then put upon "the hard" close by and repaired by the builder, the damage not being serious. On the 8th February, 1866, she made her first trip to Napier, commanded by Joseph Carroll, father of Sir James Carroll, M.L.C. She left Wairoa on her last and fatal trip on 7th March, 1867, for Turanganui. At this time, owing to the war in Poverty Bay, which was at its height in the planting season, the Natives there had put in very few crops, and consequently in the autumn and winter of 1866 they were very short of food. Peace had been temporarily restored at this time, and as the Wairoa Natives had not been so much disturbed they planted liberally, and had therefore plenty of food. They then determined to succour their Poverty Bay friends, and with this object loaded up the "Taraipine" with potatoes, kumara, pumpkins and maize as presents —a custom very common in those days, the Natives being famed for their liberality. Some 18 or 20 of the donors decided to proceed in the vessel, partly for a pleasure trip and partly to witness the joy with which the gifts would be received. Among the voyagers was Taraipine, the daughter of the chieftainess, a girl of 16 years and of high birth. The vessel sailed in command of W. Lewis, father of Mr. A. Lewis, of Te Hatepe, with a number of Natives as a crew. After crossing the bar a "souther" sprang up, and before she could beat out of the bay Lewis had to run for Kinikini, or Long Point, which he reached in safety, and anchoring rode out the gale. Before leaving Wairoa she made an addition to her passenger list. An old gentleman named Campbell, with his wife, had settled at Kinikini some time before, the house being just opposite the spot where the "Taraipine" was anchored, and they took passage in her for Turanganui.

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Again the vessel sailed, and on rounding the peninsula they met a nor'-easter, and again, owing to being so close inshore, she was unable to beat out or return to her former anchorage, but worked up as far as Paritu, where she dropped anchor for the night. The Natives there stated subsequently that they saw the vessel at anchor in the afternoon, and the sea not being heavy they did not consider her to be in any danger. In the morning she was not to be seen, and the Natives assumed she had proceeded on her voyage, but she was never seen again; an oar and some trifling articles were picked up between Long Point and Opoutama, but not a single body! My informant states he had many a conversation with the late Mr. McRoberts as to the loss of the vessel, and the latter's theory was that the hawse pipe had been carried away as the vessel rode at anchor and the chain cut the boat through down to the forefoot, and she went to the bottom at her anchor. There existed in the mind of my informant a strong suspicion that the builder of the vessel knew exactly where the weak spot was.

The Natives, undoubtedly, were great voyagers, as became the descendants of those who participated in the historic migration from Hawaiiki. The old Natives mention many long and adventurous voyages made along this coast, including one by Tiakitai, grandfather of the late Mrs. Airini Tonore. Of him a recent writer said:—"As an example of the fearlessness of the race and their knowledge of seacraft, it was no unusual undertaking for Tiakitai and his people to journey by canoe from Waimarana to Wairoa, Mahia and Turanga, and it was one fatal day in 1847, when on an expedition to the latter locality, that Tiakitai and his craft disappeared—a tragic but poetic exit—returning to the Hawaiiki of his ancestors." A case in point may be mentioned. Like many of the Wairoa tribes, Rakaipaaka, in the Nuhaka-Mahia area, made many visits in their fine war-canoes, on missions friendly and otherwise, to the other tribes on the coast. From the incidents arising out of these visits many place-names arose which call for some explanation. On one occasion Rakaipaaka paid a visit to Napier with a big fleet of canoes and proceeded to engage in fishing operations. After spending considerable time, all they caught was some "kumukumu" (gurnet). In a fit of disgust they called the fish caught at the spot (Awatoto) "Whatu-i-apiti," this being the name of the leading chief of the district, who was noted for his flaxen-red hair. Of course, as I have pointed out elsewhere, to call anything in the nature of food by the name of a chief, especially to associate it with his head, was a mortal injury. Te Whatu-i-apiti, on hearing of the insult, became very angry, and the war torch was lighted. He manned his war-canoes with a hundred of his bravest men and set out to meet the enemy, coming up

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with him near Tangoio. The foe did not flee, not they, but turned and chased Whatu-i-apiti in the direction of his own territory. When near Hukarere, Whatu-i-apiti looked back, and behold! the sea seemed covered by his enemy's canoes. He called upon his atua and urged his men to paddle still faster, but still the enemy gained ground in the chase. When opposite Awatoto, Whatu-i-apiti called on his tohunga to perform the proper incantations so that a great wind might arise and destroy the enemy. The tohunga bowed his head close to the water, and then looked up towards Kahuranaki, the sacred mountain, which was mantled with a dense black cloud. Every man was ordered to paddle for dear life to escape the coming storm, and they had only entered the Ngaruroro River when the storm burst upon the coast. There was then no sign of the foe. All his canoes had been capsized and every one of the enemy had been drowned. When Whatu-i-apiti's men went to the beach, all they saw was what looked like floating calabashes, and these were found to be the heads of the Rakaipaaka insulters, hence the name "Upoko-Poito," or the floating heads.

But this is a digression, and I must return to the account of the shipping of olden days. In addition to the Government vessels—the "Sturt," a steamer of 130 tons (Captain Fairchild), and the "St. Kilda," a vessel of about the same tonnage—Wairoa had severel visits from the gunboat "Eclipse," a screw-steamer, but she did not enter the river. The "Sturt" entered several times, once bringing horses for the officers of the Taranaki Volunteers, and as she came up the river she fired a shot to notify her approach. The Hauhaus, no doubt feeling verily guilty, and having heard something of the power of shells, did not stay to investigate, but every man, woman, and child made tracks for Frasertown, five miles away. It was this circumstance which gave rise to the statement published some time ago that the "Sturt" shelled this particular pa; she did nothing of the kind.

There were quite a number of small traders competing for the limited business of the place. The "Scamperdown" (15 tons, Captain Hampstead), as early as 1857, was carrying timber and shingles to Napier. The "Dolphin" (42 tons), "Salopian" (40 tons), "Shepherdess" (40 tons), "Daring" (35 tons, Captain Brier), and the "Uncle John" (18 tons, Captain Burgess) were the traders of 1857. In 1858 there were also the "Wairau" (25 tons, Lockwood, and later D. Lewis). The former carried in one cargo 1,050 feet of timber, 8,000 shingles, 120 lbs. of whalebone, 244 bushels of wheat, 76 bushels of maize, 400 lbs. of onions, 10 cwt. potatoes, and six pigs. There was also the "Zillah" (28 tons and 10 feet draught). She sailed from the

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Scamperdown creek with 1,500 bushels of wheat, for Auckland! On June 8 the "Wairau," already mentioned, had to load her maize and wheat at Whakaki owing to the bad state of the bar at Wairoa. The same month her inward cargo for Te Wairoa was four bags of oats! Her export the same week was a package of fruit trees! The "Gem" was another of the 20-ton traders. The "Maria" (10 tons, Pekama) and the "Clara" (10 tons, A. Macdonald) ran to and from Mohaka. In 1859 there was the "Clapmatch" (20 tons, Pekama) and the "Swan" (40 tons, Fernandez). The "Clapmatch's" Wairoa cargo on her first trip was 5 bags sugar and 500 lbs. of salt! This vessel is identical with the "Maria" already mentioned, and she soon came to grief, being driven out to sea during a great flood in the Wairoa River, and broke up on the beach. There were three men on board—two Natives, who got ashore after a great struggle; the third, a coloured man named "Black Harry," was lost. The morale of Wairoa did not suffer by his death, seeing he was known for everything that was bad. The "Aquilla" (27 tons, Austin, later Captain Sturley) traded in 1859, as did the "Southern Cross" and the "White Swan." The "Effort" (32 tons, Forster) traded with timber, wheat, maize, hams, bacon, etc. The "Dart" (24 tons, J. White) entered the trade at the end of the year, also the "Salopian," the first vessel to clear at Port Ahuriri in 1859. In 1860 the "Tere" (17 tons, Paora Apatu) was delivering to the Napier dinner-tables apples, peaches, pears and melons. The "Gypsy" (10 tons) was launched in February at Mohaka. She was built by Mr. Henerici, and was trading in the name of John Sim. In 1861 the "Ada" cutter was lost at Wairoa, the exact locality not ascertained. In August, 1862, the "Effort" capsized in Huramua creek while being examined for leaks, and in September of the same year Alexander Allan, of Mohaka, fell off the "Gypsy" on the voyage to Napier and was rescued, but expired in two and a half hours. The "Lark" was trading in 1862; also the "Eliza" (35 tons), Captain Sturley, associated as owner with Joseph Carroll in opposition to the owners of Native craft, who were charging the Pakehas very high freight rates. The "Maid" (15 tons, Johnson) was trading to and from Arapaoanui. In 1863 the "Tere," in command of Paora Apatu, missed the deepest spot on the Wairoa bar and was lost. She was on her way from Mahia to Wairoa with two families; all hands were saved. The next day the "Eliza" sustained heavy damage, but was got off. The "Hero" was temporarily diverted to Mohaka, where a considerable timber trade was being developed. The "Ladybird" (20 tons), commanded by Taranui, came into the trade in 1863, and she signalized her debut by getting on the Wairoa bar. The "Gypsy" at this date was reported to have

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made "a fast passage of eight hours" from Wairoa to Napier! Another trader called the "Janet" arrived in October, 1863, from Turanganui, with a large party of Natives to tangi over a celebrated chief, Rangimataeo. "Captain Jim" took over the "Maid" this year, and in 1864 the "Star of the South" was carrying sheep to Mahia. In June, 1864, the paddle-steamer "Ballarat," registered in Australia and engaged by the New Zealand Government, went ashore at Te Hoe, Waikokopu Bight, when on the voyage from Auckland to Napier. The "Mary Thompson" (51 tons) was sent to Waikokopu with gear to assist in the refloating of the vessel, and she was partly launched with the aid of 40 Natives when she slipped off the skids and again sank in the deep sands, but was floated off later and sailed for Wellington. The "Vivid" (28 tons, Schon) was trading in July, 1864. The Mahia Natives this year bought the "Maid," and she traded for some time in command of Raumanga, alias "Snipey." The "Star of the South," unable to land a cargo of sheep at Wairoa, debarked them at Mahia. Fifty of the total were later lost by Mr. Fannin while crossing them at the mouth of the Wairoa River. In 1864 the cutter "Iris" and "The Sailor's Bride" were trading from Mohaka to Napier. In April the same year the "Greenwich" (15 tons, Garnham) entered the Wairoa trade, and in July the "Ladybird" and the "Hero" got out of it for a time by going ashore, the one at Mahia and the other at Waikokopu; and to cap the misfortunes of the Wairoa traders, the "Effort" was lost at Awanui, Bay of Plenty, on 8th August, 1864, the "Eliza" following suit on the Wairoa bar in November. The paddle-steamer "Huntress" was at Wairoa on January 1, 1866, and steamed up the river to Hikawai, 15 miles(3). She was a vessel of close on 200 tons and very like a dredge in appearance, which in fact she had been at Port Ahuriri. She was finally sold to Captain Read, who took out the engines and converted her into a fore-and-aft schooner. In April, 1866, she went ashore inside the river and was blocked in for nearly six months, being anchored for the greater part of the time at about the foot of Paul Street, where the old maps marked "Good anchorage." Bar trouble was very acute in 1866, but many good chances were missed of getting the "Huntress" out. In 1865 a schooner with the inauspicious name of "Pai Marire," built by the Hauhaus, struck a snag up river and had to be beached, her cargo of 300 bushels of maize being damaged. In 1866 the "Jane" (Faulkner), the "Bittern," and the "Rose Ann," all cutters, ran cargoes to and from Wairoa and Auckland. The "Queen" (32 tons, Tom Schon) and the "Rambler" (7 tons)

(3). When leaving the river on one occasion, taking soldiers back to Napier, and as this vessel almost reached the Heads, nearly every man jumped off and went back to the town to finish up a drunken orgie from which they had been taken.

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were trading this year to Napier, and in July, 1866, both the "Vivid" and the "Rambler" were lost, the former being abandoned at Whangawehi, and the latter lost at sea on the way to Wairoa from Napier. The cutter "Donald McLean" took up the running, and on 1st August the "Sailor's Bride," laden with potatoes from Mohaka, was wrecked at Wairoa, two Maoris being drowned. The bodies were found later, one of them a brother of the chief Kopu. The Wairoa Natives were very poor at this time—almost starving, in fact—and despite the law of tapu they were very glad to recover the potatoes from the "moana." The Wairoa fleet had a bad time this year, and provisions became very dear and scarce, flour rising to £2 per 50 lb. bag. To cap the disaster, the "Ladybird" also was lost on the bar on August 25, 1866. In June, 1867, great floods at Mohaka swept away the Government buildings, Pearce's woolshed and considerable property. A famine nearly reigned for a short time. There was no flour, tea, salt or tobacco, and the inhabitants resorted to roasting wheat and smoking dried tea leaves and "torore." Wheat at this time was only 4s. 6d. per bushel. In 1867 the "Tay" (14 tons, Captain Reichardt) was trading between Napier and Wairoa, and the loss of the "Gypsy," which capsized off the bar, resulted in a meeting being called to promote the formation of a Wairoa Steam Navigation Company in £10 shares. The sum of £700 was promised in the room, and as Napier was expected to find the balance nothing came of it. In June, 1867, the "Grayling" (15 tons) was bought by S. F. Prentice for the Wairoa-Napier trade. In October the "Lady Wynyard" cutter (29 tons, Turreq) was trading to Mahia. The same year the p.s. "Cleopatra" (21 tons) was lost at Palliser Bay; she had the previous week made a record trip from Napier to Wairoa in five hours, and also went up river 15 miles. The "Meteor" (42 tons, Laverock) and the paddle-steamer "Waipara" were at Wairoa in August, 1868, and the same month the "Annie," another of the Wairoa traders, was lost on the Black Reef, Cape Kidnappers. In January, 1869, the Wairoa trade was languishing very much, both inward and outward, owing to the war, yet the "Hero" on one of her trips carried more of what are called "creature comforts" than eatables and wearables—seven considerable consignments of liquors, one gunny-bag of sugar, a box of salt and some sundries! Other traders may be mentioned in brief. The "Mary Ann Hudson," built for the late John Sim at Mohaka, W. E. Baxter being master. The "Grayling" was supposed to have been lost, capsizing off the Wairoa bar (Western Bluff) during heavy southerly weather, and all hands were lost. She disappeared mysteriously at all events, some people holding that the master ran away with the vessel, sold her in California and was later seen in London. The "Midlothian"

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was another of the mosquito fleet, but I was unable to find what became of her. The "Wave," a fore-and-aft schooner of 40 tons, belonged to the late John McKinnon(4), then residing at Arapaoanui, who brought her down from Auckland. She immediately got into trouble by grounding on the boulder-bank in Napier Harbour. The late Joseph Torr, father of Mr. W. Torr, one time farming at Alton, was the contractor for floating her with the aid of the crew of his vessel, the "Salopian." It was during a voyage which the "Wave" made to Auckland that "Thad." Lewis lost his life. A brigantine called the "Ellen," belonging to Auckland, entered the river in early days and loaded up wheat off the Awatere creek. The "Zillah," already mentioned, made several trips as early as 1857. She brought supplies for the whalers, including a plentiful stock of rum, and took away cargoes of oil, but she never entered the river. The "Shepherdess" went up the river as far as Huramua, where she loaded up timber for Napier, completing her loading with sawn timber from the locality where the writer is now residing. Wairoa, in fact, in early days, not only fed Napier but supplied the timber and shingles for her housing propositions. Another vessel, the "Esther" (70 tons, Captain John Blair), visited Wairoa on a trading expedition, but never entered the river. The enterprising trader was Captain Munn, who at one time had been captain of another Wairoa trader called "The Twins." The venture proved a failure, though he was well supplied with beads, blankets, prints and muskets for the Natives, also tobacco, rum and other "potent and fiery" liquors for the thirsty whalers. No one went out to trade, for the reason that there was plenty in those lines already on shore, so Captain Munn had to take his "taonga" elsewhere. The "Petrel" was a small craft of about eight tons, built at Nuhaka by a man then only known as "The Dutch Carpenter." The "Ladybird" (Captain Baxter), also traded to Wairoa, and by her on February 28, 1865, there arrived the late Mr. R. J. Deighton and three children. The "Sea Serpent" and the schooner "Henry" (R. Baxter), lost at Mahia, were among the traders to Wairoa. The "Three Brothers," a very small schooner, was trading to and from Wairoa in 1869. The "Colonist," brig, was also carrying oil from Mahia to Auckland, and in 1870 the ketch "Eagle" was sufficient for the post-war trade. The "Why-Not" was another of the mosquito fleet. The s.s. "Napier" (Captain W. Bendall) was running in 1871.

(4). I am not sure about the ownership, but it is a fact that a brig called the "Kirkwood" once called off the mouth of the Wairoa River. Her mate was the late John McKinnon, and he left her to take command of the "Wave," owned by the Hamlin brothers.

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Old-time Cargoes.

To show the proportion of the Wairoa trade in olden days let me mention a few of the cargoes. On 18th January, 1865, the schooner "Effort," commanded that day by Karaitiana, sailed from Napier for Wairoa, taking 31 Native passengers and the following cargo: 5 bags of sugar and 1 ton of flour. The "Ladybird" (20 tons) sailed for Wairoa with 13 Europeans and the following cargo: 1 ton of flour, half ton of sugar, and 12 packages of drapery for one consignee, also 1 cwt. of sugar and 1 cwt. of rice for S. F. Prentice, who kept the "Kaiteni" store on the site of Mrs. G. Perkins' present residence in the Parade. W. Lockwood had a consignment of six packages of wines and spirits. As a private settler he either had a most consuming thirst or did a little sly trade in liquor. The "Hero," already mentioned, was the regular trader. Freight by her was £3 per ton, and a single fare to Napier was £2. The cabin was about six feet square, and the sleeping accommodation was—well, not sufficiently luxurious to tempt the unfortunate traveller to court the drowsy god. It is more likely he was engaged offering oblations to Father Neptune, or rudely staring at the mermaids at the bottom of "the briny." In 1860 the "Uncle John" had on one occasion as her cargo for Wairoa 2 boxes of soap! The "Tere" had for one cargo 2 bags of sugar, 2 ploughs and 2 bullock-yokes; and the extent of the Whakaki trade may be gathered from the manifest of the "Murewai" (1866)—5 woolpacks! This section may conclude with a note of Wairoa's total exports in 1860, as they all went by water. They were—3,080 bushels of wheat for Auckland and Napier. For Napier alone—3,230 bushels of wheat, 38 tons of potatoes, 93,900 feet of sawn timber, 3 tons 3 cwt. bacon, 10 cwt. apples, 10 cwt. onions, 3 casks pork, besides posts, rails, shingles, palings and houseblocks valued at £462, and oil to the value of £1,673. Large shipments of Wairoa shingles were also made to Sydney. These ventures were not always profitable, for the bars and beaches took heavy toll of shipping—in fact, they were as often on these resting places as off them. There were no insurances, and total losses were common. Small vessels were known to have entered the Whakaki lagoon at Wai-horoi-i-tuna, also the Mohaka, Tahaenui, and the Nuhaka Rivers. The "Murewai," the "Blanche," the s.s. "Lyttelton" and s.s. "Napier" also ran to the port, especially during the troublous times. The "Charlotte" went ashore to the east of the river in 1871 and the captain and crew abandoned her, the wreck and cargo afterwards being sold to Paora Apatu for £10. The s.s. "Napier" went ashore the same year at the bar, her cargo of military stores being salved by soldiers. The last of the numerous Wairoa fleet that need be mentioned is the "Clara" (10 tons, Master, Dan Ferney), sank at the Wairoa

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wharf loaded with wool. She was in a perfectly rotten condition, but was raised and her cargo recovered. The more modern vessels are of the liner type compared to the traders of 60 years ago. The only serious wrecks on the coast were in the Mahia direction, the schooner "Neptune" at Kinikini in 1849, and the "Tuhara," scow, near Waikokopu. The greatest marine disasters were the loss of the "Tasmania" on the east side of the peninsula and the liner "Tongariro" on Bull Rock, in the same area. The schooner "Clyde," from Canterbury to Gisborne, was wrecked at Mahia in 1877, but no lives were lost.

The Pilot Service.

In the early days of Old Wairoa anyone acted as pilot who cared to do so, and mostly the task fell to the whalers themselves. On the southern point of Kihitu hill the chief Maihi Kaimoana erected a pole on which signals were exhibited to guide vessels making for the entrance, a fact which proves my statement that the entrance was originally at the eastern end of the sandspit stretching from Whakai-ihu-pakake to Poututu. The flagstaff was also used to make the ever-welcome signal "There she spouts!" The service was a very irregular one, and it depended very much on whether there was a tangihanga afoot or a taua on the move whether a visiting trader was piloted in or not. Many complaints were made by masters in language more forcible than polite, but no notice was taken of such. Toha Rahurahu was the first regular pilot, and after him came Mr. D. Jones (appointed June 24, 1872), and he held it till a few years ago. And a very good pilot he was, too, though a trifle too cautious and conservative. He has had few mishaps with regard to the vessels he has piloted in and out, and those that did occur were due to masters not paying strict heed to his instructions and signals. Some ignorant people—Pakehas who ought to have known better—called our pilot "Davy" Jones, and the Harbour Board made him a locker in which to bestow his signal-flags and other paraphernalia, so that "Davy" Jones's locker, that *bete noire* of all sailors, was on the top of Rangihoua Bluff and not at the bottom of "the deep blue sea," where the gay mermaids flirt. As I before stated, Pilot Jones, if he erred at all, erred on the side of caution, and people of an enquiring turn of mind did not become overburdened with information as to possibilities and probabilities in regard to the bar after consulting him. "Think the steamer will be in tomorrow, Davy?" This is the usual leading question. "Might, might not, I think, if no souther comes up, might come," and a broad, incredulous smile passes over his otherwise solemn face —and the questioner departs very little the richer for his interview.

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To the Harbour Board and officials he was courtesy itself, and he afforded all the information in his power, though I am convinced he would sooner die than speak through the telephone, which to him was a most uncanny "taipo."

How often have I—and I speak now for numberless voyagers—cruised off and on outside the bar waiting for Pilot Jones to run up those four white balls to the yardarm which signifies "Take the bar"! But no; not a move would Pilot Jones make until the psychological moment had arrived. There we were, "so near and yet so far." So near that our olfactory nerves could almost detect the smell of the appetizing steak and onions being prepared by our dutiful spouse in anticipation of a speedy return to the domestic hearth; and yet so far that we did not feel disposed to feed the hungry-looking sharks with our precious persons, though we had just unwillingly tendered to the fishes, small and great, the last of that eighteen-penny dinner of Steward Coker's.

At last, when our feelings were as blue as the firmament above and the waters under our feet, up go the four white balls! Our spirits, so long at zero, rose with a bound, like a balloon lightened of her ballast. Magnanimous pilot, what a blessed signal! Terra firma in anticipation!

What though it be inhospitable as Tierra del Fuego? What though cannibals and the haangi Maori await me? Death in the pot has no terrors now—only let me reach the blessed terra firma. Whatever my misanthropic fellow passengers may do or say, the latter is easiest. I at least am disposed to shower benisons and not maledictions on the head of Pilot Jones as he stands before me silhouetted against the sky-line, his eagle eye on our skipper as he shifts the ball in his hand to the right or the left or down at his feet, "Steady as you go." "Pilot Jones," said I, "may your commanding shadow never grow less."

Time after time have I seen him stand on Rangihoua Bluff, outlined against a blue or brassy sky, while scarcely a ripple ran seaward on the ebb, studying the trend of what little current there was. Now it turns to the south-east for three-quarters of a mile or so along a shingle-spit, which appears to be making frantic endeavours to connect up with Portland Island in the shortest time. Anon it runs to the south-west, reaching out in the direction of Mohaka or the Auckland Rock at Napier. With one steamer outside which cannot get in and another inside which cannot get out, and two sets of passengers with different aims but similar vocabularies, the life of a pilot was not a happy one.

It is no wonder that at such times Pilot Jones almost made the signal-station his home. Here at least he was comparatively free from the worrying complaints of the public, who, to satisfy

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themselves, frequently made pilgrimages to the Heads in search of Truth. And then they were frequently little the wiser, for often where they imagined there was plenty of water a cockboat would not float. But Nature sometimes rung the changes hourly, and where at 10 a.m. there was no hope of a boat getting out or in, at noon Pilot Jones might be able to post "Good Bar." He knew the change for the better was coming, but, like a wise physician, he would not raise false hopes. Not so the mighty public, for it would plume itself on its knowledge of bars, currents and tidal sets, and swelling visibly, exclaim: "There, I told you so; 'Davy' is too easily frightened," etc. Pilot Jones did not mind; he still went his own way, and finally at a ripe old age passed away to join his ancestors in the Reinga of the Maori cosmogony.

But again I must to my muttons, as my Gallic friends say. In 1865 I find that votes of £80 and £14 were made by the Hawke's Bay Council for the Wairoa Pilot-station, which is conclusive evidence that the Hawke's Bay provincial body was still taking the most step-fatherly interest in our welfare, and if we had been cut off with the proverbial shilling we should not have felt the loss very much. In the year just mentioned steamers were beginning to run with fair regularity. The "Fairy," Captain Campbell, was doing a good business, besides which the "Jane Douglas" made a few trips for railway sleepers for the General Government. The first really regular steam trader was the "Result," Captain W. E. Baxter, sometimes known as "Bonny." She also was laid up in the river for six months, all hands being paid off, and the crew went farming while the bar improved! At various periods later we had the "Awaroa" occasionally, the "Mohaka," the "Maori," "Manaia," "Clyde," "Wairoa," "Te Kapu," the "Lily" and the "Tuhara"; later the "Fairburn" and "Echo"; and to-day the stand-by trader, the goodly "Tangaroa," 196 tons, holds the field with the sister members of the Richardson fleet.

Trying to Mend It.

Almost from the earliest times (Pakeha times, of course) efforts were made to improve communication, the usual early practice being to wait for a complete block, or to hasten one, and then, when the river was banked up, to make a new cut and let the water go. There was then a "good bar" for a few weeks or months, but soon the shingle piled up again, and the process leading to "bad bar" was again repeated. The people then began to turn their eyes in the direction of the General Government—the Continuous Ministry was then in power—but the people looked in vain; the whole Cabinet was bound up in red-tape, and its coat of arms was "Noli me tangere." From documents once produced in the House, whenever a sleeper or a rail was required

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for the railways by any official the following interesting procedure had to be followed strictly by the employee requiring the article:—"He made out a requisition on his sub-inspector, the sub-inspector requisitioned the inspector, the inspector requisitioned the resident engineer of constructed railways, the resident engineer of constructed railways requisitioned the railway storekeeper, the railway storekeeper requisitioned the public works storekeeper, the public works storekeeper requisitioned the public works resident engineer, the public works engineer requisitioned the Inspector of Stores, Wellington." The next process was backwards, as follows:—The Inspector of Stores authorized the resident engineer of public works, the resident engineer of public works authorized the storekeeper of public works, the public works storekeeper authorized the railway storekeeper, the railway storekeeper authorized the inspector of public ways, the inspector of public ways authorized the sub-inspector of public ways, and lastly the sub-inspector of public ways authorized the ganger to procure the necessary bolts. What a happy, highly civilized land this was—from a Ministerial point of view!

But all appeals were in vain, for though the Government sent Sir John Coode, and a river survey was made, no money was voted for harbour works, nor was any legislative authority given except what was useless. Sir John Coode reported voluminously, his cheapest scheme being £59,000. Mr. J. W. Stewart, C.E., also reported, but owing to want of money, the absence of endowments, and the unsympathetic attitude of the Government, nothing was done. Mr. Perham also reported, but still the Government made no move. In 1899 the Harbour Board borrowed a sum of £5,000 and a scheme submitted by Mr. C. D. Kennedy was carried out, but it was too flimsy, and was very soon lost. Other schemes, including one by Mr. Napier Bell, were put forward, and then Mr. Leslie Reynolds came on the scene. He drew up a plan, largely based on Sir John Coode's work, to cost £79,000. A poll was taken, and the following was the result at the various booths:—

	For	*Against*
Wairoa	480	51
Frasertown	63	30
Ohuka	16	16
Turiroa	17	26
Tuhara	6	1
Burnside	15	10
Opoiti	4	10
Ruakituri	7	8
Wahanui	0	8
	608	160

Informal, 2.
Majority over ⅗ths, 148.

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The above shows the almost complete unity of the people, who are in no way to blame for bar troubles. The contract was let and carried out, not without some alterations which had a fatal bearing on after-results. The formal pile-driving took place on the 17th May, 1912, amid much rejoicing, a large number of notable personages being present to witness Wairoa's triumph over the bar—it was completely blocked at the time. Later the channel was opened and the river went straight out to sea. All went well for a year or more, till one flood after another carried away the flimsy papa wall leading out to the permanent work and considerably damaged the eastern wall, the river also cutting a way for itself to the sea behind the western mole, seriously endangering its stability. It became evident that it was fatal to the stability of the works that the fairway should have been so restricted that nothing short of solid walls up to highest flood-level could stand. In addition, the work stopped at the beach line, just where it should have been commenced in earnest and carried out to deep water. It is true that the shingle-bank would have followed the work out, but then it would pass by the entrance in deep water—and thus might success have been scored.

A New Outlet.

But once again Wairoa had sent a boy on a man's message. Then, as the bar reverted to its old bad ways, public men became disgusted, and began to look elsewhere for a harbour that could be relied on. Waikokopu was brought forward, also engineers to back it up. Government engineers and a National Cabinet Minister declared that no further loan would be sanctioned for Wairoa. At a public meeting Harbour Board members pledged themselves to maintain the present works, but did not keep the promise, and as a result the works are fast becoming a wreck. Alarmed at the possibility of a great industry like the freezing works being hung up, the Government came to the rescue, advancing a small sum for repairs and facilitating finance for the Waikokopu scheme. One important work was also promised, and that was a connecting railway from Wairoa to Waikokopu, now not very far from completion. The decision later to harness up Waikaremoana as a source of power for the North Island makes both the railway and the harbour a Government necessity. The people of Wairoa, therefore, no matter how they may be wedded to the idea of works at Wairoa, must eventually keep faith with the Government and do their share. Briefly put, the scheme is to deepen the Waikokopu creek by dredging and widening the entrance to 180 feet, so as to get a calm basin about 1,200 feet by 400 feet, capable of accommodating coastal vessels, which can discharge direct into or load from the railway on the wharf, all

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to schedule time, and independent of tides. This, it is hoped, can be done right through the year except on very few occasions, and "bad bar" will then have no terrors for travellers. It goes without saying that when Wairoa has a large population and her industries are numerous and valuable, Wairoa will have its harbour—even if it cost a million of money; but that time is not yet. Meantime Waikokopu offers a reasonable solution of Wairoa's great trouble—"Bad bar."

Even at Waikokopu a good deal of money has been lost in endeavouring to develop the inner harbour; but the Public Works Department is now engaged in perfecting harbour facilities at Waikokopu and the work may well be left in their hands.

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CHAPTER XVII

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF HAUHAUISM

RUMOURS OF TROUBLE—RISE OF TE UA—ACTION TAKEN AT NAPIER—EAST COAST DISTRICT—LOYAL CHIEFS MEET—THE FIGHTING FIFTY—TE HATEPE AND KAIROMIROMI—PUKEMAIRE AND ELSEWHERE.

Hone Heke in 1844, ignoring the provisions of the Treaty of Waitangi, made war on the young colony, outnumbered by the Maoris, and a terrible menace had they all combined under one federation. This at a time, too, when England could afford very little help in the way of soldiers. England herself, indeed, was in a parlous state as regarded defence. At that time (1844) it was stated by Lord Hardinge that she only had 10,000 men and 42 crazy guns to defend London against the French force of 300,000—a circumstance which probably was not unknown to Heke. Even as late as 1846 the whole of the English forces totalled only 88,000 men, and of these 24,000 were in Ireland. I am not going to deal with Heke's war, but mention the facts to illustrate what faced the young colony in those far-off days. All difficulties had been surmounted, the Gate pa and Te Ranga were becoming but a memory that might altogether pass away(1), yet here was a new development with sinister designs, because the promoters sought to bring in the religious element—the worst in all wars. It began by attempts to repudiate leases of Maori lands in Hawke's Bay, and it ended in deeds of confiscation and some injustice.

The early files of the *Hawke's Bay Herald*, which the present proprietors kindly placed at my disposal, disclose that in 1858 it was the only medium for reflecting the state of settlement and the feeling existing between the Natives and the Pakehas. The former in numbers were more than 50 to 1; but the number of the latter began to increase so rapidly that the older Natives saw visions of displacement on the land, and knowing the love of the Maori for "the land," who could wonder that distrust set in? There were first the land-grabbing Euro-

(1). The former took place on 29th April, 1864—27 days after the siege of Orakau—and though the British troops were repulsed, the famous stronghold had to be abandoned during the night. The latter, Te Ranga, was won near Tauranga on June 21st, 1864, by a force of the 68th Regiment under Sub-Lieut. Greer.

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peans, the anti-Maori party and the philo-Maori party—the latter the smallest party of all. There were many reports, of which the land-grabbers were the cause. The sole object underlying these actions was the promotion of war against the Natives, though of course they did not own up to this policy. They simply preened themselves like proud peacocks, demanding (at the point of the bayonet) their "rights" as British citizens, as the Romans of old, in accordance with the principle involved in the words "*Civis Romanus sum*," asserted theirs; ignoring the while that the Natives were also (since the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi) British subjects and also possessed "rights." A number of settlers leased areas of Maori land but did not fence against the rest of the Native-owned land. As a consequence the Pakehas ran stock on four or five times the area for which they paid rent. The Maoris, seeing how their "rights" were being trampled on, demanded what was called "grass money" for the grazing of the stock of Europeans on the unfenced Maori lands. The first case was that of Mr. Torr, of Petane (1861), but the most important case was that of Mr. Shirley, who grazed 60 head of cattle on 50 acres of Hawke's Bay lands. The case came before the Resident Magistrate, who decided the claim of the Maoris was reasonable, and dismissed the Pakeha's counter-claim; but far from promoting peace it had the opposite effect. Violent diatribes were launched against the Maoris, who, in obedience to the law of utu, retaliated in various ways. The Government did not know what to do; they did not desire to provoke war, and they did desire to see settlement advance. What they did was to introduce the "Runanga" system, perpetrating in fact an *imperium in imperio*. It deservedly came to a bad end in 1862, when the first Native Land Act was passed. In the course of the many squabbles, and utu not being forthcoming, the Natives seized sheep or horses, implements, etc., or imposed fines. Blows were often struck in these encounters, and then the victims rushed into print or assailed the Government, demanding redress and protection, etc., using language that one would be ashamed to hear in these days regarding the race which was being displaced and degraded by the white man's so-called civilization. Singular to state, the populations both in Wairoa and Napier comprised quite a sprinkling of "men of letters," showing a higher order of education than we find to-day in similar walks of life. These men daily slaughtered each other, and the Maoris also, in high-flown and lurid language, hurling at each other's heads trite classical quotations and sometimes huge chunks of poetry. They all vied with each other in grabbing Maori lands, and the wonder is that there was not a real racial war in Hawke's Bay and not a mere outpouring of Hauhauism, though that was bad enough.

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In 1857 the population of Napier was so small that the total vote for the election of Dr. Featherston as Superintendent of Wellington Province was only 21, and the total vote of Hawke's Bay only 71—the possible vote would not probably exceed these figures very much. At this time Te Hapuku and Tareha Te Moananui, two powerful Hawke's Bay chiefs, were engaged in war, and Hapuku's leading man, Puhara Hawaikirangi, was killed. Hapuku had encroached on Moananui's territory, and knew it; he always intended to evacuate, but only in his own good time. In January, 1858, fighting was resumed, and about 200 Wairoa Natives arrived in Napier under the Rev. J. Hamlin to endeavour to settle the trouble, and fighting soon after ended in Hapuku's withdrawal to his own territory in the Waipawa direction. So much for Wairoa intervention in the interests of peace.

About this period Wairoa was fairly quiet, but Poverty Bay was beginning to be affected by the "King" movement. On the occasion of the visit of Governor Gore Brown the Natives were sullen, and many of them asked what business the Governor had there, bringing the Queen's flag among them.

Now to my story. The efforts made by Tamihana Te Waharoa in 1859 to induce the Hawke's Bay Natives to repudiate the leases granted by them to the settlers signally failed, owing firstly to the loyalty of the Heretaunga chiefs and surrounding districts, including Noa, Karaitiana Takamoana, Renata Kawepo, Karauria Pupu, Tareha and others; and secondly, to the fact that they had become wealthy through the demand for land. They saw that they were not occupying their lands profitably, and the Pakeha was therefore a man to be cultivated and made a means of enrichment to the Maori. They were therefore willing that he should continue to pay rent to the aboriginal owners of the soil. But the proposal that was part of the "King" movement was not killed, but merely scotched, as it were, and only for a time. It reappeared later in a new form—under the guise of a new religion—and in a form which appealed to the superstitious side of the Maori nature.

Governor Grey visited Wairoa in March, 1861, arriving by H.M.S. "Eclipse," and was formally received by Captain Horner, of the 12th Regiment. His object was to learn something of the Native mind on the subject of the "King" movement, and if possible secure their full adhesion to the Crown. The Natives, who always felt honoured at vice-regal visits, treated the Governor very handsomely, but gave very little indication of the thoughts of their collective mind. He accordingly left again the same afternoon, very little the wiser.

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Rumours of Trouble.

In 1862 a Waiapu Native, Hoera Tama-tatai, after returning from an anti-Pakeha meeting in the Waikato, began to spread the "Maori King" doctrine, proclaiming everywhere that the white man, including all the missionaries, should be driven away from the Native districts at all events. A deputation from the Thames was sent to Turanganui to summon the Natives to a general rising. This was not at the time responded to, and in April, 1863, another attempt was made, but to the credit of the Natives, this also failed. Then when hostilities broke out in the Waikato, Tamihana(2) requested the East Coast Natives to remain neutral, and this fact goes to show that at this time the tribes on the East Coast were sufficiently numerous to make their neutrality worth cultivation. In making this appeal Tamihana declared that he would himself deal with the Government, as representing the white men then in the land. At this time there were over 50 of the Waiapu Natives in the ranks of Tamihana's force, and after the battle of Rangiriri, where nearly 200 were made prisoners, the whole of the Opotiki Natives joined the rebels. The defeats at Rangiriri and the loss of the Gate pa(3) and Te Ranga pa ought to have been enough to have convinced the Natives of the futility of further contending against the Pakehas and the troops of the Queen. But it did not, for a new movement was at hand, and one that proved difficult to suppress.

Rise of Te Ua.

A Taranaki Native named Horopapara Te Ua Haumene developed strong symptoms of insanity, and for the sake of personal safety he was bound by his fellows with ropes, but he managed to free himself from the fetters. Again he was captured, and this time was secured with a chain and a lock. Te Ua, who was by this time believed to be

(2). Wiremu Tamihana was a son of the celebrated Waharoa, a cannibal chief of the olden days, who ruled over Ngati-Haua, and whose name was a terror to his enemies. He was, however, a friend of the Pakehas. When he died, his son Te Arahi succeeded him, but the tribe soon found he lacked the necessary mental fibre and they deposed him. In this they were not singular, for though chieftainship was, to a certain extent, hereditary, it did not involve the setting up of noodles to rule the people. Arahi was therefore set aside and his younger brother Tarapipi, already a professor of Christianity, elected in his stead. His baptismal name was William Thompson, and his connection with the "King" movement led to his being called "The King-maker." He submitted to the British on June 8th, 1865, after the disastrous defeats at Rangiriri, Orakau and Te Ranga.

(3). Of the fight at Gate Pa, or Pukehinehina, Mr. Gilbert Mair says: "No satisfactory explanation has yet been given how it happened that nearly 2,000 men of His Majesty's forces—the finest troops known, amply provided as they were with the best artillery and arms of precision—were signally defeated by less than 250 Ngai-te-rangi warriors, whose only weapons consisted of old flint powder muskets, double and single-barrel shotguns, and long-handled tomahawks. The position assailed, a plain grassy knoll, not 30ft. higher than the surrounding country, had no natural advantages, and probably in military history no plan of attack nor measures to ensure complete success were ever more carefully considered and adopted than on this occasion. Up to that time the possibilities of earthwork defences had never been realised until our Royal Engineers were foiled time and again by those of a savage race. A few years later the defence of Plevna by the Turks against the Russians was another revelation, until now earthworks have become the paramount features in all land operations, as the recent Great War has so amply demonstrated."

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possessed by an atua (or should it not be a devil?) burst the chain and was again a free man, attributing his release to the intervention of the angel Gabriel. The next exploit of Te Ua (so it is related) was that in a fit of anger, so very unlike an atua—he picked up an axe and severed his child's leg. When, however, the people gathered around to make their customary lament (tangi) they found the child playing before the door with only a scar to show where the leg had been cut off! The people did not, perhaps, say, as the Ephesians of old, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men"; but they acted as if they believed such was the case, and henceforth Te Ua was not a maniac to be roped up, but a prophet, a tohunga of the first degree, raised up to deliver the Maoris from the domination of the white man, a prophet to be feared as well as obeyed. The ignorant Maoris thought at once that Te Ua was inspired, and when he told them that the angel Gabriel had commanded him to promulgate—though he did not use just that word—to give forth a new religion among the people, to be called "Te Pai Marire," they readily listened to the voice of the charmer, and literally received the new-fangled notion with open arms. The god was to be named and invoked as Hau, and by his help all the Europeans would be driven out of New Zealand. He ordered the erection of a pole of worship, crossed by a yard, and around this they were to perform their devotions, while the white flag of the Pai Marire floated above the heads of the half-demented devotees. A writer about the time of its inception thus described the Pai Marire and the attendant rites and ceremonies:—"This imposture is nothing less than electro-biology or mesmerism. This they bring about by putting up a flagstaff, and then they all bow down, spreading out their arms. After going through all their nonsense they arrange all who want to join their creed in a row, and the Pai Marire then commence operations by forming a row of the believers on the opposite side. They then begin waving their arms like a regular professor, jabbering at the same time a regular babel of gibberish, which quite bewilders the would-be proselyte. After a little time some of the weak-minded succumb to the power of the professor; and then commences the most hideous sound or gibberish, which in some cases lasted from four to five days. This, the Pai Marire say, is done in order to acquire some foreign language. They claim they can stop the rain when they like, and as for the troops—they do not care a fig for them, as they are ball-proof! They intend to build no more pas, but fight in out in the open"—a policy to which they did not long adhere, although to a certain extent they realized that to coop themselves up in a pa was bad generalship. "They allow a plurality of wives. Their Sabbath is kept on a Saturday. When they pray they pray to 'Atua,' but not to Christ.

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Their watchword is 'Hau Pai Marire.' Attached to his mission there were hundreds of stories of supernatural happenings, rites and mysticisms, all of which only increased the mana of Te Ua and exalted him in the eyes of the credulous Maoris."

From the very inception of the new religion its devotees distinguished themselves on all occasions by the vociferation of "Hau! Hau! Hau!" sounding, to European ears, not unlike the barking of a large number of dogs, great mystery being mixed up with the whole thing. The author of Calmeck's dictionary asks: "Can any clue to its solution be arrived at from the following facts? The Mussulman frequently uses the word Hu, or Hou, which has almost the same signification as Jehovah—that is, 'He who is.' They place this name in the beginning of their prescripts, passports and letters-patent. They pronounce it often in their prayers, some so frequently and so vehemently, crying out with all their strength, 'Hou! Hou! Hou!' that at last they are stunned and fall into fits, which they call ecstasies." Truly, the above might well have been written of the Pai Marire, or the Hauhau religion, instead of the Mussulman! Every little circumstance that could be twisted into Divine approval of the new religion was seized upon by Te Ua and his fellow tohungas and pressed into the service for all it was worth. Was there a Hauhau killed in an encounter with the Europeans, it was his own want of faith in the "Atua Hau" that brought about the disaster. At Nukumaru one man was struck in the forehead by a British bullet, but instead of penetrating the skull it only grazed the top of his head. Te Ua at once declared this to be a good omen—a sure indication that the Pai Mairire were invulnerable!

Action Taken at Napier.

But having so far introduced the beginnings of Hauhauism, I must hark back a few years. Hawke's Bay had only been separated from Wellington one year, and created the seventh province in New Zealand(4), when the Native troubles mentioned at the beginning of this chapter loomed all around the horizon. The defeat of Hapuku at Pakiaka (near Clive) by Tareha Te Moananui assured the rich lands of Heretaunga to the holders by right of conquest from the days of Taraia. But the dogs of war once let loose were not so easily chained up again, and unrest simmered for a considerable time beneath a seemingly peaceful exterior. As early as June, 1859, the Provincial Council became alarmed at the threatening attitude of the Natives(5), and de-

(4). The late Major Large informed me that, though only a boy, his signature was obtained to the petition to Parliament praying that Hawke's Bay be made a separate province from Wellington under the New Provinces Act.

(5). The late Major Large told me that at this time he was a boy at Mr. (after the Rev. Mr.) Marshall's school at Napier, and one day witnessed a mob of about 70 fully armed Hawke's Bay Natives ride up to the Government Buildings in the infant town in order to coerce the Provincial Government in connection with some demand of theirs.

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cided to urge the General Government to organize the Napier Militia and supply 200 stand of arms, so as to enable the settlers to defend themselves in case of need. This was done, and for a couple of years longer matters remained in a fairly satisfactory state, though the conflicts in Taranaki and the Waikato had a more or less disturbing effect on the Native mind. To illustrate this threatening attitude, let me mention a circumstance related by the late Major Large. At Ngawhakatatara, where he resided with his mother, a chief named Paratene Akonga attempted to appropriate a saddle belonging to her. The lady clung to it with great tenacity, and the chief, finding he could not get it out of her hands, proceeded to take utu. He in revenge set fire to the raupo whare (a style of house in which many of the early settlers lived). Major Large's mother took the kettle of boiling water, the only thing handy, with which to put out the fire. In doing so she inadvertently scalded the chief's legs. Then was an uproar raised, and the chief and his men were for burning the house down; but in the nick of time, Mere, the chief's wife—and a great friend of Major Large's mother—took up her "korowai" and "whakatapu-ed" the dwelling and all its belongings, and thus saved the situation.

For obvious reasons, grossly exaggerated accounts of every Native success were circulated in the pas, or passed from mouth to mouth at the Native gatherings. This, added to the general vacillating policy of the Government(6), which was interpreted as a sign of weakness, deepened the unrest, and the Natives became more or less sullen or bounceable, according to the locality and the immediate environment. To follow events up chronologically, I must say that in 1860 two varying opinions on the Native question were expressed in public—one by Renata Kawepo to the effect that as they had repudiated cannibalism and polygamy, so could they repudiate the Treaty of Waitangi. Morena, on the other hand, repudiated all fear of trouble in Hawke's Bay in consequence of the war in Taranaki. In September of this year (1860) a Maori trouble arose at Maungaharuru. Some employees of Philip Dolbel bought a pig from the Natives, who refused notes, demanding gold. This not being forthcoming, they said they would pay themselves, and they did, taking Mr. Dolbel's guns, gunpowder, caps, etc. There was the usual Press outcry, but the weak authorities paid no heed, and thus encouraged similar acts. In 1862 Colonel Russell visited all the pas in Wairoa, reporting that all the Natives were in favour of leasing lands to the Europeans. The report strongly condemned the practices of the Europeans in demoralizing the Natives by drink, and mentioned that a general prohibition of entry or sale of liquor had been imposed, even by the whalers at

(6). Known as "The Flour and Sugar Policy."

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Waikokopu, but it was evaded on every hand. He mentioned that at Te Wairoa there were then 30 Europeans living on the banks of the Wairoa River on areas of about three or four acres each, but that there were no Europeans north of Wairoa, except at Waikokopu. He found only one man of note in Wairoa calling himself a "King's man"; that was Henare Apatere, of Kihitu, locally known as "Bottle-of-Smoke." The "King's" laws promulgated at Otaki were then circulating in Wairoa, and professed to set up a judicial tribunal for judging between Natives and Natives, leaving the English Queen to settle the disputes among her subjects. Apatere had brought to Wairoa a mill, the gift of the Maori "King," but the expense of conveying it to Wairoa and the possible expense of erection made it such a white elephant that it lay a long time rusting in an old whare. In 1863 the Mohaka-Wairoa people got very excited over the arrest of Paora Rerepu, a big Mohaka chief somewhere near Petane, the offence charged being drunkenness. He was being marched to the lock-up when 40 of the Petane and Taupo Natives, headed by Te Rangihiroa, after an attempted use of weapons, rescued him. The timely arrival of Mr. D. McLean prevented the police from attempting recapture, that gentleman giving his word that Rangihiroa would explain later. He did so by saying at the magisterial rostrum, "Here I am for a korero," and then walked off, unpunished. In May, 1863, Henare Apatere, at Turanganui, openly supported the "King" movement in a fiery speech.

In June, 1863, the Ahuriri chiefs advised the Napier authorities that they need not expect anything but trouble from the projected visit of the Taranakis, and as proof of the fact the "King's" flag was hoisted at Petane. A meeting was held at Pa Whakairo (Heretaunga), whereat Ihaka Whaanga strongly counselled peace, and as to be prepared for war was to secure peace, the Napier Militia were called out on July 14, 1863, to go into training with a view to active service.

A list was published of weapons, edge tools, explosives and material for such, likely to be made use of against the Queen's subjects, and proclaimed contraband of war. This apparently applied to both races, and gave great offence to the section of Natives who claimed to be friendly and professed to be in fear of the Hauhaus just as much as the Pakehas. Finally, on representations by loyal chiefs, the proclamation was made not to apply to friendly Natives—a relaxation which, although it secured some valuable allies, was also the means of furnishing the enemy with arms and ammunition to the injury of the European cause. Reports were rife all over the East Coast of a threatened attack by the Waikato and Upper Wairoa Natives, both on the Lower Wairoa, Mohaka and Napier. In consequence a large meeting

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was held at Mohaka, on which occasion the up-river Natives, with characteristic guile, declared they had given up all ideas of war; but they were quite disbelieved, and to emphasize the disbelief the Mohaka men executed a very fierce and blood-curdling dance of defiance.

The disasters to the Pakeha forces at the Gate pa and Ahuahu stimulated the war spirit among the Natives, and soon transferred operations to the East Coast of this island. Then came in the Hauhau Movement. Captain Lloyd was killed at Te Ahuahu leading the attack. The Natives cut off his head and preserved it, carrying it about with them everywhere and—according to old-time Maori superstition thought to be long since dead—they consulted it in regard to every movement against the Europeans which they proposed to take; the numberless prophets or "tius," as they were called, interpreted the signs usually as the most advanced zealots desired. Te Ua then called on Tamihana and the other chiefs to make war at once, adding that "the Lord of Hosts had given to the Natives the sword of Gideon and Samson." By the way, was not the chief weapon of Samson the jawbone of an ass? Fit type indeed for a jabbering, mouthing Hauhau tohunga! However, to resume, Te Ua called on the people to take the solemn oath, "Kia tomo katoa tatau ki ana pooti"(7). The latter word was the one used to describe the ceremony round the pole, when it was sought to bring the devotees under the mesmeric trance-like influence. Orders were given that all Natives were to go back to their old customs, no matter how barbarous, for a new form of religion had been prepared for them. It was compiled mostly from the Missal, and was, as the reader will see, a mixture of Latin, English and pidgin-Maori, which the Natives gabbled over without, seemingly, being able to understand a word of it. It was enough for them that Te Ua "understood" it—if even he himself did, which I much doubt. I have tried on several occasions to get the Natives to reduce the Hauhau incantation to verse, but have not quite succeeded, for the reason that they gabbled over the meaningless jargon so rapidly that I could not take it down, and when I asked that it be repeated slowly they either became confused or shut up with a snap like an oyster. Besides this, the jargon varied very much according to locality and circumstance, every new tohunga adding a little to the mixture of religious (?) bosh. For instance, Te Ua assured the Maoris that they had only to raise the right hand up, and while keeping it uplifted, to repeat the words, "Hapa! Pai Marire Hau!"—which means, practically, "Pass over me, righteousness and peace," or that, at all events,

(7). The late Colonel T. W. Porter, C.B., has since given to the world the full text of the wretched jargon by which so many Natives were deluded to their death.

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was what the interpreters of the Hauhau religion said it was—and all dangers would be avoided. This came to be called "Te Ringatu," and was not, as some have supposed, a newer religion, but a mere detail of the Pai Marire. The following is the nearest I have obtained from a Nuhaka follower of the long-departed Te Ua:—"God, the Father, Hau; God, the Son, Hau, Hau; God, the Holy Ghost, Hau, Hau, Hau. Attention! Save us. Attention! Instruct us. Attention! Avenge us. Hau! Jehovah! Stand at ease, Hau! Fall out, Hau! Hau! Pai Marire, Hau! Hau! Hau! Big rivers, long rivers! Big mountains, big seas! Attention! Hau, Hau, Hau!" and so on almost *ad infinitum*. The late Bishop Williams, who was a good authority, gave one line thus as used farther north: "Kote te pata mai mai miserere; God the Father, miserere mei"—quite a singular mixture.

Te Ua prophesied that the Maori people, by true faith and worship, would become all-powerful and emancipated from Pakeha rulers, who would all be driven back into the sea—a figurative expression meaning they would sail away on the ocean again and abandon New Zealand. The worship was to be "Pai Marire," meaning good and peaceful. They were not to do any fighting themselves, for the angel Gabriel would send his legions to fight for them, if necessary, against their enemies. Then solemnly Te Ua arose and chanted the words of the "peaceful worship" that the angel had imparted, which he said was all English. This was the karakia:—

Porini hoia,
Tu raiti,
Teihana!
Teihana!
Ta te munu, tana Niu, winiki.
Teihana!
Piki rori,
Ronga rori!
Teihana!
Ta te munu, tana Niu, winiki.
Teihana!
Piki mautene
Rongo mautene
Teihana!
Ta te munu, tana Niu, winiki.
Teihana!
Piki riwa
Rongo riwa
Teihana!
Ta te munu, tana Niu, winiki.
Teihana!

Anglicized, this curious karakia is as follows; the Maori is really pidgin-English:—

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Fall in, soldiers!
To your right!
Gentlemen,
Attention!
Of the moon is his Niu
Twinkling
Attention!
Big road
Long road
Attention!
Of the moon is his Niu
Twinkling
Attention!
Big mountain
Long mountain,
Attention!
Of the moon is his Niu
Twinkling
Attention!

It would seem almost incredible that such gibberish could seriously be accepted by any sane being and eventually become the slogan of a holy war and the instrument of long years' strife and bloodshed. No doubt Te Ua had gathered his English while watching the British soldiers in Taranaki and hearing the preliminary words of command, the nearest approach to which he gave in the Maorified form. The worship and its accompaniments spread with enormous rapidity among the superstitious people. Nius (sacred masts of worship) were erected in many pas. The head-centre was at Manutahi, Taranaki, Te Ua's chief abode. He became the high-priest, and Rangitauira and Hepanaia were his first disciples.

But the "good and peaceful doctrine" had the usual results —bloodshed. After the Taranaki outbreak, Te Ua, stated Colonel Porter, then propounded certain new tenets of his religion, making particular appeal to the warlike side of his followers. The new worship was the invocation of the Trinity, signalized by the hoisting to the masthead of the red flag of war, "Riki." The whole of the pa occupants, men, women, and children, assembled round the Niu(8), circling about it in labyrinthine movements, looking up to Riki, elevating the right hand, and chanting in wild harmony the following psalm of worship:—

Atua hau, pai marire,
Riri, riri, Hau.
Atua Tamaiti tapu, pai marire,
Riri, riri, Hau.
Atua, Wairua, Tamaiti tapu, pai marire,
Riri, riri, Hau.

(8). The term "niu" was used by the Maoris in the case of the rods or throwing-sticks for divination, so like in some respects to the use of Aaron's rod before the Pharaoh; and so, too, for divination purposes the Hauhau Maoris called the flagpole of their ceremonies a "niu."

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Of which the translation is:—

God, Hau, good and peaceful,
Fight, fight, Hau!
God and Divine Son, good and peaceful,
Fight, fight, Hau!

The final exclamation "Hau!"(9) was used in the sense of an incentive or direction to action, "Whaka-hau" not, as is generally supposed, meaning the Atua or God. "At them!" or "Fight" was its broad meaning.

The simultaneous loud cry of all the worshippers gave rise to the designation of the fanatics by the loyal Maoris as Hauhaus.

This singular mixture of sacred, secular, and military terms ended with bitter lamentations and yells indescribable. I have not attempted to give the Maori or English equivalent of the blasphemous gibberish with any degree of correctness, for in the first place I think it is scarcely possible, and in the next place it is not worthy of it. If, however, the foregoing should not be perfectly intelligible to the student of English, Latin or Maori, the fault must be with these languages or with the "religion" they are supposed to describe.

"Pai Marire" was the watchword of the fanatics, and "Riki" was the god of war—apparently in the new theology the Maoris seemed to have quite discarded Tu of the ancient days. The spirit of Joshua was their guiding general or field-marshal. These most singular religionists owned two descriptions of flag, a white and a red, and before a fight the former was hauled down and the "riki" or war flag took its place. Then followed the incantation I have quoted, or some variation of it, every line ending with "Hau! Hau! Hau!" Then they were ready for anything in the way of massacre, after touching the Pakeha head hanging on the nail in the niu or pole of worship.

Aggressive acts began to be common, among them some irritating restrictions on travel, as the outcome of the Maori "King's" law. In 1863 the Te Reinga Natives fined D. Munn, of Napier, for passing through from Gisborne on the "King's" land. A few days later Geo. Williams was fined £40 or four horses for a similar "offence" at Te Reinga. He refused to pay, and was arrested, but released on the ground that the "King's" law had not been announced at Turanganui. The next man that came through, they said, would be killed. On October 11, 1863, a small Hauhau contingent left Wairoa for Napier; a larger party did not start, as Kopu warned them that if they did so he would seize their settlements in their absence.

(9). "Au" in the Cook Islands language signifies "government" or "authority."

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East Coast District.

The Hauhau movement grew more rapidly than anyone anticipated, and recruits gathered around the standard from all parts of the North Island, the Natives slipping away from Wairoa, at all events, singly, or at most in parties of two or three. Tamihana, Patara Raukatauri, and Kereopa (Cleophas) Te Rau, subsequently called Kereopa Kaiwhatu (Eyeball-eater), were the principal promoters of Hauhauism on the East Coast, and soon various outlying districts were threatened by large bodies of fanatics roaming the land, appearing suddenly in some places as though they had descended from the clouds. A meeting was held at Katikati, up the Wairoa River, in April, 1864, when a letter was read from Paora Toki (Napier) calling on the Wairoa Natives to proceed to Petane, all armed. They obeyed the order despite the fact that Kopu cautioned them against such a step, and in order to be near the force, if trouble accrued, he also went to Petane, and took his armed force with him.

In the month of January, 1864, Mr. Philip Dolbel asked in the Provincial Council why the Defence Department had not stationed a force at Mohaka (which then was the principal centre of civilization between Napier and Gisborne), where hostilities were anticipated at any moment. His Honour's reply was that the men were not then sufficiently drilled, and the officer in charge did not like to detach them in small parties lest they might be cut off. Certainly this was not very reassuring to the Mohaka settlers, who had therefore to possess their souls in patience, if not in dread of massacre. Later in the same month a small stockade was erected near the mouth of the river(10). It was indeed a very small one, as the writer saw it still standing in the seventies. The military forces, even at this time, were neither very numerous nor effective, as the then Superintendent had to admit that owing to shortage of feed the horses belonging to the Wellington Defence Force, who were required to defend Napier, were in very poor condition—in fact, our forces were situated somewhat like those of the Boers in the Transvaal war, unable to move until the grass began to grow. In May, Rangihiroa (afterwards killed in the ranks of the enemy at Petane) called on all the Arawa and Wairoa tribes to make peace with Ngati-Porou in order to help him to "huna" (smother) the Pakehas. The following month the Waiau chief Te Waru, not long back from the disastrous field of Orakau, called a meeting at Manga-a-ruhe, and though he appeared rather "pouri" about the tribe's losses, and the consequent decline of his mana, he was all for action against the Pakehas, but the meeting ended without any decision being arrived at. Mr. Donald McLean then visited

(10). One of the Defence Force men stationed there was T. W. Porter (afterwards Colonel Porter, C.B., of Gisborne).

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Mahia, partly to ascertain the state of the Native mind and partly to see if he could secure any land for settlement by the Europeans. He was successful in the second half of his mission, and arranged to purchase the western half of the Mahia for £2,000, and a general desire was expressed to sell the rest; but in the presence of Ihaka Whaanga no anti-European sentiments were expressed. A few days later, however, two Queenslanders, Messrs. Clarke and Fletcher, proceeding to the Urewera Country, were turned back by the Mahia Natives, who declared their lives would not be safe.

There were then at Paki Paki two companies of the Defence Force, 180 strong, under Captain La Serre, but of what use were they till the grass grew? Certainly, with the expectation of a raiding force arriving at any time, the prospect was not a pleasant one, even for Napier. Major Douglas commanded the Napier garrison—an Imperial force—and Major Whitmore the colonial forces. About the middle of this year (1864), in an address to the Council, His Honour admitted that large bodies of Hauhaus were collecting near Petane, and intimated that the Government was preparing to take action. In order to further secure the safety of the Mohaka settlers Mr. Dolbel endeavoured to secure the services of a pilot for Mohaka, but the request was refused, the Superintendent stating that a whaleboat had been ordered so that in case of danger the settlers would be able to communicate with passing vessels, or vessels calling at Mohaka. Surely this was a forlorn hope, when the visits of steamers were like those of angels—short and far between.

A successful engagement was this year fought at the East Cape, in which Ropata(11) and several Wairoa chiefs took part. The Provincial Council minuted with pleasure its satisfaction at the result, and passed a vote of thanks to the various Native chiefs (including those of Te Wairoa) for their assistance on that occasion. Soon after this military matters moved a little faster, and the Napier Militia (No. 9 Company) were called out for active service. This force was known as the "Military Settlers," owing to the fact that as part of the inducement to serve they were promised certain areas of land. Captain Corfield was their first captain, hence the force was sometimes called "Captain Corfield's Militia." He was succeeded in about a year by Captain James Fraser, under whom they became a famous fighting force. Not a moment too soon was this force called out. On the 2nd March of the following year—1865—according to

(11). Ropata was a chief of the Aowera, a sub-tribe of Ngati-Porou. As a lad he was captured by a chief named Rapata Whakapuhia, an event about which he felt very sore, and no one was more pleased than the old warrior when Mr. McLean changed it to Ropata. He died full of years and was buried on August 13th, 1897.

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Captain Levy's diary, the Rev. C. S. Volkner was foully murdered in the most cruel manner at Opotiki and his body was treated with the greatest indignity(12). Kereopa Te Rau, a Maketu chief and a leading "tiu" or prophet of the Hauhaus, was the prime mover in the murder, which was, perhaps, one of the most barbarous on record. Mr. Volkner was a man of singular gentleness, and was known far and wide for his many kind deeds to the Maoris; and Kereopa knew all this, yet it was he who gouged out the eyes of his victim and swallowed them before the assembled Natives(13)—all for mere cruel bravado, for it is not to be supposed the murderer hoped thereby to become the possessor of eyes as gentle as those of this devoted soldier of the Cross(14). Unconsciously (according to his own account) he signed his death warrant in doing so. When swallowing the eyes one of them stuck for a time in the throat of the murderer, which, of course, was an "aitua," a "tohu mate," or a bad omen and sign of suffering or punishment to come upon him in the future. Colonel Porter, C.B., in his *Life and Times of Major Ropata,* states that after his capture Kereopa admitted that he knew this omen would be his destruction—and it was. But that is a later story.

Every such event as the one described above added to the importance and strength of the Hauhaus, and at once the whole of the Thames Natives—except Ngati-Maru—joined them, and soon became not only ardent followers of the new "religion," but also adepts at looting and murder. It will not, therefore, be a matter of wonder to find that the people of Turanganui, Te Wairoa and Napier slept uneasily in their beds; yet not a great many knew even then that Donald McLean's scouts had almost noiselessly passed down the streets and out into the country, or had just come in with intelligence of the enemy. Only the footfall of a lightly mounted scout, but it showed that the authorities had at last awakened to the seriousness of the situation.

As early as February, 1865, the exponents of the Pai Marire cult became much bolder, and a small party of Taranakis met at Hapuku's pa, where they were visited by three Wairoaites—Heremia, Hemi and T. Smith (the latter a European). The two Natives were dragged inside the whare, and the white man (looked on as a spy) was told that if he had been apprehended by "the Pai Marire police" they would have cut his head off. The others present remonstrated at this language, but he replied, "It is our law." The chief Renata Kawepo again repudiated any

(12). The Pakehas called this deed, in the language of the Maoris, a "kohuru" or murder—the Natives called it war.

(13). This was, it is stated, a very ancient custom in Polynesia.

(14). Kereopa Te Rau would not have any need for such eyes as Volkner had, but some such idea may have induced the act.

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approval, on his part, of the attitude of Te Hapuku and the other tribes in favouring the "King" movement. But the trouble grew, and in March the Mohaka Natives appealed, and not in vain, for arms and ammunition wherewith to defend themselves in case of need.

Loyal Chiefs Meet.

The East Coast was now receiving the closest attention at the hands of the Pai Marire, and on the 6th March a large party had arrived via the Upper Wairoa and passed on to Turanganui to endeavour to secure Te Kani-a-Takirau as King of the New Zealand Federated Natives. That chief, however, declined the honours sought to be thrust upon him. On the 7th March, 1865, a great Native meeting was held at Pakowhai (Hawke's Bay), which was addressed by Harawera Tatene of Waimarama, Noa of Te Karamu(15), Karaitiana Takamoana of Pakowhai, Renata Kawepo, and others, in order to arrive at some conclusion as to the attitude of these chiefs towards the Hauhau emissaries, encouraged as they were by the chief, Te Hapuku. Mr. G. S. Cooper, the Civil Commissioner, was present, and stated that he had letters from Mohaka to the effect that a party of 200 Hauhaus had arrived in the Urewera Country with three European heads and a prisoner, to show how they could thrash the Pakeha. Noa, in his reply, which was embellished with all the flowers of Maori rhetoric, remarked that "it would be a bad thing if Heretaunga lost its good name of 'Tauira' by joining the Hauhaus." After a good deal of talk the conclusion come to was that there were three parties to come to Hawke's Bay—the first peaceably, preaching peace, and to pass on, as Karaitiana said, "to some place on the East Coast about Tolaga Bay"; the second party only to fight if they met with resistance; the third to commence hostilities in any case. This meant war. The chiefs at the meeting scouted the idea of joining the Hauhaus against the

(15). When this fine chief died, the press said of him: "Noa was one of the most straightforward, honest and trustworthy Natives that ever lived," "His word was his bond," declared a well-known gentleman closely associated with the Natives of the Gisborne district for many years past. This opinion is re-echoed by many others. The honesty and integrity of the departed chief was put to a severe test during the trying days of the Hauhau rising—the dark and blood-stained days of the district's history. Noa belonged to the Ngai-Tete tribe, a sub-tribe of the Rongo-whaka-ata, and lived at the Oweta pa, near Mr. H. H. Wall's, Muriwai, of which Paratene Turangi was the rangatira. So opposed were the Natives to the fanatical religion of the Hauhaus that Noa, with a number of others, paid a special visit to Auckland to consult with Sir Donald McLean, the head of the Native Department. Sir Donald was unable to provide any troops for the friendly Natives, but he presented them with a British Ensign. They returned home with the injunction to keep the flag flying as evidence of their loyalty to the Pakeha, and this they did. Their friendship and loyalty to the Pakeha was put to practical demonstration during Te Kooti's revengeful visit to the district. Oweta pa was taken by surprise on the morning of November 10, 1868, when a number of the loyal Natives were put to death. Paratene Turangi (of whom Lady Carroll is a grandchild) was taken prisoner by Te Kooti, who hacked off his right arm. Placing it under the chief's head, Te Kooti declared: "There is the arm that is going to protect the Pakeha." Subsequently he put the chief to death. Notwithstanding all this, Noa and his people remained loyal. They escaped to Waikanae pa, where the flag was rehoisted and kept flying.

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Europeans, but reducing all the round-about talk to plain English they were unable to guarantee the entire loyalty of their people, and of some evidently there were serious doubts. On the occasion of the first visit it was said that Te Hapuku had invited them, and later on Te Waru Tamatea accused that chief of failing to keep his promise and aid the new movement. When the chiefs of Ahuriri (or Heretaunga) visited Wairoa for the purpose of reasoning with the Natives, who, they said, had too often supported the "King" movement, they said they did not blame Wairoa for supporting the Pai Marire!

When on the 9th of March two agents of Te Ua visited Wairoa to obtain recognition of the Pai Marire, they were strongly opposed by Kopu and Maihi Kaimoana. Nevertheless, Te Ua's agents secured 50 recruits at Whakaki and very many on the quiet, from Wairoa and Manga-a-ruhe. However, on May 9, 1866, Te Waru and 20 men tendered their submission, and they were received with varying feelings by Ihaka Whaanga, Kopu and Paora Rerepu. The chief, Te Waru, was sent to Napier on the paddle-steamer "Sturt," whilst Kopu with 100 well-armed men marched overland, and were well received by Mr. McLean and the Napier people. On the way south Kopu's men cut down every Hauhau pole they came across, but saw no sign of the enemy. At Petane on the 11th October some prisoners who were taken admitted that plans had been made for attacks on Napier and Wairoa, in which Rangihiroa, Paora Toki and Anaru Matete were concerned, and that Panapa's pa at Waha-parata was being made ready in the case of a retreat.

The Hauhau emissaries left Taranaki in two bodies—the fighting one for the time being held back—the one to go by way of Whanganui, Taupo, and Whakatane, Opotiki and the East Coast; the other was to go by Ruatahuna and Te Wairoa, both to meet at Turanganui. Te Ua—who by this time seemed not to be so mad as supposed, or else to have method in his madness—instructed them to go peacefully and deliver the heads of Captain Lloyd and Private Kelly to Hirini Te Kani, a Turanganui chief, and obtain all the support possible for the new religion as they advanced. A private letter, written from Turanganui on March 13, 1865, says:—"There is another party of the Pai Marire close at hand, who have come round by way of Upper Wairoa, and they will probably return to Opotiki together. I need not say that their departure will give us great satisfaction." The two parties were not long in carrying out the orders of Te Ua, the arch-priest of the Pai Marire, for on the 10th February the Mission destined for Napier district arrived at Omarunui, and among the second division were Kereopa Te Rau and Patara Raukatauri, the latter giving the closest attention to the Wairoa

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district. Mr. S. Locke, also popularly known as "Sam" Locke, "had a way wid him" of getting things done. It was he who first organized the Maoris for their own defence against the Hauhaus, though sometimes not wisely but too well. He armed the men of Ihaka Whaanga and Kopu with the old "brown Bess," and in 1873 rendered signal service for peace by acting as arbitrator in some boundary disputes between the Wairoa tribes and the turbulent Urewera, a service which led to the purchase by the Crown of 250,000 acres of the Upper Wairoa.

Operations were then transferred to the Poverty Bay district, as it was then known, apart from Waiapu, for by this time practically the whole of the Natives in the first-named district had joined the Hauhaus except Hirini Te Kani and his people.

The Fighting Fifty.

Now, although not strictly applying to the history of Te Wairoa, military matters at Napier and the subsequent campaign at Waiapu cannot well be passed over. In the first place operations were directed from Napier, and in the next she furnished us with some of our best settlers. Besides this, the fighting up north had a good deal to do with subsequent events in Te Wairoa. In 1865—a year fraught with grave issues—there were about 70 men camped at Clive (Hawke's Bay) under Captain Fraser for the protection of the settlers—to be, in fact, a buffer between them and the disaffected Natives in that locality. They had no active work to do at that time, but some of them had very soon. About May in the year mentioned, Morgan, or Mokena Kohere, to give him his Maori name, one of the Ngati-Porou chiefs at Waiapu, and some of his people refused to join the new movement, and thus become rebels against the Crown. In taking this attitude Mokena was largely influenced by his close association with the Rev. Mohi Turei, whose loyalty was as unswerving and unquestioned as his services were valuable. Mokena and his people, unlike those of Upper Wairoa, having, as I say, refused the overtures of the Hauhau leaders, felt themselves to be in danger without arms. They therefore applied to Mr. McLean, Superintendent of the Hawke's Bay Province and General Government Agent, for assistance. A small body of 30 Napier volunteers was enrolled and sent to Waiapu to the assistance of Mokena, under Captain (afterwards Major) Biggs, who was foully murdered in 1868 in the Poverty Bay massacre. This small body of men embarked in a sailing craft. They also took with them 50 stand of arms, with the necessary ammunition, for Mokena and his men. Prior, however, to the arrival of the above contingent, Ropata fought a minor action at Tiki-tiki. It was at first a duel with guns across the valley, and as Ropata was losing his men fast he decided (so the writer of his life states) to settle the

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matter in single combat. He rushed into the middle of the valley, while bullets sang about him, and challenged the leader of the Hauhaus to meet him, which, nothing loth, he did—David and Goliath over again, though certainly Ropata was no stripling—and while the rank and file looked on "David" got in his blows and cuts first, and when their champion lay dead the Hauhaus retreated. On his arrival at Waiapu Captain Biggs found that this small force was much too insignificant either to defend Mokena or even to hold his own position, as the Hauhaus were momentarily improving their position and gaining ground daily. So much did Captain Biggs find himself in a corner that he almost immediately applied for further assistance, which was soon forthcoming.

Mr. McLean visited the camp at Clive, and asked for volunteers from the force of Military Settlers there under Captain Fraser. These men could not have been compelled to serve out of Hawke's Bay, for they had been enrolled for service in that province only. However, Fraser knew his men too well to doubt what the answer to the call would be. The whole of the men were paraded, 75 strong, the position of Captain Biggs was explained to them, and volunteers asked for. The whole of those paraded, except five or six married men with families, stepped out, and in twenty minutes Serjeant-major Smyth—the only married man allowed to volunteer—had 50 men in heavy marching order on the road to Napier. A little delay occurred there in getting out the ammunition and stores, and Lieutenant Gascoigne (formerly of the Colonial Defence Force) volunteered as a supernumerary officer(16). The 50 volunteers embarked on the gunboat "Eclipse," Captain Fremantle (afterwards Admiral Fremantle), and in 36 hours after the arrival of the letter appealing for help the much-needed assistance was with Captain Biggs! On the way up a little delay occurred, which ought to be deducted from the time taken in despatching reinforcements. When nearing Waiapu, and just as the need of a pilot was being felt, Captain Fremantle descried inshore a small cutter. Here he thought he would find his pilot, and to summon his aid a gun was fired. But no answer came from the cutter, which proceeded on her way. Another gun was fired and still no answer came. A shotted gun was then brought to bear on the small craft, the gunner being ordered to drop a shot ten feet in front of her bow. This he did, in true British style, and as the spray dashed over the cutter she put about, and bore up alongside the

(16). Lieut. Gascoigne joined the force in 1863, and for his services in the Waiapu district and on the West Coast against Titokowaru he was subsequently promoted to the rank of Sub-Inspector, 1868. He also served with Fraser at Pukemaire, Ruakituri, Patutahi, Te Karetu and Ngatapa. Lieut. Gascoigne, a man with a fine record, claims to have been engaged in this fight (though one of my informants has denied this). The men wounded were W. F. Mawe, Alf Banks and Chris. Grey, all Wairoa settlers.

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war-vessel. A wordy dialogue then ensued between the man-o'-war officer and a bare-headed, weather-beaten old skipper, who eventually agreed to act as pilot. This was the "Aquilla," and the master "Captain" Henry J. Sturley(17), an old "salt" who was for many years a familiar figure in Old Wairoa. With the impressed pilot on board the destination of the reinforcements was reached, as before stated, in 36 hours from the time the appeal was made. Was there ever a better record put up by colonial or Imperial forces? To fit out and despatch, without the aid of a troop train or a fast steamer, a force of 50 men from Clive to Waiapu, a distance of 150 miles, in 36 hours was an achievement of which the early settlers may well be proud. On the arrival of Captain Fraser he took command of the united force, and on the third day the first shot of the Waiapu campaign—after the Europeans got to work—was fired. The doings of this handful of men—fifty Military Settlers, subsequently dubbed "The Fighting Fifty"(18), and the thirty Napier Volunteers (in all 80 men)—is a story worth telling here for the benefit of the rising generation of Te Wairoa, who are now reaping the benefit of blood and treasure expended in past years on the hillsides, in the bush and in the valleys of this part of "God's Own Country." First in order comes the defence of Te Hatepe or Ruapango pa, which was garrisoned by "The Fighting Fifty." What these men were like may be gathered from the incident I am going to relate.

Te Hatepe and Kairomiromi.

The defence of Te Hatepe was not at any time a very serious affair, and though the Natives were in strong force before it they never came to close quarters. They were not, in fact, sufficiently game to advance into the open, though they had the advantage of good cover all round the pa. They kept up a rather strong fire from an inferior weapon from early morning till about three or four o'clock, and during the one day they invested it only one man was wounded. "The Fighting Fifty" took it easy enough—they only had to hold the pa—and the enemy would not come on. Why should they worry over it?—and they did not. At one time during the day nearly every man left one post and retired to the tent close at hand. What a chance the Hauhaus missed! About 12 o'clock, when Captain Fraser was moving about scrutinizing the various positions, he noticed that on one side of the pa the number of men had greatly

(17). Sturley first sighted the New Zealand coast in a whaler as early as 1824.

(18). Most of the men were of a very wild, devil-may-care type, and earned for themselves the name among the Maoris "Nga kuri porangi," or "The Mad Dogs." Yet these men, associated together for some time as they were, exhibited a good deal of esprit de corps, and were prepared to follow Fraser anywhere. He had his faults, I know, and serious ones they were; but he handled his men well, and they loyally seconded all the efforts made to ensure success.

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diminished—indeed, there were scarcely any to be seen. Calling the sergeant-major he asked where all the men were. That officer, of course, went to investigate, and found in a tent a dozen or more men sitting round an upturned gin case, and on it was a dice-box and a set of dice. They were engaged in a thirty-shilling raffle for a gold ring! They were, of course, soon bundled out, and once more shouldered the rifle. The ring in question was a rather handsome Australian gold-digger's ring, weighing about five pennyweights. It was noticeable afterwards for many years on the finger of a well-known Wairoa resident (now deceased), and during his illness it disappeared almost as mysteriously as it found its way into the tent of "The Fighting Fifty."

A few days after this pa was occupied by Fraser's men it was fiercely attacked by the Hauhaus from both Kairomiromi and Pukemaire, it being stated that Patara was leading them. The attack commenced about eight o'clock in the morning and continued until two or three in the afternoon, the assailants being estimated at 200 or 300, if not more. The position held by Fraser's men was an excellent one for defence, being well palisaded and entrenched, as might be expected would be the case under a chief of Mokena's acknowledged capacity. There was no scrub cover, or very little, to favour a near approach to the pa, hence the attack was virtually a game of long bowls, none of the assailants ever getting closer than 200 yards. Fraser's men were assisted in the defence by some of Mokena's Natives, and there was only one casualty in the ranks of the defenders, a Scotsman named Laurie being wounded(19). The Natives carried off all the dead and wounded, and the fact that they suffered heavily from the fire of Fraser's men was evidenced next day by the ensanguined patches visible everywhere around the pa. It was practically a duel between the rifle and the smooth-bore gun, and the former won. It was while holding this stockade, where our men succoured 300 or 400 Natives, that the successful attack on pa Kairomiromi was planned and carried out on August 2, 1865.

Kairomiromi was a strongly fortified and palisaded enclosure. It was commanded by a considerable eminence, Te Nuku, called by the colonials "Sentry Hill," on which a strong force of Natives was posted during the day, though it was known that the men were withdrawn at night, sometimes immediately after nightfall. The Hauhaus, largely comprising disaffected Ngati-Porou, who held the hill, stuck to it tenaciously during the daytime at all events, at the same time holding a safe line of retreat open should the European force advance on the hill. Owing to

(19). Laurie was a Scottish gentleman who had formerly held a commission in a crack regiment. He was afterwards drowned while bathing within a few feet of the scene of this fight.

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this very skilful disposition of the enemy Kairomiromi could not be attacked openly, so stratagem had to be resorted to. Fraser had prepared his plans very carefully and secretly, for secrecy was absolutely necessary to success, owing to the fact that in Te Hatepe he was sheltering a large number of women who were relatives of the men posted on Sentry Hill and in Kairomiromi, which he was preparing to attack. Any one of these was quite capable of slipping away in the darkness and giving information of the intended movement. On the night planned by Fraser for the early stages of the attack he stepped, all alone, at midnight, into Sergeant-major Smyth's tent, carrying a dark-lantern. Cautiously awaking him, he called for the duty roster, stating he wanted 50 men for special service, not even telling the sergeant-major what that service might be. The men required were chosen from the roll, and the sergeant-major instructed not even to inform the guard of what was to be done, but to whisper the orders to the men, who dressed in the dark. Their instructions were to go, one by one, outside Te Hatepe pa—the guard receiving orders, at the last moment only, to allow them to do so without the least noise. The men fell in about 40 yards away from Te Hatepe, where an inspection was made to see if they were all fit and properly supplied with ammunition. Here Fraser put himself at their head, with Captain Biggs and Lieutenant Gascoigne, the former bringing with him a reported notorious horse-thief named Hemi Tapeka, who had volunteered to betray his own people(20) and lead the force by a road that would bring them on to the front of the hill referred to without observation. Fraser was none too satisfied as to the reliability of his traitor-guide, for he kept him covered with his revolver, instructions being issued to the men to shoot Hemi the moment he attempted to play false. The distance to be traversed was two and a half miles, and after having marched about half a mile a halt was made and the men divided into two parties—25 men under Captain Biggs and A. Tuke, and the rest under Captain Fraser himself, with the sergeant-major. Biggs was instructed to cross the Maraehara River and secrete his men in the heavy manuka at the rear of the pa—to lie low, in fact, until the advance was sounded, and then to rush the enemy in rear. Fraser's party then proceeded on the other bank and occupied the hill without firing a shot. The river ran between the pa and the hill, and just before daylight the men crept down and got on to the bank of the river opposite the enemy's position, taking shelter in some thick koromiko scrub. They waited a short time for daylight to disclose the exact position of the enemy's works.

(20). Hemi Tapeka, if there was ever any doubt as to his loyalty, redeemed himself abundantly in later phases of the war against Te Kooti. It is related of him that in the fight at Makaretu the troops were thrown into confusion by the use of British calls by the enemy's bugler. Tapeka, who was sent forward to locate the bugler, seized him and smashed in his head with his own bugle!

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In front of the [illegible] was a terrace about ten feet above the level of the river, and the pa stood back about [illegible] yards from the crown of this terrace. The palisading [illegible] great strength in the early dawn, and not a man in the attacking force knew where an opening could be found, or how one could be made, though the men were provided with axes to enable them to cut their way through if this should be found necessary. As the grey light [illegible] the party [illegible] surprised to see a woman lift two of the palisades and spread them at the foot, making a fair-sized opening. She proceeded to the river, got two calabashes full of water, and returned to the pa without disturbing the [illegible]. Soon the pa opened again and another woman came out, but this time Fraser sent two men across, under the shelter of the bank, and they took up a position behind a whata, or Maori storehouse, on the terrace below the pa and in front of it, but not observable from the fort. As the woman came leisurely along on her way to the river she was suddenly seized and gagged without a murmur being allowed to escape. After waiting a few minutes to make sure of the ground, the "Advance" was sounded, and quickly as the men moved up to the attack, they were met by a heavy volley from the enemy, five being wounded in the first discharge, and two a little later. Three men had dropped out on the way, through losing their lead in the darkness. The other fifteen dashed on and got in, when a hand-to-hand encounter took place. Fraser was one of the first in, and the next man, Wilford, or Wilfett, found his officer, who was a little man, in the grasp of a regular giant of a Maori, who was about to tomahawk him. The weapon had a rather long handle, the head reaching far out beyond Fraser's cranium. To bring the weapon in the required distance to make an effective stroke the Maori was slipping his right hand along the handle, still grasping Fraser with his left, when he was bayoneted by Private Wilford, or Wilfett, who certainly saved Fraser's life that day. After a short but sharp hand to hand tussle the few remaining rebels bolted for the bush, and Kai romiromi was in the hands of the colonials. I may state here that the other section never had a chance to do anything. Owing to defective information as to the locality where the men were posted, they found, when the "Advance" sounded, that they were confronted by a deep gulch which they could not cross. Vainly they rushed up and down seeking a way out, but all they were able to do was to shoot some of the escapees. In this fight Porourangi, one of the most powerful Ngati-Porou chiefs, was killed, a man of such fine qualities that his death was as much regretted by the Europeans as it was by the friendly Natives.

At the close of the fight an incident occurred which caused Fraser much anxiety and deep thought for a time. One of his

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men (who, by the way, was alive not very long ago) rushed up and deliberately shot a very fine specimen of a Native, who stood by perfectly naked. Here was a dilemma. Discipline suggested immediate arrest, but that would, in the temper of the men, have broken up "The Fighting Fifty." To pass over the incident would also have a bad effect if it became known, for Exeter Hall was very powerful at the time. However, one dark night Fraser led the way to the beach, and a soldier followed him. Passing to the latter a bundle of civilian clothing, the soldier removed the uniform he had disgraced, donned the other, and passed into a boat and out of sight. Next day he was posted as a deserter. This engagement was the bloodiest affair that ever occurred in the history of the New Zealand wars, in proportion to the number of men engaged. The Natives came on in such close formation, armed with any weapon they could seize in their haste, that the attackers could hardly fail to take heavy toll of the enemy. After the fight was over the dead were counted, and it was found that there was a dead Hauhau for each of Fraser's party as it set out, and one, a woman, over(21). How she came to be there in the firing line opposed to Fraser's men is not known, because the women were kept well to the rear of the pa, and escaped. She may have been a slave, forced to fight or to help the wounded, or more likely a willing Amazon in the ranks of the defenders(22). This was the only place on the East Coast (certainly the only place in Waiapu) where the Natives stood to meet the bayonet, and then they could scarcely help it; but they never did so again. It will be remembered that a similar experience occurred in the late Boer war at Elandslaagte. There the Dutchmen met the lance and the cavalry sword, to their utter discomfiture, but never again in the course of the war did they thus face cold steel. It may be mentioned here, before I pass on, that Fraser estimated the strength of the Kairomiromi force at 40 or 50, but it transpired, some time afterwards, that the previous night the pa was reinforced by a party from the north marching to Pukemaire and staying at the former place,

(21). The Government "Year Book" gives the Hauhau casualties as 87 killed alone, and if correct, Captain Biggs must have accounted for more escapees than I have allowed, making this affair more of a battle than most people have thought in the past. The "Year Book" also mentions the Native contingent under Mokena as having been present at the capture of Kairomiromi. This was not so, for beyond the guide, Hemi Tapeka, there was not a single Native in the attacking party. Mokena did not even know of the attack till it came off.

(22). That the ancient Maori women could fight almost as well as the men cannot be denied. About this time Te Mauhai, an ancient fortress on the south head of Tokomaru Bay, into which the old men, the women and the children of the Tuwhakairiora tribe had gathered during the absence of Henare Potae and his men, was attacked by the Hauhaus, but they were beaten off by the women! It it also on record that once when a Ngati-Kahungunu pa, on the coast south of Napier, was attacked by the Rangitane while the men of the pa were all out at sea fishing, the women managed to hold the enemy at bay. They saw the advancing foe without fear, and secured their husbands' weapons; then, binding bandages across their breasts to conceal their sex, they kept the pa against Rangitane till the men out at sea saw what was going on, and, landing in the rear of the attackers, signally defeated them.

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which made the enemy 100 strong([23]). One other incident should be mentioned here, arising out of the fight, though it did not occur till some time afterwards. Just a few days before the attack on Kairomiromi, Captain Fremantle, of the "Eclipse," offered to shell the pa, and did so, but the distance (about 3½ or 4 miles) was too great for the shells to prove effective. In addition they had been a long time in stock and were evidently defective, some of them bursting too soon, while others did not burst at all. These particular missiles were Lancaster 68-pounder shells, and were coated with lead to prevent injury to the grooves of the gun([24]). Some time after the fall of Kairomiromi the Natives dug up one of these unexploded shells, and imagining that they were solid lead they estimated they would be able to cast a good many bullets out of them for the benefit of the Pakeha. They quickly dumped the shell into a fire to run off the lead into convenient sized bars, and stood around with their women and children watching the operations, when—bang went the shell! And nine of the party were blown to atoms, the shell thus doing execution that Captain Fremantle could not secure when shelling the pa.

But to my tale of the doings of "The Fighting Fifty." On September 3 came the attack on the Pukemaire pa. This was a tremendously strong and large fortification, standing on a spur of a hill which was unapproachable except from one side. The defences comprised well-constructed earthworks and palisading, and though the attack was strongly pressed it had to be abandoned owing to the heavy rain impeding operations, besides which the ammunition ran short. The Europeans had to draw off, having had a number killed and wounded, including in the latter Sergeant-major Smyth, who was put out of action by a Hauhau bullet for several months. Sergeant Fred Hodges—a brother of the late George Hodges, of Mohaka—sustained a very severe wound in this engagement, a bullet striking him within two inches of the nipple of the left breast, passing right through at an angle that missed the heart, and making its exit close to the spine. The wound was small in front, but at the point of exit it was large enough to take a man's three fingers. The shot had evidently been fired from a rifle of heavy bore, such as the one—and the only one—taken from the surrendered Natives a week later. It was not a regulation rifle of any army, but a heavy-bore sporting arm. When Hodges was carried

(23). I am aware that a claim is made on behalf of another officer that he was present, but it cannot be entertained. The only officers were Fraser, Biggs and Tuke. The two latter were engaged at the rear of the pa, and Fraser commanded the force making the frontal attack. With him was Sergeant-major Smyth, and Fraser said to him just before the attack opened: "If anything happens to me, take command and carry on till you can join Biggs." He would not have said that had there been present the officer to whom I have referred.

(24). A species of rifled cannon with elliptical bore, so called from Mr. Lancaster, its inventor.

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out of the line of fire he was examined by the assembled doctors, four in number, including Dr. Grace (afterwards M.L.C.), Dr. Baker, Dr. Brown, and the surgeon of the "Eclipse." They all simply shook their heads, meaning that his death was but a matter of a few minutes. In a few moments Dr. F. F. Ormond came up, and at a glance saw that he could save the man, and did so. He plugged the wound with lint—roughly, no doubt—on the field of battle, he was carried three miles to the camp, and in a few weeks was on his feet again. Dr. Ormond undoubtedly saved the life of Hodges on that occasion, and yet some of the Wairoa people in the olden days declared him to be devoid of resourcefulness and skill!

Pukemaire and Elsewhere.

The force renewed the attack on the 10th of the same month, but found the position had been evacuated(25). They then moved up the Hunga-hunga-toroa gorge for 13 miles, wading in the creek the greater part of the way. The enemy was found posted on an almost inaccessible terrace about 200 feet above the river-bed. The attack soon began, and owing to the splendid position occupied by the enemy—they usually did select good positions—they kept the colonial forces at bay for a considerable time, and probably would have held it against all-comers but for the heroic action of Lieutenant Tuke and 14 of his men, who climbed to the top of the terrace referred to. The creek was very narrow and the cliffs perpendicular, all the men being exposed to those on top, but at one point there was a small overhanging ledge of rock, and round this Lieutenant Tuke crept with his men past the enemy's position, reaching a higher terrace than that on which the Hauhaus were posted. This, of course, commanded the enemy's position, and to reach it Tuke and his men had to stick their bayonets in the clefts of the rocks in order to secure a footing. The Hauhaus were now at the mercy of the colonials, and on reaching the top they compelled the whole force —700 in all—to surrender. Of these prisoners a number were distributed among the loyal chiefs for safe custody, and for whom they made themselves responsible, but a number of the irreconcilables were deported to the Chatham Islands(26).

(25). Among those present was Captain Westrupp, and after the murder of Biggs he was in charge of the Poverty Bay district.

(26). Captain Tuke was favourably mentioned in despatches, and at one time the people of Wairoa made him a presentation, but it had to be returned. The accompanying letter of appreciation was signed by the following, now nearly all passed away:—Messrs. H. Sargent, G. B. Worgan, W. Peakman, Sam Waterhouse, Henry Flint, R. J. Deighton, C. Harmer, J. Bowman, T. Carroll, A. Ferguson, W. Prentice, A. T. Finlayson, S. F. Prentice, J. Elemes, J. McCreedy, J. J. Taylor, W. Bayne, A. Butler, J. Whitfield, Richard McRoberts, J. Gray, C. Brown, W. Thompson, R. Stewart, J. M. Boyd, J. Gilligan, L. Duval, C. Anderson, E. Carter, T. Hallinan, A. Gethin, C. Gilligan, G. Burton, H. C. Hunter, F. McKain, M. Lock, G. Mayo, L. Middleton, H. H. Watkins, M. McKinney, P. Gilligan, C. Harrison, H. T. Marsh, C. Witty, A. Banks G. Hodges, D. Atkins, W. Carter, W. Watson, F. Keating, A. Witty, W. Robinson, M. Boland, J. H. Smyth, J. Torr, R. Neagle, H. Scott, W. Reed, P. Walker, N. Walker, F. Stronin, R. Gardiner, J. T. Large, J. Hird, G. Deighton. Date, November 11, 1868.

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Ropata and Mokena and a number of their men were also engaged at Pukemaire, and rendered valuable services. Their prowess was so widely known that at a later period, when Wairoa people believed themselves to be in imminent danger, the cry was: "Send for the Ngati-Porou." I might here say that during the Waiapu campaign Fraser's men were often short of food, and foraging parties had to go out frequently, often with very little success, for owing to the war the enemy at all events had done very little in the way of planting or collection of food.

Several other engagements took place in the Tokomaru district, one at Pukepapa, where Henare Potae distinguished himself as well as Ropata. It was at Te Mawhai that the daughter of the late chief Tama-i-whakanehua-i-te-Rangi ("the eldest son who was buried in the heavens") and three other women defeated the Hauhaus, the old men loading the guns and the old women rolling down rocks on the enemy attempting to scale the cliffs. This young chieftainess possessed herself of one of the guns and shot the leader of the scaling party. The defenders had only five guns. Hate Houkemou, the young chief of Hicks Bay settlement, and the girl had one each, and the other three were handed to the following young women:—Te Rangi-i-Paea, Heni Te Pahuahua, and Mere Arihi Te Puna. And good use they made of the weapons, for the enemy left 13 dead and as many wounded behind them. At Pukepapa, Ropata and Henare Potae attacked the enemy in a fortified pa and captured it. Among the prisoners taken by Ropata were some of his own tribe, whom he shot for disobeying his orders not to join the Pai Marire. The Tolaga Bay rebels were defeated at Tauta-hopo by these two powerful chiefs, but the affair which took place at Hunga-hunga-toroa was the end of the Waiapu campaign as far as the Europeans were concerned.

Another Maori who greatly distinguished himself in the Waiapu-Poverty Bay area was Henare Nihoniho, who fell in battle. His son, Tuta Nihoniho, had a large share of his father's blue blood of the Ngati-Porou tribe. After the fight which cost his father his life, Tuta took the rifle of his sire, which was brought to him from the battlefield, and set out to avenge his death. He was then only a lad of fourteen or fifteen, but the Maori took the warpath early in life—as soon, indeed, as he could carry a gun. His mother bore an active part in the pious work of revenge. She went on the warpath, too, with her rifle and tomahawk, and she fought by young Tuta's side in several engagements in the country north of Gisborne. Such Amazonian heroines were numerous in the Native war years. Tuta served under Major Ropata at the storming of Ngatapa, Te Kooti's great hill pa, and under his friend, that gallant officer Colonel

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Porter, he fought all through the arduous Urewera campaigns as a lieutenant, and was one of the men who captured Kereopa Te Rau, the Rev. C. Volkner's murderer, in the heart of the Waikaremoana mountains. Those were days of hand-to-hand combats, and Tuta used to tell with great animation the story of a duel outside the walls of the Waerenga-a-hika fort, at Poverty Bay, with a Hauhau brave who charged upon him with a long spear after the manner of the pre-Pakeha era. Tuta was wounded, but the next moment he ran his fixed bayonet through his opponent's body. The Ngati-Porou chief was a thorough soldier. In 1900 he offered to raise a contingent of his tribe for service against the Boers in South Africa, and he was much disappointed when the authorities declined it on the score of "colour." He frequently urged the Government to "be strong" in the work of training the youth of the Dominion to the use of arms. Like one of Judge Maning's warrior characters in *Old New Zealand,* his often-repeated and emphatic counsel to the younger generation was, "Be brave that you may live." Operations then reverted to Poverty Bay, where disaffection was rife, and thus the theatre of war was drawn closer to the people of Te Wairoa.

Officers and Ranks mentioned in these Chapters

Major Lambert, commandant A.C., September 18, 1868; lieutenant-colonel, 19th December same year.

Sub-Inspector Cumming, appointed inspector, September, 1868.

Lieutenant J. C. George, promoted to be captain in the Napier Militia, January, 1868.

Lieutenant-colonel G. S. Whitmore, appointed Commandant, 29th October, 1867; colonel, 17th October, 1868.

Major James Fraser, inspector A.C., 29th October, 1867.

Captain W. Newland, sub-inspector, 23rd October, 1867.

Lieutenant C. D. Pitt, sub-inspector, 27th October, 1867.

Lieutenant J. M. Roberts, sub-inspector, 28th October, 1867; inspector 15th November, 1868.

Lieutenant A. Tuke, sub-inspector 29th October, 1867.

Lieutenant W. A. Richardson, sub-inspector 30th October, 1867.

G. A. McDonnell, sub-inspector, January 23, 1868.

G. A. Preece, lieutenant, 10th November, 1868.

Captain Herrick, major, 14th November, 1868.

Ensign F. W. Gascoigne, sub-inspector, 27th November, 1868.

Montague Stopford, acting sub-inspector, 4th December, 1868.

Hector Duff, ensign Napier Militia, 25th November, 1868.

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CHAPTER XVIII

TE KOOTI RIKIRANGI

CONCILIATION FAILS—THE UPLIFTED HAND—ARREST OF TE KOOTI—HIS CHARACTER—THE FERMENT SPREADS—TE KOOTI IN EXILE—THE COUP COMES OFF—MICK MULLOOLLEY—MR. ENGST'S ACCOUNT—PAPARATU FIGHT.

Conciliation Fails.

Contrary to the Hauhaus' first expressed intention, the rebels established themselves in admirably situated and strongly fortified pas, the strongest one being at Waerenga-a-Hika. But prior to any action of the Europeans Mr. McLean (afterwards Sir Donald) met the rebels and forcibly pointed out that the ultimate effect of their rebellion would be the loss of their lands. Time was allowed for decision, but the Natives decided not to submit —their faith in the Pai Marire, as promulgated by Te Ua and his prophets, was unbounded, and they remained inflexible. The Waiapu forces were then directed to concentrate, and reinforcements were sent from Napier in H.M.S. "Brisk." Ropata also joined in, and soon the united forces began to advance, the rebels retiring on Waerenga-a-Hika, which stronghold was reached in November, 1865. As the advancing forces drew nearer the enemy retired, after stripping the Mission College(1), and entered their pa. There, under the Pai Marire flag—a white ground dotted with some cabalistic figures—they marched round and round the pole of worship, and with hands uplifted they waited for the next move. The European force opened fire, and then down came "the flag of peace" and up went the "Riki," the blood-red emblem of war. The last Hauhau chant was gone through, and at the last word "Hau!" the rebels opened fire, and a six or seven days' siege was opened. It was estimated that the force in the pa was fully 1,000—probably this was an exaggeration—and the Europeans sat down before the redoubtable stronghold.

(1). Assistant-Surgeon F. F. Ormond was wounded while sitting in Major Biggs' house.

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During this period a force commanded by Captain Wilson had a narrow escape from annihilation. He was posted on a small flat, and more or less detached by position from the main body in such a manner that he could not be quickly reinforced. The enemy, trusting in the power of Te Ua's new atua, made a sudden and daring sortie, and Wilson had to cut his way through, losing a good many brave fellows in the operation. This occurred on the Hauhau Sunday, which isn't Sunday but Saturday—the reader will pardon the Irishism—and next day the enemy, by means of a white-flag ruse, almost reached the British entrenchments. It was here that Colonel Porter (then captain) and a few of his men performed a very heroic action. Sergeant Swords was mortally wounded, and Porter crawled up to him, under the fire from the pa, and calling his comrades, Hirtzell, Hulbert and Goldsmith, they made a stretcher out of their carbines and carried the wounded man off the field. Porter was wounded in the head, Hirtzell was hit in the leg and got a blow from a ricochet bullet.

The Uplifted Hand.

The Maoris advanced in a solid mass, thinking, so it was stated, that they were invulnerable to the bullets of the Europeans. But they were simply decimated by the volleys of the latter, and beat a hasty retreat, for they found themselves unable to stand against the heavy fire and were signally defeated, 800 or more being taken prisoners, of whom 300 were sent to the Chatham Islands. During the engagement a portion of Fraser's force was stationed at the lower side of the pa, and there became isolated from the main body, besides being weak in numbers. Nothing in the nature of a sortie from the pa was anticipated, but as the unexpected often happens, it did so here. The Natives rushed out, and before reinforcements could be sent seven men were killed, including Sergeant Doonan and Privates Borthwick and Martin. This, however, was more in the nature of a murder than warfare under recognized rules, for almost the whole of the men were merely slightly wounded, but the Natives gave them the *coup de grace* with the tomahawk as they lay helpless on the field. To the Maori mind this was simply war, and the finer distinctions known to Europeans could not well be expected of them. At a critical juncture during the progress of the sortie on the part of the rebels, Bugler Spencer rushed to the front and sounded the "alarm," not once, but several times, the bullets whistling around him—and seemingly he bore a charmed life, as he escaped from the death zone, though the much-needed assistance did not reach his comrades in time. Another incident in this exciting day may be mentioned. As the colonial troops advanced at Waerenga-a-Hika they passed what were supposed to be three dead Maoris.

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When the force got a short distance away one of the "dead" men, Renata Tupara, jumped up and ran for cover and safety, taking with him the guns of his dead comrades.

It would be a misfortune if this book should go out to the world without a more or less detailed account of the fighting at Waerenga-a-Hika (the clearing of Hika). One such account was graphically narrated to a *Poverty Bay Herald* reporter by an old resident who was well acquainted with the Maoris and their customs. "I was forced to learn Maori as a young lad," he said, "because for every European I met there were hundreds of Maoris. The Natives swarmed over the country, and, as I first remember them, were even then carrying on their intertribal wars. The old-time Maori was of wonderfully hardy physique, and every male was trained in the use of the weapons of the day —the spear, the taiaha and the mere. Their movements were so quick that in manipulating the taiaha in attack or defence they dazzled the eyes of the Pakeha, and with this weapon they could parry the thrust or stroke of the sword or spear with the utmost ease. The average swordsman was helpless against the taiaha in the hands of the Maori, and it is difficult to convey to the modern Pakeha mind what fine fighters the Maoris were. Disease and fighting have cut down their numbers terribly, and they are not the race to-day that once they were." Our informant mentioned that when he was nine or ten years old the last group of Native men were operated upon by the tattooers, the practice being stopped by the missionaries shortly after. Lady Carroll's father and the grandfather of Henare Ruru were two of those who were among this group. Tattooing of women proceeds to-day, in a minor degree; but no male Natives now submit to the operation. The aborigines regard white people as usurpers of their natural rights, and the Pakeha was often referred to as the "shag," as one who came from over the sea. As individuals the white men were treated well, however, and the narrator remembered many an occasion when as a young boy he was "bailed up" by a Native who would give every pantomimic indication of a desire to kill him, and then finish up by offering him some food from his "hard rations," which consisted of dried shellfish, karaka berries, and other kai. The test of the Europeans' popularity among the Maoris came with the outbreak of Hauhauism, first in the Bay of Plenty, then on the East Coast, and later at Gisborne. The East Coast converts to the Hauhau faith, to the number of about 300, were driven out of the Tokomaru Bay district by Henare Potae and the friendly Natives, and they made their way to Waerenga-a-Hika. Here the seed of rebellion was already germinating, and with the arrival of the red-hot Hauhaus from the Coast the Natives set about repairing

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and strengthening the Waerenga-a-Hika pa. This stronghold was very powerful. The main defensive system was a palisade some 14 feet high, the principal supports being puriri logs from a foot to eighteen inches thick. Manuka stakes were woven closely together between the columns, while on the outside of this wall was an "apron" of smaller manuka stakes, designed to deflect bullets into the air. Inside the palisade was a trench system, with zigzag communications, and bags for traverse fire so situated that any area of the pa could be raked by a flanking fire. The water supply was provided for by an underground passage to the Waerenga-a-Hika lagoon, the route of this passage, and also the entrance from the lake end, being guarded by heavy palisading similar to that in the main defences. There was another underground passage, leading in another direction, by which a besieged force could communicate with the outside. The whole arrangement was most ingenious, and indicated that some cultivated brain had directed the construction of the defences. The force which besieged the Hauhaus in this pa were commanded by Majors Westrupp and Fraser, Captains Richardson and La Serre, and Lieutenant Ross. Henare Potae, with a big command of Coast, Turanganui, and Te Arai loyal Natives, went along to give assistance, and among the Turanganui Natives was Te Kooti. Of his reputation and the treatment he got more will be said later. The attackers started from Gisborne at about midnight, and camped that evening at Kairoro, in buildings belonging to Mr. George Goldsmith. Here occurred an incident which caused much amusement among the troops. One of the transport men crawled into a saddle-box (a long rectangular case, open at one end) for the night. At an early hour in the morning the inevitable nervous sentry mistook a horse for a man crossing the river, and after the usual challenge, fired upon it. The noise awoke the sleeper in the saddle-box, and he struggled vainly to get out, forgetting, in the thought of an attack, how he had crawled in. His cries and struggles brought his comrades to the scene, and long after the episode had been cleared up the transport man was chaffed about his temporary prison.

It had been intended at first to attack the Patutahi pa, but after the night at Kairoro the column changed its direction and advanced towards Waerenga-a-Hika, and as they approached the mission-house they discerned a number of Natives on the roof. It was later discovered that the rebels were stripping zinc and lead from the roof for the purpose of making bullets. The zinc bullets, it was afterwards noticed, had a peculiar whine, due probably to the lightness of the metal. As the troops and the friendly Natives approached, the rebels sprinted for the pa and were fired on by the attackers. They returned the fire, and the

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Major-General Sir G. S. Whitmore, K.C.M.G., N.Z.M.

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The late Hon. J. D. Ormond, M.L.C.
Father of Mr. G. C. Ormond, Wairoa

Deer-stalking
"The Chief," G. C. Ormond

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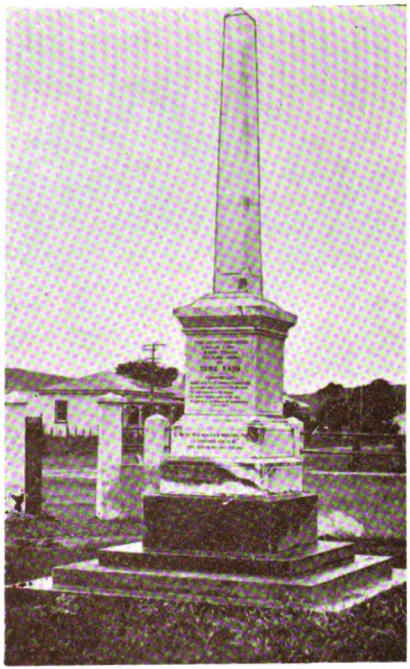
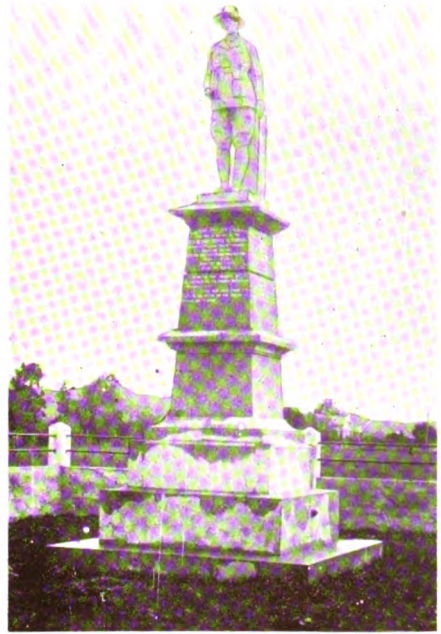


Monument to the Late T. Carroll.
Corner of Carroll St. and Ruataniwha Road.



Statue to the late Rev. Henare Wepiha Wainohu
Padre with the Pioneer Battalion in the Great War

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"Rowley" Hill, N.Z.C.
Defender of Mohaka Pa.

Colonel Porter, C.B.

Rev. Henare Wepiha Wainohu.
Chaplain-Major Pioneer Battalion in the Great War

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attackers dug themselves in in commanding positions. A number of them occupied a trench-line behind the close-set hedge, and for days a dropping fire was maintained. On Sunday morning, at about 9 or 10 o'clock, came the sortie by rebel reinforcements from Patutahi pa. The tale of the sortie was told graphically. "We were engaged in ordinary trench duties." said the narrator, "when from around the end of the pa sallied two detachments of rebels, who had come from Patutahi to support those in the pa. In all there were three detachments, but one entered the pa, while the others came on in massed formation. We bowled them over in dozens, it seemed; but still they came on, shouting and shooting, and constantly raising the hand in the air, in the sign-manual of their creed. We plugged into their ranks as fast as we could load, but they pushed towards us solidly. Their number was about 300, and we rapidly reduced the number, until, when they had gained to within 50 or 60 yards of us, they wheeled to the left and rushed to cover in some flax and scrub. They never appeared again in a body. We were watching the ground over which they had advanced, and noticed that practically every one of those killed by our fire had fallen backwards, whereas we believed that a Pakeha always fell forward when shot. Some of those on the ground were apparently very much alive, and one Maori in particular had a miraculous escape when he suddenly jumped up, and grabbing two rifles, made back for the shelter of the pa. It was estimated that 700 rifles were fired at him, but he was apparently unhurt, and gained the pa with his two guns through a hail of metal. The further operations against the pa comprised the maintenance of a continuous barrage of rifle fire through a period of some days. Major Westrupp's command concentrated on the left flank of the palisade, and the balance of the troops, with the exception of a detachment under Captain Richardson, kept up a frontal fire. Captain Richardson was ordered to the rear of the pa, and was there caught between the fire of the defenders and a reinforcing party, retiring with a loss of six or seven men. Three or four days afterwards the pa fell, and the Natives therein surrendered their arms and liberty. After trial they were sent to the Chatham Islands."

The narrator, who was on the spot at the time, bears out the writer's conclusion that it was the ill-fated arrest and deportation of Te Kooti which made him so dangerous. He said: "Te Kooti went with the exiles to the Chathams, but without trial. He had been long looked upon as a worthless individual and a thief, and it had been alleged, further, that though he was nominally a friendly, he was simply watching for opportunities to pass ammunition on to the rebels. It was arranged, in the

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interests of the general public well-being, that Te Kooti should be arrested, and accordingly he was taken to Repongaere, some time after the Waerenga-a-Hika fight. He was dumped with the rest of the prisoners, and exiled to the Chathams." The absence of a chance to defend himself was what embittered Te Kooti, and, in the opinion of the narrator, eventually led to the massacre in 1868.

Arrest of Te Kooti.

One incident of the engagement just related—and it is only for that reason I have introduced Waerenga-a-Hika at all—was the military arrest of a Poverty Bay Native of the Rongowhaka-ata tribe named Te Kooti(2), or Rikirangi or Turuki, one of the Government force, on the charge of having been in communication with the enemy(3). As a matter of fact, he was one of the men in charge of the ammunition; he left his place of duty and went into the pa, as he stated, not with any wrong purpose, but to try and get his brother to forsake the rebel camp. Whether this was true or not I cannot say, but after having been kept in custody for several days in the residence of Bishop Williams, Te Kooti was set free, nothing having been proved against him—and a charge of supplying the rebels with ammunition was disproved. A friend of mine, an officer who fought right through the war, tells me that Mr. McClutchie's account of Te Kooti's capture is not correct. He says (which is no doubt true) that he was with the friendly Natives at the time, and was detected by Paora breaking his cartridges, throwing the bullets away and firing blank. My informant says: "It was some months after this that a letter from Te Kooti to Anaru Matete, the then leader of the Natives who escaped from Waerenga-a-Hika, was intercepted; this letter gave information that a party under Captain Westrupp was leaving Poverty Bay to co-operate with Major Fraser, who was moving up from Wairoa, and in ambiguous words suggesting an ambuscade at Te Reinga. I think the words were somewhat like this: 'Wednesday is the day and Te Reinga is the place.' The messenger had Government ammunition with him. Te Kooti was arrested and a quantity of rifle-ammunition was found in his house; the rebels who had been captured at

(2). It is a rather common practice amongst the Maoris, even to this day, bestowing additional names on their leading men, or even taking them on themselves in connection with some special event, though not as the Europeans bestow nick-names on each other. Thus, in the literature of the day, I found three different names for the leader of the Hauhau rebellion on the East Coast—Te Kooti (pronounced as though spelled "Koati"), "Rikirangi" (the second half of his name), and "Te Turuki" (assumed by himself). Kopu, also, had nearly half a dozen names—a practice which made it very difficult at times to decide whether one only or two entirely different persons were referred to. I once found Kopu's name printed as "Kopapara"—I have shown elsewhere how the combination arose.

(3). He was practically arrested by a loyal chief, Paora Parau, who was about to shoot him; and by the way, had he done so then, how many unfortunate colonists would have been saved from slaughter!

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Waerenga-a-Hika and other places were just being deported to the Chatham Islands(4), and Captain Biggs, then in command at Poverty Bay, deported Te Kooti with them, as he was an undesirable person to leave at large in the district." Though but a mere soldier of the Queen, Te Kooti had a high opinion of himself—in fact, began to think himself a "rangatira," or a coming one, at all events. He was fairly well educated, and as cleverness goes among the Maoris, he might, perhaps, be deemed clever; and as regarded his dupes he certainly was a clever impostor. But whether or not, he was looked up to and feared by the Maoris of Poverty Bay, with whom he had a good deal of influence. With the Europeans, however, he was in very bad odour on account of a belief that he was concerned in some petty thefts. It was placed to his credit that on one occasion he relieved Captain Read—the then big merchant of Poverty Bay—of a quantity of liquor by boring holes up through the floor of a building into the casks which he had previously located. The stolen liquor was then "conveyed" to a convenient place, where Te Kooti and his friends are said to have drank it. In consequence of Captain Read's suspicions there was little love lost on Te Kooti's side, as the following will show:—Captain Read, whose name was as good at the time of which I am writing as that of the Bank of New Zealand is to-day, did a great deal of his business by paper money, and his IOU's for £1 each were readily taken in payment. In one of his raids Te Kooti seized several hundreds of these, and in order to get even with his old enemy he destroyed the lot, not being clever enough to know that he was putting that much cash into Captain Read's pocket! This, however, is but a digression, only introduced to assist in arriving at an estimate of the character of the man I am dealing with.

His Character.

A valued friend of mine, the late Major J. T. Large, who knew Te Kooti well, supplies the following sketch: "Te Kooti was undoubtedly a Native of great decision, force of character and sagacity. He seemed to possess a sort of magnetic influence over his followers, who had great confidence in his powers. He could do just as he pleased with them, as they had a superstitious fear of him. He was not a Maori 'toa' or brave in any respect, though he possessed great knowledge of Maori methods of warfare and bushcraft. Active, cunning, and always on the alert, with means of retreat and escape provided beforehand, he thus for years managed to circumvent and defeat the best-laid schemes of the Government forces for his capture. In the heyday of his activity his name was a terror. He inspired a dread alike among the

(4). The ancient Moriori name was Rekohua, and the people were once known by the name "Maioriori." The Maori name was Wharekauri.

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European settlers and Natives of the East Coast from one end to the other, as it was never known when and where he would make his next dash from his centre in the Urewera Country to pillage and destroy." At the time Te Kooti came into the picture he was about 35 years of age, about 5ft. 9in. in height and rather spare, even to asceticism. He made up in bodily activity for his medium stature. Colonel Porter, C.B., who got nearer to the New Zealand De Wet than any other man, thus describes him:—

"His facial profile was clean-cut, of decidedly Roman type; his features, in fact, bore a decided resemblance to the portraits, as we know them on Roman coins, of Julius Cæsar. His face was not tattooed, but he had his name 'Rikirangi' engraved in blue lines of tattoo across his breast, which he dramatically exposed to view at his capture in 1889. The lower portion of his face carried a thin pointed beard. Rikirangi's eye was an index to his mind—bright and piercing, with a stern glint that threatened trouble for those who crossed his path. He never forgot an injury or a fancied injury, and after his exile-breaking exploit in 1868 he lost little time in revenging himself most barbarously upon a number of those who had been prominent in procuring his punishment.

"Rikirangi was a member of the Ngati-Maru, a branch of the Rongowhaka-ata tribe, whose landed territory extended originally from Turanganui (Gisborne) River on the north to Te Reinga on the south. Their principal pas and kaingas or villages were on the Wai-o-Paoa River at Oweta, Pa-Kirikiri and Te Arai. Though not of direct rangatira or aristocratic descent, Rikirangi traced from a good collateral branch of progenitors. His father was one Te Rangi-Patai. There is a curious and well-authenticated tradition among Rikirangi's people of a prophecy by a tohunga or priest named Toeroa, foretelling the man's career of misdoings. The seer announced that in the one year three male children would be born whose careers would much affect the welfare of the Maori people. 'Their names,' he said, 'will be Hui-a-Kama, Whanau-a-Rerea, and Rikirangi. In two of these there will be good and life (ora) for the people; in the third evil and calamity.' But which was the evil one of the three he could not foretell. Te Rangi-Patai's wife was enceinte at this time, and to the husband the tohunga said: 'Your unborn child is a son whose fame shall reach the four corners of the earth for good or evil. When he is born you will christen him Tiwhatiwha-te-Po.'

"The son was born as foretold, and so named. The other two were also born the same year, and named as prophesied by Toeroa, but they did not attain maturity, both dying young.

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Rikirangi was the only surviving one of the three, and certainly he verified in his career all the wild and evil things predicted by Toeroa.

"By the time he had reached the age of twelve, Rikirangi—the name subsequently given him—had already rendered himself a nuisance by his evil propensities, which caused his father much anxiety and loss. At last the father could endure it no longer, and he imprisoned the boy in a rua-kumara (a pit for storing sweet potatoes), covered it with earth, and left him to die of starvation and suffocation. Lying there near to death—so ran the boy's tale afterwards—Rikirangi dreamt that a spirit in the form of a man came to him, saying, 'Rise, let us go forth.' Rising, he followed the spirit. A path opened through the earth, and when outside, what he deemed a dream he found reality; the atua had saved him. The father, seeing his son thus miraculously rescued, allowed him to live with the family up to the time of his (the father's) death.

"By about the year 1850, missionary schools having been established at Whakato and Waerenga-a-Hika, young Rikirangi, entering manhood, had obtained some elementary education. He showed great aptitude, and became a proficient reader of the translations of the Old and New Testaments. He was particularly fond of the Psalms of David, and with the Psalmist's life and escapes he was much impressed, a fact that no doubt strongly influenced all his future actions."

The very daring of the man who had taken up arms against the Government inspired many to join him, even as the daring freebooters and buccaneers of old gathered supporters from all countries and classes. Judge Maning, author of *Old New Zealand,* writing of olden times, says: "At the time I am speaking of, the only restraint on such people (predatory bands) was the fear of retaliation, and the consequence was that often a dare-devil savage would run a long career of murder, robbery and outrage before meeting with a check, simply from the terror he inspired, and the luck which often accompanied outrageous daring." Such was Te Kooti when once he was fairly launched on a course of outlawry, but at the time of his capture at Waerenga-a-Hika there does not seem to have been anything against Te Kooti other than what I have mentioned. Nor, so far as I can learn, was any criminal charge ever made against him. The military offence of "holding friendly intercourse with the enemy and supplying them with ammunition" was, of course, a serious one, an offence which a European soldier would at once know could not be readily condoned. To the Native mind, however, the offence did not so present itself. He had a reason, good enough to his own mind, and had he succeeded in getting his

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brother away from the rebels the fact would have told strongly in his favour, for he would to that extent have weakened the enemy. However, to my story. When the prisoners taken at Waerenga-a-Hika were being sent out in boats to the vessel which was to take them to exile in the Chatham Islands, someone suggested it would be a good idea to send off Te Kooti also, and thus get rid of a man who, for no proved reason, was disliked. The idea thus mooted found favour at once, and Te Kooti was quickly bundled into the boat and shipped off to the Chatham Islands with the rebels taken in arms, a crime not charged against him at that time. The Treaty of Waitangi was torn up that day, and the word of the British Queen made of no effect. Blunder number one was committed when sail was made on the vessel bound for the Chathams bearing as prisoner a man against whom no crime had been proved—for I will not go so far as to say he was innocent of offence. But Te Kooti left alone was probably not dangerous—he was but one among many. But Te Kooti unjustly transported was another man—heedlessly transformed by the authorities into a veritable fiend. He showed that by his career after he returned from the Chatham Islands([4a]), as shall be shown later on in this story. While in exile the injustice of the treatment meted out to him rankled in his breast, and the "canker i' the bud" grew and grew until the spirit of the unregenerate Maori cried within him for utu or satisfaction. Then, while the prisoners were interned at the Chathams, another blunder was committed. An Act was passed to confiscate the lands of the rebels, and when the East Coast Commission, comprising two Judges of the Native Land Court, set to work it was found that the Act of 1866 would not work, owing to the absence of an interpretation clause. Nice draughtsmanship! Then another Act was passed (1867), and that also was unworkable in the matter of the boundaries, and only in 1868 was the difficulty at last settled. Had all this not happened, Te Kooti and the other prisoners would not have remained at the Chathams long enough for the former to mature his plans, for that he formed them there seems very likely. This, at all events, was the opinion of Bishop Williams and many others, that this delay was the real cause of the Poverty Bay massacre, which took place at the end of 1868. The dealings of both military and officials with the Natives were, in many respects, most casual; and Te Kooti was not the only man wrongly deported. One Wairoa Native, Rewi Te Nahu, of Te Uhi, was sent off to the Chathams while some notorious rebels were left, like Te Waru and Rakiroa.

(4a). Mr. Richmond was not responsible for sending Te Kooti to the Chathams, but Wellington was, and so far as he was associated with Wellington he was responsible for his detention.

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Before I give the civilian account of Te Kooti's escape, I must revert briefly to the year 1865 to show the position at Wairoa at that date, and incidentally the fate that might have been in store for Wairoa had the rebels landed there instead of where they did.

In April, 1865, a force of thirteen Volunteers from Napier and Wellington arrived in Wairoa, well supplied with arms, and prepared to build a stockade on the right bank of the river. Arms were issued to the settlers by Captain Deighton, then R.M., and a large anti-Hauhau meeting was addressed by Mr. S. Locke, Major Lambert and Kopu. A few days later a number of Hauhaus arrived, and the object was totally unknown, no mail having arrived as Matenga (the mailman) had gone over to the Hauhaus. (He subsequently left the enemy and became the best shot in the Native Contingent.) At this time the loyalist chiefs were Kopu, Ihaka Whaanga, Hamana Taiapa, Maihi Kaimoana, and Paora Apatu. Paora Korori, of Whakaki, joined the Hauhaus, because, as he said, Kopu had sent the Wairoa drifting to sea—that is, he had agreed to sell the land. Te Waru, Hapurona, Kohia and others urged the claims of the Pai Marire with all the flowers of oratory of which the Maori is a past master. Similar meetings were held at Matiti, but generally speaking all appeared to favour peace of some sort except Te Waru. The party, which was said to have a preserved head with them, then left for Te Waru's pa, there to further arrange plans for Te Ua.

The Ferment Spreads.

Early in this year, ever memorable in the annals of the East Coast, the Wairoa Rifle Volunteers, under the command of Captain W. A. Richardson and Lieutenant Stopford, resigned in consequence of some grievances, and in February of the same year Clement T. Saunders was elected captain; and as if the policy of swapping horses in midstream was not already sufficiently dangerous, trouble arose among the Mohaka Volunteers, who wanted Mr. J. M. P. Lavin, a local settler, as their officer instead of Ensign Pearse, who seems to have been unpopular, and eventually the difficulty was otherwise settled. On May 20 the "St. Kilda" arrived at Mahia with the Provincial Superintendent and Mr. McLean on a visit to Ihaka Whaanga, and found old Toerua drilling his friendlies. From there Mr. McLean came on to Wairoa and conferred with Lieutenant George, returning to Napier by sea. On his arrival at Napier it was reported that our Native allies had had a signal success at Waiapu, and three enemy flags were exhibited in the Napier Provincial Chambers by order of the chief, Mokena. In June the "King's" flag was publicly displayed at Te Uhi, and Kopu and Paora Apatu began to strengthen their pas, a vast amount of heavy timber being got together at very short notice.

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In October a radius of 15 miles from the junction of the Manga-a-ruhe stream with the Wairoa River was proclaimed a "disturbed district" under "The Colonial Courts-martial Act, 1868." This was chiefly in consequence of the activity of the up-river Natives. In this area the sale of intoxicating liquors was prohibited, and a very wise measure it was, seeing that military operations were being conducted therein. But liquor was permitted under certain restrictions, and Major C. Lambert was appointed to grant permits. At this time, amid all the unrest among the Natives, the fears of the somewhat timid settlers, and the movements of small companies of defenders, settlement made but poor progress against the bearing-down tides of adversity. Fears now and again gave way to hopes, only to see the former again revived. For a drama of death was preparing, though the settlers did not yet know of it, and soon the dogs of war were to be let loose and slaughter and rapine to follow in the track of the Hauhaus. It will, perhaps, best serve to show the Native mind, and the appreciation of measures taken by Mr. McLean for the protection of Napier, to mention that in October Tareha, Hapurona, and 100 men took the oath of allegiance to the Queen. At the same time at Waikari, on the occasion of a Native assaulting a European, the former was told to "leave his grievances for Deighton to settle," meaning the R.M. The Native retort was, "What have the Hauhaus to do with Deighton?" However, the Native was arrested by chief Paora Rerepu, and later duly fined.

Te Kooti, as I have already stated, was deported, rightly or wrongly, to the Chatham Islands along with about 200 or 300 of the worst of the Maori prisoners. There they were interned in charge of Lieutenant E. Tuke and a small force, and they were employed, while in their island prison, in the erection of rain-proof huts for themselves, also in road-construction. Sergeant-major Walter Christie, who not long ago was awarded the Imperial Service Medal, states that Te Kooti in retirement had great influence over his fellow prisoners, and still held (though he could not openly practise) the Pai Marire doctrines, which many Natives believed in though they did not take active service with the rebels. Indeed, it is not at all certain that Te Kooti ever closely followed the Pai Marire doctrines as promulgated by Te Ua—he probably knew too much to believe in the silly gibberish, though I doubt not he found it a very convenient means of arousing his followers up to the massacre pitch. He was the apostle of the cult of "The Uplifted Hand" in addition to that of the earlier fanaticism. But Te Kooti was shrewd enough to see that if he desired to retain his hold on his fellow prisoners

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he must become the high-priest of a new religion, and he did so, imposing by many sleight-of-hand tricks on the deluded men who followed his fortunes in captivity.

Te Kooti in Exile.

Te Kooti borrowed a Bible from Christie and rewrote a great portion of the Old Testament, or the earlier chapters, but to suit his own particular doctrines he only selected for special interpretation passages that fitted in with his purposes, and when such could not be found he inserted others of his own. To show that Te Kooti had, even thus early, great faith in his doctrines, and confidence in his fellow prisoners, I may quote here an incident related by Sergeant-major Christie. "One day," he says, "Te Kooti came rushing out of the bush and told his excited followers that he had seen Jehovah and had talked with him, and that he had been told they would be free in about six months—a prediction which, as we know, actually came true. The officer in charge, Captain Thomas, turned out the guard, with rifles loaded and bayonets fixed, and prepared for whatever might happen. When Te Kooti saw Captain Thomas standing there he whipped off his clothes, and stark naked marched up to that officer, folded his arms, and dared him to give the order to fire. 'Why don't you fire?' asked Te Kooti. Captain Thomas, who was pale and trembling under the great responsibility that rested upon him, walked away a short distance, and Christie managed to quieten the rebels down. 'But,' added that officer, 'had they shot Te Kooti that day there would not have been a white man alive on the island next morning." I might also add, there would probably have been no Poverty Bay and no Mohaka massacre either.

Not long after arriving at the Chathams Te Kooti was appointed steersman of the Government whaleboat. This duty he performed satisfactorily, receiving as reward certain indulgences, and for a time all went well. A year after his arrival he was taken seriously ill, and his life was given up by the European doctor. All thought he was doomed to die. His friends obtained permission to take him into the forest to die there, as was customary among the Maoris, erecting a temporary whare for his last days. Rallying, however, from the serious illness, to the surprise of his friends one day he came forth from the whare, which, immediately he left, burst into flames and was destroyed. The public were awe-stricken and filled with superstitious reverence at the miraculous recovery. He told them that atua had again delivered him from death, that in his sick dreams (or trance) the same spirit that had delivered him from the ruakumara when a boy again appeared, and said: "Rise! Come forth! You are spared to be made well, to be the founder of a new church and religion, to be the salvation of the faithful of the Maori people, and to release them from bondage."

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It was now that he began to propound the new doctrine, a mixture of Judaism, Christianity and Hauhauism. His co-prisoners looked upon him as divinely inspired—a man risen from the dead, and with few exceptions they became converts. Meetings of the elders, the council of the Runanga, were instituted, and a code of moral laws laid down for guidance. For breaches of these the new church inflicted punishments. Te Kooti, now regarded as the people's prophet and teacher, adapted the Psalms of David to his purposes, the lives of Moses and Joshua, the story of the escape from Egypt, and the wanderings of the Children of Israel. The prayers which he led were all chanted together, the people elevating the right hand, hailing and beseeching the Lord who was to lead them "out of bondage."

Colonel Porter, C.B., stated that the karakia or prayer service from the Maori Bible, Jeremiah, chapter 31, vv. 16 and 17, was chosen by Te Kooti as particularly applicable to the exiles' state of captivity and their expected escape, and was recited morning and night by many earnest voices:

"Thus saith the Lord: Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy.

"And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border."

The sixty-fourth Psalm was also chanted as a karakia of appeal for deliverance from enemies. It was subsequently used in times of battle and retreat, and it is chanted to this day by the disciples of the Wairua-Tapu:

"Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer: preserve my life from fear of the enemy.

"Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked; and from the insurrection of the workers of iniquity.

"Who whet their tongue like a sword; and bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words.

"That they may shoot in secret at the perfect: suddenly do they shoot at him and fear not.

* * * *

"But God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded.

* * * *

"The righteous shall be glad in the Lord and shall trust in him; and all the upright in heart shall glory."

* * * *

Te Kooti and his fantastic disciples were, of course, fully satisfied that they were the "perfect" and the "upright in heart."

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After a hymn had been sung at the evening service it was customary to recite all together the following short karakia (Chronicles 16, 28):

"Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

"Fear before him, all the earth; the world also shall be stable, that it be not moved."

And then they chanted with one voice:

"Salvation belongeth unto the Lord. Thy blessing is upon thy people."

(Or, as it is in the Maori version, "Na, Ihowa te-whaka-oranga; ki runga i to iwi to mana-a-kitanga.")

Te Kooti's own personal karakia or prayer-charm, which he was wont to recite in time of stress and battle, and which he declared was disclosed to him by God during his lonely sojourn in the bush at Wharekauri, was the Third Psalm, ending at the ninth verse:

"Lord how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me.

"But Thou, Lord, art a shield for me, my glory and the lifter of mine head.

"I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill.

* * * *

"I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.

"Arise, O Lord, save me, O my God: for Thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone: thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly."

* * * *

The intense popularity of these religious services alarmed the authorities, who imprisoned Te Kooti and ordered him to discontinue his preaching. This he did, and he expressed regret to the R.M., Captain Thomas, who warned and released him. Then Punairangi (a former teacher under the Bishop of Waiapu, afterwards killed at Ngatapa) resumed the original Pai Marire mode of worship, and Te Kooti for a while lost caste. But early in 1868 the Government of the day very unwisely released the principal chiefs from exile, thus removing the controlling authority from the ordinary people, and leaving them plastic subjects in the hands of such a man as Te Kooti, who presently resumed his all-absorbing karakia.

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"What I have just written," said Colonel Porter, "will suffice to describe the origin and development of the forms of Hauhauism or Pai Marire, which began in 1864 and practically ended in 1868. On both the west and east coasts new tenets of worship were instituted, by Titokowaru on the west and Te Kooti on the east, in their wars of rebellion against us. Titikowaru's was based upon old Maori customs in warfare, and was in a great part a reversion to ancient atrocities, including cannibalism. Te Kooti's religion was a medley based upon the Pakeha's Old Testament, but including also some of the olden Maori war customs. Te Kooti, however, did not revive cannibalism; let that much at least be set to his credit. During my service in the west coast campaigns I saw ample proofs of this barbaric practice, for on more than one occasion Titokowaru's savage warriors cooked and ate the bodies, or portions of the bodies, of white colonial soldiers and friendlies. No doubt some of Te Kooti's wild followers might have done the same thing, but their leader, with all his ferocity and Pakeha-hatred, would have no such reversion to the ways of primitive Maori warfare."

The removal of the restraining influence of the chiefs left Te Kooti full scope for obtaining the strongest hold over the fanatical superstitions of his co-prisoners, ready converts to the new form of worship. By secret study he cleverly constructed a religion culled principally from the books of Moses, Joshua, and the Psalms of David. The collations were appropriate to the Maoris' state of bondage and to their prophesied redemption from the overlording Europeans. In the development of his peculiar form of worship he bore in mind, as is evident, the Twelve Apostles and Ten Commandments of Moses, for his ritual consisted of twelve services of ten portions each, a total of 120. On June 28, 1868, according to the best accounts, Te Kooti held a special and solemn service at which he announced to his followers that the atua had prepared him to receive a direction that night. He besought them to be unitedly earnest in their prayers. After the karakia he isolated himself the whole night and did not reappear till the next morning's worship. Looking wearied and anxious, after his scriptural address he said God had revealed Himself, and directed him to lead his people from bondage and return to the land of his fathers, Aotea-roa. The day of emancipation was to be on their Ra Tapu (Sabbath), which, according to their faith, was Saturday. The atua had revealed to him that a small vessel and a large one would arrive, but the larger was the one destined for their escape. At the close of the service he directed that all the lights should be put out, and he prepared in the darkness to receive a light from atua if favourable to their escape. He then extended his hands in

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prayer, when, to the astonishment of his congregation, his hands became luminous by a phosphorescent light, illuminating the house of worship. This manifestation was accepted as a tohu from te atua in response to their direct prayers. On June 30 the ketch "Florence" arrived at Waitangi, the small vessel foretold by Te Kooti. This seemingly extraordinary fulfilment of his words aroused renewed faith in the promised escape from bondage, and the people asked Te Kooti when the larger vessel would arrive. To this he replied, according to Colonel Porter's account: "The ark of our salvation will arrive before our next Sabbath. Go to your avocations as usual, keep steadfast faith in the atua, and pray within your hearts till the hour of command; then let not one person hesitate to obey, for should there be any among you lack faith, death shall come to him."

Now quickly came the complete fulfilment of Te Kooti's astute "revelation" of the 28th of June.

On the 3rd of July the three-masted schooner "Rifleman" (Captain John Christian) arrived at Waitangi from Wellington, with supplies. The prisoners doubted not that this was the vessel which it was foretold should release them, and most anxiously they awaited the final word. Te Kooti himself, as steersman of one of the boats, laboured all day in landing supplies, giving no sign for the eventful coming morrow.

At the service that night he preached from Exodus, chapter 6, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th verses; also from chapter 12, 22nd and 23rd verses. Then the people knew deliverance was nigh. The morrow would be their Sabbath. In concluding the evening service, the worshippers chanted Psalm 3, 8th verse, Psalm 110, 2nd verse, and Psalm 66, verses 5, 10, 11 and 12. Then they dispersed to their houses to rest and pray for speedy deliverance from bondage.

The European guard at this date consisted at first of a total of 30 of all ranks—two officers, three non-coms. and 25 privates. Captain Edward Tuke was in command. They built a redoubt of earthworks in a commanding position towards the sea, and for a time strict military discipline was maintained. Unfortunately, discipline was considerably relaxed towards the end of 1867, which state of things was reported to the New Zealand Government. The complaints were principally from among the prisoners. The Hon. Mr. Rolleston in the beginning of the year paid an official visit to inquire into the general state of affairs. The following is extracted from his report:—"If a military guard is still to be kept up, I respectfully submit that a smaller number of efficient, well-paid men would answer the same purpose as the present force. I do not think that even the force as

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now constituted would be any material good were anything like a serious difficulty to arise, but the existence of a guard of some sort is a necessary precaution to prevent the necessity arising for a larger force. The number of non-com. officers and men need not be greater than sufficient to keep up a sentry."

In February, 1868, following this report, the Government reduced the guard to one non-com. and 15 privates, recalling the officers and others to New Zealand, and leaving the R.M., Captain Thomas, in sole charge—civil and military. Such a depletion of the already weak guard, and removal of chiefs before referred to, was playing directly into the hands of the prisoners, whose preacher, Te Kooti, had already formulated ideas of escape; in fact, it was offering a strong temptation to men capable of the most daring deeds, apart from their fanaticism and longing for freedom.

The 4th of July, 1868, famous in the annals of Hauhauism, broke with heavy rain. All work was suspended and all settlers, as well as officials and the Maori prisoners, kept indoors, and only one man knew what was about to happen. The morning service began, all eyes being directed to Te Kooti to see if he had any sign to give, but his countenance was sphinx-like in the extreme. He spoke as follows:—"This is atua's day for us, and the rain from heaven (te o te Rangi) is sent as a sign for our deliverance." Dismissing the people, he requested the boat's crews to remain, also a certain number of other men he named, among them his uncle, Te Warihi, and Karanama Ngerengere, Te Oikau, the half-caste Eru Peka, and Tamanui Tote. Then he addressed them, saying:—"The atua opened this day with brightness and we saw the sun; then he brought down the rain as a tohu (a sign), and after midday (ra-poupou) it will clear again. The day will be ours, the soldiers will be overcome and the ship captured." Then he detailed the plans for escape, namely, that when the first Government boat returned from the schooner it should be seized and at the same moment he with the chosen few would surprise the guard. There was to be no killing or spilling of blood(5). Three only out of those assembled raised doubts and protests against the attempt to escape. One of them was his uncle, Warihi, who later paid with his life for his disbelief.

Roughly speaking, at this time there were over 300 Natives interned, and from the very first a guard of 26 men was utterly inadequate. Captain Thomas had asked that this should be increased, but the answer he got from the Stafford Ministry was a request that the whole guard be sent back excepting a corporal

(5). A returned prisoner informed me no one was killed, but the death of Private Hartnett stands against them.

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and three privates! The settlers objected to this false economy, and Major Edwards advised an increase of the force to two officers and thirty privates, but before this could be done—if it was ever intended—Te Kooti had brought off his coup and escaped. Among the escapees was Te Rangitahau, a pupil of the renowned tohunga tapu, Werewere-te-Rangipu-manao. Rangitahau fought against us in many of the hill fights and acted as Te Kooti's lord high executioner, and was both feared and hated. He belonged to the Ngati-tu-Wharetoa, and quite came up to the specifications of a true warrior-tohunga of Old New Zealand.

The Coup Comes Off.

On the 4th July, 1868, Te Kooti and his fellow prisoners overpowered the slender guard, locked them in the gaol and seized the three-masted schooner "Rifleman" (82 tons), which had arrived the previous day with Government stores. They swarmed on deck to the number of about 200, and placed armed sentries in the forecastle and cabin. Captain Priest and four men of the ketch "Florence," lying near by, were ordered to go ashore in the "Rifleman's" boat, and the "Florence" was then sent ashore on the beach. Captain Christian, of the "Rifleman," who was ashore at the time of the seizure, was forcibly kept on the island, and the first officer, Mr. Payne, was ordered, under pain of death, to lift anchor and sail for Poverty Bay, which he did to save his own life and those of his crew.

Mick Mulloolley.

The following statement, written by the late Michael Mulloolley, a Tolaga Bay old identity, on this fatal day throws a good deal of light on this affair. He says:—"The Hauhau prisoners have risen against all authority and made themselves masters. About 2 p.m. they began to come into the redoubt and about it. They came into the barrack-room and into the cookhouse adjoining; both places were full of them. I asked a few of them what they were going to do this day; they told me that they were going to carry flour. I remarked that it was too wet; they told me that it was Elliot's orders. I said no more to them, nor made further remarks. About 2.45 p.m. I walked out of the barrack-room, it being so full of prisoners that I could not move about. I had not gone more than seven paces when I was seized by three or four men; they laid me down very gently, and they bound me hand and foot; they tied my hands behind my back, and they left me on the ground with my face downwards; I did not know what they were going to do with me. I saw them break open the magazine. I saw them roll out the ammunition and take possession of the rifles and bayonets; I saw them load and cap the rifles with great haste. I did not know what they were going to do. When I left the barrack-room I met an old fellow who had

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been sick, or shamming sick, for the last six months or thereabouts. I remarked to myself what business he had down here. I heard a great row in the barrack-room while I lay on the ground; they left me there for about five minutes; they then carried me into the barrack-room, where they laid me down. I saw Constables Cotter, Muirhead and Johnson tied hand and foot, and they told me that Constable Hartnett had been tomahawked. I saw them open all our boxes in order to see what they could find; they took all the money they could find; they took nothing else that I know of out of the barrack-room. I heard them fire about three shots, and a few minutes afterwards they carried Captain Thomas into the barrack-room, tied hand and foot; they laid him down on the ground floor; he was tied very tight and I believe suffered very much. I saw them drag Constable Hemington into the barrack-room, with his trousers torn off his back; he looked rather fierce. I saw them handcuff him. I was suffering a good deal of pain in my wrists. I asked them to handcuff me also. After a good deal of talk, they unbound me and put the handcuffs on me, not behind my back. Captain Thomas was suffering very much, he being tied so very tight; he asked them to put the handcuffs on him, but they gave him no heed; he called out to me to ask them to handcuff him; I asked the man that was over us to handcuff Captain Thomas; he said he had none to put on. I showed him where he would get a pair, and they put them on Captain Thomas. A few minutes after, a fellow came in and told Captain Thomas that they wanted him at the Courthouse to talk with Alick (Mr. Shand, the Maori interpreter). They loosed his feet and took him away, well watched, and one fellow followed him with a long rope; I thought they were going to hang him. A few minutes after, they commenced to karakia, or pray, in Elliot's room; it was short; they came out in the barrack-square and formed a circle. They then commenced karakia again; I think it was Hauhau karakia to the best of my knowledge, for I heard them say No. 1, No. 2, 3 and 4; it was short; they broke off, and they had another prayer at the gate, and they gave a few shouts and left the place. We were all tied all this time; two civilians came in and loosed us, and we saw them all on board the 'Rifleman.' It is something to the credit of the Natives that so far they accomplished the seizure without shedding much blood, the whole affair being ably planned and fearlessly carried out." But this cannot be said of the rest of the voyage.

On the 9th July head winds were met with, and it is said that in order to appease Tangaroa, the sea god, Te Kooti ordered one of their number whom he declared to be the Jonah—his own uncle, by the way—to be thrown overboard. This was done,

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despite the appeals of the unfortunate man for mercy, and as there was no whale (or great fish of Tangaroa) handy to swallow and save him he soon sank in the depths of the ocean(6).

The "Rifleman," after this sacrifice, was granted favourable winds—another testimony to the sagacity of Te Kooti—and he landed at a spot called Whareongaonga, six or seven miles south of Turanganui, on the 10th. Te Kooti, after landing all his party, dismissed his unwilling white crew, who, without reporting the matter at Turanganui, sailed in the "Rifleman" for Wellington, which they did not reach until the 22nd. The Natives secured a good supply of arms, comprising nearly 50 rifles and guns, four revolvers, nine pistols, a few swords, and a quantity of rifle ammunition. These, when added to the usual Native armoury, equipped a fighting force that should not have been despised, and a force that would not have been let loose upon the helpless settlers of Poverty Bay and Wairoa had the Government of the day possessed but a modicum of sense and common prudence.

One incident characteristic of the colonial soldier of the olden days may be mentioned. One of the Chatham Island guards already mentioned, "Mick" Mullooley, noted as much for his penuriousness as his rich, warm brogue, was on the day of the seizure off duty and acting as cook when the Hauhaus rose. Thinking as much of his money as his life, he ran to his tent for a hoard of fifty-odd sovereigns he had, and quickly threw them into a "go-ashore" (a three-legged iron pot) which stood near the fire. Taking away his rifle, the Hauhaus ransacked the place and came upon the pot of potatoes, and though helping themselves to the food, they missed all the sovereigns lying at the bottom. Surely "Mick's" luck was in that day.

Mr. Engst's Account.

Mr. Engst, a German missionary at the Chathams, stated in reference to the affair:—"Te Kooti in 1868 was a sick, miserable man; here he was not well at all. I often gave him money. Captain Thomas, the magistrate, did not have a strong guard, and so the prisoners took it into their minds to get free at the first opportunity. The guards neglected their duty; for, thinking the Maoris were contented, they built their ideas on a wrong foundation. A vessel, the 'Rifleman,' a three-masted schooner, was landing goods, and, finding the opportunity comfortable for escape, the Maoris made provision at once and captured her. I had the charter of a schooner, the 'Florence,' which was in the harbour at the same time. The captain and the crew were made prisoners.

(6). As a matter of fact this was not the reason Te Kooti got rid of his uncle. He did so because he was dangerous to his nephew's prestige and influence. Fully imbued with the humbug of Hauhauism, and aware of Te Kooti's sleight-of-hand tricks, it would never do to let him live to denounce or discredit the prophet, so it was decreed he should die, and at the word of the Dictator the ocean waves closed over him.

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fire was put on the vessel's deck, and she was cast adrift. But she burnt not, and drifted ashore. In the meantime other Maoris captured the barracks. During their stay the Maoris had been made to build a prison, and into this they put the English. One of the white men was killed in a matter of private revenge, but no harm more than in capturing them was done to the others. I was on shore when I saw the trouble. When I came to the barracks I found the magistrate with his hands tied standing on the bridge over the ditch round the barracks. I went in to Te Kooti. 'What is it that you are doing?' said I. 'Come out, and I will tell you.' And he took me behind the barracks. 'We go,' he then said, and asked me to go with them. 'You are on the wrong track; I go not. Call your men from the barracks and let go the prisoners.' But he would not. He led the magistrate to the office and compelled him to hand over £300 sent to him by the Government for salaries, and then put him in the prison. Then Maori men, women, and children marched in order, with rejoicings, to the beach, went on board the ship, and cleared off all goods for room. Brown, one of the settlers, got a key from a blacksmith and opened the prison. The vessel lay there all night and went out next day, but it came back and then went off."

When Te Kooti landed at Whareongaonga(7) he immediately marched inland and sent messages to the different tribes reporting his escape, and soliciting their assistance for an advance into the Waikato against the Maori "King," whom he hoped to supplant. In this he may have been in earnest, but he found it very difficult to convince even the Natives that he had no ulterior object in view nearer home. At all events the Maoris became convinced that he meant mischief, and when Major Biggs, the then R.M., found Te Kooti occupying a strong defensive position, the Europeans came to the same conclusion. Biggs, who was in command of the district, sent a message to Te Kooti that if the prisoners surrendered and laid down their arms they would not be punished, unless any of them committed murders at Chatham Islands before leaving, and only those directly concerned would have to be punished. This they refused, Te Kooti reiterating a statement of his intention to proceed to the Waikato—and it is a great pity he was not allowed to do so.

(7). "Te Kooti and his followers displayed sound sense and strategy in selecting the little fishing cove as their place of landing. It is a very picturesque spot, surrounded by high hills and ranges which at that time were covered with forests. It was quite hidden from view, either inland or seaward. From the ocean no sign of the cove was visible, only apparently precipitous cliffs and steep hills. The cove itself was formed by a sudden right-angle elbow turn of the sea below the cliffs, opening up a small natural bay, with nice flats upon which, in the fishing season, the Maoris built their 'whares.' There is a story as to one of these huts, in bygone generations, becoming so overgrown by the plant 'ongaonga' (Urtica ferox), the New Zealand stinging-nettle, that many Maoris were seriously stung. This is how the name Whare-ongaonga came to be given to the cove."—Col. Porter.

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If molested he would fight. Paora Kati was sent by Major Biggs, and on the fifth day after the landing the parties met, the ambassador of the Europeans adopting a rather contemptuous tone to the man who had just brought off a great coup. "So it is you, Rikirangi te Hiangi! I thought so, this is your work."

To this Te Kooti replied, "Yes, and that is you, Te Kupapa —a waverer—now a Kawanatanga" (Government man).

Paora, by Maori custom, being a chief in his tribe, stood in the relation of an uncle to Te Kooti himself. He faithfully delivered his message, demanding the rebels' arms, and backed the demand up by a strong argument.

Te Kooti's reply was definite and decided. "No; we shall hold what atua has placed in our hands. We shall not turn from the path marked for us. We go to Waikato, there to dethrone the King and set up one that shall be the chosen of the atua to rule all the islands for the salvation of the Maori people. Tell Biggs we will neither surrender ourselves nor our arms. We want peace. We do not want bloodshed; we only ask an open path to the interior of the land. We will not molest Turanga. Go, now, and give him my words!"

The Maori escort with Paora then went over to the enemy, and Te Kooti that night addressed his people. "The kai-wero," he said, "the challenger has thrown his spear, and we have replied. We must now be on our guard. To-morrow we must go more inland to the forest; we are no longer safe here. Therefore make ready to move." Then, assembled on a commanding hill called Rahui, Te Kooti addressed the people, among them Ngerengere, Te Oikau, Eru Peka and Te Uatuku. After some passionate discussion the general decision was "Me riri" (fight).

Then Te Kooti said: "I expected this after my refusal to surrender our arms and selves again to the Government; I told them of our peaceful desires, which they heeded not. The taniwha, the dragon, lies across our path and we must kill it or ourselves be killed. My heart is dark, but it is atua's will and I am compelled to give the word. Ae! me whawhai! Patua te taniwha" (Yes! Let us fight! Slay the dragon!) Te Kooti called together his soldiers, numbering about 100, and divided them into two parties. He led one himself, and the other was led by Ngerengere.

Paparatu and After.

Major Biggs therefore withdrew his slender force, and Te Kooti was, for the time being, free to move. At the Muriwai he was challenged by the Natives but did not reply, and went up into the ranges, where he was attacked at Paparatu on July 20 by the friendly Natives, assisted by Major Biggs and Captains Westrupp and Wilson. The force had reason to believe that Te

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Kooti, after having landed at Whareongaonga, would make along a spur in the direction of Te Reinga and Ruakituri. The rendezvous was reached in a snowstorm, and with several inches of snow on the ground, no food for the horses, except what could be picked up, and not a tent among them, the situation was anything but cheerful. This under the circumstances was a blunder, for Te Kooti had declared he would not fire the first shot. This was reserved for the Pakehas, Captain Wilson opening at 8.30 in the morning. The fire was hotly returned from the well-armed rebel force, and a number of loyalists were killed. According to the account of Mr. Thelwall, who was present, the Hauhau leader saw that he could not possibly advance in the direction of Captain Wilson's party, whose fire had been particularly heavy. Then, states Mr. Thelwall, Te Kooti gave the first instance of strategy for which afterwards he acquired such notoriety. He dispatched a small body of rebels to the rear. They travelled about four miles round, and then came out about three chains below Captain Westrupp's party, the latter being of course unaware of the movement. Captain Westrupp's men advanced to meet Te Kooti, and as if in response to their challenge the rebel chief advanced towards the Pakehas. Shortly after three o'clock the two bodies were within three chains of each other, a small fern ridge separating Pakehas and Maoris. Naturally, the colonials lay as close to the ground as possible, crawling and lying in the stunted fern. As a Maori came on to the ridge the colonials would rise slowly, fire and sink down again. The position at that time was that the Pakehas were ambushed between two forces of rebels—Te Kooti on the ridge above and the rear party below. Suddenly the colonials were thunderstruck by a volley from below them, and in a few minutes two men of the little band were killed and eight wounded. Those killed were "Billy the Goose" and a Maori who had responded to the call for assistance at Matawhero. Here was a pretty how-do-you-do! A panic, and the party had to beat a hasty retreat. The only white man killed was the one above mentioned—he was the Wairoa-Gisborne mailman, and an ex-whaler. The retreating force lost heavily in material of war, having to abandon everything but the wounded. The fact was that Te Kooti had brought off a flank and rear attack, the ammunition was soon all expended, night was at hand, and the timorous Native levies had no further stomach for fighting, the supports being slow to move up. There was therefore nothing for it but to retreat.

Mr. McClutchie, a veteran of the war on the East Coast, recently gave to the Press an incident of this disastrous affair till then unpublished. Dealing with Te Kooti's descent on the

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coast at Whareongaonga, Mr. McClutchie says:—"But they took things too lightly. Instead of a fight they were prepared for a bush picnic. Their pack-horses carried all kinds of delicacies, including many roast turkeys and bottles of beer and wine. When they got to Paparatu the first thing they did was to spread the food on the ground, and all sat down for a real enjoyable meal, never dreaming that Te Kooti and his men were in the neighbourhood. But the rebel leader had left the coast a few days previously, with no provisions save those provided by the bush, mostly mamaku and nikau roots, which they ate raw. Suddenly they came upon the Volunteers sitting down to their joyous spread. Peta Tahena, one of Te Kooti's leaders, who is still alive and residing in the Waiapu, has often told me with great glee how they felt when they smelt that roast turkey after their starvation diet. Te Kooti howled out, 'Here's a go! Fight for your tucker!' and the Maoris let out a blood-curdling war-cry and ran straight for the spread. The Volunteers jumped up panic-stricken and scattered in all directions, leaving roast turkey, duck, pastry, pies, beer and wine to the Maoris. To this day," said Mr. McClutchie with a broad grin, "Peta Tahena laughs when he thinks of it." So ended the disaster at Paparatu—and the picnic(8). At this time, no doubt, a change of Ministry had somewhat upset matters in the Defence Office at the seat of Government, but this should not have affected the military forces then in the field. I shall presently show that someone—certainly none of the men—blundered, though it is to be regretted that some of the latter certainly showed the white feather.

The killed included William Wood ("Billy the Goose") and Wi Koro. The wounded were R. Goldsmith, L. Farrell, T. Uren and a few others slightly. Te Kooti then joined up his bands by early morning and thus addressed them:—"Atua has again helped us and cleared our path. But the taniwha is not killed. It is only the head we have maimed, and although we have deprived it of some teeth, yet the body is alive and will pursue us again. We must haste to where he cannot reach us." So he proceeded to march in the direction of Ahimanu and Wakapunake.

(8). Mr. Thelwall, in his reminiscences, disposes of McClutchie's tale thus, and I think his story is credible:—"It must be remembered that at this time the Volunteers had been forty-eight hours without food. Whilst a conversation between Dodd and Colonel Whitmore was going on about joining in, Dodd was holding a raw leg of mutton in his hand, eating it ravenously. Other members were also eating raw mutton, which had been found hung up in readiness for the meals of the new force. This fact, states Mr. Thelwall, should be sufficient to answer Mr. McClutchie's allegation that the Poverty Bay Volunteers took with them roast turkeys and fowls, pies and pastry, etc., and sat down to a good meal while waiting for Te Kooti. Mr. Thelwall points out that snow was lying on the ground at Paparatu, and the story of laying the tablecloth in the bush and having a bush picnic he terms 'all bosh'."

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CHAPTER XVIII—*(Continued)*

TE KOOTI RIKIRANGI

TE KONEKE—RUAKITURI—MISSION OF THE SCOUTS—A REBEL CHIEF—ORAKAU AND AFTER—THE WHATAROA MASSACRE—SCENE SHIFTS TO FRASERTOWN—A FATAL BLUNDER—A BLOODY DAY—ROPATA MOVES OUT—DEATH OF KARAURIA—THE FALL OF NGATAPA.

Te Koneke.

Te Kooti's line of retreat from the coast—or perhaps it should be called his advance to the interior—lay in a southerly direction from Poverty Bay across the high Ahimanu Range (running parallel to the coast) to the Waihau lakes. This point, as most of my readers know, lies to the north-west of Te Wairoa. Major Biggs sent notice to the Resident Magistrates of all that had occurred, and the loyal chiefs and a few Europeans made up a considerable force to aid the settlers against the rebels. This force was under Captain W. A. Richardson, then in command of the Wairoa Armed Constabulary(1), with Ihaka Whaanga of Nuhaka and Paora Apatu of Waihirere—in all less than 100 men(2). The force left Wairoa on July 21, 1868, and marched for Turanganui via Waihau lakes, and had not got much north of that place when, on the 24th July, a despatch from Colonel Whitmore, sent on by Captain Wilson, ordered the force to return to Waihau and endeavour to intercept Te Kooti or hold him engaged until the main force could come up. This was done, the Natives not being at all pleased at the prospect of not visiting Turanganui. Captain Richardson posted his men on Te Koneke Ridge. This was a commanding position on the road between Tiniroto and Whenuakura, over which the track went in those days, and along which the rebel force might be expected to travel—if the unexpected did not occur. Before dark Te Kooti's column, numbering over 300 men, came in sight, and an engagement seemed imminent. There were, as I have stated, barely 100 men on the European side, and of this force all but 18 were Natives. The enemy were now armed with weapons

(1). When the first news of the Chatham Island prisoners reached Captain Deighton, R.M., he acted with commendable promptitude, sending 50 Natives and 10 Europeans to the help of Biggs, but the force never reached him.

(2). The late Major Large first took the field under Captain Richardson.

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quite as good as those possessed by the Europeans, and which they knew well how to use. On Captain Richardson reaching the second crossing of the Hangaroa he received a despatch ordering him to retire, and he had no option but to obey. Just at that moment Te Kooti attacked, and as the force was climbing tne hill at Te Rahu some of the Natives called out, "Ko te Hau! Ko te Hau!" whereupon Paora Apatu ran up the hill as fast as he could. Richardson and Preece remonstrated with him, but he refused to listen, and on reaching his horse galloped off with all his men, leaving Captains Richardson and Preece to fight it out, which they were unable to do. When night came on Captain Richardson, after losing one man, withdrew upon Te Reinga, pursued a portion of the distance by the successful rebels. The defeat and hasty retreat of the Government forces, pursued as far as the Hangaroa River, below Wakapunake Mountain, enabled Te Kooti to march his people further unmolested on to the pretty little village of the Ngati-Kohatu ("Descendants of the Rocks") at Whenuakura, across the western side of the river. The Hangaroa, a swift mountain stream, was then in strong flood, and the crossing of the people had to be done in canoes, the horses swimming behind. The chiefs of this village, Rewi Tipuna and Watekina Taiukuru, whether they sympathized with Te Kooti or not, had no choice but to extend hospitality and good-will. All-powerful as Te Kooti then was, it meant death to oppose his way, or even to take the part of a passive resister. This place of halt was very suitable for defence; it was difficult to approach from any direction, from front or flank, and there was a good clear line of retreat open rearwards to the interior, then unknown to the Pakehas. The following day Te Kooti sent special messengers to the Maoris of the Upper Wairoa, living there under the chieftainship of Te Waru and Nama, informing them of his intentions and requesting them to join his people to fight the Government.

Rakiroa and a number of his people joined the rebels and a special religious service was held, Te Kooti preaching again, principally from the book of Exodus, chapter 14, verses 30 and 31. Addressing the assembly afterwards, Te Kooti said:—"The weapons of war are now in hand and will not be hung up in the house until the Lord's will is done and the Pakehas are destroyed, and those also of the Maori tribes who support them—none will be spared! Let those who are faithful to our people, the Maori, now follow us, the chosen of te atua, who bring you the true Whakapono, the Gospel as revealed to us far away yonder across the ocean at Whare-kauri. Should you refuse this oranga (salvation), death and destruction will overtake you. These are my words of warning."

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Many of the tribesmen assembled had formerly been members of the Pai Marire faith. These Hauhaus now heard for the first time the karakia of the "Ringa Tu," with which they were much impressed. Convincing demonstration of its power was before them in the wonderful escape of the prisoners from bondage as foretold by Te Kooti. Rakiroa now, on behalf of his people, said, "We will follow in your path; your atua shall be ours also." To this the high-priest and war-chief replied: "It is well; we shall move in to the koraha (the wilderness); we will turn again upon our oppressors; all the land shall be ours."

Joined by a body of armed men from Rakiroa's tribe, the rebels next day marched further inland. They ascended the steep wooded range dividing the Hangaroa and Ruakituri Rivers, and descended into the latter from Puke-toro-miro. They followed the Ruakituri up towards its head-waters at Te Pa-puni, a march exceedingly arduous, crossing rugged forest ridges and fording the flooded river. Many of their horses were killed or knocked up; the country was only fit for foot-travelling, and bad at that. Upon reaching a high forest-clad point overlooking the dry shingle-bed of the ancient lake Pa-puni, Te Kooti halted his people and said: "Here we shall stay and fortify ourselves. This is the Holy Hill, Puke-Tapu, the place where the ancients built their stronghold." Here, says Colonel Porter, Te Kooti displayed his cleverness in choosing a spot with such an appropriate name, of which he had no doubt in some way heard from his followers. Knowing from the description of its suitability for defence, and acutely appreciating the value of its name, he had already determined to halt there, but he did not so inform his people until the storied spot was reached. The camp was then pitched in the bush, and Te Kooti directed the old overgrown pa, a fortification of bygone generations, to be cleared and its walls repaired. The large number of willing hands soon effected this, and ditches and parapets were cleared and temporary palisades erected, for here the leader resolved to resist attack. Rearguard pickets were maintained, covering the approaches along the Ruakituri banks, and one of these guards was soon to meet Colonel Whitmore's pursuing force, then upon the trail. It is needless to add that this gained Te Kooti fresh adherents, among them in full support a chief of Ngati-Kohatu tribe of Te Reinga, Hangaroa and Ruakituri, named Rakiroa, who with the rest of his hapu had not long before been armed by the Defence authorities, and now he was to turn our own guns against us. It was while halted at the Hangaroa ford that one of Colonel Whitmore's messengers, Paku Brown, was killed

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and the body thrown into a water-hole. Once again had Te Kooti made good his words, and his mana began to increase, a fact which boded no good for the Europeans.

The news of Te Kooti's return from the Chatham Islands travelled slowly, and when it did reach Napier it was via Wairoa, Captain (afterwards Major) Gascoigne riding through from Turanganui in six hours! Colonel Whitmore raised a party of Napier settlers, and being joined by a detachment of Fraser's No. 1 Division and some Taranaki men, and Turanganui volunteers, he pushed on after Te Kooti(3). The country was very rough, as may well be imagined, and in some places snow-covered. The commissariat was badly organized—in fact it did not exist—and the men suffered considerable hardships. Near Te Reinga it was learned that Te Kooti had altered his line of march towards Ruakituri, evidently intending to strike Maunga-Pohatu. At Wakapunake, on the 20th, the fires of the enemy were seen, also some scattered Maoris. In five minutes the men were on the move to meet the escapees from the Chathams, with quite enough alacrity to meet with even the approval of Whitmore. The enemy had posted themselves, to the number of about 200 or 250, on a spur admirably fitted for defence. The first position was soon taken, after which the opposing forces lay parallel to each other, but the Europeans had the disadvantage of being down in the hollow beneath the enemy, Westrupp incurring great blame for allowing the enemy to take up the commanding position he enjoyed. Before the deciding fight of the day Te Kooti advanced to the top of the hill, and joining his hands above his head he engaged in prayer, apparently invoking the destruction of the Pakeha. "At this time," said a chronicler, "he appeared attired in a loose flowing robe, and with the sun shining on him he seemed to me much as Moses of old appeared on Sinai, or as Joshua commanding the sun to stand still." A moment or two after Te Kooti's prayer a storm of bullets struck the Europeans, necessitating the taking up by them of a new position; a five hours' fight resulted, and in the end, as seemed inevitable from the beginning, the enemy got almost in the rear, and to avoid a complete surround a retreat had to be undertaken. In other words, it was from here that the

(3). Colonel Whitmore, who had arrived at Turanganui on the 21st with about 20 Europeans and 40 Native volunteers, was followed by the 1st Division of the A.C., under Major James Fraser, but owing to bad weather the reinforcements arrived too late to redeem Paparatu. The work of demoralisation was so complete that the Poverty Bay men—save a few honourable exceptions—would not go on after Te Kooti. Colonel Whitmore's temper did not help to hasten matters very much, and while courts-martial that could have no legal effect were being held, the Chatham Island escapees were resting.

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Poverty Bay men turned back—deserted, in fact, as people then viewed such actions—the same as Paora Apatu's men at Te Koneke(4).

In the Ruakituri.

Colonel Whitmore, with a slender force of 130 Armed Constabulary and 162 Volunteers, pushed on. The force was ill-supplied with stores; the officers had no knowledge of the country and very little of bushcraft; they underrated the skill of the enemy, and utterly disregarded the commonest of precautions. Still on he pushed, with a fagged and half-starved force. When he reached the head of the Ruakituri River—Te Papuni—Te Kooti's rearguard from an ambush attacked the already dispirited men, from a so-called "island" at the junction of the Ruakituri and Waiopaoa streams. The position taken up by the enemy was merely an accumulation of boulders and shingle brought down by periodical floods. A post in the narrow river-bed, with the enemy well posted behind, the result was a foregone conclusion. On the northern bank rose a high hill called Rakaiwhaia, and here Te Kooti's riflemen lay unobserved ready for the Pakeha foe, and on entering the gorge the Europeans were fired upon, the defenders of the "island" falling back on Rakaiwhaia, which they mounted, the while pouring in a continuous fire for at least two hours. The European advance guard was led by Captain Canning, an impetuous but brave officer from Hawke's Bay, one who never asked his men to go where he was not prepared to lead the way. But marching and fighting on empty stomachs, the men cold and wet into the bargain, the situation was not altogether enjoyable. It was about noon when the force halted in the bed of the stream, practically without cover, and Colonel Whitmore was faced with the possibility of having to retreat. The swollen river ran in front, and as it "seemed" that the enemy had increased the distance between them and their pursuers a retirement was decided upon(5). At this juncture, however, it was suggested by Captain Carr, of Petane, an old Royal Artillery officer, who knew no fear, that he should be allowed to

(4). My authority for this statement is Colonel Whitmore, but my friend the late Major Large has thrown a new light upon it by showing that "the Poverty Bay settlers turned back because they had reached the boundaries of their own district and the enemy was nowhere to be seen, and Apatu's men deserted in the middle of an engagement with Te Kooti's men, and would have been shot as cowards in some countries."

"In those days there was a boundary between the provincial districts," says Mr. Thelwall, "and, according to what we considered our rights, we were not obliged to go beyond that boundary. Nobody, of course, was getting any military pay, and we were banded together in defence of our homes, not to go to any part of New Zealand to fight, unless, of course, we wanted to. Colonel Whitmore had made himself so disagreeable to us that we decided not to go a yard beyond the provincial boundary, which was somewhere near Wairoa, I think. We went with Colonel Whitmore to the boundary and there left him, and came back to our homes in Poverty Bay."

(5). A grandson of Karaitiana Roto-a-Tara served in the Great War, and rose to the rank of sergeant; he was also the winner of the Military Medal.

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reconnoitre a little further ahead. He did so, and reported that the enemy was posted on the "island" already referred to about a hundred yards round the next bend. The prospect of a brush altered the previous determination, and the river was crossed with great difficulty several times before the objective was reached. The water was dreadfully cold, up to the men's waists and deeper, the men having to hang their pouches round their necks and form a chain to avoid being swept down stream over the boulders. Captain Herrick, with a few ill-trained Volunteers and a few Maoris, was detailed to attack the enemy in the rear, but not much execution was done, he not being well supported; Paora Kaiwhata, a Napier chief, doing the best work. As soon as Captain Herrick engaged the enemy the advance on the front began, practically led by Captains Carr and Canning, for Colonel Whitmore was in the rear directing Captain Herrick's movement. In a very short time the enemy's fire became very hot, and though a recall had been sounded, Captain Carr, who was very deaf, did not hear it, and went on, falling along with Captain Canning well in advance. Privates Burns and Coates, Armed Constabulary, were killed, also a Native named Rahera, and Lieutenant Tuke and Private Condon were wounded. Captain Canning handed his revolver to Private "Barney" Reed, and as he fell, struck by two bullets, he sent back a message that he had died in trying to do his duty. Captain Carr's body, weapons and haversack, fell into the hands of the enemy. The European force was beaten off, and so hotly were they pressed that the dead officers and men were left at the scene of conflict—indeed, it is stated that at one time the wounded privates also were about to be left to the tender mercies of the Hauhaus, until a disabled man threatened to turn a revolver on his officers if he was left. The retreat was worse than the advance, it taking 16 men to carry out the wounded. All night the bearers climbed hill after hill, hard enough to traverse in daylight, but doubly so at night time—with the groanings of the wounded, and the nip of the frost chilling the very marrow in their bones. It was next midday before food was secured. A horse was killed and cooked and thus was hunger appeased, and the terrible Ruakituri country left behind.

The sequel to this disastrous day may well be mentioned here regarding the attempts to recover the bodies of these officer-heroes. On 28th August (the fight was on the 8th) Lieutenant Tu Saunders and a scout party visited the spot, but owing to the presence of the enemy did not go far enough to discover the bodies of the fallen officers and men. Later still another scouting party found three bodies, including those of Captains Carr and Canning, but owing to the advanced state of decomposition

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they were not then buried. Just here let me say that, fatuously enough, in face of a serious defeat of European arms, Fraser's force was removed and the Armed Constabulary marched overland to Napier, where, so far as could be learned, there were no welcoming strains of band music.

The axe of the bushman, followed by the fire-stick and the grass-seed bag, are surely blotting out the old forest marks, which were originally a guide to the blood-sprinkled track made by Te Kooti and his pursuers in the Wairoa hinterland, and it is now difficult to see anything to prevent pursuit. But those who knew the area in question before the civilization agencies got to work can appreciate the task of Whitmore and his men. Mr. James Dickenson, the original owner of Puhoro, did a lot of exploration up-river in trying to locate the place where Captain Carr and Captain Canning were buried (this was years after the fight) he having been commissioned by Mr. Ellison, of Napier (Carr's cousin), to find the reputed "island" on which the officers took cover—which is not an island, but the tail of a boulder spit which had formed around a huge shaft of rock, probably 12 feet high and about 3 feet 6 inches in diameter (this is shown in a photograph). The rock was known to old-time Maoris as Te-Wero-a-Tohe, and it was behind this that Carr and Canning took shelter from the fire of Te Kooti's followers in the mouth of the creek known as Maka-ha-Muka, a little above the alleged islet. A Ruakituri settler says anent this fight, so unfortunate to British prestige:—"'Maori Brown' and a couple of other fireside historians have described the conduct of the above-mentioned troops as cowardly in not rescuing Carr, who was shot through both hips, but they had not got a hope of getting Carr, as the island was a regular death-trap—the only shelter being the rock, behind which no more than two or three men could find cover, and then only in file; the whole situation being dominated by Te Kooti's men, who had taken up a position on a steep face, so covered by scrub that they had a perfect view of everything in the river-bed, but on account of the gradient it was impossible to get a view of a single Maori from the European position. Add to that, that the average 12-year-old bush-bred boy of to-day knows more about bushcraft than the whole of their leaders put together. The men must have known this, and I think instead of condemning the men they ought to be commended for their bravery in following on the track of Te Kooti (who was undoubtedly one of the world's craftiest bush-fighters) into the most dirty, densely vined, and jumbled-up bush country in the North Island, with never a clear view for a hundred yards and a chance of ambush every step." All this, I say, may be very true; but Te Kooti, with a serious ankle wound, was

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being carried off on the back of one of his wives, and it will take a lot of persuasion to make Britishers believe it was a proper proceeding to retire and leave the wounded in the hands of savage foes. Te Kooti then resumed his advance, but before doing so he ordered out a party under Tokitahi to march on Wairoa and seize the arms and ammunition which had been served out to Paora Apatu and his men, but it never reached its objective.

Te Kooti then continued his advance—for it was that and nothing else, and not, as Colonel Whitmore tells it in *The Last Maori War,* "in full retreat towards Puketapu mountain." The wounded were then taken out with great difficulty, the bearers displaying a heroism equal to that exhibited by the injured men, who suffered great agony on the march over such rough country in the fading light of a winter evening, and Burns, Condon and Coates died while being taken out. Colonel Whitmore, in his book *The Last Maori War,* dealing with the general action of the Napier Volunteers, tells that on one occasion he held a court-martial, Major Fraser being president, the evidence being taken on an old biscuit-box instead of a drum, amid the plaintive cries of the "prisoners." At each outcry, he says, "I asked incidentally, 'Sergeant-major, are those men ready with the spades?' which produced another outcry." At last the mockery concluded, and the death sentence commuted to imprisonment. As a matter of fact, the officer had no power to sentence for mutiny. Thenceforward the worthy colonel was known as "The Grave-digger," and later, on his visiting Gisborne, he found the town placarded: "The Grave-digger Arrived." But what of the heterogeneous force he commanded? They could not afford to throw stones, but they did. Though a martinet, Colonel Whitmore was also a humorist, and Mr. Thelwall recalls an incident which was highly amusing to all but the victims. When the party was at Te Arai certain men of the new force were told off to carry flour, sugar and other necessaries for the commissariat. One man, known as "Donnybrook," and his mate refused to obey the order. They had joined the force to carry arms, they said, not flour and sugar. Colonel Whitmore ordered the men to be court-martialled. "Donnybrook" and his mate received the news with an amused smile. The court-martial was held. The seriousness of their offence was explained to the culprits, and Colonel Whitmore said he had no option but to sentence them to death, and they would be shot on the following morning. Then the two men began to think things were serious. Graves were dug, and as the men could hear the orders being given for this gruesome work they became frantic with fear. "Donnybrook" asked for an interview with Colonel Whitmore, and the request was granted. "My God, sir," he said, "if you will let me off I will carry two bags of flour and one bag of sugar," and both men went

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down on their knees. Colonel Whitmore said it was then too late. Next morning the men were marched out in front of the troop, and a firing party was drawn up. "Donnybrook" said: "For God's sake, give us a run, Colonel." Colonel Whitmore saw the men had been taught a lesson, and after some hesitation a reprieve was granted, and the men were sent down to Napier and punished by a term of imprisonment. The affair caused great fun at the time, as the troops were in the joke. Needless to say, there were no more refusals to undertake commissariat work. It was not until three years afterwards that the bones of those who fell were laid in mother earth—and their graves were for many years devoid of sadly needed attention at the hands of those who live in times of peace, the blessings of which were gained by men who, whatever their faults, tried to do their duty. Perhaps some day, when there may be a flourishing township in the Ruakituri district, the new generation may raise a monument to the memory of the men who fell on that day of defeat for colonial arms.

Te Kooti, saved by his rearguard, pushed on up the Ruakituri gorge without further molestation, and retired into the back country near Papuni, where his forces remained some time, being joined by Te Waru and the Whataroa people after the massacre of the "scouts." A number of the Urewera also joined the rebel force, but they seem to have kept very quiet; so much so that it was thought, for a time, or rather it was hoped, that Te Kooti had finally settled down and might not give further trouble. In this case, no doubt, the wish was father to the thought. But Te Kooti, though wounded, was successful against the Pakehas, and his was a name to conjure with in the Maori kaingas of the Upper Wairoa and the country of the Urewera.

At this time there were still about 150 women and children in Wairoa, for by this time a number of the Military Settlers had brought up their wives and children, relying on the strength of the stockades and the vigilance at the outlying posts, though the latter appear to have been broken reeds on which to lean, for at Te Kapu (Frasertown) there were 31 stand of arms at the redoubt, with 3,000 rounds of ammunition, absolutely undefended, and as a place of refuge for the residents it was of very little use, the key being in charge of a man living up the Waiau, to which locality the enemy had ready access!

Mission of the Scouts.

About this time Colonel Lambert had a fairly good force at Wairoa, but acting simply on the defensive. The men did a little reconnoitring, drill and rifle practice, but little else of moment engaged their attention. There was, in fact, an agreeable lull for two or three weeks, enough to give the settlers time to digest the un-

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pleasant fact that Te Kooti had successfully beaten off three attacks—Paparatu, Te Koneke, and Puketapu—and was even then in a position from which he could attack the coast settlements and not be easily followed up and compelled to give battle. Lieut.-colonel Lambert, who was then the junior of two Armed Constabulary Commissioners, arrived in Wairoa at this time to take charge of the district. There was only a small Armed Constabulary force in Wairoa then, and Lieut.-colonel Lambert's real mission at this time was to endeavour to provide more fully for the defence of the settlers, even the people of the town expecting an attack in force at any time of the day or night—early morning, however, was the favourite time for Maori attacks. He also sought to take steps to end the unrest which was seething everywhere and hindering the settlement of the district. The first thing he attempted to do was to bring all the outside Wairoa Natives to a better frame of mind. Among those sought to be influenced were a remnant of Te Waru's men, who, with his brother Reihana, still lived at Whataroa, after having formally surrendered some time previously. The commanding officer called a meeting of the friendly Natives to promote the object in view. This was attended by, amongst others, Kopu, Paora Apatu, and other loyal chiefs and influential Natives. It was agreed to send out four delegates, or "scouts" as they have since been erroneously termed, to endeavour to persuade both Te Waru and Reihana, with their men, to surrender—or rather to remain quiet is the more correct term, as they were then supposed to be friendly Natives. They were, in fact, invited to come and live close to Wairoa. But by this time Te Kooti's emissaries had estranged them from their allegiance. Had Te Waru and his men put themselves wholly and unreservedly in the hands of the Europeans they were to be assured of fair and liberal treatment, for at the time the "scouts" were sent out it was not known that Te Waru had rejoined the enemy and was, in fact, assisting in making plans for attacks on Wairoa and Turanganui; and as if to assist him, Lieutenant Tuke had at this time evacuated Te Kapu redoubt! The delegation selected comprised Karaitiana Rotoatara, uncle of the late Mrs. J. Torr, who was the leader; Aheta, stepfather of Mr. A. J. Lewis; Reweti Pakerongo, and Karauria Kohua, all men of note in Wairoa at that time; and they willingly departed on the mission, which was admittedly a dangerous one, even under the white flag, which was as often abused by the Maoris as by the Boers in South Africa. It was at the same time a mission of no small importance, not only to the Europeans, but to the Maoris also, because the war had practically put a stop to trading enterprises, in which they had begun to take an active part.

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A Rebel Chief.

And what of the man whose submission was sought? Te Waru Tamatea himself, who was a particularly handsome man, and a fine sample of the old-time warrior of Maoriland, had many fine qualities, and if he could have been detached from his brother Reihana, and the sinister influences he had acquired, he might have been won over to have respect for law and order, and be a promoter instead of a disturber of the peace. He was a born fighter and as fearless as any man ever was, and possessed a most commanding presence (his portrait shows that), for even in Maoriland are such men born of an illustrious fighting stock, and not pitchforked into the position of leaders of men in battle(6). He was stubborn in anything he undertook, and so was a fit coadjutor of the Orakau defenders. He was one of the brave band of heroes—women as well as men—who finally broke through the 40th Regiment, after the memorable speech attributed to Rewi Manga-o-Maniapoto: "We will fight for ever and ever. Ake! Ake! Ake!" Generally speaking, it has hitherto been supposed that the Waikato comprised the bulk of the fighting force at Orakau, but there were not more than 40 purely Waikato men all told. Out of 300 men, Ngati-Raukawa and Ngati-Kohera, from Taupo, furnished 130 men under Te Pae-rata and his two sons. The Urewera, under Piripi Te Heuheu and Hapurona, supplied 50 more, and the Poroara, from the Manga-a-ruhe, Wairoa district, about 40 (besides an unusually large proportion of women), Raharuhi being head of the latter contingent(7); so that the Taupo and Wairoa districts furnished two-thirds of the fighting force at Orakau(8). The siege of this Maori redoubt took place on 31st March and 1st and 2nd April, 1864, and here, surrounded by 1,700 British and colonial troops under Generals Carey and Cameron—though the latter did not command—held out for three days against well-armed and well-led troops, whilst the defenders were ill-armed, short of ammunition, badly provisioned and perishing for want of water. They knew that their stronghold would eventually be taken, yet no thought of surrender was entertained and no white flag was flown; and foremost in announcing the determination to die sooner than surrender was Te Heuheu, the hereditary chief of Ngati-tu-Whare-toa, of Taupo, whose father, it will be remembered, perished in a landslip near Tongariro. He and his band of heroes it was who hurled back a characteristic defiance to the British troops. Major Mair, the interpreter engaged by General Cameron to

(6). This chief has been described as "a turbulent character." This is not so. The photograph which I am enabled to give shows him as a haughty war chief and a readily obeyed leader.

(7). Raharuhi fell at Orakau.

(8). The various commands were as follows:—Ngati-Kahungunu—Te Waru Tamatea and Raharuhi Tamatea; Tuhoe—Te Whenuanui, Piripi Te Heuheu, Paerau te-Rangi-kitipuake, and Hapurona Kohi.

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summon the enemy to surrender, was quite confident that it was Hauraki Tonganui, of Taupo, who uttered the famous reply, and his tribe still supports Major Mair's contentions as against the claim set up by or on behalf of Rewi Manga-o-Maniapoto. Raharuhi Tamatea, the grandfather, and Roka-te-Ihu-toto, the grandmother of the late Mrs. H. S. Ingram, of Opoiti, were present(9) with their four sons, and it was one of the four, named Piki, who walked up and down the parapet defying the bullets of the British to kill him—for had not Te Ua, the Taranaki archpriest of Hauhauism, declared that they were invulnerable? The story is still current among the Natives that the British General offered £5 to the man who would knock Piki over. However, the two old people escaped in the night by crossing the swamp, but the four sons fell. The old people often told that the bullets were falling like rain amongst them. Roka-te-Ihu-toto died at Opouiti on the 6th December, 1894, and the family still have in their possession a bead necklace which she wore all through the stirring times of Orakau.

Orakau and After.

But to return to the story of the siege itself. I must add that on the last day the hardly-pressed garrison burst out of the southern angle and ran the gauntlet for safety towards Te Puniu. Many fell there, including Te Heuheu and Te Pae-rata and his son Honi Teri. Ahumai was wounded in several places, but escaped with her life through the hail of bullets, as well as her brother Hitiri. Te Waru also escaped, with his cousin Tipene, who lost an arm on the field that day. Te Waru's brother, Reihana, also got away, but nearly every man of the Manga-a-ruhe company bit the dust, and Te Waru's mana, or prestige, was gone with the loss of his warriors. I have said that Hitiri and his sister, Ahumai, escaped on that fatal day for the "Kingite" forces, and it is not fitting I should pass them by without further notice. Hitiri Pae-rata, who claimed to be a direct descendant of Hoturoa, chief of the famed Tainui canoe, which arrived from Hawaiiki in 1350, had a most eventful life. Born about 1828 near Taupo, he was carried by his father, when the Ngati-Raukawa migrated to Waikanae, Cook Strait, and he died at his old home in 1909. Ahumai, his sister, was the woman who cried back to Major Mair, who asked that the women and children should come out to safety, "If the men die, the women and children must die also." Truly there were Maori heroes and heroines in those days, and the memory of brave Ahumai—who lived at Taupo for 50 years after Orakau, and died in 1908—is enshrined in one of Thomas Bracken's poems:—

(9). Roka te-Ihu-toto frequently stated that it was Rewi who uttered the famous answer of defiance, but I have no corroborative evidence to offer on this point, and I am inclined to think the honour lies with Major Mair's Taupo man.

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Up rose brave Ahumai then, a chieftainess, and said:
"Oh, what have we to live for, if our dearest ones be dead?
If fathers, husbands, brothers, too, as mangled corpses lie,
Why should we stay behind them here?—Beside them let us die!
Ka whawhai tonu! Ake! Ake! Ake!"

The following is the official account of this famous fight, taken from the historical records of the 40th Regiment (afterwards the 1st Battalion South Lancashires), with which the 9th Hawke's Bay Regiment was allied:—"On 27th February, 1864, the 40th was sent to Kihi Kihi, where the regiment erected a redoubt, and returned to Te Awamutu on the 22nd March. In the meantime Lieutenant-general Cameron had moved to the Horotiu River for the purpose of attacking a strong post held by the enemy, leaving Brigadier-general Carey in command at Te Awamutu. Soon after the Lieutenant-general's departure a body of Natives arrived at Orakau—a place about six miles distant—and there erected a pa.

"General Carey decided to make an attack on this position on 31st March. Accordingly, 250 men, over a hundred men from the 40th, were despatched by night, under Major Blyth, to the rear of the entrenchment, whilst the remainder of the force, with which were the headquarters of the 40th, under Colonel Leslie, attacked it at daybreak in front. Several assaults were made, but without success. A sap was therefore commenced, but the Maoris held their position with the greatest determination until 2nd April, when, unable to exist any longer with little food and no water, they deliberately marched out of their entrenchments in the face of a heavy fire and forced their way through a gap in the cordon of troops, which had been made to admit of a gun opening fire on the opposite side of the pa. The General, in his report, refers to the 'heroic courage and devotion of this band of Natives,' who, 'disdaining to surrender, abandoned their position under a terrific fire from our troops.' It is sad that those who did remain could not be spared; but surrender they would not, and in making their way through the cordon surrounding them they are said to have used their tomahawks in a way which did not tend to excite feelings of mercy in the ranks of our men. As soon as their object was realized they were immediately followed, and a large number killed, wounded, or captured. In this affair the 40th lost three non-commissioned officers and men killed, and Captain Fisher and sixteen men wounded." The subjoined account, prepared for the ceremony at the unveiling of the Orakau monument, about completes all there is to tell of this heroic episode in Maori history:—The Natives possessed obsolete fowling and flint pieces, and were inadequately supplied with ammunition. They had to load the guns with peach-stones and plugs of wood, and to break

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iron pots to use as bullets. Without water to assuage their thirst, and only raw potatoes to appease their hunger, they kept at bay six times their number for two nights and three days, inflicting heavy loss on the British forces. When General Cameron arrived on the afternoon of the third day, so impressed was he with their heroic defence that he immediately instructed Major Mair to get into communication with the garrison, if possible, and induce them to surrender and so save the lives of many brave men. Major Mair stood up at the head of the sap and called out: "The General is filled with admiration for your bravery, but you are surrounded and cannot escape. Therefore he urges you to surrender, that your lives may be spared." All was quiet for a few minutes while the matter was discussed. Then one of the Natives rose out of the trenches and hurled back the famous reply: "E hoa, ko te tikanga tenei ka whawhai tonu kia koe, ake, ake, ake" ("Friend, the understanding is we will fight you for ever and ever.") Major Mair then spoke: "That is well for the men, but let the women and children come out. Why should they die too?" Someone asked: "How do you know there are women and children?" Major Mair replied: "Last night I heard them crying over the dead." Then a very tall woman stood up on the edge of the ditch and answered: "If the men are to die, the women and children will die with the men." The troops cheered when the decision was known, and the fight became fiercer than ever. Late in the afternoon on the third day the remaining garrison formed up, placing the women and children in the centre, and broke through the flimsy defences, cut their way through a cordon, and entered the huge swamp, where they were quickly decimated by a tremendous cross-fire from all sides, whilst the Forest Rangers and mounted men endeavoured to cut off their retreat. Even then they turned upon their pursuers, and not till nearly 200 had fallen did the remainder make their escape across the Puniu River into the "King" Country. General Cameron, in a dispatch after the battle, wrote: "It is impossible not to admire the heroic courage and devotion of the Natives. Defending themselves so long against overwhelming numbers, surrounded on all sides, cut off from their supply of water, and deprived of all hope of succour, they resolutely held their ground for nearly three days, and did not abandon their position until the sap had reached the ditch of the last entrenchment. They had probably not less than 150 killed out of a garrison not exceeding 300."

It was in association with men and women of this type—a type worthy to rank with the heroes of old Greece—that Te Waru imbibed his spirit of unconquerable hostility to the British, and in again taking up arms under the ægis of Te Kooti, the

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guerilla chief of Rongo-whakaata, he no doubt hoped in some way to regain the prestige he had lost at Orakau(10). The memory of how the mere handful of men defied the British artillery fire enabled Te Waru to gain a great ascendancy over the up-river Wairoa Natives, and very large numbers followed him(11).

The Whataroa Massacre.

Te Waru had, as I have already stated, many good points, but the same cannot be said for his brother, Reihana, for the latter, on the contrary, had no redeeming features that could be discovered, beyond the fact that he, too, was a warrior. He was cunning, crafty and cruel to a degree. The heart of treachery beat beneath his mat while the wearer was professing friendship, and his greed—especially for ammunition—was a matter of common knowledge. Yet the members of the Whataroa Mission were, in the interests of peace, placing themselves utterly in the power of this man, for no one could be sure that Te Waru would be able, even if he were willing, to protect them. However, on 30th September, 1868, they started on the mission with a wonderful amount of assurance that all would be well, which perhaps the following may, to some extent, explain:—The Maoris had, and still have, a custom called " Whangai," of temporarily adopting a relative's child to whom they might have taken a fancy. Karaitiana had done so in regard to a daughter of Te Waru, and he returned her to her father at the age of 13 years. Thus he became her foster-father—" Matua whangai "—and, one would say, sure of protection at the hands of Te Waru. But we shall see if this was so. On the way the party were warned and advised to turn back, and at least not to sleep in a whare. This, however, was exactly what they did, to their own undoing. Arriving at Whataroa under a flag of truce, they were received by 15 or 20 Natives, who met them in apparently the most friendly manner—were particularly hospitable, in fact—thus entirely removing any fears the members of the Mission might have entertained. Several days passed, and no one returned from Whataroa; but not much account was taken of this, as Native negotiations frequently took a long time—as they still do—to come to a head. The days wore on, hopes and fears alternating, and at last the fate of the Mission became known.

(10). These were not the only Wairoa people that strove to subvert British sovereignty in very olden times. Te Mauparaoa, a warrior chief of Ngati-Kahungunu, who lived at Mohaka, was taken prisoner by Nga-Puhi in one of their raids on the East Coast, and subsequently fought in their battles; and after Pomare's death in 1826, in the Waikato, Te Mauparaoa led the Nga-Puhi in many a fight, and engaged the British troops in Heke's war of 1844.

(11). On the fiftieth anniversary of the fight a monument was erected by the Government on the site of the pa, and unveiled by the Hon. J. Allen, Minister for Defence in the Massey Government, in the presence of several thousand Europeans and Maoris.

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One day a Native named Nama, belonging to Whataroa, arrived at Erepete, near Ruakituri, where there was a settlement of his own people, and he told what had happened to the members of the Mission. Soon rumours of a possible murder began to circulate, and grief reigned in more than one Wairoa kainga. An expedition went out to Whataroa, headed by Colonel Lambert and accompanied by a number of Natives, to endeavour to discover what was delaying the return of the Mission(12). On arriving at the spot, a clearing or plantation in the bush at Mokaiakoti, in the direct line between Whataroa and Erepete, the place was found quite deserted, the whole of the Natives having proceeded to join Te Kooti in his war against the whites. In hunting about for traces of the Mission, foul odours in one locality led the searchers in that direction, and there they found the four men dead in a heap, the bodies having been but lightly covered with grass and earth. One of the bodies had a flax rope tied round it, suggesting that it had been dragged to the place of burial. The inference drawn on the finding of the bodies was that in the middle of the night, while the members of the Mission slept in the house of treachery, they were set upon and tomahawked at the instance of Reihana, if indeed he was not the actual murderer himself. One of the victims, Reweti Pakerongo, fled a short distance, but was shot down. Karaitiana was stripped of his shirt, which a Native woman (Mere Ngangahu, Te Waru's daughter) donned, and in which she strutted about to complete the indignity, and his heart was then cut out while he was yet alive, though unconscious. The bodies were then dragged from their last sleeping place in the house of death and thrown into a hastily-dug pit, where the search party found them.

I may state here that it was afterwards learned that Te Waru had conveniently gone off the night before the massacre —probably to visit the rebel chief at Papuni—leaving the subtle, treacherous Reihana in charge. When the four men arrived it was fairly dark, and after being entertained according to Maori custom the visitors were given the place of honour in the sleeping place near the window. Karaitiana, all unsuspicious, wrapped his shawl around his head and settled himself down to sleep, Reihana stretching himself on a mat on the opposite side. But before he lay down the treacherous wretch placed under his head a new tomahawk which had that day been sharpened. Then in the dead of night he rose up stealthily and struck Karaitiana the blow which rendered him unconscious, and his heart, as I before stated, was cut out. The bodies were properly interred on the spot, and later on a pension of £20 a year each

(12). Colonel Porter states that at this time Major Lambert had under his command no less than 600 men.

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was granted by the Government and paid over to the widows of the ill-fated party. The last of the pensioners, Riria, wife of Karaitiana, died only a few years ago. This murder, for it was nothing else, spoke pretty plainly to the Lower Wairoa Natives, as nothing else would, showing that even they would not be spared in the general massacre should Hauhauism gain the ascendant. The Natives felt the murder very keenly, and various plans for exacting utu, or satisfaction, were laid, but nothing was done—as a matter of fact, the majority had a wholesome dread of Te Kooti and his band, and the minority were Hauhaus at heart. But satisfaction of a kind was obtained later on, at the conclusion of the fight at Te Karetu. That, however, is another story.

The treacherous Reihana, otherwise known as Horotiu, and afterwards as Te Kooti's butcher, or the executioner of his murderous decrees, was the chief miscreant who killed the scouts, assisted by his sister, and these, with Nama and others, killed the sleeping men. Karaitiana's heart was cut out and taken to Waikaremoana, where it was laid before Tu, the god of war, and deposited on the tuahu or altar of the god at the famous Whakaari pa. Te Kooti in his day destroyed both the altar and the heart, on the ground that the old-time Maori rite was not in consonance with the doctrines of the "Ringatu" and the "Wairua Tapu."

A large meeting was held at Wairoa on 27th October, 1868, all the Native chiefs attending, to decide on punitive measures. Paora Apatu refused to give any advice, lest, if failure resulted, he might incur blame. Hone Te Wainohu, in a very warlike speech, said: "I go for revenge." Hamana, Henare Tomoana, Tareha, M.H.R., and Renata Kawepo also favoured going out after the perpetrators of these murders. Hotene (Ngati-Porou) capped the speeches by the declaration: "I go to fight, not to talk." Ropata Wahawaha, Ihaka Whaanga, and Maraki Kohia also spoke to a like effect; whilst Rev. Tamihana Huata naively declared he had lost all sympathy with the Hauhaus, thus betraying the fact (often hinted at) that, like a certain leading Poverty Bay man of note, he had once had such sympathy. On the 30th a large body of men, 550 in number, with 127 Ngati-Porou and 200 of Ihaka Whaanga's men, were available—in all, roughly, 800 men. Even supposing them not to be very valiant and not too well armed or provisioned, they were enough (if properly led) to have swallowed up the whole of Te Kooti's force. They went out by Major Lambert's orders, but with no definitely aggressive plans in view. They captured an old woman, the mother of Te Waru's wife, and the latter's husband. The old man they shot (why, it is difficult to say) and the old woman

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they took prisoner; so far the utu was insignificant. The old woman was disinclined to give any information, but she stated it was the intention of Te Kooti to attack Turanganui, Wairoa and Napier, but whether simultaneously or in succession she did not say. In spite of the information given that Te Kooti had gone on towards (or to) Turanganui, this extensive force, like the troops of a certain famous British duke, having marched up the hill, marched down again, and the authorities proceeded to re-enact the dispersal policy, and, as may be gathered from the fact of the testimonial to Tuke, he soon departed from unhappy Wairoa. Still later in this stirring year, feeling having grown so much in the meantime, the Natives decided that with or without Major Lambert's sanction they would collect a force and go out to investigate the locale of Te Kooti or Te Waru. Eventually a force of 300 Natives of Wairoa and the East Coast started, with only one European, Mr. Preece, in the contingent. At this time there was a reward for the apprehension of Titokowaru, his value being assessed at £1,000, a reward of £5 being also offered for every Hauhau, man or boy, taken alive, but it was not certain that this offer applied to Wairoa. In any case the force was determined to go out, the speeches of the chiefs generally indicating that they looked on Te Kooti as a mere "tutua," or a nobody; however, he was smart enough to defeat all plans to effect his capture.

Scene Shifts to Frasertown.

Before I proceed any further, let me give an incident that will exhibit life at Frasertown in early days. Some time after the fight at Ruakituri, and previous to the Poverty Bay massacre, Frasertown was the scene of one out of many scares. At the time of which I am writing a number of the Military Settlers had gone on their lands, distributed between Frasertown and Marumaru. These included Messrs. J. H. Smyth, H. H. Carr, Geo. Mayo and others, and they cultivated their lands in the best methods available, though it is extremely doubtful if any of them made a fortune. We have the late H. H. Carr's statement that when he gave up his section he came out with a pair of pants to his credit! He also claimed that he once saved Frasertown from being the scene of a massacre. He told the story to the effect that on one occasion (probably the one I am about to relate) he was playing on a cornet in his hut as Te Kooti and his men came along on their way to attack Wairoa. Hearing the sound, they took it to be a bugle call for a Pakeha force to advance—the Hauhaus fled up the valley, and that was how Henry Carr saved Wairoa!

But to my story of the Frasertown scare. My informant, Mr. Smyth himself, states that one evening he was engaged some

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distance from his house at Waitahora (near Frasertown)—all the further out settlers had by this time come in—when a Maori lad from Ramoto rode up almost naked on a steed bridled only with a blade of flax. He stated that he had been sent by the wife of Tamihana, a Ramoto chief, to warn him to leave, as the notorious Nama and his men were at Manga-a-ruhe on the way to attack Frasertown. Judging by the earnestness of the lad that the message was a genuine one, my informant collected a small portion of his household goods and took them, with his wife and children, in a large canoe to Frasertown. Here he picked up another settler, "Mickey" Boland, and his wife, and went off with speed down the rapids the 16 miles to Wairoa, where he left his party with the late J. J. Taylor (Clyde Hotel). Next morning he went back to Frasertown, visited his farm, and found indeed that he had only left in time. A party of Hauhaus had been at his homestead and plundered everything. They killed his pigs, broke up his furniture to build a fire, turned their horses into his barley, and, generally speaking, had a good time. This was a scouting party, without any intention to raid Frasertown, and (as it was afterwards learned) they returned unchallenged to the main body in the Upper Wairoa district.

A few days afterwards Captain A. Tuke arrived to take over the command of the district for a time, and the first thing he decided to do was to hold Frasertown against the Hauhaus. To this end he strengthened the blockhouse by throwing up earthworks, and ordered my informant to victual it. He had just got in, and shot three head of cattle, when two troopers galloped up with fresh orders. These were, to evacuate Frasertown at once, send down every settler to Wairoa—and to see they went—to remove all arms and ammunition, and any of the latter which could not be removed was to be destroyed. The authorities, it was clear, had developed a "blue funk." A regular stampede occurred, every man, woman and child hurrying away on foot on a blazing hot day along a scrub-covered track devoid of bridges or culverts. All the rifles were sent down, but as there was not a cart in the place seven kegs of ammunition had to be destroyed. Immediately after the exodus, the Ramoto (friendly) Natives, supposing that the Europeans had totally abandoned their property, came across in large numbers and looted everything they could lay hands on, except at the Border (now Frasertown) Hotel, not then long built, and owned by the late Tom Beckett. The hotel was well stocked, but Chief Hapimana completely protected it by hanging a few branches of manuka to the building as a rahui, and not an article was touched there, while every other house was looted. The alarm proved to be without any good foundation, and in a few days all went back again.

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A Fatal Blunder.

Bishop Williams (then Archdeacon) reached Turanganui on the 6th November (Friday) from Te Wairoa, and was well acquainted with the state of matters at Wairoa and the force available for offensive or defensive purposes. On the following Sunday (8th) the Archdeacon went out to Te Arai, and at the end of the service someone called out: "Oh, here is the mailman from Wairoa." He had come in via Mahia, and all crowded round him to hear the news. The mailman said that Colonel Lambert had been up to Whataroa (Te Waru's stronghold) to ascertain what had become of the "scouts," Te Kooti then having been somewhere near at hand. Colonel Lambert, the mailman stated, had found at Whataroa but one man and one woman. The latter said she did not know where Te Waru was, but that Te Kooti had gone on to Turanganui. Colonel Lambert then took his entire force back to Wairoa, to comparative safety, ease and comfort, and if not a blunder of the highest order, it was something more serious. Had Colonel Lambert at this time a force sufficient to enable him to detach any to go on after Te Kooti? The Turanganui settlers held that he had—quite sufficient to spare 50 men at least. This may have been so, but that small number would not have been sufficient unless a repetition of the Ruakituri affair were desired. But he could easily have drawn 200 Natives for the purpose, as at this time the massacre at Whataroa had roused the spirit of utu among them, and if there had been one brave, bold spirit prepared to start the moment he could get ready, Poverty Bay might have been saved the horrors I am about to touch on. Not even a warning message was sent, and I am sure there were bold spirits in Wairoa who would have ridden through had the call been made. The sad fact remains unchallenged that the enemy had gone north from Whataroa, that Colonel Lambert knew it, and a splendid opportunity was lost of attacking Te Kooti before he got out of Te Wairoa, and certainly there was time to have sent a warning. I should like to be able to say that even this much was done, but I cannot do so([13]).

But this is, perhaps, something in the nature of a digression, to show what might have been but was not done. When the Wairoa mailman brought the news, Archdeacon Williams at once went to Major Biggs and told him about Te Kooti having left Te Papuni for Poverty Bay. But Biggs was out of favour with the cheese-paring Ministry, and could not do anything, though he was hoping to get some definite information and instructions at any moment. So he waited, expecting to get news

(13). The reader will please understand that I am not professing to tell the sad story of the Poverty Bay massacre—a good account of it has yet to be written—I am merely touching upon it so far as it affected the Wairoa district.

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by the mail. The Monday was court day at the redoubt, and there were a good many people about, all eagerly discussing the serious intelligence from Wairoa, but not a line came to Major Biggs. Archdeacon Williams, however, received a letter from Rev. S. Williams, in Hawke's Bay, stating he had certain knowledge that Te Kooti had gone on to Poverty Bay. Archdeacon Williams read to Major Biggs the information contained in the letter, a copy of which had been sent to Mr. Richmond, the Defence Minister. Yet not a word of warning to Major Biggs or the Poverty Bay settlers.

A Bloody Day.

Next morning—10th November—came the sad news of a deliberately planned massacre of the Poverty Bay settlers, over 50 in number, including Major Biggs and his wife, Captain Wilson, and a number of the scattered white settlers and friendly Natives. This widespread slaughter was effected by the breaking up of Te Kooti's force into small bands of ten or a dozen men, and thus the slaughter was spread over a large area simultaneously. This he was enabled to carry out simply because there was nothing in the field to stop him or compel the aggregation of his force. A number of the settlers escaped towards Te Mahia, where they embarked on a vessel and got safely to Napier. There was absolutely no excuse for the military authorities not knowing as much as the Rev. S. Williams knew, and less for Colonel Lambert, who could at least have sent a warning when he had knowledge of Te Kooti's departure from Te Papuni or its neighbourhood. Bungling, as much as Te Kooti, caused the Poverty Bay massacre.

Mr. John Maynard, of Gisborne, gave some years ago what must be considered the best account of the Poverty Bay massacre yet published, there being nothing of hearsay in his account. It was Maynard who brought to Turanganui the first news of the landing of the Chatham Island escapees. It was on a Friday that Te Kooti landed, and on the following Sunday Mr. Maynard and a Mr. Blair set out overland for Wairoa on horseback, and just beyond Wharekaia, where Mr. Woodbine Johnson's homestead was situated, they came upon a party of 12 Maoris under the leadership of one of Te Kooti's lieutenants. This party cautioned the travellers to return, but they refused to be turned back, and pressed on. At the top of the hill from which Whareongaonga beach is reached they found a party of Maoris, numbering 40 or 50, blocking the road. Yielding to the advantage in numbers, the travellers were turned back, but were not molested. When they again passed Wharekaia they found the first party of Maoris, with fixed bayonets, patrolling the front of the house, while Mr. Johnson was parading the verandah.

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On seeing Messrs. Blair and Maynard, Mr. Johnson called out and enquired who these Natives were, and what were their intentions. The Gisbornites did not know at this time, and so informed Mr. Johnson, advising him also to join them on the retreat to the Settlement. "He told me to advise Captain Biggs of what had occurred," Mr. Maynard continued his narrative, "and we came on towards Matawhero. At Muriwai we met a Maori, who informed us that Te Kooti had landed at Whareongaonga from the Chathams. Then when we got to Matawhero I saw Captain Biggs, and he sent word round to the settlers. The next day (Monday) was spent in mustering volunteers among the settlers and Maoris, and on Tuesday a big party set out for Whareongaonga. When we got there, Paul, a Maori chief, was sent with a white flag to Te Kooti. He came back and delivered the rebel's answer, to the effect that 'God had given him his liberty, and he would keep it, but if he was not interfered with he would interfere with nobody.' With this answer the whites and friendly Natives had to be satisfied, and we marched back and made arrangements for the formation of scouting parties from among the Military Settlers at Ormond. These parties endeavoured to keep in touch with Te Kooti's movements, and on the night the massacre occurred a party of scouts was reconnoitring Te Arai valley. A redoubt had been built at Matawhero, and orders had been given that all the women-folk were to sleep there at night; but they grew careless, and went to their homes again. The scouts were always out, but did not get into touch with Te Kooti, who came down the Ngatapa valley while the scouts were in Te Arai. Parties of Natives went to each of the houses in Patutahi, and massacred the settlers in their homes." The old settlers always believed, added Mr. Maynard, that a certain Native, who afterwards proclaimed his interest in the Pakehas, had given Te Kooti the location of the homes. He was with Te Kooti at the time of the massacre, and declared that he and his family had been taken prisoners by the rebels, and only escaped when he retreated to his redoubt at Ngatapa. The tragic intelligence of the massacre was brought to Gisborne by a settler named Dan Munn, who was shot through the shoulder whilst riding along the Patutahi road. Mr. Maynard had come to town to discuss business with Captain Read, and had spent the night at his house on Kaiti. Mr. U'Ren, a Waerenga-a-Hika settler, was also there, and the ketch "Rover" arrived from Auckland on the morning following the massacre. Captain Lovelock was in charge of the ketch, and when it was ascertained that a number of settlers, cut off from the main settlement, had set out for Te Mahia, Captain Read suggested to Lovelock that he should take the ketch to the Mahia and take them off there. Messrs. Maynard and U'Ren

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went with the boat and landed at "Happy Jack's," finding there only "Happy Jack," his wife and a couple of Maoris. They borrowed a couple of horses from the shearers at Mr. Geo. Walker's homestead and rode out, loaded with provisions and stimulants, to meet the refugees. About four miles from Ongawae, on the Mahia, they met the party, which comprised about 30 men, women and children, including Mrs. Pimia Mills, Major Westrupp, the Ferguson brothers, the Wyllie family, the Bensons and Stevensons. They had travelled all night, and were immensely revived by the food and stimulants afforded them by the little relief party. They were taken aboard the ketch and sent on to Napier, and Mr. Maynard purchased the horse he had ridden, and started on the lonely ride to Gisborne at about 7 o'clock at night.

"Yes," he admitted, in answer to a question, "it was not an enviable journey. I couldn't ride fast, for fear of losing the track, and I had no idea where I might meet the rebels. It was a very dark night, and once I got on to the flats I followed the Awapuni road to the beach, and proceeded along it to the mouth of the Turanganui. I swam the horse across and reached Captain Read's house, where some 17 whites were assembled. We set to work and built a redoubt, in case we should be attacked, but saw no sign of the enemy. On the eighth day after the massacre, Tom Goldsmith, George Cook, and myself set out for Matawhero, on a scouting expedition, and at the point where the Makaraka Hotel now stands I noticed a little dog that had belonged to Captain Wilson run into a clump of scrub. I followed it in, and found little Jimmy Wilson clasping the dog in his arms. The little fellow had started for Turanganui, but had lost his way. One of my companions—I cannot now remember which—went back with the lad, and the other two of us went on to Matawhero." Mr. Maynard told how they rescued Mrs. Wilson, a victim of the ferocity of the rebels, who died some days after her transference to Napier. Her wounds were ghastly, and the poor woman was in such agony that she could not bear the jolting of the spring-cart, which the third member had loaded with mattresses and brought out from Turanganui. They made a stretcher and succeeded in bringing Mrs. Wilson to the township, whence she was taken to Napier. Some days later a party went out and buried the more unfortunate victims of the outbreak where they had died.

I may note here in passing that at one period in the movements of Te Kooti, just prior to the massacre, it was a moot point whether Wairoa or Poverty Bay was to be attacked first. A large detachment of rebel Natives had been left at the scene of the Marumaru fight, also at Te Reinga, and all of them joined

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Te Kooti. One of the rebels, Nama by name, in conjunction with Renata Hamuhamu, afterwards known as "Te Kooti's lieutenant" and "Te Kooti's butcher"—the latter fitted him best—advised that Te Wairoa should be the first prey. These men had lived, one at Whataroa and the other at Te Patangata, north of Opouiti, and had, of course, extensive knowledge of the district, besides being well posted as to the dispositions made for the defence of Wairoa. Renata was born, according to his own account, at Marumaru the year of the battle of Whareokoro (Wairoa Heads), fought in 1834, probably during the advance of the raiders under Te Heuheu. At the time of the Te Kooti raids he would therefore be 34 years of age, and in full possession of all his faculties and savage instincts; and thirsting for the blood of innocent women and children, he was ready for any deed of savagery. This Renata had a most unprepossessing appearance, being tattooed only on one side of the nose. Whether it was that he had not had sufficient of the martyr in him to permit of the completion of the nasal adornment, or whether time did not allow, I am not able to say; but I am certain his appearance was not very *distingue*. However, to my story. At a Native council of war held at Te Reinga, Te Kooti's views prevailed. He had his own personal indignities to avenge on the Poverty Bay settlers, and so the attack fell upon the more northern settlement. Wairoa was spared the horror of that—though in the minds of the rebels it was only deferred. But Te Kooti's chance never came again. It may be mentioned here that, long after the troublous times were over, Renata Hamuhamu was frequently heard to boast that he was one of the party that murdered the unfortunate Major Biggs with his wife and child([14]). He was arrested at Matiti, near Huramua, at the instance of the Poverty Bay Natives, who were annoyed at "the Butcher" walking about scot-free. The result of the trial was that he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in the Napier goal for rebellion. He subsequently came under the amnesty proclamation of the Government on February 13, 1883, and on July 29, 1899, a Wairoa magistrate granted him an old-age pension of £17 a year! When applying for it he admitted he had been a follower of Te Kooti, and one of the Gisborne raiders! Furthermore, a Wairoa white settler gave him a good character! Characters were cheap in those days, and truly the State must have been not only in generous mood, but not too inquisitive into the antecedents of right-colour applicants for old-age pensions. A European who had been proved to have "wasted his substance in riotous living," or to have neglected his wife and children, would have been refused a

(14). The boast was made in the Border Hotel at Te Kapu (now Fraser-town), and a Wairoa resident who struck the boaster a blow in the mouth nearly got himself into serious trouble in consequence.

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pension; but here was a man whose hands were red with the blood of the innocent, fed by a magnanimous State at the expense of the general taxpayers of the colony(15).

To show the feeling entertained by the generality of Europeans at this time towards the Stafford Government, and the Natives as well, there was published in the Press about this time the following:—"A Card.—Titokowaru and Co., Butchers and Drysalters, the Gorge, Patea, West Coast. Families waited on in Town or Country at surprisingly short notice. A large supply of Cured Constable, Potted Pakeha and Dried Militiamen always on hand. N.B.: Sole Agents for Stafford and Co.'s Aboriginal Irritant. Place of Business in London: Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C."

But I have been digressing somewhat. The Poverty Bay massacre, of course, caused a thrill of horror, which ran through all the settlers on the East Coast, the commotion reaching as far even as Wellington; for no one knew how far the mana of Te Kooti might be increased among the superstitious Natives, even by mere murder, nor could anyone feel certain that a sudden descent might not soon be made on the larger centres. An Intelligence Department could not be said to exist, and very little was known of Te Kooti's strength and movements. It was very well known in Wairoa that thousands of East Coast Natives were wavering, and had the rebels at that time an organizing genius among them—a man with a reputation apart from mere brutality, one who could weld into a homogeneous force the disunited elements of semi-savagery—the whole of the North Island might have been set in a blaze, and hitherto peaceful hamlets drenched in blood. It only needed a successful raid for arms, and large forces would have taken the field—it was, indeed, well for the settlers that Te Kooti was not a Ropata, only a butcher.

Ropata, I may state here, was a noted chief of the subtribe Aowera (Ngati-Porou), not perhaps of rangatira rank, but a warrior of note, as were most of his ancestors. The "hero of a hundred fights" in later days, he yet had the misfortune to have been taken prisoner in an engagement between Ngati-Porou and Rongo-whaka-ata, and his lot was to be the captive of Rapata Whakapuhia, hence his name. He suffered the indignity of being a slave for many years till rescued or ransomed by Tama-i-Whakanehua-i-te-Rangi ("The eldest son who was buried in the Heavens"), a chief of Te Whanau-a-rua and the Aowera. By the way, it was this chief who signed the Treaty of Waitangi on behalf of the East Coast. But to return to

(15). Later on, at Mr. W. A. Barton's instance, the pension was withdrawn.

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Ropata. On the way home after his ransom the boy Ropata was shown the hands of a relative, Te Rerehorua, nailed on a cross-bar, to which also hung baskets of food by way of further indignity. After the cannibal feast on the body of Te Rerehorua the hands were dried and treated as I have shown. Ropata, on reaching Tokomaru, told of the indignity perpetrated on his dead ancestor, and the chief with the high-sounding title arranged a war party, the chief responsible being taken prisoner and brought along for the usual fate in the umu or Maori oven. On the journey, however, Tama-i-Whakanehua could not wait longer for vengeance, so he killed the desecrator of the remains of Ropata's ancestor with an historic mere. Tama died in 1849, and till then Ropata lived in an atmosphere of war, which well fitted him for his subsequent exploits on the East Coast and in the Urewera Country.

Ropata Moves Out.

Ropata and his Ngati-Porou were at Te Wairoa at the time of the massacre, and, acting under the orders of Mr. McLean, this force, with the Wairoa friendlies, prepared to march to Poverty Bay, while a section of Napier Natives was despatched by sea, and Colonel Whitmore was recalled from the West Coast, where he had assumed command of the operations against Titokowaru. The Poverty Bay settlers were greatly inflamed against the Stafford Government, and Mr. McLean, joining in the outcry, was indisposed to see Colonel Whitmore go to the East Coast, preferring to depend on Native forces. Colonel Whitmore, however, did go to the East Coast, arriving in Turanganui in the "Rosario" on December 4, 1868—nearly a month after the massacre—and a few days before that he had sent up 212 of the Armed Constabulary. In the meantime it was found that Te Kooti's force was entrenched on the Whare-kopae stream, at a spot called Makaretu, but the loyalists waited for the Wairoa force. And here Te Kooti created a diversion by making a flank movement on Repongaere, sending 60 of his men under the notorious half-caste Baker, who carried off a good deal of loot. It was the gallant Ropata who organized the assault on Te Kooti's position, which took place the day after his arrival. The Natives who took part were the Ngati-Porou under Ropata Wahawaha, the Napier Natives under Tareha, Henare Tomoana and Karauria, father of the late Mrs. Airini Tonore; and Kopu's men were also present(16) from Te Wairoa, as well as Ihaka Whaanga and Paora Apatu, but the Wairoa men did not reach

(16). Kopu was dead at this time. His full name was Kopu Pitiera Parapara. He was given this latter name in connection with an old Maori custom. No person is supposed to eat food out of vessels laid on ground on which a chief had lain, until the spot had been formally "forsaken" for a period usually lasting a few weeks or months. This obligation had inadvertently been lost sight of in the case of some of Kopu's ancestors, hence the name was given to him.

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the scene of the fight at its opening. The day before the engagement, Te Kooti's force was found to be occupying a flat near the creek mentioned, and the combined forces took up positions around him as they arrived. Ropata, after reconnoitring the position, sententiously remarked: "To-morrow we will overturn that pa," which, by the way, was only partly built, except the earthworks and part of the palisade. The post assigned to Ngati-Kahungunu from Wairoa was at the bottom of the range following up the creek to Makaretu, but they did not at once occupy it, as they were late in reaching "the front." In rising the range from the opposite side to the enemy it was seen that the latter had ten or twelve sentries posted, and as our men advanced they were fired upon, and eventually the enemy drove Tareha's men down; but the latter, on being reinforced by Ngati-Porou, drove back the outposts and occupied the ridge overlooking the enemy's position, which was cleverly entrenched. Firing commenced in the afternoon and was kept up all night. About noon next day some of the Wairoa Maoris on the right wing, including Hapimana, chief of Ramoto, worked down close towards the enemy's position. The Wairoa men on the left then moved up, and with the Ngati-Porou rapid firing took place at close range. At this time, Nama, who had been concerned in the murder of the scouts at Whataroa, occasionally jumped up on the bank, firing at his fellow tribesmen from the Wairoa, and dropping down into shelter each time to reload. He was then recognized, and Harata, the daughter of Henare Apatere (chief of Kihitu) and wife of Tareha, shouted: "Kokiri! Kokiri! e Kahu!" or "Charge! Charge! Kahu"(17), the latter being the ancient name of the Kihitu people. This seemed to have a great effect on Nama, for he did not show himself as formerly, and prisoners taken stated afterwards that when Nama heard the cry of Harata he exclaimed: "Ina to hoa rire," or "Here is our deadly enemy!" He repeated it to Te Kooti, adding: "Katahi ano au ka mate, ma toku iwi au e patu"—that is: "Now I will be killed by my own tribe"—and he was firmly convinced that Ngati-Kahungunu would come with a rush, and that nothing would stop them. Te Kooti, however, took not the least notice of Nama's fears, for he was busily engaged preparing for his own escape, the friendlies closing in on every hand, gallantly led by Ropata, who forced the enemy into the river at a deep spot in rear of the position. A number of Te Kooti's men were killed, and their chief only just escaped with the bulk of his force.

(17). To the European reader this may seem an extraordinary thing for a woman to do, but it may be she was only repeating the order given by her husband, Tareha. I have shown in the chapter headed "The Story of the Pa" that it was a common thing for the chief's orders to be shouted to the men by a woman.

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Death of Karauria.

During the fight Karauria, when he discharged his piece, recklessly stood up to see the effect of his shot, and a storm of bullets greeted him. Tareha advised him to keep down, but the advice was disregarded by the fearless warrior, and soon a bullet struck him in the chest and he fell. He was taken to Turanganui by his people, and died there in a few days. Many Europeans, as well as the Maoris, mourned the death of one of New Zealand's grandest old rangatiras. Captain Gascoigne—who had no strong philo-Maori predilections—writing of this engagement at the time, states: "On the 21st November the Hawke's Bay Natives, under the chiefs Tareha, Renata Kawepo, Karauria, and Henare Tomoana, with the scouts, marched in pursuit of the Hauhaus, and overtook a party of them, laden with plunder, at Patutahi, and we shot two of them there. On the evening of the 23rd we came up with their main body at Makaretu, strongly entrenched on the bank of the creek, and close to the edge of some heavy timber. The Hauhaus immediately attacked us on all sides, but we stubbornly held the ridge overlooking their main position, and contrived to entrench ourselves after a fashion by digging holes with sticks, bayonets and knives. For eight days the Napier Natives defended themselves on this ridge, and early on the third day we had nothing but fern-root to eat, and had nearly expended the ammunition—for the enemy had seized the supplies sent up to us from Turanganui and routed the escort that came with them. During this time we lost 35 men killed and wounded. Among the killed was Karauria, one of the leaders on our side. At last, by sending back a strong party as escort, we obtained a supply of biscuit and ammunition, which enabled us to hold out to the end of the month—the Wairoa men had by this time arrived. The chief Ropata and Captain Preece arrived with a reinforcement of Ngati-Porou tribe, and advancing by our right flank they turned the nearest Hauhau rifle-pits, and then with the scouts and part of the Napier Natives rushed down the slope and carried the main position of the enemy by storm, killing 63 of the Hauhaus, including Nama and other noted Hauhau leaders."

Colonel Whitmore, who was not present, be it remembered, but who had arrived at Turanganui on 4th December, says:—"All were exultant at the Maori success (as it was reported to be), and evidenced no jealousy whatever at the accomplishment of the service by Native auxiliaries alone. I was assured that the settlement (Turanganui) was perfectly secure. . . . But a few hours showed that all this congratulation had been premature. . . . In point of fact, a success had been gained at an irregular engagement at Makaretu, where the enemy had

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suffered a loss variously stated at from 15 to 60 men(18). Subsequently, from the accounts of prisoners, the true number was ascertained to be 14."

Two or three things suggest themselves here. Though professing otherwise, the gallant Colonel was undoubtedly inclined to belittle the success, which shone out conspicuously compared to his own efforts at Ruakituri. And lastly, the engagement, though "irregular," was not deferred, as at Ngatapa and elsewhere, until the whole of the enemy had bolted by the back door.

During the latter stages of the fight a number of the Hauhaus were forced into a deep water-hole in rear of the position, and among those floating in the water, with his eyes partly shut and his nostrils clear of the river, was a notorious follower of Te Kooti. With an eye like a hawk, Ropata saw the man was shamming death, and remarking, "That man's eye winks," he directed he should be pulled out. This was done by Hemi (probably the same man who led part of "the Fighting Fifty" on Kairomiromi), and he was at once shot, for Ropata never took prisoners if he could help it. One other incident must be mentioned, because it provides the sequel to the massacre of the Whataroa Mission. While the fight was at its height, Nama, long sought for by the relatives of the scouts, met his fate in this way:—When defeat had to be acknowledged, Nama jumped off the entrenchment and made for a patch of heavy manuka scrub near the creek, and as he entered it a bullet from one of the Wairoa men struck him on the back of the head, and he fell dead. Then Kerei Te Otatu and his men seized the body, brought it to the entrenched camp, and proceeded to take utu for the massacre at Whataroa—the fact that Nama might not have been one of the actual murderers never entered their minds, apparently. They collected a large heap of dry manuka, put the defunct Nama on top, and fired the pile, soon reducing the body to ashes, which became scattered to the four winds of heaven(19).

In addition, however, to the massacre of the scouts, which had to be paid for, there was another and perhaps a more powerful reason that I may as well mention. Years before, Te Waru's grandmother, Riria Poito, was killed near Whakapau by some of Kerei's people, and her head was cut off, dried and

(18). Colonel Porter, C.B., mentions the losses of the enemy at seventy or eighty, and it seems reasonable to suppose that where a successful attacking party sustained a loss of thirty-five men the victors might be expected to account for double the former number. Besides, prisoners taken from Te Kooti's bands were more than likely to underrate the losses sustained by the rebel leader.

(19). Several military authorities have declared that Nama was taken alive and tortured by being dragged backwards and forwards through the burning pa at Makaretu. This was not so. In the first place, there was no pa at Makaretu dry enough to burn—it was simply an entrenched position; and in the next place, Nama was dead before ever the Maoris laid hands on him.

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made into a "poito" or buoy for the centre part of a fishing net. They did this by stopping the numerous holes or foramina in the skull with a stiff adhesive clay, when it floated very lightly on the waters of the Wairoa—a deadly insult, one may well believe, to the mind of the ancient Maori. This was the real cause of the Whataroa massacre, and payment was taken for it out of Nama's body, and to that extent the utu account was partly squared when Ropata and the Napier and Wairoa Natives "overturned" Te Kooti's entrenched position at Makaretu. Nama had a nephew named Kehu also in the fight, and when his uncle fell the nephew jumped into the stream and hid among the luxuriant growth under the bank. Ostrich-like, Kehu had only concealed his head, and his feet sticking out betrayed him to Hemi Tapeka, already mentioned, and he was promptly seized and shot. Thus uncle and nephew rendered up utu for the massacre of the Whataroa Mission.

Immediately after Makaretu, Te Kooti and his fighting force retired on the hill fort known as Ngatapa, four miles up in the ranges, the Hauhau leader having to be carried on the backs of his wives alternately owing to a wound. Ropata went in pursuit, but did not catch up to the rebel force till the latter reached Ngatapa. Here he had three lines of defence, proof against even light field artillery. This formidable fortress occupied the site on Ngatapa of an ancient border fortress, and Te Kooti hastily occupied and refortified it. The defences formed a species of triangle, almost perpendicular on the north front, very steep on the south, the east side defended by three walls about six feet high; on the west, some huge boulders formed a natural defence, and one of them made a good look-out post.

Ropata decided to attack next day, but disputes between his and Tareha's men over some prisoners upset all the plans, and 300 of the latter withdrew. Ropata and Ihaka Whaanga were left with less than 300 men to make the attack alone, which took place on 5th December, 1868. A severe fight occurred, and a sudden sortie caused a number of Ropata's men to stampede in the direction of Makaretu. However, Ropata pressed on, and forcing the enemy back into Ngatapa he emerged from the bush up to the first line of the enemy's defence. Here he held his own during the night. Daylight, however, showed him the strength of the position, and he had to retreat, unwillingly, and in a bad frame of mind against the deserters. Colonel Whitmore's force, about 300 strong, met the retreating Ngati-Porou chief, but nothing would induce him to turn back until he got fresh men. And here a most unaccountable blunder was committed. One of Whitmore's scouts reported that Te Kooti had abandoned

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Ngatapa, and after destroying the pa had retreated. Acting on this, Colonel Whitmore turned back and was embarking for the West Coast, when the Hauhaus made a descent on Patutahi, killing a number of settlers. This of course stopped the embarkation, which in any case was hasty, to say the least. So far the mana lay with Ngatapa and its defenders—the great fortress still stood(20).

In December, 1868, a force of 150 Natives arrived at Wairoa by the "Star of the South," led by Henare Tomoana, and later 200 under Tareha, Renata, Paora Kaiwhata, and Hapuku (a former enemy), with Mr. McLean, all evidently destined for Puketapu on Te Kooti's line of march to the Urewera Country, and from which post he could, almost with impunity, threaten any part of the East Coast from Turanganui to Mohaka. The starting of this force was suddenly stopped, and efforts were made to lay the blame on Mr. McLean, but he certainly had nothing to do with the countermanding orders. A little later Major Lambert, with much ostentation and little preparation of plans, led an expedition to Opouiti. He had 15 Armed Constabulary, 15 Military Settlers, and from 70 to 80 Natives, but it proved fruitless, Te Kooti being too good a general to expose himself. Another expedition was organized for Whataroa, under Captain Deighton and Mr. Preece, the Natives numbering 500, but owing to unforeseen causes did not set out till the opening of 1869, and visiting Whataroa and Papuni found both places deserted, the information secured being that Te Kooti had gone somewhere in the direction of Waikaremoana or Ngatapa. Major Lambert, who had been promoted to Lieutenant-colonel, for what service not a single Wairoaite could discover, visited in January, 1869, the scene of Whitmore's defeat at Ruakituri, and is said to have had the bodies of the fallen interred, none of the skulls having been injured. After burning some Native-owned stockades and firing the surrounding country the force returned to Wairoa.

The Fall of Ngatapa.

As a matter of fact, what Te Kooti had done was merely to cut down the standing cover around Ngatapa and to still further strengthen it. The hill fort of Ngatapa, said the late Colonel Porter, was the most picturesque and formidable of any of the fortresses in New Zealand. It towered above all the high surrounding country, quite impressing one with its impregnable strength, commanding every possible approach of attack. The

(20). A fortress often assailed but never taken, though the defenders might have temporarily evacuated it, obtained a "mana" of its own, and a very high one too. The fort itself became a "pepeha" or battle-cry, and used by the Natives in battle to stimulate the warriors as European soldiers might, in the Indian wars of the future, exclaim "Remember the heights of Dargai!"

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front of the position was defended by three lines of parapets and trenches, each connected by covered ways. The first or outer line was about 250 yards in length, its walls being eight feet in height, each flanking angle terminating upon the scarped cliff at each flank of the fort. The second line was about ten feet in height, and the third, protecting the houses upon the summit of the hill, was at least 16 feet high, surmounted with "sand-bags," or rather Maori kits, in approved European style, between which were loopholes for firing. The whole fort covered a considerable area of ground, and the Natives said it was, in generations gone by, the site of an old Maori pa of their ancestors. The pa was invested by Colonel Whitmore on December 27, he occupying a strong position on a ridge, and a mile and a half in front of and below Ngatapa. Ropata having obtained fresh men, the force halted about 700 yards from the pa. Before night the distance had been reduced to 300 yards, and the enemy's water supply was cut off. Although 700 men were engaged, they were not enough to effect a complete surround, but a heavy fire was poured in. Owing, however, to the elevation, not much execution was done until some small cohorn mortars were brought into use. Several sorties were made at the rear at a steep precipice, where Major Fraser was in charge —a most important point it was, too. During the attack Sergeant Shepherd, N.Z.C., with 12 men held a narrow ridge at the back of the pa, already referred to—the only place where the Maoris could possibly escape. Again and again Major-general Whitmore was urged to station a few men on the northern side, so as to prevent the escape of Te Kooti; but no—not an inch would he budge: his officers had told him Te Kooti could not get away on that side. This was on the third day of the siege, and intermittent artillery and rifle fire continued until the ninth day, when the rebel leader executed the retrograde movement which the European officers believed he would not attempt, and could not bring off if he did. This position was on a conical hill about 25 yards from the pa. The men—among them being Solomon Black, of Te Wairoa—were exposed to a heavy fire, from which they were barely covered by a breastwork of stone and a trench about a foot deep hastily dug with the men's bayonets and tomahawks. This they held from the 1st to the 5th January (1869). After some very skilful dispositions it was decided to storm the pa, and soon the first line was taken, but as the hour was late it was agreed to defer the final assault till daylight. The enemy, evidently divining what would be attempted, evacuated the pa during the night, tearing up blankets, etc., in strips by which to let themselves down the precipice. Not till early in the morning were the attacking force aware of

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this fact, till a woman named Mere Karaka Rerehorua(21) announced that fact that Ngatapa was ours. Mere Karaka had a charmed life on this occasion. She was in a whare where a shell burst, killing or wounding all but herself. Removing to another whare a shell again greeted her, and again she was the only one unhurt, a fact which she attributed to her unabated faith in Christ. Observe, if she was a Hauhau, as alleged, she would have set her deliverance down to the atua of the Pai Marire.

Te Kooti, who was to cause us such a lively hunt, was verily the de Wet of New Zealand, and had got clean away after losing a large number of men, the total being considerably added to by the slaughter of the wounded and of some prisoners.

The retribution lasted for three days. Among the last batch of prisoners dealt with was Renata Tupara, a well-known Poverty Bay chief of rank in those days, who was related to Ropata by marriage, and who at Waerenga-a-Hika and other places had been spared. Some of the chiefs urged Ropata again to exercise clemency towards this man, but to all he turned a deaf ear, having already given secret instructions for his execution, and when the chiefs at last concluded by saying, "Very well, we leave it to you," he replied grimly, "That is well, as he is already dead." This rebel Renata was a fine, handsome man, of undoubted courage, which was displayed to the last. When he was ordered to stand in front of the firing party, he dashed forward, striking one man with his fist and breaking through the line into the bush, where he was, however, shot down. Among many of the Natives of the East Coast and amongst his own people Ropata was criticized for this act of stern justice, if it can be so called.

One of the chief prisoners taken at Ngatapa (said Colonel Porter), who was a confidant of the rebel leader, stated that "400 reinforcements from the Waikato and the Urewera tribes were due at Ngatapa about the date of its fall. This was correct. The reinforcements were on their way, but upon news reaching them of the defeats, the greater number returned to the kaingas, only a few joining the fugitives in the forest, or, as Te Kooti called it, Te Koraha (The Wilderness). From his place of refuge he sent messengers to all wavering tribes, urging them to join his cause and threatening punishment 'when Jehovah

(21). The last name was that of her father. This chief was killed in a fight between Ngati-Porou and Rongo-whaka-ata, the former being defeated. Rerehorua's hands were nailed to a pole on which "ketes" of food were hung, and this, a mortal insult to a dead (and eaten) chief, led to his insulter's undoing, for he was taken prisoner later and killed by Tama-i-whakanehua. It was generally reported at that time that Mere Karaka was married to Renata Tupara, a fine, handsome-looking rebel chief, who was shot by order of Ropata. I doubt the "marriage." She may have had "intentions," but she never was a Hauhau, and remaining in the doomed pa proves it.

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again strengthened the right hand.' Spies came into his camp from different directions and kept him advised of the outer world's doings. One of the greatest wants of this time was ammunition, but this he managed to obtain principally through the Opotiki and Urewera people. The custom was to leave a plant of powder, lead and caps near the friendly settlements, parties from the rebels being sent to obtain it so as not to compromise the sympathizers. On several occasions, when out on pursuing expeditions, we 'sprang' plants of this kind, sometimes accidentally, at other times acting on information divulged by prisoners. On one occasion we captured a prisoner, who under threats guided us to two or three forest caches. In one we found eight quarter-casks of loose powder, in another twelve casks and a bag of ready-made bullets, some boxes of caps and a supply of wax matches. Match-heads were used for percussion purposes, by setting them in used cap-cases, a supply of which they carefully kept for the purpose. The same method of forest caches was adopted in the matter of extra food supplies, usually hidden in caves, or 'ana' as the Maoris call them. The situation of these caves was disclosed to Te Kooti only; he kept their whereabouts secret until he dispatched parties to bring in food, professing that Jehovah had directed him where to find the hidden supplies.

"Nearly three months Te Kooti spent in his 'Koraha' retreat unmolested, extending his religious mana and reinforcing the ranks of his soldiers. All this time there was a Government reward for him, dead or alive. This was on the authority of the Native and Defence Minister, Mr. Richmond. At last he made a move. In the middle of March, 1869, after prayers one day, he addressed his followers, saying: 'Jehovah again directs us to move and fulfil His designs. He has kept us strong in body and faith; He has given us food and allies to support our cause, and He has also given us food for our guns. We shall go forth strong again to fight and destroy our enemies. The strength once more is in our right hands, and the endurance in our feet and hearts. I am directed to lead you towards the Rising Sun (Rawhiti) and to the Setting Sun (Ra-to), where the rewards of our endurance shall be given to us. The soldiers only shall go; the rest of the people, the Uenuku (Rainbow) must wait in the forest.'

"Selecting about 150 of his best fighting men as an expeditionary flying column, unencumbered by camp-followers, Te Kooti set out on the warpath once more. The force travelled down into the head-waters of the Waioeka River, following its lead onward to the Bay of Plenty.

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"Before following the trail down the Waioeka we camped one night in his abandoned pa of refuge. It was admirably situated, surrounded on three sides by water and perpendicular cliffs and dense forest. It contained 30 comfortable whares thatched with bark and nikau-palm leaves. The march down the rough boulder-bed of the Waioeka River was terribly severe. The river on either side was bounded by precipitous ranges rising 200 to 300 feet, the line of march as usual in that class of country."

After Ngatapa, as in former cases, a number of the prisoners taken were allotted to the different chiefs for their safer custody! Among them 50 were allotted to one, and with fatal results. Next morning there was heard in the European camp heavy firing, and a messenger was sent to ascertain the cause. It was then learned that the whole 50 had been taken out and shot by their custodians, their bodies being thrown over the cliff. The affair was hushed up, of course, but it cannot but have accentuated the trouble with the Hauhaus. A great deal was made of the capture of 90 or 100 prisoners, but the fact was that only 14 of them were men, the rest of the living trophies of war being women and children, whose removal would have hampered Te Kooti's flight.

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CHAPTER XIX

MARUMARU AND TE KOPANE

A Waiting Game—The Hauhau Cult—The Canadian Traitor—A Vile Pair—The Troops Arrive—The Christmas Dawn—Death of Hussey—Another Account—The March on Marumaru—The Imperials Arrive—A Silly Bet—Te Kopane Fight.

A Waiting Game.

Not very long after the fighting at Waiapu the Natives of the Upper Wairoa district joined the Hauhaus under the leadership of Te Waru and his brother Reihana, and became a source of danger to the outlying settlements. Efforts were made by Mr. S. Locke and Mr. McLean to secure the peaceful submission of the misguided fanatics, but without avail. At this time only Kopu and Ihaaka Whaanga, with their men, and a small force of Ngati-Porou, under Ropata, could be depended on to stem the advance of the rebels, who were becoming more truculent and threatening every day. In fact, so insecure was Wairoa that the General Government, in the early part of September, 1865, built a blockhouse which stood on the river-bank opposite Mansfield Street, near the old Presbyterian manse. The structure was hectagonal in shape, and composed of totara 8in. square, almost like piles, placed on end, and, of course, ball-proof. It had a loft about eight feet from the ground, the whole enclosure being double-loopholed all round in both storeys, to enable the defenders, or any refugees it might contain, to fire in any direction upon an attacking party. The dimensions of this "city of refuge" were about 26ft. in diameter, and it was capable of holding 100 men. In the centre there was stored a stock of 70 kegs of ammunition, each holding 700 rounds. When this blockhouse was built, a detachment of 20 Military Settlers, under the late Sergeant J. S. Taylor, father of Mr. F. D. Taylor, once of this town, with Corporal Watson, was sent here to man it. At that time, however, and for some months, there was no special disturbance, the Natives visiting the embryo township and trading as usual, and they witnessed, of course, the preparations being made for the defence of the settlers. About this time a most

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singular order was issued to the force at the blockhouse, and that was: not to fire at any approaching party of Natives until they first attacked! This did not commend itself to the Natives at the Heads, and one of them, named Kerehama Hurewaka, Toha's right-hand man(1), declared that the Pakehas might do as they pleased, being concerned in defence of the whites only, but that he and his people would at once attack any party threatening the town side of the river(2). But the Europeans did not take any risks, for a boat-patrol was established under J. Mitchell at Kaimango, Spooner's Point, to guard against any attempt at night-crossing by the Hauhaus, who were in force on the opposite side of the river. But notwithstanding isolated favourable indications among what was known as the loyal section, the large body of the Natives appeared to be very unsettled, and little or nothing was done by them except to provide a bare sufficiency of food. Among those entitled to be classed as loyal and friendly, the first to stand out in bold outline, loyal and true to the Europeans, was Pitihera Kopu, and all the hapus owning his sway. Ihaka Whaanga, at Mahia, was also a staunch ally of the Pakeha, a man who knew no fear, and to the one at Wairoa and the other at Mahia the Government erected monuments to perpetuate their memories. Ihaka's was, I believe, erected on the spot where his father, Te Rataau, was killed, and subsequently removed to Nuhaka. His compatriot, Paul Apatu, also was classed as loyal, but he was slothful and not the man his father was, his bravery being somewhat of the ephemeral order, and not to be depended upon at a critical moment, whilst his influence with his tribesmen may be gauged by the fact that many slipped away in twos and threes and joined the enemy's ranks. At this time the blockhouse was only held in readiness as a place of refuge for the few settlers then in Wairoa; but it was not anticipated, even then, that there would be any fighting, still less was it even dreamt of that actual hostilities were so close at hand. Many were the questions put by one settler to another as to the attitude of the Natives in the pas near the town. Would they all go over to the fanatics, or would a small section stand aloof? In favour of the latter, especially as regards the Natives living near the township, there was always before their eyes the possible confiscation of their lands in the event of the Pakeha proving victorious, and this, perhaps, more than a spirit of loyalty, kept them as a body from joining the Hauhaus. That they recognized that rebellion involved confiscation is proved by an incident which occurred at a meeting held later in Wairoa.

(1). Kerehama Hurewaka was the first Native policeman in Wairoa, succeeded by Te Wheto Mitipara, Rehania Te Aotea, and Reti Kaukau.

(2). The idea, no doubt, was to throw on the Hauhaus the onus of commencing hostilities, which, perhaps, was a safe move, but it involved at the same time the possibility of a massacre of the whites.

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The Government Agent asked Kopu if he had any interests in the land proposed to be confiscated. The brave old war-chief replied: "It is not for me to say what the Governor ought to do; ask my wife." When his wife, Mere Karaka, was asked, she replied: "Yes, I have interests in the land, but I give it for the sins of the Hauhaus." It was a noble answer, yet the Europeans, later on, accused her of coquetting with the rebel leader, and I am not sure whether or not the Government conserved the interests of the loyal chief and his wife. At this time the enemy was reported to be engaged in developing a scheme worthy of Machiavelli in order to ensure the success of the Pai Marire—namely, to keep very quiet, profess conciliation and even to surrender, so as to lull the Pakehas into a fancied sense of security, and then to fall on them suddenly. Conflicting opinion resulted, but in the main the Defence authorities were not so readily hoodwinked. Arms, ammunition and food supplies were, somehow or other, reaching the Maoris; the Government therefore instituted a blockade of the East Coast, and it was very effective. The Wairoa bar proved a great help also, it being blocked most of the time, and the Native-owned cutters not being able to work it, the Maoris and Europeans ran very short of provisions(3).

The Hauhau Cult.

But I must resume. Matters came to a climax as between the settlers and the Natives in 1865, as already stated, and towards the end of that year the authorities felt that they would soon have to come to blows with the Natives. Settlement under the circumstances could not make any progress, at least at any distance from the town, and it might be said, with perfect truth, that all the outlying settlers daily carried their lives in their hands. Even in those days the Natives were still very numerous, and when special occasions brought them into town in large numbers the place bore an air of unusual bustle for a time, though, of course, it soon relapsed into Arcadian quietness again. Without including visiting parties, there were, generally speaking, 80 or 100 Natives at the Kurupakiaka pa(4), better known as "Hamana's pa," at Te Uhi, nearly opposite the infant township. Another, a strongly fortified pa, with Hauhau proclivities, stood at Ruataniwha, on the bank of the river, opposite the burial place of the late Joseph Carroll's two sons, John and Thomas. There was a

(3). It must be apparent that to confiscate Maori land at that time, when the actual ownership had not been fully determined, involved the possibility of doing an injustice to someone; hence the crop of repudiation cases.

(4). The full name of this pa is Te-Uhi-o-karoro, but it was called the Kurupakiaka pa from the fact that a Native named Korohea had been killed on a root of a tree. "Kuru" means to beat, and "pakiaka" signifies a root. It is said that a Native who had broken the "rahui" had his head placed on a root, where he was despatched. Breaking the "rahui" was a very serious crime in the eyes of the Maoris.

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large and populous pa at Kopu's, opposite Huramua. A strong pa stood at Ramoto, and altogether there were at least 1,000 fighting men within striking distance of the town. These to a certain extent were professedly friendly, as already stated, but it was known that many were slipping away gradually and joining the ranks of the Hauhaus, even from the command of the loyal Kopu. It was generally felt that those who were left might not be depended on for long should the handful of Europeans meet with a serious reverse in the field, which was not in the least an unlikely contingency, as the Maoris were adepts at bushcraft and the Europeans were not. Further distant from Wairoa there were well-populated pas at Mohaka and Whakaki. Paora Rerepu was the paramount chief at the former place; indeed, he was held in great renown all through the coast. He was intensely loyal, and the proud possessor, in later times, in common with Ihaka Whaanga and Kopu, of a claymore or sword presented by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. In the seventies—just to digress a moment—this old chief resided in Wairoa during a Land Court, camping on the site of Winters, Ltd., then overgrown with manuka scrub. In the day-time he might be seen attired in the scarlet coat of the Imperials, waving a flag and humming to himself "Rule, Britannia," while those passing his tent were challenged in the orthodox style—"Who goes there?" "Mad Paul" he was called by some, and no doubt at this time the poor old chief was somewhat eccentric, to say the least; but the massacre of his people had turned his brain. But even if such were not the case, eccentricity is a fault from which at least even one ex-European sovereign is not entirely free(5). In the pas where the rebel element was strong, or not held in check by the personality of such a chief as Kopu, the peculiar ceremonies affected by the Hauhaus were continually kept up by the assembled fanatics, the Natives making night as well as day hideous by their yells. They set up a pole of worship at Te Uhi and danced about it, shouting out their incantation or war-cry, as to some it seemed to be—"Pai marire, Pai marire! Hau Hau!" —working themselves up the while in orthodox savage fashion to the required religio-bellicose attitude. On one occasion a party of 500 Urewera and Upper Wairoa Natives arrived at Wairoa from Poverty Bay, where they had gone to consult with Kereopa, and they filed over Te Uhi hill, advancing on the pa and firing their muskets as they marched. Two objects were served by this: one was to notify their approach, and the other was to strike terror into and so win over the wavering ones. This was probably the time Patara, the Hauhau arch-priest,

(5). Of this chief a witness in a Wairoa Native Land Court said: "I support the evidence given by Paora Rerepu at the original hearing (Waipapa block) and agree with what he did. He was a man of great knowledge and 'mana,' and dealt fairly by his hapu. He kept his people round him till he died."

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arrived, for they brought with them the head of Captain Lloyd(6) in order that it might, through the medium of the tohunga, tell the commands of Te Ua.

The Canadian Traitor.

This party was accompanied by a man named Louis Baker and said to be a half-caste, but he was locally known as "the Canadian Traitor"(7). This man had a history, and it may not be amiss to tell it here, as he played an ignoble part and came to an ignoble end. Among the first enrolments at Dunedin in 1864 was an American half-breed, hailing from Canada, whose name was Baker. He remained in the Military Settlers for ten or twelve months, and during that time he was treated by the officers with the greatest consideration, despite his many peccadilloes. But blood will tell—especially bad blood—and in spite of all efforts to discipline him he was continually breaking out of bounds, absenting himself for several days, and having to be brought back by pickets sent after him. As I remarked before, all efforts to break in the wild half-breed signally failed. One day he got away from Puketapu, near Napier, where the force was then stationed, and reached the Ngarururo, which was in flood, and a rather formidable river to cross at any time. When the picket got near Baker he jumped into the flooded river and disappeared. The military authorities then gave him up as a bad job, and the next that was heard of him was that he was among the Te Aute Maoris, and shortly afterwards it was ascertained that he had gone off to the West Coast and joined another European corps. Soon, however, he again deserted, and this time he joined the Hauhaus, falling in with Patara, and eventually accompanying him to the East Coast and Wairoa. He was with Te Waru in December, 1865 (after that chief's return from Orakau), when the fighting took place at Marumaru, and at Te Kopane on 18th January, 1866. Here he retreated with the Hauhaus, and owing to the canoes having all been taken by the retreating rebels he had to try and escape round the edge of the lake, until his progress was stopped by the high cliffs of Panekiri; he then took to the water and swam to Tikitiki, three miles! This man was originally a deserter from the 70th Regiment. He became a "mokai," pet or tool, of Te Ua Haumene, the Taranaki Hauhau priest, and used to carry about Captain Lloyd's head with the rebel bands. He afterwards performed a like service for Kereopa

(6). My informant has undoubtedly made a mistake here. The head of Captain Lloyd, of H.M. 57th Regiment, was recovered some time before from the Taranakis by Mr. C. W. Broughton. Probably the head referred to was that of Private Kelly.

(7). The diary of Captain Levy (1865) mentions that Louis Baker was a captive soldier with the party of Patara at Opotiki when the Rev. Mr. Volkner was murdered. He was a very willing "captive."

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with the Rev. Mr. Volkner's head(8). Louis Baker remained with the Urewera at Tikitiki, and subsequently he surrendered to Major St. John at Opotiki or Whakatane, who, knowing nothing of his career, accepted his statement that he had been taken prisoner by the Urewera. However, in December, 1867, the schooner "Murewai" brought to Wairoa the identical Louis Baker, a prisoner, and from Wairoa he was sent to the Napier lock-up. He was proved to have fought against us at O-maru-hakeke (Marumaru), and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for vagrancy! It was the only charge on which the colonial courts could indict him. In the early part of 1868 he turned up at Poverty Bay, where he was arrested by Captain Biggs and committed to the Supreme Court at Napier for bearing arms against Her Majesty's Forces. The magistrate, being new to his work, did not bind over the witnesses to appear at the trial, and the consequence was that Judge Johnston commented on the omission and discharged the prisoner. In 1868 he again appeared at Te Waru's kainga at Whataroa, and later Kereopa sent him into Opotiki township to try and inveigle a bugler-boy, young Walter Delaney, out into the bush. Baker was arrested and brought up under "The Vagrants Act, 1868," for living with a Native tribe. Major Mair, R.M., sentenced him to six months' imprisonment for vagrancy. On getting out he joined H.M.S. "Rosario," but in January, 1870, however, he again deserted from her in Tauranga Harbour and joined Te Kooti in the Patatere bush after the first fight at Tapapa. Then on the 6th February of the same year, Te Kooti, intending to attack Rotorua, sent in Baker as a spy. Captain Gilbert Mair, who happened to be out scouting, just at dark captured Baker and learned of the proximity of Te Kooti with a large force. Captain Mair sent his prisoner under a strong escort to Tauranga to be handed over to Captain Palmer, of H.M.S. "Rosario," but two high officers met Baker on the road to Maketu and shot him, as it was stated he had tried to escape. My informant says shots were heard, and on arrival of others at the scene Baker was dead. The second officer stated that he had attempted to escape and he had shot him. This statement was supported by the commanding officer; there was a subsequent enquiry by the naval authorities, and the officer who shot him was shortly after struck off pay, no further action being taken. And that was the end of "the Canadian Traitor." Mr. McClutchie, of Poverty Bay, has given to the Press a statement of the affair which is so utterly unlike British chivalry, even as exhibited in the colonies, that I dare not reproduce it—because it is not correct.

(8). As a matter of fact he was a half-caste, French-Canadian and Red Indian, of the same breed as Louis Riel, the Canadian who was twice in rebellion and finally executed.

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A Vile Pair.

There was another Baker, also a half-caste, with this party. He was known as "Baker Maclean," or "Peka Makarini" by the Maoris, and said to be the natural son of a high official in the North. Be that as it may, he was a notorious scoundrel, and though he occupied the post of bugler to Te Kooti, he was best known to the Europeans and the friendly Natives as "the Butcher." A letter now before me describes him as "undoubtedly the vilest character in Te Kooti's band of murderers." It was he and another desperado, Wi Heretaunga, who murdered Mrs. Biggs, and after shockingly assaulting poor Mrs. Wilson, bayoneted her in eleven places and left her for dead. It is said that this Baker, with his own hands, killed over seventy people. He fell to Captain Gilbert Mair's rifle near Rotorua on 7th February, 1870. On the same day twenty of Te Kooti's force bit the dust, including Timoti Te Kaka and Henare Rongowhakaata.

But I have been digressing to describe one or two of the characters that sought to inflame the Native mind in Old Wairoa. The party I referred to camped at Te Uhi for several weeks, and erected a pole or niu of worship there, also one near the Scamperdown creek. At Te Uhi they regularly performed their worship, dancing round the pole; and a weird sight they presented, silhouetted out on the sky-line. The few settlers slept uneasily, it may well be imagined, with the horrid sounds ringing in their ears; and not knowing when the rites might culminate in the murder pitch, arms were kept handy by nearly all. Many resorted to the blockhouse for safety at night, some who could afford it got away to Napier, and others never moved far away from the blockhouse without a weapon of some sort. Sentries were posted at various points round the town, and some of them were only sentries in name. Two patrolled the river-bank opposite the present post-office; and by the way, this patrol in a mad drunken freak sounded the alarm one night and then lay down in the scrub to await events. There was a great to-do among the townspeople until the hoax was discovered—and strange to relate, no one was court-martialled! The reason probably was that the officers were living in glass houses and could not afford to throw stones. Another very dark night Mr. R. Gardiner was posted, with another man, out on the road to the south of Mr. John Black's residence (Lahore Street). The other sentry declared he saw the figures of men crossing the road and disappearing into the thick scrub, where they could not be seen. The incident was reported at the blockhouse and investigation made, but no one was discovered. However, at this time there was really nothing to prevent the Hauhaus crossing the river higher up, coming down through the Tawhara Valley, and

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taking the town in the rear. Colonel Porter, C.B., in his *Life and Times of Major Ropata,* states that at this time Mr. S. Locke was in Wairoa, and included in his party were Kopapara (probably a printer's error for Kopu Parapara), a renowned war-chief of Wairoa; also Ihaka Whaanga, from Mahia, who, stripped to the waist and with mere in hand, pranced up and down before the assembled fanatics. Kopu, too, whose prowess as a fighting man was well known to all the rebels, exclaimed: "Come, Opotiki! Come, Turanga! Come, Ngati-Kahungunu! Come, all of you! Hauhaus and everybody, come, and I, Kopu Taurewa, will make you welcome. There is plenty of food. But," continued he, with run, bound, and gesture quite indescribable, "you must not pass the river to the other side, where my Pakehas live—never, never, never." And Mr. Gardiner, who was present that day, informs me they never did. So much for the influence of Kopu.

As the months of this fateful year of 1865 rolled on, reports came into Wairoa that the enemy had camped at Te Reinga, 400 or 500 strong, under Te Waru and Anaru Matete. On December 22nd a report reached Wairoa from Turanganui estimating the total strength of the Hauhau force at 800, made up as follows:—Wairoa 400, Turanganui 100, Urewera and Taranakis 300; also that they had stated their determination to fight.

The Troops Arrive.

In December 1865, just a few months after the close of the Waiapu campaign, Lieut.-colonel Fraser was ordered from Napier to Wairoa with the remnant of his force of Military Settlers, a small detachment being left in Poverty Bay, then fairly quiet. This force arrived in the "St. Kilda," a Government screw-steamer commanded by Captain Kennedy. Another vessel called the "Sturt," previously mentioned, also arrvied. She was commanded by Captain Fairchild, later in command of the "Hinemoa" and long regarded as a kind of unattached New Zealand admiral, who, to the great grief of his friends, was killed by accident a few years ago. The "Sturt" brought a full company, about 100 men, of the Taranaki Military Settlers(9); the whole of the local forces, now about 150 strong, being under the command of Lieut.-colonel Fraser(10), Captain Hussey (late of H.M. 88th Regiment) and Lieut. Bear, the latter being one of the subaltern officers.

(9). This force camped on what is now known as Marine Parade, about 250 yards below the Wairoa Hotel, and for some days the locality presented all the appearance of an important military camp.

(10). Captain James Fraser, as he was till he won promotion, was formerly of H.M. 73rd Regiment, and coming out to New Zealand well recommended, he was soon promoted to Major, and for his brilliant achievements on the East Coast was subsequently gazetted Lieut.-Colonel. He died from fever, so it was stated, in 1869 at Tauranga, the life he lived contributing much to the spoiling of a career that otherwise might have been a great one.

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The first shot in actual warfare in the Wairoa district, as between Europeans and Natives, was fired at Marumaru on Christmas Day, 1865—nearly 60 years ago—at a period when the religious world was once again proclaiming "On earth, peace, good will towards men"—and man to man, the white against the brown, was engaged dealing out death with the Enfield rifle on the one side and ruder weapons on the other. Instead of the seraphic strain being taken up by the dwellers on this portion of the earth, the bullets sang that day a weird death-song as they cut through the leafy growths on the hill-side, or ploughed up the earth when they failed to find billets in the bodies of the enemy or those of our own men. The colonist-soldiers, many of whom had left the Motherland to better themselves, were now, in fact, fighting for their lives and properties—engaged in deadly strife, on that beautiful Christmas morning, with the Wairoa Natives, aboriginal owners of the soil, enrolled under the banner of Te Ua Haumene, bent on the reconquest of their lands, on loot, or on vengeance, perhaps all three. The first advance against the Natives was begun on Christmas Eve, 1865. That morning a force comprising 80 men of Captain Hussey's force(11), with 60 or 70 men of the Hawke's Bay Military Settlers, the whole under the command of Major Fraser, Major Biggs, Captain Hussey and Captain St. George(12), marched out, accompanied by a few Natives as guides. Captain Hussey, who was in high spirits that day, wore a white helmet and carried a drawn sword(13) in his hand as he marched through the Parade to the crossing place of the river. At Te Kapu some of Kopu's and Ihaka's men joined up. All the men were unmounted, armed with Enfield rifles, and in the best of spirits as they marched northwards. About 20 men were left under a staff non-commissioned officer, in case an attack should be made during the absence of the main force.

The Christmas Dawn.

On the morning of Christmas Day the Europeans came up, near Marumaru, with a strong force of Natives under Te Waru, whose stronghold was the Whataroa pa at the back of Ohuka district, the remains of which can be seen to this day. It does not seem to have been known whether the Natives were aware of the advance of the Europeans—probably they were—for they were

(11). The official reports at the time gave the force as 100 Hawke's Bay military settlers and Taranakis, with 100 Natives under Ihaka Whaanga and Kopu.

(12). A very popular officer, and familiarly known in Wairoa as Captain "Johnny George." He was killed at Pourere, near Lake Taupo, in 1869 in a fight against Te Kooti, and was buried in the Napier Cemetery, where a monument was erected to his memory.

(13). Mr. A. Poyzer possesses a sword handed to him by a Native who stated he had obtained it "from the Queen." It bore no inscription, which it might be expected to do in such a case. Most local authorities are inclined to the view that the sword belonged to Captain Hussey, and it is likely it was removed from the body while the troops were following up the enemy.

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found strongly posted at Te Pou, a scrub-covered flat on the right bank of the Manga-a-ruhe river, where it runs into the Wairoa opposite a ford known in later years as "Yorkies." Te Waru's men, who were about 250 strong, were armed with the old "brown Bess," fowling-pieces, spears, and long-handled tomahawks; the latter weapon, so deadly in the hands of a treacherous and crafty foe, moving by stealth upon a sleeping or unwary victim, could not be of much use against the bayonet in the hands of resolute men, even when surprised or surrounded. This opinion is not, however, shared by my friend Major Large, who had many opportunities of seeing what the Maori could do with his long-handled tomahawk. Te Waru's men, taking advantage of every tree or other cover, including a number of whares, opened fire about 11 o'clock, while Captain Hussey and his men were negotiating the ford, which was then, as it still is, a rather difficult one.

Death of Hussey.

It was long after dawn when the crossing was effected, and while the men were advancing, Captain Hussey fell, shot through the heart(14), a half-caste named Wi Christie being also killed, whilst several were wounded. The advance, however, continued, the Maoris being eventually driven back or compelled to retire up the Manga-a-ruhe in the direction of Whataroa, whilst their houses were burned by order of Fraser. The enemy suffered pretty heavily from the fire of the Europeans, but were not so hard pressed as to be unable to carry off their dead and wounded. The European force returned and camped at Te Tawa Flat, a short distance from Te Kapu, with the exception of a few men sent to the blockhouse. On the 26th, Boxing Day, there was a slight indecisive skirmish on the hill-side above, the only participants on the Queenite side being some of the Mohaka (Ngati-Pahauwera) Natives and a few of Kopu's followers. Te Waru was shot in the forearm that day, which confirms the supposition that he was in command at Te Omaru-hakeke the previous day, though he had some time before surrendered.

(14). There was a report, made on apparently good authority at the time, that Captain Hussey was shot through getting in front of his own men. Major Large had suggested I should investigate this, and having done so I cannot bear it out, as the fatal bullet entered the front of Captain Hussey's body.

It was a fact, however, though only known to me recently, that Wi Christie was shot by one of his own comrades, being mistaken for one of the Hauhaus in the far distance. Christie was a brave but impetuous soldier, and was so far in the advance that he fell as suggested, the bullet entering his back. No enquiry into the circumstance was ever made. Since then, however, I believe I have cleared up the question of Captain Hussey having been shot by his men. I discovered in a "Hawke's Bay Herald" of 1866 a statement made by a member of No. 3 Company to the effect that Hussey had turned to cheer on his men, when a bullet got him.

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Another Account.

Following the example of many other writers of history, who, when some particular military operation is in doubt, submit a second account, I now propose to do so, leaving it to the reader to decide whether or not the later account corroborates the first. Besides this, it gives, perhaps, a better insight into the state of matters than I have done respecting 1865. Mr. J. P. Ward, whose indentity has been already set forth, says:—"After the almost bloodless expedition to Hicks Bay, Nos. 8 and 10 Companies of Taranaki Military Settlers were suddenly ordered around to Te Wairoa, where some of our old Taranaki Hauhau friends were propagating the Pai Marire religion, which, of course, spelt rebellion against the Queen's Government. We were not overpleased at this, for our term of military service was about up, and we looked, and very naturally, to be placed on our sections of land. Moreover, we had just gone through a very arduous campaign in and about Opotiki. We, as a body of men, were in no way sick of fighting—indeed, the feeling was altogether the other way—but we felt that the Government of the day had treated us far from well. We signed for service purely and simply in the provincial district of Taranaki. We had served at Pipiriki, again at Opotiki, and now, when we naturally looked forward to going back to Taranaki, where our homes and families were, and be put on our land, here we were ordered to a fresh place, with goodness knows how many months ahead of us before we got back to 'the Garden Province' again. Well, repining being useless, we embarked on the old fast and furious s.s. 'Sturt,' then the colony's sole and only warship—she mounted one formidable piece of ordnance, an 8oz. brass signal-cannon, which I heard then, and in after trips in this marvellous gunboat, was never fired off, for the reason that all the crew, downward from Captain Fairchild, were scared to do so. On landing off the 'Sturt,' however, at Wairoa, we all were struck with the very beautiful appearance of the river—which we promptly dubbed the Rhine of the East Coast—and the evident fertility of the land. We pitched camp near the stockade on the southern bank of the river, and the township, three small stores and one public-house, was situated on the same side. Not much in the way of city gaiety or amusement, as far as town life went, could be seen or enjoyed by our fellows, as the ferry across the river to the Native side was in the hands of the military, and except a man was 'on duty' he had no chance to get from one side to the other. There was a large Maori population, and they all were, or wanted to be, on the best possible terms with us Pakeha soldiers. It was a new experience to us, too, for the Maoris in Opotiki and at Hicks Bay were very sullen, and indisposed to accept friendly overtures. Our duties on off days were not

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fatiguing, indeed we were far better off than we had been for many months past, while the Natives brought in for sale, and very cheap, too, abundant and excellent supplies of fish, potatoes, kumara, etc.; and taken altogether, we were in no way sorry to have such a nice country, inhabited by such first-rate representatives of the Maori race.

The March Out.

"But," says my informant, "our joy was very short-lived. News had come through, about the time we landed in Wairoa, of the big defeat suffered by the Hauhaus at Waerenga-a-Hika, in Poverty Bay—indeed, it was given out to us before we left Hicks Bay that our destination was 'the Bay,' as Turanganui, or Poverty Bay, was then called. But Waerenga-a-Hika had altered all that, and we came on to Wairoa instead. One afternoon we received orders to strike camp and march inland to a place called Te Kapu. On arriving at the post, which was still on the banks of the beautiful Wairoa river, we found a sister corps of Military Settlers camped. They were the Hawke's Bay Military Settlers, Captain (afterwards Colonel) Fraser in command. After waiting about three or four days at Te Kapu for a levy of local Natives to come to hand, the whole of us Taranaki men, and a wing of the Hawke's Bay men also, together with a mob of so-called 'friendly Natives,' broke camp on a sultry, hot day in December to attack a large party of Hauhaus who had built up the main branch of the Wairoa river what was stated to be a very strong fighting pa at Marumaru. The march up the river-bank, over almost numberless swampy creeks and steep spurs, was most distressing.

"I was a 'nipper' scarce 17 years of age, brought up in the bush, and as tough, in a way, as youths of that age generally are, and I shall never forget that march on Marumaru. The country was rough, very rough, and we clambered through and out of the creeks the best way we could, and in this we were helped by the fact that we had several halts to enable the advance guard to feel its way. We were rising a long, low ridge, when all at once the Taranaki men got the order to open out in skirmishing order, so we knew the enemy were not far off. The line of march was still a vile one, so full of creeks, through which we floundered. It was not far from daylight, and if fight there was to be it must be soon. Then the order was given to lie low, and though drenched to the skin, through falling in the creeks, none of our fellows thought of murmuring. Suddenly the crowing of a 'rooster' was heard just on our immediate left. Before we have time to whisper 'What's up?' half a dozen shots ring out on the clear morning air. It is our advanced guard suddenly finding the enemy's pickets. Then there is the still, ominous lull, telling briefly, and in a way that no words can describe, of

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mutual preparations on both sides for the due and effective carrying out of Death's drama. Our fellows are at once ordered up, and to advance at the double. On reaching the summit of the little spur or ridge behind which we were lying down for the four or five minutes just past, we are greeted with a stiff volley, fortunately too high to do damage. The order is given us now to fire, and to concentrate our aim on a group of whares not 200 yards ahead of us, on the crown of a low-lying hill. There is the palisading, apparently, but it is a bit cloudy, and too early yet to see distinctly. Several other volleys are fired into us, but without effect. It is now a race between our fellows, a part of the loyals and Fraser's gallant corps of Military Settlers, as to who will be in the village first—for it was not, as we were told, a pa that is a fighting pa in any sense of the word. I don't know who got in first, but that did not matter, for the Europeans were ordered to follow up the retreating Hauhaus for close upon three miles further.

"They gave us several volleys as they retreated, and in one of them the captain of my company—gallant, genial Captain Hussey, a true soldier and kindly gentleman—was shot dead. More than once that morning the captain was asked by us to 'keep down' as he ran and marched, but he would not. He advanced, walking straight as if on parade, and sword in hand. Gallant Hussey! We all liked him immensely, and were just wild at his death. It would have fared badly indeed with the Hauhaus had the men of his company been able to get to close quarters with them. But they took good care of this. After the death of Captain Hussey the bugle rang out the 'Retire,' and we marched back to the now destroyed village. There were seven men wounded and three or four of the loyals, one being killed. We saw no dead Hauhaus, but were told afterwards that six were found on the line of retreat. We buried the gallant Hussey at 3 p.m. near the place where he met his death, with all the military honours we could give, and raised a mound above his resting place in that lonely spot. The grave was tended over a long period of years by the late J. A. Fletcher, one-time licensee of the Marumaru Hotel. A day or two after the fight the Taranakis bid a regretful adieu to lovely Wairoa, for the 'Sturt' was discovered one fine morning lying in the river with steam up, and orders for our company and our sister company, No. 8, Captain Percival, to return to Taranaki via Patea, in which latter place more fighting awaited us."

And now to resume my own narrative. While the people of Wairoa that Christmas Day waited and wondered, the body of Captain Hussey was being interred with all military honours his men could give him under the circumstances, at a point on

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the Marumaru Flat a little below the spot where he fell, Major Fraser (who was admitted by all to be a beautiful reader) reciting the burial service over as gallant a soldier as ever Wairoa saw. I may mention here that Fraser, though lax in other respects, made a point of holding a church parade on Sundays wherever he could get even ten men together. But this is a digression. The place where Captain Hussey is buried is well known, even at the present day, but, to our discredit be it stated, its condition is such as to make the writer blush for his fellow settlers who are now living in peace because of lives laid down at the call of duty. Perhaps Hussey performed no meritorious deed that day, for death met him too soon and cut off his career with swift suddenness. But at least we know that he did his duty in the face of the enemy, and that is something no one here now is called upon to do—except so far as the burden of Imperial defence rests on us all. The pioneers cleared the way for the new generation, and some of them laid down their lives in doing so. New Zealand—to our shame be it stated—is none too mindful of her dead heroes, and even the memories of their deeds are too soon forgotten. Captains Carr and Canning at Ruakituri, Captain Hussey at Marumaru, and Private Noonan at Waikaremoana—all these names remind us that there is a duty unfulfilled: the removal of their bones to consecrated ground, or the erection of a proper permanent monument on the fields where they fell. The Maoris honoured their dead in their own way, the body of Wi Christie being brought down and interred at Waihirere with all the ceremonies peculiar to the Natives. And while Captain Hussey's body was being laid in the grave the people of Wairoa tried to eat their Christmas dinners, thinking what might be the issue of the fight or the fate of the men up yonder at the scene of battle. Each volley fired was distinctly heard in Wairoa, the atmosphere being clear. Then there was an ominous silence. Were the Europeans successful, or had Te Waru overcome them? Then another volley rang out. Again there was a deep silence. The people here knew it not, but these were the farewell discharges over the grave of an officer-comrade who had answered "the last call." There were no telegraph or telephone wires linking up the district in those days, so the force marched down and encamped at Te Tawa, Pakowhai side of the river, just beyond Frasertown, while the people still waited in suspense. At the same time it must be stated that some of the settlers were not troubled with misgivings. The landlord of the Clyde Hotel had that day invited a number of settlers to dinner. When all were seated it was found that the guests totalled the unlucky 13! Strange to say, the odd man was not asked to retire, nor was the town scoured to find another guest; but stranger still, nothing untoward happened to any of the party! The first

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news of the fight reached town at 11 o'clock that night, when the body of Wi Christie was brought in, also a wounded Native. The late J. Hird, who was store assistant to the quartermaster-sergeant, took the wounded Maori to Napier in the "Huntress" by order of Dr. F. F. Ormond, and though he got to Napier early in the day it was six o'clock in the evening before a conveyance could be secured to take him to the hospital, where he eventually recovered. It is also worth relating that Captain Hussey's wife arrived from England to join him, about a fortnight after the fatal fight. After remaining in Wellington for some time the Government conceived the idea of granting her the commuted pension allowed, together with the value of the land to which her husband was entitled by his Taranaki service, and paid her passage home to England. The people of Napier, with a consideration which did them credit, conceived a plan to compensate the men somewhat for having had to fight their country's battle on Christmas Day, when others were enjoying themselves. They sent up a considerable supply of tobacco, etc., to be distributed among the men who took part, but owing to mismanagement and peculation, for which the officers were largely to blame, practically none of the gifts ever reached those for whom they were intended.

Scott's Graphic Account.

"Dr." Matthew Scott, whom I knew very well in olden days, when he did his best to make me a Maori scholar, without result, gave me many of the incidents in this Christmas Day fight. Of some of these talks I never kept records, but from his correspondence in the Gisborne, Napier, and Auckland Press I gathered much useful material. In 1890, after describing Arcadian Wairoa, and the happy relations that existed between Pakehas and Maoris at that time, the medico goes on to say:—"But as the year wore on there gradually fell a shadow between us. Distrust usurped slowly and by degress the old-time confidence, and the Maori 'king' became an entity in Waikato. Events followed quickly. Our quondam landlords and their tribes sold their lands—which was the beginning of evil for our Utopia—and swallowed the proceeds, mostly. Some acres remained, represented by ships which were lost, or rotted on the beach, and mills which never saw erection, but which were destroyed together with much goodly produce during the ensuing troublous times. From being peaceable, industrious, and at times ridiculously abstinent, the Ngati-Kahungunu became turbulent, drunken and ripe for mischief, while the Hauhau devilry was brewing in their midst. About this time (the latter part of 1865) I was resident at Wairoa with my wife and family, and not a little anxious as to the possible result of affairs, disquiet-

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ing rumours coming in hourly, the surrounding hills nightly resplendent with signal-fires, and our only effective European force consisting of some sixteen men, while the immediate local Natives were not only untrustworthy but bounceable to a degree. I was not a little pleased one morning to hear the unwonted sound of a light infantry bugle waking the echoes, and was soon shaking hands with the officers of the East Coast Expeditionary Force, who, under their gallant chief, Fraser, had stemmed and swept before them the swelling tide of fanaticism from the East Coast southward to where they stood. From these brave gentlemen and soldiers I soon learned that I was expected to seek the time-honoured 'bubble' even at the rifle's mouth—to which I was, however, more inclined inasmuch as I had found an old schoolfellow among them, who so infected me with the desire to see a little service in the bush that I gladly acquiesced and joined forthwith. Behold me then,' says Scott, 'a sufficiently unwarlike individual from the banks of the Cam, with a revolver on hip, and haversack full of surgical sundries on back, trudging along, about midway in a line of some 250 fine fellows, rangers, settlers and Maoris, with an irrepressible and loquacious little Irish orderly trotting alongside, who also bears a satchel with bandages, etc., and all singing 'Old John Brown' at the top of our manageable voices until we drop into some dense manuka scrub, which exercises its influence upon the upper notes; and then ford a creek breast-high, which seems to wash out the vocal ability altogether." "Dr." Scott then goes on to describe the objective, Te-Omaru-Hakeke, in the Marumaru area(15), with considerable detail and only fair accuracy as to the alleged fortified pa:—"A bugle sounded ahead, and Lieutenant St. George and I went on at the double to have a look at the Hauhau niu or sacred flagstaff, which, together with its circular site and the settlement surrounding it, the Hauhaus had abandoned at our approach, removing, however, only to the opposite bank of the river, which flowed beneath the natural mound and plateau upon which it was erected"—a fact which seems to suggest that the enemy had no previous information as to the advance of the Europeans. He says: "Thence they shouted and exhibited defiance after the Maori manner, but hitherto no shot had been fired, though the men, in extended order, were loaded, alert and ready. We utilised the niu at once as a means of signalling to the enemy, and Hamlin's white handkerchief having been hoisted as a flag of truce, parleying took place across the river between the Native chiefs, friendly and insurgent. But Fraser grew tired of the finessing, and sang out to Hamlin, who was interpreter: 'Tell

(15). There was in ancient days, as shown in Chapter IX, a strong stockaded pa on the Wairoa side of the river, and of the Tapuae line, but on the day of the fight the objective was merely a group of whares forming the Maori village.

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them to throw down their arms and surrender.' An evasive answer being returned, down came Hamlin's handkerchief, up went the Union Jack (ready bent on), and simultaneously No. 9 gave fire with a tremendous crash, while a mixed force of Volunteers, Nos. 3 and 9, and some Maoris, led by Captain Hussey (who was very conspicuous with his solar topee and sword), accompanied by the narrator, forded the river under cover of the fire from the plateau and entered the valley, at the extremity of which the Hauhau stronghold was supposed to be situated. We sang no 'John Brown' now, as we marched somewhat dubiously along a narrow Maori track, bounded on one side by a high fern-clad ridge, and on the other by a deep creek with precipitous banks (Maru-hakeke, it was). Crack went a single rifle in front, then another; then three or four, and my attention was claimed by an entirely novel, peculiar, and by no means unmusical singing overhead, while the bugle in advance was rattling away at a great rate. 'Shure an' it's the assembly and the double, sirr!' said, or rather shouted, my man; and away we went, when Lieutenant George Richardson (my old school-fellow) and Biggs tore past us at the top of their speed, urged by an undefinable something which seemed to renew our engeries, as required, during that apparently long and most exciting race. Meanwhile the flute-like whistling overhead became less and less melodious at every step, until at last it increased into an intermittent angry hiss. An unconquerable desire to see the worst, for we guessed our people were getting roughly handled, a rush forward between the thick flax and toetoe bushes, and the scene is all before me. Right in front, and at about 40 yards distant, hangs a dense opaque mass of fog and smoke obscuring everything, which is momentarily pierced by tongues of vivid flame. Looking down I see miniature furrows suddenly stricken out of the green sward by invisible ploughs, while tall toetoe grass drops its head, and the vibrating flax-leaves shrivel up and bend apparently without cause. Around in every conceivable attitude, and availing themselves of all sorts of cover, our men are loading and firing frantically, for there are but few up as yet, and I find I have unwittingly joined the advance-guard, which Richardson informs me of thusly: 'What the devil are you doing here?' The opposing fire is very fierce and rapid. But fresh men are arriving every moment, blown, helpless, staggering after their long race; but in a few minutes, flat upon the ground, or squatting behind a frail screen of manuka or toetoe, are also contributing to the infernal din around us. I had already dropped down behind a log and fired a couple of shots from my revolver—not at any body in particular, but into the hurly-burly of smoke, flame and yells before me—when I became conscious of a commotion on the extreme left of the position we occupied, and just then,

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catching sight of Major Fraser, observed that he was beckoning me. It was a perilous run from cover to cover, for the intervening space was fairly swept by the enemy's fire, but I got across unhurt, and arrived just in time to find poor Hussey dying. A shot had crashed literally through his spine, as, sword in hand, he was urging his men on. A few hardly intelligible words, and a true gentleman and a brave soldier ceased to exist." Volunteer R. J. Deighton was close to Hussey, who remarked as he fell, "I've got it this time, Dick." Private George Rees told me Captain Hussey was shot through the heart, but the medico must have known otherwise. "'Don't let the men know, if you can help it,' said Major Fraser, just as a heavier burst than usual flashed out of the misty thunder-cloud, and Private Hollingsworth topped over into my arms," said Scott, "with a bullet through his shoulder, while the corner-piece of a whare close by went scurrying up in the air. 'By jove, this is getting hot,' Fraser said, as Biggs and Richardson with about 30 men came along at the double with fixed bayonets, and Bugler Spenser sounding the charge. 'Stop! Down, men, all!' shouted Fraser, and as his order was instantly obeyed by nearly all, few casualties resulted from the discharge of the second barrels, which the Maoris had cunningly kept in reserve for the 'kokiri,' or rush, which they dreaded. Only Sergeant Hawes (afterwards Captain of the Taranaki Volunteers) being tall, and not quite quick enough, got it through the arm, and incontinently tumbled over. 'Now,' shouted Captain Biggs, in a temporary lull, and with a yell which was not a cheer, though somewhat akin thereto, the men climbed and swarmed over the intervening fence and entered the village with a rush. There was wild and terrible work inside for a few minutes, and then pot-shots at the fugitives escaping up the hill-side which dominated the settlement. Parthian-like, the Hauhaus fled and fought bravely. In the evening we returned to headquarters, bearing our dead and wounded with us, and we burned ploughs and carts and carved houses, also much maize, and split up canoes and did other mischief."

The Imperials Arrive.

Immediately after Marumaru there arrived in Wairoa by the "St. Kilda" or the "Huntress" No. 2 Company of the 12th Regiment, 80 or 100 strong. These men were garbed, as usual, in the scarlet British Army uniform, which would have made them splendid targets for the enemy had they been engaged. They had, however, been supplied with the regulation blue serge colonial costume. They were stationed at the blockhouse, while the Military Settlers camped at Huramua. The Imperials at this time, by order of the Government, were restricted to garrison duty and not allowed to take the field. They therefore had no

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active work to do, and never fired a shot except at practice, and soon after were ordered home to England with the rest of the Imperial Forces. "Tommy Atkins" is brave enough—no men more so—when engaged in regular war, under regular rules and methods, but he was comparatively useless in the bush, and unable to move unless he could start with all the paraphernalia and impedimenta of a diminutive army corps, not omitting the commissariat and the grog allowance. To jump on his horse, or set off on foot carrying his arms and ammunition, "tucker" and blankets or tent with him, clothed only in a shawl and a pair of boots, was out of the question. In all these matters he was excelled by the colonial soldiery, especially in courage and shooting. I have no doubt, however, that the Imperials would have come out first in discipline.

The 12th were only "called out" once, and it was in this wise.

A Silly Bet.

While the Military Settlers were stationed at Huramua an extraordinary drunken freak was perpetrated, for if the British "swore terribly in Flanders" the colonials drank terribly in Wairoa. The commanding officer, Major Fraser, had invited the officers of the 12th Regiment to dinner, and they went up the river in a whaleboat, being rowed by four of the men. The dinner passed off successfully enough and with a due amount of decorum, but the after proceedings partook largely of "looking upon the wine when it is red." The Imperial officers desired to leave early, not wishing to keep the four men out too long, otherwise no doubt even they would not have objected to "making a night of it." Eventually they did leave, to the great chagrin of the hosts. Some time after their departure the convivial host, like Pharaoh of old, repented him that he let them go so easily, and made a bet of £20 with one of his officers that he would bring his departed guests back, even if they had—as seemed likely—already reached the blockhouse. The bet was taken, and immediately the "alarm" was sounded, not once, but twice or thrice, the bugle-notes, so well known in those days, carrying a considerable distance. Out rushed all the men, arms in hand, the word "Commence firing" was given, and 60 men started blazing away with ball-cartridge. Soon the ammunition in the pouches ran short, and Sergeant-major Smyth was ordered to issue a fresh supply. For three-quarters of an hour the fusillade was kept up, 5,000 rounds being fired. The settlers for miles ran for shelter from the supposed attack, one woman—Mrs. L. McKain—injuring her leg in her precipitate flight to a place of safety. The whole company of the 12th, fearing an attack had been made on the camp, crossed the river with some difficulty and proceeded at the double to Huramua, where they crossed, only to find that the fusillade was merely due

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to drink and to win a silly, extravagant bet. The only casualty was the slaughter of a horse and a cow that happened to be in the line of fire. It will readily be believed that the relations between the Imperial and the colonial forces were for a time severely strained.

One of the incidents connected with the Imperial soldier days may be mentioned. Despite the military prohibition, two men, one named "Paddy" and the other "Tim"—the nationality can be easily guessed—crossed the river to make an appointment with some dusky maidens in the enemy's pa. On returning an argument arose among the paddlers in the canoe over the state of the tide. Said one of them: "Tai pare i paea." The other replied: "Kahaore, tai timu i paea" (No, the tide is going out, I think). They argued the point with quite unnecessary heat, and Paddy became alarmed. "Yez may tie Tim av yez loike, but begorra yez won't tie Paddy," and overboard he went and swam for the shore. In other dialects—"Tai kata i paea," and "Tai haka i paea."

The Kopane Fight.

A few days after the events above narrated the scene of fighting was changed to Waikaremoana, the fastnesses of which became later a stronghold of the rebel Natives, and from which their dislodgment was a most arduous undertaking. The loyal chiefs, Ropata Wahawaha, Kopu, and Ihaka Whaanga, led a force numbering between 500 and 600 against the enemy, encountering them at Te Kopane, about four miles below Onepoto, in a narrow gully, up which the old Native track went. At the time of the fight the gully was not as it is now; it was heavily covered in scrub and fern. Here 500 or 600 rebels made a stand in a well-selected position, entrenching themselves in a manner worthy of the best European troops, the trenches being so masked as to make their capture no easy matter. The rifle-pits were situated on three different slopes, and were not easily discerned by the scouts of the advancing force. Ropata, with the eye of a practised warrior, descried a defile which he thought might afford a good spot for an ambush, and suggested caution and further reconnoitring; but the Wairoa men were for going on at once, and indeed claimed preference in the march. To this Ropata assented, remarking it was their country and they must know it. If they led the way he would follow. He counselled an attempt to draw the enemy's fire, but the advice was not accepted, and when the Wairoa men were well in, the Hauhaus opened fire on both sides, killing eleven men and wounding many. Ropata then, true to soldier instincts, suggested a flanking fire on the rifle-pits, to be followed by a storming party. This was well met by the Hauhaus, and the loyalists wavered for a moment, but not for long;

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cover was sought and the fire replied to, though with little effect on the entrenched foe, and presently they emerged from the shelter of the trenches and advanced on the loyals. Ihaka Whaanga called on his men to charge and drive back the enemy, accompanying the order with speech and gesture characteristic of the Maori. But there was no response just then. Ngati-Kahungunu fled, as a matter of fact, helter-skelter down the track, halting at a convenient distance. Ihaka advanced practically alone, and soon received a bullet-wound in the hip. Emptying his weapon at the oncoming enemy, he snatched another carbine from one of his men and again fired, but another bullet stopped his further effort. Loyalty to their chief was now restored and they dashed forward to recover his body, and they bore him to the rear; and he recovered, to subsequently fight again on many a field. At this stage retreat seemed inevitable—indeed, the European officers, Major Fraser and Captain St. George, counselled the Native chief, and a retreat was actually decided on, when, however, a brilliant idea suggested itself to Ropata. He suggested that the fern should be fired with the object of dislodging the enemy, and it was immediately done. In a few minutes the fire was roaring up the hill-side, causing such volumes of smoke that the rebels were quickly driven from the rifle-pits. The loyals then plucked up courage and, prominent among them Ropata's gallant Ngati-Porou, took possession of the commanding ridge, and opening a sharp fire on the retreating Hauhaus inflicted very heavy loss on them, and the remnant fell back on Waikaremoana, leaving 80 dead on the field; but many more must have fallen that day, for numerous skeletons were subsequently found on the spot. Among the prisoners was a noted chief, Tamai-o-nga-rangi, a name of which he was quite proud, signifying "the taniwha (or leading person) of the Wairoa," and then, following Maori custom, Ropata shot him by the side of the lake, despite the appeals of Kopu([16]). Operations in this district then ceased for a time, the Hauhau remnant getting back into the hill country of Tuhoe Land.

Ropata was always severe with prisoners, especially those of his own people who had once been spared and again took up arms against the Europeans. The Kopane incident is thus referred to by a well-known authority, whose name I cannot recall:—"On this short campaign, the friendlies, after one of the fights, captured on the shores of Waikaremoana a celebrated Hauhau chief called Tuatini Tamai-o-nga-rangi. When he was brought into camp Ropata asked him his name. The reply was in the figurative language of the Maori: 'Te Wairoa is the

(16). For many years this deed was wrongly attributed to Fraser. For a European officer to act thus would be unpardonable, but it was a well-recognised practice in Maori warfare.

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village, and the taniwha who lives there is Tamai-o-nga-rangi.' On hearing the prisoner's rank, Major Fraser said to Ropata: 'The chief ought to be shot.' Ropata took the remark seriously, and said, 'Shoot him.' Some hours afterwards, finding the prisoner still alive, Ropata said: 'You all appear afraid to shoot this man, but I am not.' So saying, he took the captive by the wrist, led him to the edge of the lake, and shot him and three others with his revolver." This clears Fraser's name except in so far as a semi-jocular remark may have prompted Ropata to the action.

Shortly after Marumaru, Te Waru and a number of his people up the Waiau were deported to Napier, and after the worst of them had been picked out for despatch to the Chathams, Te Waru himself was practically given a pardon on agreeing to remain quiet. He came back to Wairoa by the "Sturt." On the voyage Te Waru began to assert himself, desiring to keep to the quarter-deck, away from the common herd, Pakeha as well as Maori, but Captain Fairchild was not going to stand any nonsense. He drew a chalk-line beyond which the ex-rebel chief was not to go, accompanying the marking of this "aukati" line with the following exhibition of pidgin-Maori: "Ehoa! tenei te markey, au akoe makey the heromai kekoni au makey te pukeru akoe." There was no bluffing Fairchild.

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CHAPTER XX

DEFENCE OF WAIROA

EAST COAST CRISIS—TRIBAL DISTRUST—MILITIA CALLED OUT—IN THE STOCKADE—FATE OF "SCOTCH JOCK"—SETTLERS ORDERED IN—A CLOSE SHAVE—DEATH OF "SCOTCH JOCK"—BEFORE THE STORM—A SURRENDER INCIDENT.

The reverses in the field appear to have greatly dispirited the Natives in the eastern area of Wairoa, as in December, 1865, the Hauhau flag was hauled down for good, and the Queen's flag run up, greatly to the gratification of the old warrior Ihaka Whaanga. Te Ua, too, had thrown up the sponge, and was walking about on parole at Opunake. He said to an interviewer that he must have been half mad to have started the Pai Marire: many people thought him wholly mad, and taunted the Government officers in respect to the liberty they gave him. In January, 1866, a batch of 120 Tuparoa Natives were shipped as prisoners by the "Huntress" from Turanganui via Wairoa, the Napier people being greatly elated thereby. A big war-dance was executed by 200 of the Heretaunga Natives, and the band of the 12th Regiment played "See, the Conquering Hero comes." In March, 1866, Te Waru's brother surrendered as a result of a surprise visit paid by Kopu and his men. A regrettable blunder by the authorities in April, 1866, exposed the Government to some ridicule. The "St. Kilda" took to Napier 90 prisoners from Turanganui, of whom 50 had to be returned, as they were only suspects. The 12th Regiment was stationed till 1867 at the stockade under Captain Crawhall. Rumours continued to spread, quite putting an end to all attempts at settlement(1). One was that Kereopa Te Rau contemplated a raid on Wairoa from Waikaremoana in conjunction with the Urewera, Rongo-Whaka-ata, and some Kahungunu, the whole force again estimated at 800

(1). Nevertheless, on October 11th, 1866, the "Star of the South" brought forty Military Settlers to be placed on their sections near Te Kapu.

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strong. Little credence was given in official quarters, as there were many such reports, though the rather timid settlers thought the cry of "Wolf! wolf!" should not be disregarded. The men of Wairoa were not disposed to take any chances, and in December, 1866, a strong volunteer corps was formed, W. A. Richardson as captain and G. B. Worgan as ensign. The last month of the year saw the arrest of Maaka, a secondary Hauhau chief, by James Spooner and others. He was well known as a promoter of trouble, and at Napier was sentenced to death, but later the sentence was commuted to a short term of imprisonment. In August, 1867, further reports reached Wairoa of a contemplated simultaneous attack on Turanganui, Wairoa, and Napier, the object being to obtain utu for the death of Rangihiroa at Petane on October 12th, 1866, to be described later. Mr. Geo. Burton received a caution through a letter addressed to a Putere chief telling the surveyor not to go there, adding: "If a white man comes among us, the Tu-kiri-kou, he will be cut up." Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of affairs the Military Settlers force was disbanded (September, 1867). The "King" movement at this time was suffering from many defections, and in consequence, at the instance of Tawhiao, Karamoa, and Netipe, two veterans of Orakau were shot at Wharepapa for treason against the Maori "King," and as a warning to others. In October, 1867, Mr. G. B. Worgan left Wairoa for the Urewera Country via Te Reinga and Ruakituri, going by canoe over many portages as far as the falls and then on to Papuni—a very strenuous journey in those days. At Papuni he was a witness to a remarkable system of signalling at night by the Natives by means of fire-sticks, the conversations being utterly undecipherable by the uninitiated. Mr. Worgan's object was to reach Maunga-Pohatu, that spot sacred to the Maoris of "the rocky mountains" of Tuhoe Land, and which he was informed was "not far from Papuni." He never reached there, it is needless to say. Paerau Rangikaitipuake, chief of Urewera, visited Napier in November, 1867, ostensibly to make peace, but ulterior objects being feared he was advised to get back to his friends, and did so, he being afterwards encountered in the Urewera Country. In 1863 a public warning had been issued of trouble impending at Wairoa. It was signed by Renata Kawepa, Noa, Paora Toki, and Anaru Matete—the two last afterwards proving inveterate enemies. In October, Te Heuheu, of Taupo, with 300 men, left for the Waikato, accompanied by Paerau Rangikaitipuake (Urewera), to assist in the "King" movement. The same month there died at Wairoa the chief Henare Apitare, who in his later days fell away from the Maori "King," his last words being: "Be kind to the Pakehas."

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East Coast Crisis.

In 1869 a crisis seemed to have come for the East Coast generally, and for Wairoa, perhaps, more particularly. The North Island Natives were becoming more than ever imbued with the necessity and the strong probability of the Pakehas being eventually driven into the sea, on whose bosom they had come to invade the lands of the Maori. It was true that Te Kooti had been driven—or rather I should say had retired—from one stronghold after another, but always to another equally strong, but he was still unconquered. Exaggerated stories were told in the pas of the losses of the Europeans, and substantial loot was produced in proof of the statements. And now here was Te Kooti, the victor at Paparatu, established at an almost impregnable base, the inaccessible mountains of Tuhoe Land, while there lay at his feet the settlements he had marked out for slaughter. Not only this, but round Lake Taupo and in the Waikato the tribes were coquetting with the rebel chief, and it was only Te Kooti's butchering propensities that prevented an alliance with several very powerful chiefs and their people. During the various raids on the East Coast he had executed a number of Natives who were related to the Waikato, and not readily would they unite with the Hauhaus until utu had been exacted for these offences.

Tribal Distrust.

To show the disinclination of the tribes to make common cause against the Pakeha, let me quote the following, written of them nearly 83 years ago:—"As to any union of the tribes, it was never known to exist, although by marriages they are closely interwoven one with another (and marriages were, as in Old Europe, promoted to secure strength in defence). The tribes in different parts of the island are so distinct from and so jealous of each other, that they would neither unite their several leading men into a governing body nor would one tribe submit to the authority of another, unless first subdued by the battle-axe or the musket. Such is their spirit that if any reigning power were set up among themselves I believe they would rather run the risk of being annihilated than tamely yield to be governed collectively by any one of the tribes."—Wade's *Journey in the North Island,* 1842 (2).

The events described in the previous chapter, disturbing as they undoubtedly were, became the handwriting on the wall to the Europeans, who were persuaded that for them had come the day of reckoning—the day of accounting to the Native owners of the soil, being rapidly pushed aside by the encroaching white man.

(2). On one occasion a scheme was planned to launch 1,200 Ngati-Porou against the Taranakis, and later on, when the help would have been welcome, the Natives had changed their minds about it.

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Militia Called Out.

Nor was the significance of these events lost sight of by the Defence authorities or the people most concerned. Wairoa, of course, was at once reinforced by, among others, thirty volunteers, hurriedly raised in Wellington, some of whom are still living amongst us. The local Militia were called out for active service on October 14th, 1868, by Major Lambert. The population of the town had by this time considerably increased, possibly to about 100. So much had it grown, in fact, that Wairoa itself raised a force of 80 militiamen, besides volunteers, which meant, of course—as indeed it was a fact—that every able-bodied man in the town was under arms. It is difficult now to say, with any degree of accuracy, why men—especially those with wives and families—were attracted to the district in those days, seeing that the Native ferment was known of and talked about all over New Zealand, and formed the basis of much bitter party strife in the House of Representatives. Probably the love of adventure had something to do with it, not omitting the offers of the Government to reward the Military Settlers with grants of land (to be taken in most cases from the Maori owners). These were, perhaps, the most powerful reasons inducing them to settle in such a disturbed district. Then again, owing to the war, the Government was impecunious, and private employment in the country was scarce. The towns were therefore crowded with a large percentage of unemployed, drawn from all ranks in the Homeland—men of high family and stainless reputation, and men of quite the opposite character, but all possessing one feature in common: their purses were practically empty, and they were only too willing to "knock over niggers at six bob a day," as one of them brutally put it. Therefore, the hope of employment and the love of adventure were, to many, enough inducement to take service in the field, or even to settle anywhere on the fringe of civilization, close to the undelimited boundary between the white and the brown race.

But this is, perhaps, a digression, though a necessary one, and I must now return to the steps taken for the defence of Wairoa. Every day scouts were sent out for many miles to watch for the appearance of the expected enemy, and many a time if he had come he would have found our noble scouts engaged in a game of cards down some gully in the grateful shade of the scrub. Every night guards were posted and sentries stationed at suitable points; besides which, strong pickets patrolled the outskirts. On the 30th of November, the Government, having begun to more fully realize that Te Kooti was likely to prove a danger to other settlements, called out the Wairoa Rifle Volunteers, the Hawke's Bay Yeomanry Cavalry, and the Napier Rifle Volunteers.

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All the settlers, moreover, were ordered to take refuge in the largest redoubt, designed by Major Lambert. This was situated on the site of the present County Council Chambers in Queen Street, and was square in form, with flanking bastions at either corner to enable the defenders to meet the expected enemy at all points. The redoubt measured 100 feet square, was composed of earthworks, and at one time held as many as 300 people. The late Edwin Carter, the then big merchant of Wairoa, during the several scares, and there were many such, used to send his stock of flour and maize to the redoubt, to be built up in the manner of sandbags, to afford additional protection if bullets from the weapons of the Hauhaus should be directed against the refuge of the white folk. All the settlers between Poverty Bay and Wairoa were ordered in to Wairoa, and most of them obeyed the very prudent order, abandoning their little homesteads and temporarily adding to the population of Wairoa, where provisions at all events were fairly plentiful. Those who failed to come in voluntarily were compelled to do so, as I shall show later on, armed squads being sent out after them. At the redoubt all civilians had to take their turn at sentry-go, and many of them, no doubt, undertook the duty with fear and trembling, for, with strange military neglect, the heavy scrub had not been cut sufficiently far back, and abundant cover was left handy for an advancing foe. On one occasion the late Henry Flint had the watch from 2 to 4 a.m., when suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, a rustling in the scrub referred to. The sentry challenged, but received no reply, and then, as in duty bound, he fired off his rifle. Out turned the whole of the camp; those living under the guns of the fort ran for the redoubt, and the women and children were greatly terrified. A close examination disclosed the fact that the "enemy" was only the family cow of one of the settlers! Great was the wrath of the men with the unlucky sentry; but before they turned in again a glare was seen in the sky in the direction of Turiroa, and next morning it was found that a scouting party of the enemy had visited the Ohinepaka valley and burned the residences of Messrs. T. McAnanama, W. Moloney, and Sam Powdrell. They also endeavoured to set fire to a house then occupied by the late J. Powdrell in his bachelor days. The occupants had gone the previous night, as was their custom, to one of the pas of the friendly Natives for safety, and as the house did not readily light it escaped. Only the day before, the settlers had been assured by Lieutenant-colonel Lambert that there was no need for alarm! The worthy sentry of that morn-

In the Stockade.

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ing still thinks there had been an enemy very near, spying out the strength and preparedness of the town, which indeed was very possible(3).

Fate of "Scotch Jock."

In 1869 Captain Spiller was in command at Wairoa and Captain Tu Saunders at Te Kapu. At this time (January, 1869), when it was proposed by the Defence Department to disband the Wairoa Militia and Volunteers, and place the whole district under the commanding officer at Napier, Captain Spiller reported that there was a band of 60 Hauhaus camped on the southern side of Waikaremoana. Notwithstanding this, and the fact that north and west of Te Kapu the Natives were in a very disturbed state, 43 of the Wairoa Militia and Volunteers were struck off pay!—for with the Government money then was a greater consideration than at present. About the end of the month, in consequence of continued rumours as to the presence of strolling parties of Hauhaus between Te Kapu and Lake Waikaremoana, Captain Spiller started on a reconnoitring expedition on January 24th, 1869, with 18 Volunteers, a few of the Armed Constabulary, and about 15 Natives. They were accompanied by Lieutenant "Bob" Finlayson, Wairoa Volunteers, and Messrs. G. A. Preece and G. B. Worgan. The force reached Mr. F. Goullet's station on a Sunday evening, finding the latter engaged in shearing, though they had seen fires in various directions and the enemy had carried off nearly half his sheep. On the day following, the party moved on to Tukurangi, passing through the hills to Mangamako, where they came upon traces of occupation by a large party of Natives, ten or twelve belated ones being seen scurrying off towards the bush, at the edge of which were found rifle-pits filled with newly cut fern, and numerous foot-tracks leading in all directions. Not deeming it prudent to venture into the bush with a force of 27 Europeans and three Natives—the other twelve deeming discretion the better part of valour—the party returned to Waihi valley. Next morning, on being joined by 40 Natives under Hapimana Tunupaura, of Ramoto, the party advanced on foot against the Hauhaus at their settlement, but found it abandoned. Too late! The enemy had, no doubt, seen the party the previous evening and made themselves scarce.

(3). On one occasion Major Lambert was making his rounds, and reaching the sentry out on the road now called Lahore Street, the aforesaid sentry, hearing the clanking of the official sword, stood to attention. "Now, my lad," said the Major, "suppose the enemy were to come on through the scrub, what would you do?" "Challenge at once, sir," was the reply. "Right, my lad," said the Major, "and then blaze away." "No, sir," was the astonishing answer, "I should make for the thickest bunch of scrub I could find, and lie low." The horrified Major was dumbfounded.

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After consulting with Tamihana, who had arrived with a party to carry off the enemy's crop, Captain Spiller permitted the wife of John Gemmell, otherwise "Scotch Jock," to go forward with a letter, in order, if possible, to recover her child and her father, Potiki, who were known to be with Hori Te Rangi's rebel party at the lake. Gemmell accompanied her to the summit of the ridge leading to the lake, and traces of them were obliterated by a large party making back to the lake. The majority of the Natives then went back to Tukurangi, but Hapimana, with 15 men, remained until daylight to give Gemmell a chance to return, and though within four miles of the lake it was not thought prudent (a nice-sounding sort of word is "prudence") to advance any further. A retirement was then begun, and at Te Kiwi a letter was found from Te Wiri (one of the Chatham Island escapees), dated from Katikati, a settlement on the Waihau range, asking for some potatoes to be given to some persons going to the lake—a clear connecting link with the Upper Wairoa Natives and Te Kooti. Neither Gemmell nor his wife returned.

A letter was sent, on January 25th, from Te Kiwi to Hori Te Rangi and his tribe: "Salutations! Know that we wait for you here according to the terms of the conversation held by you and Te Waru Kuru with Tiaki Kainga. Listen. Come out to us and make an end quickly of the troubles of the land. It is not known clearly that your offences are very great, therefore come upon one speaking fairly to you. Do not falsely imagine that our pursuit of you will cease here if you turn a deaf ear to our demands. Come, therefore, while the road is open for you to do so, and before further change takes place in our sentiments towards you." This was signed by Captain Spiller and Messrs Worgan and Preece, and as far as I can learn it was never answered. On the 3rd February Captain Corfield left Te Wairoa, and on the 18th Captain Spiller reported to Lieutenant-colonel Lambert, commanding, that Paora Apatu was anxious that an expedition should start with 100 Natives who had volunteered to proceed to Waikaremoana to try, if possible, to locate the rebels and engage them or force them back over the lake. It does not seem that the local force at this time was any too well equipped, for Lieutenant-colonel Lambert, reporting from the Stafford Redoubt, stated he had two buglers but ne'er a bugle to sound; that the men had no greatcoats, and boots were much needed—contrary, apparently, to the loose ideas of the Defence Department on the subject. The men at this time, under the conditions I have mentioned, needed a good deal of medical attention, and this was given them by "Dr." Matthew

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Scott until the 27th of February, when he resigned, and Dr. F. F. Ormond, then in charge of the medical department of the Colonial Forces, took his place. At this time the local forces were disposed as follows:—Fifty-seven rank and file at Te Wairoa, less 14 in charge of Te Kapu blockhouse. The Lieutenant-colonel reported that the people were very unsettled, and afraid to pursue their usual occupations out of sight of the redoubt. Wairoa was proclaimed a militia district, the commanding officer recommending that the Mohaka men on the strength of the Wairoa company be struck off, or the Volunteer company disbanded and started afresh. The preparations for the Native expedidition just referred to were going ahead, when Lieutenant-colonel Lambert arrived and put an end to Captain Spiller's project. Reporting to the Defence authorities, he said: "It appears to me that the Natives are unsettled and want excitement, and jump at any report they hear about the enemy. I fancy they like going out, if only to obtain a supply of ammunition; and the chiefs in particular like it, as anything of the sort tends to make them important." There was, no doubt, a good deal of truth in the remark, but their loyalty just then could scarcely be called in question, and the "friendlies" at Te Wairoa had very little to thank the Government for. The pay of many of them was months in arrears, owing to red-tapism, and even the pensions granted to the widows of the members of the Mission slaughtered at Whataroa had not been paid for over a year. It was, therefore, no wonder to find the European force minus boots and bugles. On February 28th two rebels who were with Te Kooti at Ngatapa, sons of prisoners then in Napier gaol, arrived at Te Wairoa and were placed in charge of Hamana Tiakiwai for safe keeping, and as reports continued to come in respecting roving bands of Hauhaus, additional protective measures were taken. Early in March six men were placed on patrol duty—two for Te Wairoa, two for Ohinepaka, and two in the direction of Waikaremoana. At this time Lieutenant-colonel Lambert reported to the Defence Minister on Te Wairoa, which was a strong position, "there were 54 men residing, nine being old men, but able to defend the redoubt." At Turiroa (Huramua), three miles distant, there were 14 men, at Te Kapu blockhouse 14, and in other localities 8, making a total strength of 90 men. That he was convinced of the disturbed state of the district is very evident from the concluding portion of the report: "I have reason to believe that most of the unmarried settlers (military) will leave the district."

The bulk of the Maori population at this time was located on the left bank of the Wairoa river, chiefly between Clyde and

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Te Kapu(4), and the officer quoted considered that these could furnish 200 men besides the force at the command of Ihaka Whaanga, the Wairoa Militia and the Volunteers; but the two latter forces were, to put the matter as mildly as possible, not in a very forward state, and as red-tape rules were the order of the day it did not seem likely that many would be "attracted to the colours." The Lieutenant-colonel himself got into disgrace with the mismanagers of the war in Wellington for performing a humane act. He issued some blankets to wounded Ngati-Porou without writing to Wellington for authority, and many quires of paper were expended in the necessary explanations!

Settlers Ordered In.

Now I must leave these official matters to mention an incident which justified the opinion as to the disturbed state of the district. Among the settlers who had been ordered in but failed to obey the summons was a man and his family living up the Waiau, named Felix Goullett, better known as "Felix." The military authorities, not dreaming that he would refuse to come in, but thinking he was delaying longer than was prudent, issued orders for a picket of twelve men to go out and bring the family in. Just at starting the party was joined by three or four volunteers, among them John Carroll (long since dead), elder brother of

(4). I may as well state at this point, seeing it has to do with military operations, that what is now called Frasertown, named after Major Fraser, was originally called Waiparapara by the Maoris, but it received another Maori name under the following circumstances:—When the Upper Wairoa Natives surrendered in March or April, 1866, a great meeting was held at Ramoto, on the other side of the river (proper right bank), opposite the junction of the Waiau and Wairoa rivers, where there was then a large Native settlement. Major Fraser and Captain Biggs were there, also Captain Deighton, R.M., and his clerk, Captain G. A. Preece. The surrendered rebels were placed on one side of the open space or the "Marae." Captain Deighton and his clerk sat at a table which had been placed for them, a Union Jack was flying overhead, and as each Native came forward he bowed to the flag, took the oath of allegiance to the Queen, and then sat down at a place allotted to the rebels, some 400 having taken the oath. They were then addressed by the loyal chief Pitiera Kopu, who said: "For your offences your lands are confiscated, but you will not be landless; the Government will allot you reserves, which will be Crown-granted to you for your use and occupation. The other lands are gone to the Crown, and until those lands have been surveyed, and the portions given to the loyal Natives and the Crown cut out, you will be provided with a resting place." Then, pointing to the other side of the river (where the township of Frasertown is now situated), he said, addressing the Natives: "Haeremai, taku mokai ki te kapu o toku ringaringa noho ai"; or, "My pet bird, come and rest on the palm of my hand." The name Te Kapu was then given to the spot as result of this speech. There is, however, some conflict on the matter. A local Native, who states he was present on the occasion referred to, says the words used were: "Kairoto kotou i te kapunga o taku ringa ("You are all in the palm of my hand," "kapunga" meaning hand). Ven. Archdeacon Herbert Williams—a highly capable Maori linguist, to whom I referred the words "Te Kapu"—writes me: "'Te Kapu' might mean either (1) the palm of the hand, (2) the sole of the foot, (3) the tail of a crayfish, (4) the wooden funnel for feeding a person when 'tapu', (5) the object 'karakia'd' by the tohunga for the purpose of rendering a 'rahui' effective, or (6) the shovel for collecting mussels from the bottom of a lake." The South Sea islands, one of which was the Hawaiiki of the Maoris, do not use the letters "ng," neither do the Urewera. With the islanders, "kapua" means hand, which on this coast becomes "kapunga." So it is a matter mostly of dialect and the circumstances which called forth the use of the phrase. Kopu had a habit of chopping off the ends of his words, and he may have used the word "kapu" instead of "kapunga." Another well-informed Native says the word used was "kapo," which signifies the act of grabbing in the palm of the hand, as applied to the surrendering rebels.

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James Carroll, then quite a lad. After the party had gone several miles on the road a horseman was descried coming very fast after them. Sergeant-major Smyth, the non-commissioned officer in charge, halted his party, being under the impression that fresh orders had been sent out after him, or else that it might be a recall, Felix possibly having come in by some other route. When the horseman caught up to the party it was found that it was Captain Spiller himself. That officer informed the Sergeant-major he had changed his mind and come along himself, as he feared the danger might be greater than he had at first anticipated.

But here let me digress a moment. Captain Spiller was a young officer who had not long come out from Home, and had evidently seen service somewhere, though perhaps not active service, and certainly he had not taken any active part in Maori warfare. He was a young man, full of energy and zeal, and would have exhibited real British pluck had the occasion arisen. But he was so devoid of personal experience that he had little confidence in himself, and consequently he was easily diverted by the advice or suggestions of others; hence this incident I am about to relate. The change of mind was most unfortunate, and only by the merest chance was a much more serious one averted —the slaughter of Felix with his wife and young family. Had the party been commanded as it at first started, the non-commissioned officer could not have disobeyed the order given him the night before, but he would, no doubt, have carried out to the letter the instructions given, having an intimate knowledge of the Maoris and no faith in them whatever, seeing that he had only just escaped himself at Frasertown not long before.

Now to resume my story of this small expedition. The route lay through Turiroa and Ohinepaka past the late Neil Walker's homestead as it then was. It then took up over the ranges, following the saddle, and crossed the head of the Tutaekuri stream, thence down to the Cricklewood flats. This route was dangerous, if there were any hostile Natives ahead, as here and there along the route there were bush and scrub gullies which were large enough to have concealed hundreds of the enemy, and they could not be seen until the party walked or rode into an ambuscade. However, the party arrived safely at Felix's place about 9 or 10 o'clock in the day. There they found Felix and his family, together with David Gemmell ("Scotch Jock"), referred to in an earlier chapter, and known also as "The Diamond," because of his kindly nature under a rough exterior. Felix was a Frenchman, and had only been a few years in the district, but whether he was a native-born Frenchman or a French-colonial from Akaroa I am unable to say. Felix had a

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Maori wife at Akaroa for 15 years, and spoke the language better than his mother-tongue or English. After the death of his Native wife, who did not bear him any children, he married a European, and they had, at the time I am writing, five or six young children, the oldest not more than seven or eight years. Felix had squatted on a nice piece of land on the north bank of the Waiau—enough to run 3,000 sheep, though just before the narrow escape I am about to relate he could only muster 800. To this land he had no title, but occupied it on the strength of his knowledge of and sympathies with the Natives. He and the Upper Waiau and Urewera Natives became fast friends, and the members of the latter tribe were always coming backwards and forwards. Felix had therefore the fullest faith in the Maoris and considered himself perfectly safe, no matter what others might suffer. Further, he so stated to Captain Spiller; in fact, he urged that instead of being molested the Maoris would be more likely to protect him. The fact that they had carried off some of his sheep did not seem to worry him. The land belonged to the Maoris, and the latter thought they had a good right to the squatter's stock. What else could be expected? For these reasons, therefore, Felix was very loth to leave the hamlet; but this would not suit Captain Spiller, who insisted that Felix must come in to Wairoa and safety. The latter then begged for a few days to enable him to get away two or three bales of wool that he had arranged with the Maoris to bring down in a large canoe, together with his wife and family. To this Captain Spiller agreed, and a fatal mistake it was.

Here I must break off to reintroduce "Scotch Jock." He was a very old Pakeha-Maori of the whaling days of Te Wairoa. He married a woman of considerable rank among the Maoris—so high, indeed, that after she had borne a child to her Pakeha lord and master, one of the principal chiefs in the district, Hamana Tiakiwai, decided she would make him a fitting partner; consequently she was taken away and became the wife of Hamana. Scotch Jock's grief did not last very long, for he soon consoled himself by taking to him another wife, a member of a still higher family, a daughter or adopted daughter of Te Apatu, a noted Wairoa chief. When this wife died Scotch Jock took up with another woman, a member of the Urewera tribe, and when the Hauhau movement started she temporarily left Scotch Jock and departed for the lake, where she dwelt among her relatives—became, in fact, a Hauhau. Her husband and she had not fallen out in any way, and he used to go backwards and forwards also, and it was through being on one of these trips that Scotch Jock was at Felix's place when Captain Spiller and party arrived. The latter, having granted the

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respite asked for by Felix, decided to scour the district towards the lake to ascertain if there were any Natives about, and Scotch Jock volunteered to act as guide, stating he knew the various tracks better than anyone else. He was supplied with a rifle and ammunition, and proceeded on in front, the picket being mounted. After proceeding about three miles along the ranges, over a well-defined Native track, they found it led into a narrow and very steep bush-covered gully. Here the guide stopped the party, stating that horsemen could not negotiate it, but that if the party rode up to the head of the gully he would cross on foot and meet them a short distance from the gully, but on the opposite side. When the scouting party reached the rendezvous about ten minutes after parting with the guide, there was no sign of Scotch Jock, but, much to the surprise of the party, they found a good road across the gully where the guide said none existed! After searching about, the party came to the conclusion (erroneously, as it was afterwards proved) that Scotch Jock had doubled back to Felix's place. The picket then proceeded on further down in heavy rain and fog, finding traces of Natives, also the footprints of a dog. Following these footprints down to the Waihi creek, the party found they were getting into some very dense bush, and while one or two dismounted and went to the top of the hill to scout, the others proceeded to boil the "billy," selecting a spot under a clump of black birch trees in order to get out of the rain. It ought to have appeared significant—but apparently it did not—that some time before this spot was reached they lost traces of the tracks of the Natives as well as those of the dog. It was evident that enemies were near at hand, and an important point like this could not fail to have been noted by the Indian or the Australian tracker. John Carroll, however, noted the fact that one of the Natives (still unseen, remember) had a deformed foot, one great toe projecting outwards, almost at a right angle. These footprints he recognized as belonging to a Native of Matiti rejoicing in the scriptural name of Himiona (Simeon). The incident did not disturb the party, though no doubt it would have done so had they only known what plans the wily Hauhaus had laid for them. The billy was unslung, and the picket proceeded on to Felix's place, but Scotch Jock had not put in an appearance—he had absolutely disappeared. No idea of desertion or intending treachery was entertained, but it was feared he had met with misfortune—indeed, an old Native captured at Te Putere stated that Scotch Jock had been shot, but it will be clear to readers that had a shot been fired on the other side of the gully referred to the scouting party must have heard it. When the party reached Felix's house he was not even then ready to leave, but agreed to do so next day, when he expected

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his Natives to assist him in getting the wool down to the river. He started next day, however, in spite of his expressed intention not to do so, leaving with quite as great haste as the Israelites of old showed in quitting the domains of the Pharaoh.

The little woolshed was not in sight of the homestead, a rising ground intervening, and Felix was proceeding to the spot to assist his Natives in shipping the wool, when, on reaching the crest, he was a witness to the sudden murder of the unfortunate Maoris by a party of Te Kooti's followers, who by treachery got to close quarters and then suddenly despatched them unwillingly to the Reinga of the Maori spirits. Felix, it need hardly be added, needed no more official persuading to leave the danger zone. He rushed back to his home, bundled out his wife and children, and partly fording and partly pushing the canoe, he got over the Waiau river. Then, casting off the craft lest it might betray the whereabouts of the fugitives, he sought means of scaling the cliff, and soon found a cleft running straight up like a "shoot." Up this he pushed his wife and children until they reached a bend near the top, where they lay hidden for the night without food or drink, expecting every moment that the enemy would discover their whereabouts(5). Captain Spiller does not seem to have reported this incident, though he told of the first occasion when he visited Felix. No doubt he felt he had made a mistake in allowing Felix to delay, whereby the guide was sacrificed. He, however, reported the arrival of Felix in town on March 10th, after his narrow escape. There was, he said, no news of the Natives who had been shot. About two days later a party of Natives, about 40 in number, went up the Waiau to search for "a missing canoe party" (Felix's Natives, evidently), and they found the bodies of the Maoris who had been shot. One named Te Amo they found at a spot called Umato, and the clothing of Rikimona, but the body of Wariho could not be found. It was ascertained that the Natives had stolen every movable thing at Felix's house, turned his canoes upside down and riddled them with bullets, throwing the wool into the river. Next day 50 of Captain Spiller's force went up to the locality and buried the bodies. Te Amo had been shot in the back and stomach, Rikimona was also shot in the back, and as he turned another bullet was sent through his left breast, and he was then stripped. The force appears to have been on short commons, for they helped themselves to part of a pig found at the house of a settler named Keating (near Tutaekuri), a bag of flour overlooked at Felix's by the marauders, and two pigs, the property of a settler named Hogan(6).

(5). One of the girls who were rescued on that occasion still resides at Frasertown—Mrs. H. Beckett.

(6). One of the settlers living up the Waiau, who had obeyed the order to come in to Wairoa for safety.

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A Close Shave.

Some two or three years afterwards the story of the two tragedies was unfolded when J. Carroll brought a man to Sergeant-major Smyth and introduced him as "the gentleman with the deformed foot," asking him if he recollected the incident of the deformed footprints. This, of course, he did, and it was soon learned that while the billy boiled there were three Natives—Hauhau scouts—up in the birch trees, all armed with guns, prepared to shoot the moment their hiding place was discovered. The man with the deformed foot, Himiona, stated he was the one nearest to the narrator of this story, having him covered with his gun while all unconscious he sipped his hot tea.

It may be mentioned here, before I pass on, that the Natives had taken the dog up with them into one of the trees for fear his presence might betray their whereabouts to the European scouting party. It was also learned that on crossing the gully already mentioned Scotch Jock walked into the midst of a party of ten or twelve Natives, including his own wife and her brother. From the fact that Scotch Jock had volunteered to guide the picket, that he had declined to lead them across the gully, the strength of his faith in the Maoris, his confidence as to his own safety, also that his wife and her brother were in the party, a strong suspicion arose that the guide knew all along of the presence of the Natives, and was endeavouring to lead the picket away from them. There was no suggestion that he knew they were there for the purpose of murder, or that he sympathised with the Hauhaus in any way.

Death of "Scotch Jock."

At all events his confidence was entirely misplaced, and it cost him his life. It was learned that when Scotch Jock crossed the gully he found the party of Natives referred to all seated in a clearing in the scrub. After some apparently friendly talk, the wife of the guide slipped behind him and quietly removed his rifle, which was lying by him on the ground. In a moment, another Native, his own brother-in-law, sprang up and dealt him a fearful blow with a tomahawk, and without uttering a sound he lay prone in death, a victim to misplaced confidence in Hauhaus and of an intriguing woman, a rebel at heart. What was done with the body was not disclosed; at all events it was never again seen or found. Thus the overconfidence of one man and the pusillanimity of another (Captain Spiller) caused the death of the Natives and the guide, and, but for the appearance of the picket, the murder of Felix and his wife and children.

Scares of more or less magnitude continued to disturb the equanimity of the settlers, especially about Te Kapu and Maru-

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maru, which, owing to the proximity of dense bush, was open to sudden attack. On one occasion the discovery of certain words written in charcoal on the door of the late George Flint's house at Marumaru still further intensified the alarm, and Captain Spiller warned the Turiroa settlers of their danger, advising them to come in to Wairoa, though at this time they took the precaution of sleeping nightly at Kopu's pa. The Natives anticipated an attack any moment, but the hands of Captain Spiller were so tied that he could not promise them any assistance(7), and at this date Mr. McLean was no longer Government Agent on the East Coast, much to the detriment of the civil and military settlement so much desired.

Before the Storm.

On the 19th an armed party of 37 Natives left on their own account for Tukurangi, followed next day by a supporting party, but they did not come into collision with the Hauhaus, who, however, ventured on several occasions close down to Te Kapu. At this time the women and children there were sleeping in tents close to the blockhouse, and a trench was dug from there to the tents, with an embankment in front and in rear of the tents, commanded from the loopholes. This trench may yet be traced on the ground. As if inviting an enemy, the scrub was left standing, and repeated requests for axes had to be made to enable it to be cleared, while the guardroom was of such a trumpery nature that it was not deemed strong enough to hold two Native murderers while evidence was sought to ensure their committal for trial. The men of the Wellington Volunteers, mentioned at the opening of this chapter, who had been enrolled for six months, declined serving any longer, and demanded to be sent back to Wellington according to agreement, and this weakened the whole force considerably—the officer considering it quite inadequate to meet a Native attack in force, more especially as red-tapism could not be sufficiently broken down in the matter of buying axes to cut down the scrub and bush which still hedged the blockhouse at Te Kapu. Captain Spiller therefore advised its evacuation and the concentration of the force at Te Wairoa.

The Natives at this time became greatly excited at rumours of an impending attack, and when Captain Spiller proceeded to make an inspection of the various pas, at the instance of Lieutenant-colonel Lambert, he found them engaged in strengthening the defences and throwing up earthworks. Tamihana and Kohia, of Matiti, applied for ammunition on March 26th; but not

(7). Five shillings per day was the rate of pay for scouts, who had to supply their own horses, and in 1870 the Colonial Forces were made into policemen and paid a shilling a day less than a Dunedin crossing-sweeper.

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only could this not be done, but an Armed Constabulary support for an expedition fitted out to attack Te Waru about the end of March, 1869, was stopped, the Defence Minister ordering Captain Spiller to merely act on the defensive, and the Lieutenant-colonel ordering Mr. Worgan at the same time to move out his friendly Natives to attack Te Waru at the Whanganui-a-parua arm of the lake. Here there was an old fighting pa of the enemy, but Mr. Worgan's chief difficulty was to secure canoes to cut off the retreat, as he feared the enemy getting away as they did on the occasion of Kopu's attack on Te Upoko-o-te-ao four years previously. Te Waru by this time had been joined by the whole of Ngati-Pohatu and all the scattered hapus of Wairoa and Waihau, and it was anticipated he would muster a tolerably strong force. On the 1st April Dr. Ormond received instructions from Captain Spiller to proceed next day with the Native expedition to Waikaremoana, and on the 6th a despatch from Napier stated that Te Kooti had shifted his quarters to Ruatahuna and was likely to join Te Waru. The Wairoa chiefs were warned, and Captain Spiller sent out to Mr. Worgan warning him that in case he attacked at Tukurangi he was to be sure that Te Waru did not play with him in order to afford Te Kooti an opportunity of advancing on Te Wairoa or some of the other settlements. To prevent this, Mr. Worgan was advised to keep a part of his force as a support, to throw out skirmishers and scouts on every commanding point in the rear. Captain Withers, who was also adjutant, arrived in Wairoa on the 8th April, the usual prize-firing took place on the 9th at the Wairoa rifle-range, and on the 10th he was at Frasertown. All this while an undisciplined body of Natives, practically under the command of a civilian, was out in the direction of Waikaremoana and a tragedy was being enacted at Mohaka—but that is another story.

A Surrender Incident.

A more pleasing incident of this period was the surrender of a party of up-river Natives, then recently in arms against the Government. Intimation having been previously received of their intention, the friendly Natives were prepared to receive them. The tribe surrendering—Ngai-tama-te-rangi, of the Waiau—came in to Te Uhi pa in procession, with their leader, Waata Taiaroa, at their head—a man of fine physique and presence. Clothed in a handsome "korowai" cloak, his hair dressed with huia and other feathers, and with a mere in his hand, he looked every inch a Maori chief. They were received with the usual "wero," then speeches and other ceremonies, winding up with the inevitable feast. One funny feature of the proceedings was when the women of the settlement carried the small baskets of cooked food wherewith to regale the party. Those in the rear,

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carrying a quantity of dried eels as a "kinaki," or relish, were in such a hurry to deliver their offerings that they did not wait to place them quietly before the guests like the rest of the food, but threw the eels in streams over the heads of their party in front, to the no small amusement of the bystanders. The recipients all the time maintained their stoical demeanour, in accordance with Maori etiquette.

Later on, in August, 1872, in order to settle some outstanding claims due to the Natives and to arrange for the return of some lands confiscated, a meeting was initiated by the Government. On this occasion a sword of honour presented by Her Majesty the Queen to Ihaka Whaanga was handed to the worthy chief by Mr. S. Locke. This was done in the presence of the local Armed Constabulary and Volunteers, many loyal speeches being made. On this occasion Mr. Locke visited Onepoto, and on behalf of the Government reserved 200 acres round that post, the remaining confiscated land about the lake being given back to the Native owners. This was one sore point settled, because the confiscation of the lands of Waikaremoana Natives, who had rebelled, hurt also loyal Wairoa Natives, who rendered the Europeans valuable assistance on many occasions. There are still murmurs of a desire to get back or to get payment for other confiscated lands, and the generous action of the Wairoa-Waikaremoana Natives in handing over 70,000 acres of the bush lands fringing the lake, for conservation purposes, wipes out all former misunderstandings, and helps to still further cement the bonds of friendship between the Pakehas and the Maori race.

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CHAPTER XXI

OMARUNUI AND PETANE

ADVANCE ON NAPIER—FIGHT AT PETANE—BATTLE OF OMARUNUI—THE PRESS ACCOUNT—THE OFFICIAL VIEW.

Advance on Napier.

I must now go back about a twelvemonth to describe events leading up to the Hauhau advance on Napier—the enemy's most daring project. In the middle of December, 1865, His Honour Donald McLean accepted the Agency of the General Government on the East Coast—and no wiser appointment was ever made—Poverty Bay at the time being much disturbed in various quarters. All No. 4 Company, residing within a radius of ten miles from the Mohaka stockade and six miles out from Wairoa, were ordered to parade for regular drill, and this was done. As already stated, the murder of the Rev. C. S. Volkner at Opotiki by the Hauhaus under Kereopa Te Rau caused the greatest consternation all along the East Coast, and the fact that several districts to the north were seriously threatened at the same time considerably hampered the authorities. Napier itself was soon to be the scene of operations, and the fact that the Hauhaus had the boldness to contemplate the seizure of Napier bears strong testimony to their faith in the Pai Marire and its arch-priest, Te Ua Haumene. The long-threatened attack was at hand, and the authorities were preparing to meet it.

Fight at Petane.

On the 11th October, 1866, Major Fraser, who had been camped at Huramua, seven miles from Wairoa, embarked at the Heads on the "Star of the South," with 40 rank and file of the Military Settlers, to proceed to Omarunui. The force arrived in Napier about 4 p.m. the same day, and at midnight, in charge of Major Fraser, Ensign Richardson and Lieutenant Wilson, was marched out to Petane to intercept a strong party of rebels expected to arrive from the direction of Te Pohue, and generally to act on the line of march of the enemy's reinforcements. Fraser halted his men at Captain Carr's place, a few miles up the Petane valley, and in about

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half an hour after the halt was made it was reported that the Maoris were advancing through the valley. The loyalist force fell in two deep and soon engaged the enemy, who were defeated by 8 o'clock; Rangihiroa, the cannibal chief of Te Pohue, being killed. The only casualty among Fraser's men was that of the late Sergeant James Fletcher (Marumaru), who received a bullet-wound in the knee, on account of which he had afterwards to go to Sydney for treatment. The enemy were known to have lost 15 killed, and three were taken prisoners, but other bodies of slain Hauhaus were found later.

One of the Wairoa men who was present says:—"We were told off in three parties. Most of the best shots were placed on the hill, another company was to take cover in a ditch and behind a bank-fence, and the remainder were placed across the track, taking shelter behind flax and toi-toi. We waited anxiously for about twenty minutes, which appeared to be fully an hour. Then we heard Mr. Martin Hamlin calling out to someone in Maori to surrender. Then Captain Fraser gave the word to fire. We went down on our knees and fired four or five steady volleys. The Maoris turned and tried to cross the Petane River when they found they could not get past us. We were glad to hear our comrades on the hill cheer, for we were too weak to stop the rebels had they come straight on. At the cheers we jumped to our feet and were after them, but Captain Fraser called us back. I don't think many got off unhurt."

Battle of Omarunui.

On the same day, almost simultaneously, in fact, Lieut.-colonel Whitmore advanced on Omarunui pa, a few miles from Napier. In addition there were the Napier volunteers, with militia under Captain Buchanan. The force had advanced the previous night by way of Taradale and Puketapu Hill, Captain Kennedy leading the militia, there being also present a few friendly Natives. The volunteers were posted on the east side of the pa and the militia on the west. At daybreak the volunteers were marched out to the bank of the Tutaekuri River, the whole force numbering 180 strong besides the friendlies, the volunteers lying down in a ploughed field. After a good deal of parleying, endeavouring to get the Natives to surrender, the militia opened fire, and had been firing for some time, when the volunteers got orders to fix bayonets and charge the pa, and after about an hour and a half's fighting, in all, the fort was carried, 50 per cent. of the enemy being killed or wounded—actually, 33 killed, 29 wounded, and 56 taken prisoners. Noted chiefs Kipa and Kingita were killed, also Panapa the tohunga, whose faith in the virtues of "the Uplifted Hand" had failed him. The European loss was one killed and nine wounded, the latter, by a piece of bad manage-

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ment, resulting chiefly from the bullets of their own countrymen. In all, that day, 204 rank and file and 200 friendly Natives were engaged, though the latter, owing to the position in which they were placed, did not get the chances for which they undoubtedly looked.

The prisoners were, after a time, shipped off to the Chathams along with Te Kooti and his fellow Hauhaus. This practically ended the first East Coast war, which opened at Waiapu in 1865. A few days after the affair at Petane, Fraser's force marched to Te Pohue, but found Rangihiroa's stronghold abandoned. They then went on to Mohaka, back to Napier, and in a few days sailed for Wairoa in the "Sturt" (Captain Fairchild) and reoccupied the camp at Huramua.

The Press Account.

The *Hawke's Bay Herald* thus reported this affair:—"It does not often fall to the lot of a newspaper reporter to chronicle a more satisfactory issue than the events of the last 24 hours have led to. The dangers which threatened the peace of the Province have been boldly met and gallantly overcome. Inclination prompted me and accident determined me to follow the trail of the 'East Coast Warriors.' Fraser's luck did not, on this occasion, fail him, although Kopu and his Natives shirked the walk along the heavy sands to Petane, and indeed shared the general belief that 'the fruits would not pay the labour.' Yet Fraser with his 40 men, but recently landed as they were, and not a little fatigued with their two or three days' knocking about, bravely trudged over the heavy miles of desert and reached the entrance to Petane valley—Kai-Arero—somewhere about 5 a.m., whence they pushed on to Te Po, which they found deserted save by a few women, who were mostly horribly alarmed at 'te hoia.' Thence they marched by the road straight up the Petane valley, passing the various settlers' homes, until they reached Captain Carr's station, where they halted. Almost immediately after, a party of Hauhaus headed by Paora Toki and Te Rangihiroa, numbering 30 well-armed men, were seen marching up the bed of the river. Opposite to Messrs. Carr's house is a bend in the river, somewhat sheltered by steep banks. It was at this point that the Major hailed them, commanding them to halt and surrender. They had the insolence (so says the reporter) to commence loading and capping their pieces; and Fraser, who was a man of few words on such subjects, wasted no time in profitless discussion, but ordered his men to fire. Never was the order more cheerfully obeyed, and the crack of rifles and the duller sounds of the enemy's double-barrelled guns awoke such an echo among the hills as the Petane settlers had been little accustomed to. It cannot be denied that the Hauhaus fought gal-

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lantly and died like men. In five minutes, however, twelve of their number were killed, and the rest broke and fled, Paora Toki amongst the number. Old Rangihiroa, whom some of the townspeople will remember as having once created a semi-riot in Napier, was hit in the chin after he had fired one shot (by Mr. W. Richardson, M.S.), and did not take the trouble to recap his freshly-loaded piece. The bolters were pursued by St. George and Captain Carr and mounted volunteers. Only one man on our side (Sergeant Fletcher) was wounded, and he received a wound in the knee. The enemy's loss consisted of Te Rangihiroa and 11 killed, 5 prisoners, one of whom was wounded in the shoulder.

"Information had been received by the Government that 12 large canoes were hauled up in an inlet between Parke Island, and a party consisting of 27 mounted volunteers, under Captain Gordon, and 12 of No. 2 Company Militia, under Corporal Pulsford, was detached to take possession of them. The spot was reached at daylight, the canoes were seized, and the persons in charge taken prisoner. The Maoris protested that the canoes were Tareha's and not the property of the rebels, but Captain Gordon abided by his instructions and took the people in custody, at the same time giving the canoes in charge to Captain Cellem, the harbour-master, who had repaired to the spot by water. Captain Cellem tried to take the canoes (three of which were capable of holding 50 men each), but, being unable to stem the wind and tide, he contented himself with cutting them adrift and returning to port. It turned out afterwards that the statements made by the Natives in charge were correct so far as the proprietorship of the canoes in question was concerned, but, whoever the owners were, it was probably a proper precaution to cut off this means of escape in case of the rebels getting away. At daylight on the morning of Friday several companies were in the position assigned them in general orders the previous night. The friendly Natives, about 200 in number, under Ihaka Whaanga and Kopu, were distinguished by a red-and-white sash on the left arm. All were under the control of Lieut.-colonel Whitmore, with whom were also Major Lambert and Captain Withers, as well as Captain Russell and Mr. Agnew Brown, who had volunteered as aides-de-camp. His Honour the Superintendent and Mr. Ormond were also on the ground. At daybreak the Hauhaus must have been astonished at seeing themselves virtually surrounded by an armed force of such numbers, but their courage or desperation did not appear to be affected by the spectacle. At daylight a letter was sent to the rebel pa under a flag of truce, of which Mr. Hamlin was the bearer. In that letter they were required to surrender and give up their arms

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within one hour, otherwise they would be attacked. Although Mr. Hamlin waited half an hour longer, no answer was forthcoming. An extension of time—about another hour—was given by the officer in command, but they showed no disposition to take advantage of it and were plainly seen dancing round their Hauhau pole. About this time Captain Rhodes, with part of the Clive Company, all mounted, made their appearance, and this and the other companies took up the positions assigned to them. After two hours had been allowed the enemy the order was given to advance, the Napier men marching from the Puketapu side and fording the river. Not a shot was fired until the men got close to the pa. The firing was then hot and heavy, and was fiercely returned by the Hauhaus, who were under good cover. After hard fighting for an hour and a half our people mastered the enemy's position, who then hoisted a flag of truce and surrendered. Upon the flag of truce being hoisted, the officer commanding had considerable difficulty in restraining the friendly Natives from rushing in and killing the prisoners. On entering the pa a ghastly spectacle of dead and wounded presented itself, and the survivors, some 58 in number, laid down their arms. The Hauhau loss was severe—the killed numbered 21 and a similar number were wounded. Among the killed were Panapa, the prophet; and among the prisoners Nikora, of Tarawera, a chief of note and well known in Napier. Our casualties were as follows:—William Young and a friendly Native, Karamoa, killed. The wounded were: Captain Kennedy, H. Brooking, H. Morrison, G. Lawson, John Elliot, Joseph Shirley, Skillicorn, Captain Allardice and F. E. Hamlin.

"We regret that, notwithstanding the precautions taken by the officer commanding, some 13 or 14 escaped from the pa. They were pursued, however, by the Meanee mounted volunteers and by Captain Gordon's men (who had just come up), and 11 brought back, wounds having been inflicted on two of them in the pursuit. Among those recaptured was the notorious Nikora, who must be an unmitigated scoundrel. The number of Hauhaus who really escaped does not, we imagine, exceed three or four, and they will not, in all probability, long escape the vigilance of the authorities. About 10 o'clock the troops formed to return to town, and although they had very severe work they looked fresh and in good spirits. The prisoners were marched in under guard of volunteers commanded by Captain Buchanan. The cavalcade, on its arrival in town, was loudly and repeatedly cheered. The prisoners, except those taken to the hospital, were marched to Gore Browne Barracks. The militia and volunteers, footsore and travel-stained, were gladly welcomed by their friends; they arrived in town about 1 p.m. Among the Hauhaus

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killed, as we have already said, was Panapa, their chief prophet. There was also Kipa and his brother Kingita, the latter well known as a turbulent fellow who lived at Moananui's pa in the lifetime of that chief, and who gave the Europeans a great deal of trouble. There was also Henare, likewise a Haroto chief; so that, including Rangihiroa, killed by Major Fraser's party, a nest of rebellion had been completely rooted out. It is a pity Paora Toki is at large, but he will soon, we trust, be taken."

The Official View.

The late Hon. J. D. Ormond, speaking at the Omarunui Jubilee Celebration, spoke as follows:—"We meet here to-day to assist in the unveiling of the obelisk that stands before you, which has been erected by the old settlers of Hawke's Bay in commemoration of a fight which occurred on the 12th October, 1866, between the settlers of Hawke's Bay, aided by the friendly Maoris, against a band of fanatical marauders, who came into our district armed and with the intention of attacking the town of Napier, firing at and killing its inhabitants. It is only 50 years ago since this event happened, and probably very few people even in this district have any knowledge of the state and condition of the country at that time, or the events preceding that time which had brought about the condition of things that then existed. The old settlers have asked me to unveil this monument, chiefly, I suppose, because I am the only one left alive of those who officially directed the operations of those times, and the old settlers have erected this monument because they feel that the time is not far distant when they must also join those who have gone before them, and before that takes place they have wished to leave a standing memento of what they and the settlers of Hawke's Bay did at that time in defence of their wives and children. I have had some difficulty in collecting accurate data to give you the correct particulars of the numbers taking part in the engagement and what occurred at it, but I think I have succeeded in getting fairly accurate numbers and descriptions, and shall be able to give a fairly accurate description of what took place. In collecting these data I became impressed with the knowledge that to give only the history of what occurred at this place would be a very incomplete account of how it came about, and I therefore propose as briefly as I can to give an outline of the condition of the country of New Zealand at that time and some years before, which made such an attempt possible. Now, everybody who knows anything of New Zealand history knows that after the Treaty of Waitangi, when the Native chiefs handed over the sovereignty of the country to the Crown of England, there were from time to time outbreaks among the Natives, who I may say were then in great majority, while we were only a few; but

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although these outbreaks took place from various causes, which I have not time to go into, there was no general desire to alter their position as belonging to the British Empire. There existed all through a strange loyalty; strange because it was an alien race, but still it existed and was of a material service to us in the early days. Although there were these disturbances in different places from time to time, the relations between the settlers and the Maoris were extremely satisfactory and cordial. All the old settlers who remember Hawke's Bay in those days will remember how well they got on with their Maori landlords and friends; and so things went on, we will say, till about the middle of 1850. Then there was a manifest change in the attitude of the whole Native race throughout the North Island. We had gradually extended settlement and civilization, and they became aware that we were gradually occupying the country. This led, naturally perhaps, to great unrest among the whole Native race. As showing how thoroughly at that time this unrest existed, the Governor of New Zealand represented towards the end of the fifties to the Imperial Government that a large force of British soldiers was necessary to maintain the Queen's supremacy, and in the years 1860 and 1861 a force of 10,000 British soldiers was in New Zealand. It was in the year 1861 that I was elected as a member of the House of Representatives and attended a session in Auckland. When there I visited the front, where the bulk of this British Army was encamped, and I was impressed at once by the fact that although we were successful in individual operations—at that time the force to which I have been referring was preparing to attack Rangiriri, on the Waikato—the conclusion I came to was that the successes from time to time in attacking the individual fortresses had little influence towards the pacification of the country; and not very long afterwards, I forget the exact date, Parliament decided that the time had come when New Zealand should undertake its own self-government and defence, and intimated this to the British Government. In consequence, the large army that was then in New Zealand left, and the future protection of our settlements was left with the local forces that existed among ourselves. I will now make special reference to the district in which we were most interested, the East Coast district, which at that time, and now, was known as starting at Opotiki, including all the Poverty Bay and Wairoa districts, sea coast and inland, and Hawke's Bay south and going back to Taupo. During the period that I have given some small account of, this district had escaped any serious Native difficulty, and was perhaps almost singular in that respect. It had been cited also as an instance of the successful work of missionary labour, and all the tribes within it had not only adopted Christianity, but were believed to be earnest in their support. In the

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year 1865 this state of things suddenly received a severe shock. At that date, at Opotiki, a Native named Kereopa—a Native, not a chief possessing any particular influence of any kind in his district—suddenly called attention to himself and declared that he had been invested by his god with supernatural powers, and they had only to follow him and the hated Europeans would be killed or driven out of the country. He preached what he called a new religion, which has been known ever since as Hauhauism, the chief doctrines of which were to retake possession of the lands on which the Europeans had settled and drive them into the sea. Then Kereopa, having got together a considerable band of followers, determined, by way of binding his followers to him, on the murder and sacrifice to his god of an influential European, and before a meeting of his followers he murdered a quiet, inoffensive man called Volkner—a man who had spent the best part of his life in the district, and had apparently been loved and respected by all. Not contented with the murder of this unfortunate person, he gouged out his eyes and ate them before the assembled meeting, for what purpose, except that of showing his blood-thirsty determinedness, it is difficult to understand, but from that day his power increased. We heard first of this last atrocity, but it did not attract great attention beyond that it was a brutal act; but in an incredibly short space of time his following spread over the whole district south of Opotiki. The inland tribes joined his banner right down to Gisborne and the Gisborne back country, and on the East Coast the whole of the Natives, including the Ngati-Porou tribe, became converted to the Hauhau faith. So rapid was the spread of this fanaticism, it is difficult to give accurately the time, but certainly I think in not more than three weeks Hauhauism was rampant and the people had joined the new religion, abandoning everything that had been taught before. What now came to be our great difficulty was that the whole district north of us was in great rebellion and given over to fanaticism; and to show you how complete was the success of this people, the Missionary Station a few miles from Gisborne, where Bishop Williams lived and founded schools and did good work for the missionary cause for a great many years, had to be abandoned. Bishop Williams was unwilling to leave, but his relations, knowing that his life was absolutely in danger, prevailed on him to leave the Mission and come to Napier for safety. It is needless to say that the position of Hawke's Bay, bounded as it was now by a district in rebellion, was one of great insecurity. The question was, Could we stay the spread of that fanaticism that had overrun the other part of the East Coast district or not? We had at that time a settler among us named Mr. McLean, afterwards Sir Donald McLean, a man who in the past had achieved a great reputation and knowledge of

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the Maori people. He had, before he came to Hawke's Bay as settler, acted for years as adviser to successive Governors of the colony, especially on Native matters, and in that way had become acquainted with all the tribes in the North Island and with their chiefs. It may be said that his name, "Te Makarini," was known throughout New Zealand, and that he had secured not only the friendship of the chiefs, but also the confidence of most of the tribes. He was, at the time I am referring to, Superintendent of Hawke's Bay, having retired from his official Native duties, and in addition to being Superintendent he was also, as representing the Government in New Zealand, the Native Agent for the East Coast. I had been acquainted with him for years, and when he became Superintendent I assisted him in the Provincial Council, and we became fast friends and coadjutors in all the work of the positions he held. On the northern district going into rebellion I speedily joined him to assist him in the arduous work that lay before him, and was working with him for several years afterwards. The first step was to call meetings of the chiefs of Hawke's Bay and influence them to set their faces against the Hawke's Bay people joining in the rebellion. Fortunately we found the principal chiefs of Hawke's Bay, Tareha te Moananui, Renata, Karauria, Karaitiana and others all agreed to set their faces against the spread of the rebellion. They admitted that there was considerable unrest among sections of their own people, but they promised to use their utmost endeavours to stop the inroad of the fanatical rebellion. That being assured, the next question was how best to act to put down the rebellion which existed in the Gisborne district. Another man who had considerable influence with the Natives, and who assisted Mr. McLean to stop the Hawke's Bay Natives from allowing the Kereopa fanaticism to extend to Hawke's Bay, was the Rev. Archdeacon Samuel Williams. I have no hesitation in saying that the great influence of these two men saved Hawke's Bay from yielding to the fanaticism which had overrun the East Coast district. Word had come to Mr. McLean from several of the influential Ngati-Porou chiefs that although the tribe had largely gone into rebellion they themselves remained loyal, but had few supporters, and asked that we should assist them by sending them arms and ammunition to enable them to hold their own; also they asked that if possible a small European force might be sent to assist them. It was then determined that Mr. McLean should take advantage of the small Government steamer that was placed at our disposal to take arms and ammunition to the Ngati-Porou chiefs and confer with them as to the steps to be taken to subdue the rebellion. I remained at Napier to take any steps that could be devised to raise a European force. We had no men available, but at the

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time the Otago goldfields had ceased to give good results, and information came that there were a large number of young men of adventurous spirit there who had come to the goldfields but were now without occupation, and who could probably be enlisted. I arranged with a friend in Dunedin to let it be known that we were sending an officer at once to get together a force, and asking that preparation should be made for him to meet people who were willing to serve, and dispatched Inspector Scully, then the head of the Hawke's Bay police, to assist the men and carry out the enlistment. He was pre-eminently fitted for the work entrusted to him. He had been a sergeant in the 65th Regiment for a good part of the time when the regiment had been in New Zealand, and having obtained his discharge had settled among us. His visit to Dunedin was very successful. He had no difficulty in finding a number of men well fitted for the service they enlisted for, and he was back in Napier, I think, within two weeks of starting with about 230 men admirably fitted for the work for which they were wanted. By this time Mr. McLean had returned from his visit to the East Coast, and was well satisfied with the certainty of the Ngati-Porou chiefs using every exertion in their power to put down the rebellion. The men that had been enlisted were at once provided with arms and accoutrements. A very promising young officer named Major Fraser, who had experience in the service, was selected as their chief, and others, among whom was Captain Biggs, of Poverty Bay, settler, became officers in the company. They left shortly afterwards for the East Coast, and were soon actively engaged with the force the loyal Natives had got together. They proved eminently fitted for the work they had undertaken. Fortified pa after pa, which the rebel Natives had constructed, was attacked and taken, and it may be said that this force had no reverse, but marched from success to success right through the Ngati-Porou country. Almost as speedily as the country had been overrun with Hauhau fanaticism did the successes against the rebellion bring the Natives into subjection, and the Ngati-Porou returned to their allegiance to their chiefs. While this successful termination of trouble among the Ngati-Porou was of great service, the inland tribes north of Gisborne, although cowed and frightened of our successes, remained sullen though not defiant; but the effect in Hawke's Bay was undoubtedly good, and we believed our district had been saved from any likely danger. Then suddenly word came to Napier that a Native named Panapa, who had belonged to the Ngati-Hineuru tribe, had followed the example of Kereopa Te Rau and declared himself invested with supernatural powers. This man, like the latter, was not a chief nor of any particular significance among his people. He had been taken prisoner in the earlier days of

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fighting and taken to Waikato, and had there become a missionary, but had returned to his own tribe. That tribe resided chiefly in the hilly country on the opposite side of the Mohaka River, and their principal settlement was at Te Haroto, on the now Taupo road. In those days little was known of it except that its inhabitants were a turbulent and troublesome set of people. Panapa set to work at once to organize his following. We had reports that he was getting considerable numbers of restless spirits from neighbouring tribes. Again Tareha, who was the principal chief in Hawke's Bay at this time, conferred with Mr. McLean about this man Panapa and expressed confidence that he had sufficient influence over the tribe to be successful, and he sent emissaries to represent to the tribe the folly of what Panapa was proposing. The reply was that Panapa was a great chief and that the tribe had given him their confidence, and from that time Tareha took an exceedingly active part in acquainting Mr. McLean with every movement of the enemy, and gave him information as to their plans, which he had no difficulty in doing from his connection with the tribe. About this time it became generally known in Napier and Hawke's Bay what Panapa was doing. He had sent down a party to Petane just before this to report to him the conditions at Napier. They visited Napier, found out where the barracks were, where the ammunition and arms were kept, and other particulars which would be useful in the proposed raid against Napier, and returned to their people with this information. Shortly after this, having completed his arrangements, Panapa moved down to Petane with about 80 to 100 armed men. His instructions to his followers were to commit no act of offence of any kind; on the contrary, to allow us, the Europeans, to believe they were a harmless people without any evil intentions, and when we were asleep Napier would be at his mercy whenever he decided to attack it. Having stayed a few days at Petane, he suddenly moved over to Omarunui with his force and took up his position there. The chief there, Paora Kaiwhata, left his settlement and went to reside with Tareha. During the time the force was at Petane, Mr. Hamlin, the Native interpreter to the Superintendent, had been sent to ask what business they had come upon and what they wanted, but they refused to give any information or make any answer. Then when they left for Omarunui the same officer was sent out to warn them that unless they abandoned their evil intentions and at once returned to their homes they would be attacked. For a long time they would make no reply. In the end Panapa said peace and war were both good, and not another word could be got out of him. All the preceding happened within about a fortnight, and there was very considerable alarm both in Napier and the country. Napier was thronged with

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women and children from the country, and there was considerable feeling amongst people that the Superintendent and those who were watching events should have taken more drastic measures. The force we had in Napier consisted of the Militia and a company of Napier Rifles under Captain Buchanan. These were all warned that they would be wanted at any time for special service. Their arms and everything were in readiness for when they would be required, but no movement was made by us because, informed as we were, by Tareha, of every movement of the enemy, we knew that another force was expected to reinforce the people at Omarunui. They were to be led by Te Rangihiroa, who was the chief of that tribe. At length word came that this reinforcement was on the march. The news was given us by Tareha on the Wednesday, when we had absolute news of the enemy's starting and as to their movements, and that they would pass down the Petane River on their road on Friday morning, 12th October. I have omitted to say that among our preparations for dealing with the difficulties we had brought to Napier Major Fraser and the remnant of his force, 40 to 50 men, which had not been disbanded. In the preparations that we now made that force was sent to Petane on the Thursday with instructions to take up a position on the road that the enemy would pass through on its way, and capture them. He and his force accordingly established themselves on Thursday night at what was then Captain Carr's residence, and on the Friday morning the force, as expected, was intercepted by Major Fraser and his men, who had been joined by the Petane settlers. They were caught in a narrow defile and ordered to surrender. They refused, and fighting immediately began, which ended in killing 17 of them and taking 5 prisoners, which was the whole force except two or three who managed to escape. On that same night (Thursday), the night before the fight, the Napier Militia and the Napier Rifles started at midnight to take up the position that had been assigned to them, surrounding the enemy, and the friendly Natives under Tareha, Renata and other chiefs encircled the position on the other side, so that at daylight on Friday morning, October 12, the enemy found himself completely surrounded. When day broke they were seen dancing round the flagstaff which they had erected there at Omarunui, gesticulating and calling upon their gods for support. Mr. Hamlin, with a flag of truce, was ordered to go to them and demand their surrender, and to inform them that after an hour, unless they surrendered, fire would be opened upon them. He received a contemptuous refusal to listen to him, and returned." The speaker then described the battle as already related.

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CHAPTER XXII

THE MOHAKA MASSACRE

A Treaty of Blood—Early Action Stopped—The Native Relief—The Napier Fiasco—Building the Pa—The News at Wairoa—The Kiwi Fight—The Morning Raid—The Women of the Pa—Mrs. Scott's Story—Death in the Valley—Romance of Mohaka—Resolves Too Late—Back to the Land.

In order to discover some reasons for the Mohaka massacre, other than the fact that Te Kooti was supposed to be on his way with the Urewera to attack Wairoa, I must go back somewhat. It will be remembered I have mentioned that at Te Reinga the decision was made to attack Poverty Bay first, and later to fall upon Te Wairoa. But evidently there was another reason, for the Maori, as well as the European, was never at a loss for excuses to make war, and this reason I find arose several years previously. It is stated that on one occasion Toha Rahu Rahu of Wairoa led a war party against a settlement of the Urewera at Ngaputahi, near Putere, for what reason I have been unable to ascertain. He captured on that occasion a Native woman of some note and of rather prepossessing appearance, also a number of the men. These he left or kept in close surveillance at Mohaka, at a place called Maungaturanga. These semi-prisoners got away while the Wairoa and Mohaka Natives were in the field against Te Kooti, and of course to the Maori mind they had a "take" of great strength against their captors and the related tribes. After making good their escape they reached the Urewera Settlement, Ngaputahi. This place was situated at the back of Waireka, under the Panekiri range, a track connecting the Native settlement in question with Lake Waikaremoana, the rendezvous of all the Native Adullamites—the same track which Te Kooti took with his force on the return march from Mohaka.

A Treaty of Blood.

Then, when the authors and perpetrators of the Poverty Bay massacre came down by way of Ruatahuna, and reached Ngaputahi, the two parties cemented a fresh friendship by uniting their several grievances, thus strengthening not only the "take" but the means of meeting it. In addition also to the fact that Wairoa was to be attacked (according to the Reinga decision) as

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soon as Poverty Bay had been dealt with, Te Kooti had another and a very powerful "take" in the fact that the Ngati-Pahauwera had helped to oppose the advance after the landing at Whareongonga; Te Kooti also knew of a store of ammunition at Mohaka, a commodity of which the rebels were getting very short. In very stormy weather (so the scouts said) the raiding force crossed the "Sea of the Rippling Waters," and in doing so one canoe capsized off Tikitiki. However, the raiders got across, and while one party was sent under Te Waru Tamatea to attack down the Wairoa valleys (probably only as a diversion) the rest went south towards Mohaka, reinforced by a number then dwelling on the southern shores of Waikaremoana.

The Ngaputahi people made a treaty of blood, offering to find additional men if Te Kooti would lead them(1) against their enemies at Mohaka, and help to exact utu for the indignity offered them in the past. Te Kooti readily agreed, and on April 10, 1869, his savage horde swept down on the hitherto peaceful Mohaka Valley like wolves on the fold, and soon they embarked on their contemplated deeds of darkness. The Hauhaus arrived in the valley at Arakanihi on Friday, 9th April, led by Te Kooti, Paora Toki, Paerau Rangikaitipuake, Anaru Matete, Whenuanui, and Te Poki. From Arakanihi they attacked the Native village of Maungaturanga, where they killed eight; then Horowai, where four fell; but not a shot was fired lest the coming of the raiders should be known at the pas on the coast. The dwellers there were not many, the men being out on the warpath; yet no risks were taken, for some scouts had been sent out in the direction that an enemy might be expected to take, but all seemed peaceful. The official dispatches, which in this case, at all events, did not disclose cognizance of the real facts, stated that it was Lamplough(2), the mailman, who brought the news to Wairoa, where he was scarcely believed by Mr. Geo. Burton, then on his way from Mohaka. He therefore went back to ascertain the facts, and then sent a messenger for help, and, as we know, on the Sunday morning a force left Wairoa, but on reaching Mohaka it was found that Te Kooti and his raiders had gone.

(1). I may as well state here, seeing that Te Kooti is referred to by most of my informants as the direct perpetrator of the Mohaka massacre, that when he passed through Wairoa after the proclamation of the amnesty he declared he had not been present at Mohaka, and had nothing to do with the massacre. The first part may be true, for no one, as far as I can ascertain, can say, with any degree of certainty, that they saw him. But of a certainty it was one of his roving bands that committed the foul deed, and so he, their acknowledged leader, must be held responsible for it. Major Large affirms positively—so did the late Bishop Williams—that Te Kooti was present, that his men knew it well and did not attempt to deny it.

(2). Mailman Lamplough was drowned while on duty in July, 1870, and James Tait in September of the same year while carrying Government dispatches.

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But that is part of the tale I have to tell. About 2 p.m. on the date mentioned—a date that will not be forgotten while one of those who suffered remains alive—an old Maori, tattered and almost exhausted, arrived breathless in Wairoa after a journey on foot of over 20 miles, bringing news that startled all, for indeed it concerned all. The tale he told was necessarily a very disconnected one—it was the first news of the Mohaka massacre, which had taken place early that morning. So incoherent were the words of the Maori runner that at first he was hardly believed, as scares were numerous; but gradually the conviction grew that the Native was not exaggerating, and a general panic set in among the civilians, for the horrors of massacre by an overwhelming force of vengeful Hauhaus momentarily grew more intense. The military even were perturbed, and various fears rose up before them, growing blacker the longer they dwelt upon them—indeed, they dwelt on them far too long. The married men sought to find safety for their wives and children by arranging to send them to Napier(3), the Natives of the Wairoa pas saw closely to the palisades, and one white settler started to erect a bastion near his house from which he could fire on any advancing parties. Discipline got a shock that day, for sentries left their posts and others actually got on horseback to start for Mohaka without orders, and as a consequence one was, so I am informed, lodged in the guardroom both for punishment and safety. Discipline was never a very strong point in New Zealand military forces, but what little there did exist came to an end that day(4).

Early Action Stopped.

But throughout all the confusion and amid the hopes and fears there were some who kept their heads, and had their counsels not been set aside, the tale of the Mohaka massacre would most likely have had a happier ending for the Europeans' reputation. But perhaps I am now digressing somewhat from a recital of the actual events which occurred in Wairoa that fateful day. Let me state here that the Commissioners already alluded to had left Captain Spiller as sub-inspector in charge of the local forces, whilst at this time Captain Withers(5) was senior officer in charge of the militia and other forces, as commanding officer of the Hawke's Bay Division. Now, to explain the presence of Captain Withers in the Wairoa district at that period

(3). At this time, communication with Napier having been cut off by land, the "Murewai" and "Hero" were chartered, the latter for £20, to convey the women and children of Wairoa to Napier, and keep in touch with Mohaka by sea.

(4). For his attempt to relieve Mohaka, when too late to be of any service, Captain Withers was promoted to the rank of Major.

(5). Captain Withers makes no mention of this honourable attempt to go forward promptly, but Captain Spiller does. The dates in the letter-book run April 6th, 14th, 15th, 10th, 11th, and again back to the 14th, so much of the thoughts are after-thoughts.

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I may remark that the Military Settlers, for some time after disbandment, were entitled to what was called "ration money," and to pay over the amounts due he was in the Wairoa district at the time of the Mohaka massacre—as a matter of fact he was at Frasertown, or Te Kapu, as it was then called, for the purpose already stated. When the news of the massacre arrived, Captain J. J. Taylor was commanding the Wairoa Volunteers, 40 or 50 strong, while the redoubt was manned by the Wellington Volunteers and the militiamen—old Military Settlers, chiefly, and very few of them novices; in fact, they comprised a considerable number of the original "Fighting Fifty," the men who had fought at Kairomiromi, Pukemaire and Waerenga-a-Hika, and the veterans of Fraser's fighting force. Immediately that the full significance of the news broke upon him Captain Spiller decided to move on Mohaka at once(6), and in pursuance of a plan he had suddenly formed, he ordered Captain Taylor to call out the Wairoa Volunteers and man the redoubt. At the same time he ordered Sergeant-major Smyth to parade all the men then in barracks, which he did, and Captain Spiller, being full of life and enthusiasm, seems to have infused the men similarly. In half an hour a force of 46 men was ready to proceed to Mohaka. They were in decidedly light marching order indeed, as regarded equipment other than ammunition, for they were ordered but three days' rations, and not a single blanket among them. They were, however, served with a double supply of ammunition, 140 rounds per man, pack-horses being ordered to move out after the force with a further supply. The men were paraded, I may state, in half an hour, ready and anxious to attack Te Kooti's force, and in another ten minutes they would have been off. The men were drawn up at ease in front of the redoubt in Queen Street, on the site of the present County Council Chambers, while the officers met in the orderly room, a most unpretentious looking building then standing near the present Post-office site. Here the route and plan of attack was settled—the force to march via Ohinepaka Valley, cross the Mohaka at "Starks," and take the enemy in the rear.

But at this stage two circumstances occurred which altered the whole course of events, and which in all probability led to the subsequent long, expensive, and for many years fruitless Te Kooti hunt through the wilds of Tuhoe Land(7). These cir-

(6). Major Large sends me a note to the effect that if this small Wairoa force had gone to Mohaka they would not have defeated Te Kooti's 300 men or obviated a further pursuit of the miscreant. It certainly would not, assuming he were not there at all. But seeing, as I shall show later, that ammunition was scarce with the enemy, the chances of Te Kooti's defeat seem to have been fair if Captain Spiller's force had been allowed to start.

(7). I was fortunate enough to be able to rescue the official books of the time from a heap about to be burned, among them the order-book in question; but although the cancellation is mentioned, this particular order is missing, and Captain Withers did not mention it. Evidently the books were only entered up in spare time.

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cumstances were the arrival of the senior officer, Captain Withers, from Frasertown, and an erroneous conclusion come to by Captain Taylor as to the intentions of the enemy. The Volunteer officer urged that the attacking party at Mohaka was only a detachment of Te Kooti's main force, and that by taking away the local men it would leave Wairoa open to attack by the main party—that in fact Wairoa was Te Kooti's objective, in pursuance of the Reinga resolve. Captain Spiller, though firmly convinced of the necessity of an immediate movement on Mohaka, could not offer a solution, as he had but a short time before expressed the opinion that while Te Waru held the Europeans in the direction of Waiau, an attack in force might be developed on Wairoa from another point. However, despite the fact that the Volunteers should have been able to hold the redoubt, Captain Taylor pressed the point so closely that Captain Withers yielded, and meeting Sergeant-major Smyth near the orderly room with the orderly book under his arm, took it from him and wrote the word "Cancelled" across the order just given by Captain Spiller, as he had the right to do, being senior in command. Thus the marching orders were countermanded, much to the disgust of Captain Spiller and his men, whose mutterings were loud and deep as they were marched back to the barracks.

The Native Relief.

In the meantime the Mohaka Natives, the Ngati-Pahauwera, who had been on an expedition to Waikaremoana district, returned via Wairoa, and at once started off to the relief of their fellows in the attacked pas, but it does not seem that any European officers went with them. On reaching Waihua the party met Mr. George Burton, who was riding in post-haste, also Joe Burton and Lamplough, of Waihua. Joe Burton was sent in to report the attack, the story of which had already been told by the old Maori runner. Captain Spiller, with the consent of Captain Withers, then decided to send out scouts to, if possible, locate the enemy and ascertain his strength and disposition. The men picked were J. Mitchell, W. Tew, "Rowley" Hill([8]), an old man-o'-war's-man, and Joe Burton. The instructions were that they were to proceed to the top of the hill overlooking Mohaka, ascertain the strength and disposition of the enemy, and return with all speed to Wairoa. Hill exceeded or did not carry out his orders, and the result was as might be expected. He went on ahead of the

(8). "Rowley" Hill's proper name was George. He was born in Dawlish, in Devon; went to sea early and served in the Royal Navy; saw fighting in the Crimea, Indian Mutiny, and the Italian War of Liberation. In New Zealand he also saw much service, chiefly in Taranaki, and was also in the affair at Petane and Ruakituri.

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other scouts(9) and was cut off, but with the help of a quick pair of heels he got into the small pa which was still holding out with the help of a few old men and some women, and held it against the enemy, for which deed of bravery, though contrary to orders, he was awarded the New Zealand Cross, a decoration of which he was intensely proud. I should state here that the Mohaka Natives, returning from Wairoa, entered the pa practically at the same time, and helped to hold it against Te Kooti. Meantime the other scouts returned to Wairoa without gaining any information as to the strength of the enemy or the positions they occupied. It is a fact, sad to relate, that at Wairoa that night at 7 o'clock a dinner was given by the late C. Harmer to Captain Withers, "Hurrah for the Life of a Soldier" being sung with great gusto while the lifeless bodies of Te Kooti's victims lay unburied and unavenged—certainly while the enemy were carousing at the hotel, they having seized a large quantity of liquor landed a few days previously; and for three days they straggled about the infant township, open to a successful attack by a disciplined body of men, but the one that was ready to do the work was held in(10). Had there been but two or three European officers to lead the Maori force, the Natives would have been brave enough in defence of their hearths and homes. Captain Withers undoubtedly spoiled the chance of a brilliant victory over Te Kooti if a blow had been at once struck(11).

The Napier Fiasco.

Orders were immediately issued from Napier or Wellington calling out the second-class militia within a forty-mile radius of Napier, and a force assembled, marching via Petane, reached the village by sundown, the mounted section making Tongoio; but even then, the first day out, and short of food, the only activity shown on the part of the officers of each force was in calling useless parades, when the men were treated to some grandiloquent language and incited to deeds of glory against Te Kooti.

Lest these statements be questioned as being hearsay, let me quote the following, written in May, 1877, by one who took part in the relief expedition from Napier, which was on a par with the bungling at Wairoa:—"It is nine years since, on a bright autumnal Sunday morning, we—that is, every able-bodied man

(9). The late J. H. Mitchell, who had been a corporal in the service, stated when applying for a military pension: "Having very little ammunition, I sent 'Rowley' Hill into the pa to get some" (why he should have expected to get any there I do not know), "and before he could get out of it Te Kooti started to surround the pa and the connection was broken. We then had to retreat to Waihua, expecting reinforcements, but none reached us until too late."

(10). Major Large states the dinner referred to was held the night before the news of the massacre was received, but my informant adheres to his point.

(11). I am not alone in my condemnation of the arrangements, for Colonel Porter, C.B., says in his "Life of Major Ropata": "Relieving forces were sent from Napier and Wairoa, but were so badly handled by the officers in command that Te Kooti leisurely recrossed the lake and again took refuge with the Urewera."

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enrolled in the military forces—were called from our beds by the bugle's sound and clashing din of arms . . . to proceed at once to 'the relief of Mohaka,' where a frightful carnage was being carried on, and Te Kooti and his mob were dead-drunk. There is little of credit to be remembered in this expedition; but, after much parley among our rulers as to whether it might not be more advisable to take us to Petane, where we should not be wanted, than to ship us by sea where we might have been of service, we were marched out to 'the fields of glory,' some 400 strong . . . as the matin bells were ringing. Of the walk out—for no stretch of the imagination by the most severe martinet could call it a march—of the carousal in camp that night(12), the next day's rest, and the dinner refresher along Tangoio beach('towards' Mohaka, to relieve the already slain, where we never reached in time, arriving on the following Tuesday) are matters extremely uninteresting now." May I query this at once? Anything is of interest where human life is concerned and where officials placed in power failed to do their duty.

Building of the Pa.

In 1869 there stood on the terrace on the northern bank of the Mohaka river two pas, one an old and the other a modern one, both containing large populations. In front they were defended by a sharp cliff rising from the river, but at the rear they lay open to attack from the hills between it and Wairoa-Putere sides. Te Huki, the older pa, stood nearest to the cliff, and the new one, called Hiruharama ("Jerusalem") more in the centre of the flat. The Maoris at this time had only just emerged from the ancient style of warfare, and had not fully mastered the European methods of defence. The pas were therefore a mixture of both styles—palisades, stone embankments, trenches and flanking bastions.

It was under the following circumstances that the main pa was built, as told by Mr. Thomas Stagpoole:—"On the north of the Mohaka river rises a tableland with cliffs sheer from the water's edge. On this tableland stands the Maori village of Mohaka. In accordance with old Maori ideas of warfare, a fortified pa was built on the edge of a plateau overlooking the river, and where it takes a bend. In the days before the white man came this was a place of great strength, as it fulfilled all the conditions of successful defence. Even when firearms began to be used it was a sufficient protection, as only artillery could

(12). I was informed by a member of this "expedition" who died some years ago at Frasertown that on the march some of the "soldiers" got out of hand, and at Te Whanui they shamefully looted Finlayson's store, strewing articles of feminine wear all about. The outrage was, for a long time, set down at the door of the Hauhaus.

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breach its strong palisades. But there came a time when the hearts of the Maoris grew restless and uneasy. Some had seen the fighting pas of the Pakehas and were sore troubled about the old methods of construction. So it was proposed to build a new pa. A long korero was held, at which much kumara and pig were consumed. The Maoris are great orators, but easily persuaded by anything that appears to savour of the supernatural. When it came to the minister's turn, he said: 'Friends, I am an old man now, and must soon depart. Let us build a new pa up here in the centre of the flat, where we can fire on all sides, and let us build after both Maori and Pakeha style, and let us call it Jerusalem. Let it be a refuge for our women and children. Friends, I have looked into the future. Some of you say there will be no war. I tell you the weeds will not be high on my grave before war will be here.'

"Therefore it was determined to build a new pa, but it was also decided to keep the old one. All the arts of both Pakeha and Maori were made use of as far as possible. The palisades were supported with stone walls, and no enemy could assault it without being subjected to a flanking fire. The only thing lacking was a sufficient supply of water. There was a spring, but not by any means sufficient for its requirements. Against this, however, two springs which were situated about 400 yards to the east of the pa were specially commanded from that part that overlooked them. . . . Now the pa is finished. The children play around the angles, and the women went forth to tillage. As the dusk fell the long files of weary ones went toiling up the hill to their haven. The old minister's grave looked red and round, but the weeds were beginning to show. Sometimes, over the fire, the old women would remind each other of his words; while the young ones, unheeding, built love castles in the air. Sometimes, when they went forth as usual to the kumara fields, a fog would float up the river, and the trees would look through the mist like marching men. A shudder would come over them as they gazed. War, red War! One day a messenger came to the pa saying that war had come. Te Kooti had escaped from Wharekauri (Chatham Islands) and had landed in New Zealand. The Wairoas were friendly to him, and it was time to get ready for the fray. The braves of the pa cleaned their rifles, and in long lines marched away over the hills. The women returned sadly and huddled in the pa. The time sped slowly and the men were still away. One day, by the advice of a Pakeha, the arms and ammunition that were stored in the blockhouse at the river's mouth were removed to the pa for safety, and the inhabitants waited."

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The News at Wairoa.

Now I take up my own narrative. Every day there were rumours of trouble with the Hauhaus; the military seemed without definite plans, the Government was more or less inept, and the people lost their heads. One result in Wairoa was that the R.M., Captain Sam Deighton, secured the charter of a steamer at heavy expense to take away women and children to safety[13], a step which brought on him a severe official reprimand, and he had also to meet a big share of the expense himself. Had he not got the vessel and Te Kooti had swooped down, he would have earned not dollars, but the execration of the people. But I must return to the subject. Mohaka continued to perfect the defences. Then came the news there that Te Kooti had escaped from the Chatham Islands; that he was at the head of a strong war-party, and that the Wairoa men had joined him; that the residents of Turanganui had been massacred, and that he had gained the Urewera Country and was making it his base. War's alarms grew and grew, but the scouts out on the hills saw no enemy come, and a taua set out with the Wairoa men for the Waikaremoana district, a purely Native force, engaging the enemy at Te Kiwi.

The Kiwi Fight.

There was not much said or written about the fight at Te Kiwi, which, as a mater of fact, was the cause of Mohaka being left defenceless. It appears, however, that at the end of March, 1869, it was reported that Te Waru occupied a pa in the Whanganui-a-parua arm of the lake, but Mr. Worgan reported there were no canoes available to cut off the enemy's retreat across the lake. This actually occurred in the case of Kopu's attack on Upoko-o-te-ao four years previously. Te Waru was now joined by all the Ngati-Pohatu and the scattered hapus on the Waiau, so it was fair to conclude that any enemy move would be made by a strong force. Mr. Worgan, therefore, proposed to collect a strong force of Mohaka, Wairoa, and Mahia Natives to make an attack. But rumours were numerous, and on April 6th it was reported that Te Kooti had moved on Ruatahuna with a view to joining Te Waru. The force moved out and engaged the enemy at Te Kiwi, where a number were killed; and the Mohaka Natives, in order to bring ocular demonstration of success, cut the ears off 18 or 20 and brought them back as trophies of war, all strung on a twine like beads! The late Peter Jonson, when applying for a land grant, claimed that "he was with the party that captured Tukurangi Hill, 14 Maoris scouts being killed. A Maori

(13). This was the popular view of Captain Deighton's action, but the real fact was that as the "St. Kilda" was at Wairoa the R.M. sent her on to land Ropata at Tuparoa, then on to Opotiki and bring back 100 of his men. This was a condition laid down by Ropata.

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chief, Hapimana, cut all their ears off, and brought them into Wairoa." Malcolm Ross, when making a tour along the proposed East Coast railway route, got into conversation with a Mohaka Native on the subject, and he says: "He told me the story, with much picturesque detail, of how on one occasion he and his Maori companions, in response to the offer of a reward, surrounded and shot down a number of the Hauhaus. They were to receive so much a head for each man killed. But how were they to prove their deeds of derring-do? An old chief solved the problem. 'Cut off their ears,' he said. No sooner said than done, and the war-party returned to headquarters with the ammunition pouches stuffed full with the ears of the rebel fanatics! 'How much money did you receive?' I asked. 'Oh, I made a fiver out of him,' he replied with a chuckle. Probably the gallant deed was not mentioned in the despatches and the 'fiver' was paid out of 'unauthorised expenditure.'" The lopping of the ears was a fact, but, except in the case of Te Kooti and Kereopa Te Rau, no rewards for captures alive or dead were ever offered in this district. On the 6th April Captain Spiller had warned Mr. Worgan to be cautious and see that the enemy did not play him false, and probably after this (and having secured the ears) the forces came back to Wairoa, for certainly no attack on Waikaremoana was carried out at that time.

The Morning Raid.

The 10th of April, 1869, broke beautifully fine, as many an April morn has since. A light breeze from the south was blowing and the clouds rolled lazily by. The river fronting the pas lay cool and peaceful as it wended its way to the sea, and as it danced over the pebbles in the sunlight the music it made did not sound martial. The leaves on the trees scarcely stirred, and all seemed well. But away to the west, in the direction of the towering ranges, the forest looked dark and gloomy, and a great stillness seemed to come over Nature itself, as if "the children of Tane Mahuta" feared that a storm was approaching that would snap the stoutest trees and bend the saplings to breaking point. And truly there is something awesome in the hours before the dawn, and this must have passed through the minds of the women and children in the pas as they thought of their men-folk away out on the Kiwi hills, and wished for the return of the Ngati-Pahauwera. Then suddenly from the lower pa, which looked up-river, came a dark figure hurrying to a gully. It was Mary Henerici, calling out to Mr. John Sim at the hotel: "The Hauhaus are here; go for your family." Mr. Sim bid all fly for their lives, while he himself left for Springhill in haste to get his family. On his way he met a Native woman named Para Tipene carrying a dead child from Maungaturanga, where the raiding party had killed a number. Mr. Sim took his family

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into the bush, in which they lay concealed for four days and three nights without food or shelter; and even when the party sought to get back to the house, the wife of a Native named Taiapa did some scouting, and by the noise she heard at the hotel she concluded the raiders had not gone, and she led the family back into the bush, where they wandered about, eventually coming out on a high hill on the coast road, where they were found by the relief party from Napier, under Captain Tanner. Meanwhile, what of the Maori people, what of the whites down in the river valley? As the Native watchers gazed in the direction of the kumara fields they sensed danger, and soon the edge of the dark forest became alive; black dots appeared in the scrub and then began to move; then a long line of black became visible, spread out and became a line of marching men—the disciples of the cult of the Uplifted Hand! On they came at right angles to the line of vision till they reached a small hillock in the centre of the flat. Hidden first by the hillock, it cut the line in two, but still they marched ever onwards. By this time it was broad daylight, and it was soon known the advancing men were foes, and not the Ngati-Pahauwera coming back from the Kiwi hills. The women whose whares were away from the pas, with an exclamation of "Aue!" fled to the fortresses, dragging their children hastily along, and the gates were closed. Soon the enemy arrived in front of the pa, and planting the rebel flag he began to pour in a heavy fire, which was replied to by the women inside and a few feeble old men. At the same time another party coming down the Waipapa spur advanced on Te Huki pa, and sought to obtain entrance by treachery and professions of friendship.

The Women of the Pa.

But here, too, the women and the old men fought the rebel force, and among the defenders none was so brave as Harata Hinereta and her three sisters. The grandfather of the girls was killed while endeavouring to prevent the palisades from being torn down. It soon became apparent that the enemy would succeed, and to save their lives, if possible, the defenders at last admitted the enemy. But treachery was soon apparent, and the people sought to flee. The brave Harata and her three sisters climbed the palisades, the former receiving a blow from the butt of a rifle as she did so. They got away, however, slid down the cliff, and swimming the Mohaka river reached safety. Te Huki was taken, and all who had not escaped were killed and the pa set on fire. Meanwhile Hiruharama held out till next day, when the Ngati-Pahauwera, under Ihaka Whaanga and Paora Rerepu, came in sight, and with him and his men "Rowley" Hill, who had been sent out to scout, charged down and got into the pa.

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Mr. Stagpoole tells well the story of the women's part in the heroic defence of Hiruharama:—"'Let us be friends,' said Te Kooti. But one woman said: 'Mothers and daughters, did you hear the cries and noise of the killing at the other pa? Did you see the Pakeha horsemen flying? Do you see the children around you? I, for myself, will fire, if the men will load the guns.' That decided it. A dozen rifles were levelled and a crashing volley burst forth. The Hauhaus scattered like sheep; but three forms stiffened on the edge of the cliff. A silence of about half an hour now ensued. The women dug holes and hid the little ones, while the men loaded the rifles. Then, from all sides, broke out volley after volley. Three hundred riflemen were firing on the pa. Ah, then the fight waxed strong all day, the smoke drifting away like fleecy clouds, and the air reeking with the pungent powder; but every advance was checked. The fire from the pa was wild, but it meant death to any stormers. So wild was it that some of the enemy were hit nearly five hundred yards away. Towards evening the fight waned, and died away with the setting sun. They took turn on guard. 'We are ready, we are ready,' throughout the night said the women of the pa. So far for the first day. In the morning the watchers on the hills saw their flag still flying defiantly. All night the breakers had sung to it, and the morning breeze had come to kiss its folds. The firing began again. The water in the pa was all gone. The children were wailing for drink; their plaintive cries rose fitfully in the morning air. Many a mother stole from her place at the loopholes to press her dear one to her breast, kissing its chubby face with her dry lips, and stilling its cries with soothing words. Many looked anxiously towards the distant springs, peering with powder-begrimed faces even over the palisade. Then said a man: 'I will go forth. Ye have fought well. I will go forth. Give me the cans.'

"How carefully the guns were pointed. The children lay behind them. Sweeping volleys swept the road to the springs. Leisurely the water-bearer came back with his precious load. The little ones were asleep. The day had gone. The night came down soft and cool. The land breeze came and the waves' slumber-song arose from the shore. The sun's rays shone on the hills, turning them into green and gold, and painting the clouds purple and red. Soon the stars peeped out from the curtain of night.

"'Awake! awake! We are awake!' said the women of the pa.

"Another day in the heat of the battle, and then there came signals of succour near. Away to the south, winding along the hills, came the militia troopers, and over the hills from Waihua

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the braves were hastening home. From Te Kiwi they saw the enemy departing on the captured horses laden with plunder. The women staggered out on the slope of the pa. But their eyes were heavy and their limbs weak, and the children clung fast to them. They sank aweary on the ground. 'We are safe; let us sleep,' said the women of the pa. . . .

"And as I sat where the pa had been, I saw a vast concourse of people. Many mighty ones were there, and there was much music. The lines of soldiers were still, and he who was the lord of the people spoke great words, and afterwards drew aside a curtain. Behold, there stood beneath a figure of a woman holding a rifle, and at her feet a child. And it was written on: 'To the women of the pa.' Will the girls of Jerusalem be like their mothers? Oh, we shall see, if ever occasion calls. You women of New Zealand, you who have the gold of the cities, and you whose wealth comes from the willing lands—have you no monument to these brave hearts? Are you going to let this deed be as a thing dead? Here is something for solicitude. You will not let it fade? Surely not."

Mrs. Scott's Story.

Now for some personal facts. Mrs. Scott, wife of the late "Dr." Matthew Scott, stated as follows in an interview I had with her: "At the time of the massacre the Natives were all away on an expedition with Paora Rerepu. Early on the morning of the massacre I was in my house at the crossing of the river (the present bridge site), when some of the Maoris called out that the Hauhaus were coming. I ran with my child, only a few hours old, to Hiruharama pa and got in. I then saw the enemy coming down a spur to Waipapa in scattered parties. There was no one in the pa but women and a few old men. The women and one old man, Pera Ngaro, helped to close the gate of the pa and armed themselves with guns. The Hauhaus came right on and fired at the pa, and one of the enemy came close up and planted the war flag in front of the gate, but the bearer was shot dead by one of the old men from behind the palisades. The Hauhaus then retreated down the hill, and the occupants of the pa hung out a flag to draw the attention of the returning Natives to the fact that those inside were still alive, and soon they entered the pa along with 'Rowley' Hill, whom I found lying in the ditch quite exhausted from his long run. The Natives then charged out, and in doing so, one of them, Hopu, was shot in the knee. Before this another party had got into Te Huki pa by treachery, stating that they were short of food, and were going to Wairoa to attack Toha(14). Soon we heard shouting and cries, and im-

(14). This bears out what I have already stated as one of the motives on the part of the followers of Te Kooti. The attack was, of course, not meant for Toha alone but for Wairoa, and it singularly fits in with the views expressed by Captain J. J. Taylor, of the Wairoa Volunteers.

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mediately the pa was in flames. (This was before the friendly Natives got to our pa.) Te Kooti was not there, but Te Waru was(15). Ned Hawkins, a bugler in the friendlies, captured one of the Hauhaus, and after cutting off his head he dragged the body with a rope to the pa. The head he also took to the pa with the intention of preserving it. It was passed from one to the other, and when found not to be that of Te Kooti, the Natives threw it away and it rolled down the hill-side. After the enemy had retreated we went over with the friendlies to Te Huki, where we found the houses and the palisades still burning. We found one man dead at the gate, and the body disfigured, both eyes and tongue having been pulled out. We found two others, a brother and a sister, in a patch of fire, but they were quite dead. Paora Rerepu's child, about five or six years old, was also dead. The rest had escaped to the beach and hid at a place called Awaawa. Another old woman was found dead a short distance from Te Huki, and three were wounded. My husband, Dr. Scott, had left early that morning in the 'Hero' for Napier(16). After the massacre some Europeans and Natives put out to sea in a boat and got away to Napier. The Hauhaus looted the store and hotel, and were two or three days drinking there. The enemy were short of ammunition, at least of bullets, because they fired away many brass thimbles, a number of which they got at the store. The Mohaka Natives had a cask of powder under the floor of one of the houses, and while the building was burning it blew up." The enemy loss was twelve killed and many wounded. Among those present were Te Rangi-Tahau, of Taupo, Baker McLean, and the notorious Timoti-te-kaka (a former associate of the Rev. Carl Volkner—the three making a triumvirate equal to any deed of savagery. On the morning of the massacre Mr. Stark started off for Napier to report the tragedy and on the way warned the Taits, McKain, Finlayson, Morris and others, who started off for Napier and safety. Adolph Henerici, "the Dutch Carpenter," who acted as pilot at Mohaka, put out to sea—a very safe, if selfish thing to do—and observing a large body of Hauhaus marching on Paora Rerepu's pa with black-and-white flags flying, and J. Sim and his family running along the beach towards Waikari, he concluded it was not prudent to put back. At 9 a.m. on the Sunday (11th) the

(15). While resting on the southern shore of Waikaremoana, Te Kooti divided his forces. One party he sent under the leadership of Te Waru towards Te Kiwi hill, and he headed the other himself (so Col. Porter stated), destined for Mohaka. It seems to have been the other way about, if the story of Mrs. Scott is correct.

It is recorded by Colonel Porter, C.B., that when Te Kooti reached Ngati-Ruapani territory on the northern side of Lake Waikaremoana he said to his followers: "The Wairoa and the Mohaka will be given into our hands as was Turanganui."

(16). The party on the "Hero" saw the fires when they got out to sea, but did not dream a tragedy was being enacted on shore. The passengers were Dr. Scott, Mr. J. Campbell, and the wife of the "Dutch Carpenter."

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Napier lifeboat, in charge of Captain Cellem, was off Mohaka, constant firing then going on on the east bank of the river. He landed near the blockhouse to examine it for wounded men, but saw no one. Deeming there was too much risk to proceed—how discreetly uncourageous everyone seems to have been—he put to sea again, and in about five minutes was greeted with a volley from the Hauhaus in the stockade, whereupon he returned to Napier. The Mohaka garrison at Te Huki pa comprised Reuben, the Native policeman, Heta, Ropihana, son of the chief Paora Rerepu, three old men, and some women and children. On the Sunday a Native entered Te Huki, and stating he was Te Kooti, ordered all the guns to be given up, and all did so except Heta, who said: "If I give you my gun you would kill me." Te Kooti then presented his piece, Heta fired, and the man (who was not Te Kooti) fell. The Hauhaus then shot Heta, Rutene and others. The raiders left on the Monday, after the return of the Ngati-Pahauwera from Wairoa, but prior to that, after the seizure of Te Huki, Te Kooti was reported to have said: "This is done; now for Wairoa."

Death in the Valley.

Mr. Andrew Graham, one of the relief party from Napier, thus describes what he saw up the valley, devoid of all romance or exaggeration:—"I belonged at that time to the Hawke's Bay Yeomanry Cavalry, which was sent in pursuit of Te Kooti when news of the raid at Mohaka reached Napier, as it had previously been sent to Wairoa. After the relief of the Mohaka pa, so gallantly held by 'Rowley' Hill and a few friendly Natives, our troop was divided into scouting parties to scour the surrounding country. I was one of the party which found and buried the bodies of Mr. Lavin and his family, some four days or so after the massacre. It was one of those tragic and pathetic sights which are never forgotten. After crossing the river, the track to Mr. Lavin's homestead ran across a small river-flat. A few yards from the river we came across a little fellow about three or four, lying on his face, dead. A little further on another little boy about two years older; further on again, and not far from the house, a third boy about eight, with a little wooden boat in his hand. The three little fellows had evidently been down to the river sailing their boat when the Hauhaus came down on them and had started to run for home, being caught and killed one after another as they ran. We searched some time before finding the father and mother. At last they were discovered in some scrub half-way up a little hill at the back of the house, sitting half upright on the hill-side. Mr. Lavin had one arm round his wife, with an empty revolver in the other hand. Mrs. Lavin had on a gold watch and chain, and was holding a few other things

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hurriedly picked out of the house. Mr. Lavin was known as a brave man. How they met their death and came to be where they were found we could only conjecture. An elderly man in their employment was found killed near the cow-bail. A cow had been killed standing in the bail and a dog on the chain. The house and property had not otherwise been much disturbed. We buried the bodies as reverently as possible under the circumstances, at a spot not far from the house, and still no doubt easily identified. We also found in other directions the bodies of many friendly Maoris, men, women and children, killed near their whares, which, in many cases, had been set on fire to cover the bodies. We followed the Hauhaus for some days up into the Upper Mohaka, through which they got away into the Urewera Country. Is it any use recalling those old-time scenes? I scarcely know. And yet I think it well that our present population should know something of the cost, to Maori and Pakeha alike, at which present-day conditions were attained"(17).

Romance of Mohaka.

To my friend Mrs. E. M. Dunlop I am indebted for the romance of Mohaka, and of "Rowley" Hill's share in the defence of Hiruharama. That lady says: "Some of the details of that valiant fight may be told, to show the sort of stuff Hill and his Maori comrades—men and women both—were made of. There were only ten able-bodied men in the place when Hill and the returned Mohaka warriors came to their rescue. Hill shot a Hauhau as he was charging into the pa, and when he reached the palisaded and entrenched fort he took charge of one of the angles towards which the Hauhaus had started a sap. He had his Enfield rifle, and the Maoris brought him a double-barrelled gun and a long spear. Three hundred men were with Te Kooti, and they kept up a constant and very heavy fire. As there was a danger of the enemy pulling down the weaker portions of the palisades by means of a rope and cross-bar—a favourite trick in East Coast wars—Hill got the defenders to pass bullock-chains round the fort angles, making them fast to the stout corner-posts, thus strengthening the stockade appreciably. Firing continued all night, and the little garrison—there weren't forty men all told within the stockade—were continually on the alert, for they well knew that if the enemy once screwed up their courage to the assaulting point and rushed the pa they could have soon beaten down all resistance and tomahawked every soul. 'I could have done for at least three with my rifle and gun in the final scrimmage,' said Hill, 'but there would not have been time to reload.' But the dreaded charge never came, and this mercy was undoubtedly largely due to the spirit infused into the defence by

(17). Quite so, hence these pages are offered to the new generation of Te Wairoa.

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Trooper Hill. There was a scene of tremendous excitement and jubilation when the Hauhaus at last gave up the siege and retreated to Waikaremoana and the Urewera Country(18). As they drew off up the ferny hills, the Ngati-Pahauwera garrison all rushed out into the open and danced a furious war-dance of exultation at the foot of the bullet-spattered palisades. Forty men and a band of women had held their own against three hundred rebels! And the delighted Maoris hailed Hill as a 'tino toa,' a hero of heroes. Immediately it became certain that Te Kooti had retreated, the plucky trooper set off to carry the news to the nearest European post. He swam the Mohaka river, near its mouth, and travelled along the beach until he met a white officer, Captain Towgood, who was on his way from Napier with thirty men, and to him he gave the news of Te Kooti's retreat. It was Colonel Whitmore who recommended Hill for the New Zealand Cross as the result of this altogether gallant work at Mohaka. . . .

"It was at Mohaka in 1869 that Hill met the Native girl who became his wife, and who has been his steadfast helpmate for more than forty years. She was a brave woman, one of the heroines of that red raid by Te Kooti, and she, with her three sisters, fought splendidly against the murderous Hauhau crew. Her Maori name is Harata Hinereta, and she and her sisters Lucy, Lizzie and Amelia were half-castes of the Ngati-Pahauwera tribe. They were not in the Hiruharama pa, but in the smaller one, Te Huki, a little nearer the mouth of the Mohaka River. When Te Kooti attacked the place these women fought with great valour and determination, handling their muzzle-loading double-barrelled guns just as well as their husbands and brothers. The grandfather of the girls, a venerable chief, was shot dead in the act of trying to sever with a sword a chain with a cross-bar attached which had been thrown over the palisades by the enemy in an attempt to haul down a portion of the war-fence. One of the sisters, Lucy, instantly shot the old man's slayer dead through the palisades. In the final slaughter, when the enemy gained entrance to the fort by falsely promising to spare the defenders, the four sisters escaped by climbing over the palisades at the rear and sliding down the cliff which abutted on the Mohaka River, then swimming across the deep, strong stream to the other side and safety. One or two of them carried children tied in a shawl at the back. The great-hearted Harata did not escape unharmed from that scene of massacre and pillage. While she was climbing the palisades, bullets flying around her and her people falling under the bloody tomahawks of the Hauhaus, one of the enemy struck her heavily on the back with the butt of his rifle, and from this blow she has suffered all her

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married life. A right well-matched couple, the hard-fighting sailor-soldier and his courageous wife. Both have seen overmuch of the red face of Tu, the war-god; they have shared each other's hard journeying for more than two-score years, and in death they shall not be divided."

Resolves Too Late.

Of course, after this everything possible was done for Mohaka—when it was too late. Recriminations were also flying about. The whites blamed the Wairoa Maoris for running from the enemy and leaving brave old Ihaka Whaanga in a pitiful plight. The Maoris blamed the whites for bad leadership and for indecision. As to the latter, I must let Captain Withers' own despatch, dated April 14th, speak for itself:—"I have the honour to inform you (Lieutenant-colonel Lambert) that I arrived at this place on Thursday. On Friday the prize-firing took place, and on Saturday I went to Te Kapu"—(all supporting my statements)—"and on my return at 4 p.m., the day of the massacre, I was informed that the Mohaka had been attacked by Te Kooti in person with a very strong force. On the day following, a party of Natives under Ihaka Whaanga started for Mohaka with Mr. Worgan, interpreter, without my knowledge. As soon as I heard this I started in person to do all I could with them to relieve the people at Mohaka. On my reaching the high ground which overlooks the Mohaka valley, I found Mr. Worgan, Mr. Burton and a party of Ihaka's men occupying the heights overlooking the latter place, a position which I consider of very great importance. Ihaka and some 40 of his men occupied a knoll beneath me, some 300 or 400 yards. I tried to get down to them, but failed from the very hot fire which was poured into us by the enemy from the hills opposite us"—(not a man being hit). "I then retired to the heights, saw that Mr. Worgan occupied the key of the position with a number of Natives, quite strong enough to turn the tide of affairs in our favour had the Natives held it as they ought to have done . . . After being there some time and seeing the Hauhaus trying to outflank us, Mr. Worgan informed me that our Natives were about to start for the Wairoa. This I could hardly believe, seeing that their chief, Ihaka Whaanga, was in the valley below in great danger; but unfortunately it was too true. In a short time there was not a Native left with Mr. Worgan and myself, who being thus left without any assistance, had to run for our lives, followed closely by the Hauhaus as far as Waihua, a distance of nine miles. I yesterday, 13th (five days late), organised a force of 70 Natives and Ihaka Whaanga's people with some 20 European settlers, men on whom I knew I could depend, for the purpose of rescuing Ihaka, if still alive, and also relieving the Natives in the

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pa at Mohaka. Unfortunately I met Ihaka some four miles from Wairoa by the beach, and on his representation the Natives determined to return, he reporting that the Hauhaus were in too strong force to be attacked by so small a body. I then returned, much against the wishes of the Europeans who accompanied the expedition. This morning, feeling still that something ought to be done to relieve those people in the pa, who had held out so long against a force so superior in numbers and led by a man who is believed by his followers to bear a charmed life, I tried to organize, in conjunction with Messrs. Worgan and Saunders, a force to start for Mohaka, but utterly failed,"—and no wonder, with such inept leaders.

The despatch goes on to record despatch of arms and provisions for men who ought by that time to be dead, and sundry boasts that he would be able to hold Wairoa against Te Kooti and Te Waru combined if they dared to attack, and here I leave the reader, especially students of military matters, to digest this remarkable despatch, and merely add one other—that of Captain Spiller himself, showing that he, at all events, was not responsible for the failure to send immediate relief to Mohaka. Reporting to Lieutenant-colonel Lambert on the 14th April, he says: "I have the honour to report for your information that on Saturday last (day of the massacre) it was reported to me that Mohaka was attacked. I organized a force of friendly Natives, etc., who were quickly on the road to Mohaka . . . I had also made every preparation for the defence of the district during my absence (volunteers called out), but Captain Withers returned (from Te Kapu), assumed command of the district, and would not allow me to proceed. A force did not start before Tuesday" —four days late.

Thus ends the saddest and the most disgraceful chapter in the history of Old Wairoa. Only 20 miles away, a tragedy; a brave old Maori chief in the van, nearest to the enemy, Worgan holding the key of the position. Why did the Natives not hold? Was it the indecision of the Pakeha—or something more akin to pure official funk(18)?

Back to the Land.

The Mohaka Native village, with all its institutions, has fallen on evil days since the coming of the financial and pastoral slump as a result of the Great War. Up to that time they were fairly industrious and prosperous, but they lost all their stock under foreclosure, the land went out of cultivation and into blackberry, and, generally speaking, the hearts of the people were broken. What is now needed is a strong man in the Church or on the

(18). Most of the lay writers give the number killed as 57 Maoris and 7 Europeans, but the former figures are somewhat exaggerated.

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land to again galvanise the people into making another start on the road of industry to solid progress. The lands are certainly light, but the plough and the seed-sower could effect wonders. The salvation of the Mohaka Natives, industrially speaking, would be the adoption of the slogan, "Back to the Land." Is there a man prepared to come forward, with sufficient "go" in him to wean the Maori people from the dance hall and the picture show in favour of a life of industry? Much of the land formerly leased to Europeans is now almost gone back into a state of nature, and that nearer the coast is only about one quarter developed. Mohaka could well support an up-to-date factory for the manufacture of butter or cheese, if the Government would assist in providing the nucleus of good dairy herds. It could be done in some way that would not pauperise the Maoris. Who will take up this truly noble and national work? To Mohaka I would again say, "Back to the Land," and then the glorious defence of the women of the pa on that 10th April, 1869, will not be soon forgotten.

The military account is all at sea in stating that the news was brought to Wairoa by Lamplough on the 10th. The old Maori referred to was the first bearer. The whole of the dispatches are a jumble of inaccuracies, owing to the defective information.

Among the horses looted by Te Kooti and taken to Nga-Putahi were some subsequently retaken from there, among them a fine-looking blood chestnut belonging to a man named Lamplough, who farmed that portion of Mr. Glendining's run on the Wairoa side of the Waihua. He varied the occupation of sheep-farming by carrying the mail between Napier and Wairoa, and one stormy day he was washed off his horse (at Tangoio, I believe) and drowned. Subsequently, and shortly after her master's death, this mare was observed to deliberately walk into the Waihua River and drown herself. If there ever was a case of suicide by animals this was one.

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CHAPTER XXIII

FIRST UREWERA CAMPAIGN

THE LAKE REGION—COLONEL WHITMORE'S TASK—COLONEL HERRICK'S EXPEDITION—ARRIVAL AT THE LAKE—THE PONTOON BRIDGE—DEATH OF TROOPER NOONAN—IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—MR. WARD'S ACCOUNT—ARAWA CALL A HALT—A BRAVE OLD WARRIOR—TAKING OF RUATAHUNA—THE RETREAT—COLONEL HERRICK RETIRES.

The Lake Region.

Very shortly before the Mohaka massacre—certainly before any news of it reached the authorities—it was decided to dispatch a strong force against Te Kooti and his rebel followers, who occupied good positions on the western side of the lake, notably at Matuahu. Here the enemy had established a base and planted crops for the sustenance of the fighting force. The position was well situated in that it could only be attacked from the Wairoa side by crossing Lake Waikaremoana, and could only be taken in the rear by a long march through almost unknown country, where a handful of resolute men could successfully dispute every inch of the way, especially by such adept bush-fighters as the Maoris undoubtedly were. Major Large, in a note to me, remarked on this view:—"Colonel Herrick wasted £60,000 in building boats, pontoons, etc., and doing nothing at Onepoto, when he could have made a good road round the lake with the money and with the splendid force he had. His was the most abortive and expensive expedition ever undertaken in New Zealand. There was never any occasion to cross the lake with a force. I demonstrated this to Colonel Herrick at the time by going round part of the way: that a force could have gone round to the back of the lake much easier, and with less risk than to have crossed that sheet of water. This view we actually carried into effect during Hamlin and Witty's expedition the following year, as we only crossed at Motakitaki, the narrow arm leading to Whanganui-a-Parua, before taking Matuahu, the enemy's stronghold. Herrick's expedition was, in fact, on a par with Colonel Lambert's to Whataroa, who, if he had had any 'go' in him, would have followed up the warm trail of Te Kooti's Hauhaus to Puketapu,

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and if he had not destroyed the force would at least have prevented the Poverty Bay massacre." Be this as it may—and the statement bears evidence of sound common sense—it remains clear that the position in the lake region was near enough to the enemy's objective to enable them to raid Wairoa, Poverty Bay or Mohaka, especially as they had good reason for counting on the active assistance of the other Natives almost as far down as Frasertown, and to Te Reinga or Waihau, in the direction of Turanganui. If the worst should happen to them they could retire into the King Country, where the rebel chief was sure of an asylum with the Maori "king," in spite of the fact that Te Kooti had at one time declared his intention to, if possible, dethrone that "monarch" and reign in his stead, as Ariki of the North Island, at all events.

The then Defence Minister, Mr. Richmond, consulted with Colonel Whitmore, who had just come back to the East Coast after having done good work on the West Coast. It was decided to attack Te Kooti in the fastnesses of Tuhoe Land, and if unable to bring him to bay, to at least destroy the means of subsistence, without which the enemy could not long keep the field(1), certainly not without engaging in a raid which might bring them into a dangerous proximity to the colonial forces. Colonel Whitmore was to advance on the Urewera from the Rangitaiki Valley in two columns, Mr. Richmond agreeing to send and, singularly enough, agreeing to direct another force to operate from Waikaremoana. Thus what was in reality one expedition was directed by two heads—and the results did not certainly justify the old adage that two heads are better than one. These results shall be told later on, but at present this is only by the way.

Colonel Whitmore's Task.

Let me first deal with the attempt made to penetrate Tuhoe Land by way of Waikaremoana—an attempt known as "Herrick's Expedition," the leader being Colonel Herrick, and the objective Te Kooti's stronghold in the mountains of Tuhoe. With the object stated, the military in the Wairoa district were reinforced by the arrival of 30 men hurriedly raised in Wellington, and these were drilled daily along with the Wairoa volunteers. There were no officers sent with the detachment, but they were attached to Captain Spiller's command. Then came a portion of No. 3 Division of the Armed Constabulary, followed by another under Captain Montague Stopford(2). The rest of

(1). My friend Major Large thinks my assumption is incorrect, and mentions that the Natives can always find food in the bush, as the Ngati-Porou did on many occasions when their 60-lb. bags of food were exhausted.

(2). A nephew of Admiral Stopford and a cousin of Colonel Whitmore. I may as well mention, too, that his sister was no less than a duchess.

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No. 3 Division then arrived under Captain Newland, followed by No. 1 Division Armed Constabulary (Mounted), under Captain W. A. Richardson, but in this expedition they served as unmounted men. No. 2 Division Armed Constabulary, about 120 men, under Major Scannell, Captain Northcroft (3) and Lieutenant Tucker, were also landed. In all about 300 Europeans, most of whom were fairly trained, and later on a force of 300 friendly Natives of Ngati-Porou and Ngati-Kahungunu was arranged for. The 300 men were camped at various points about the town of Wairoa, giving the place an unwonted air of bustle and activity for a time at least. Colonel Herrick, formerly a captain in the Imperial Army, was appointed to the command, and soon arrived to place himself at the head of his men—the most formidable combination that ever left Wairoa. Surely now Te Kooti must be utterly crushed—but he was not, as shall be shown. Instead of that it was the Government that was crushed, or crushed itself, by gross mismanagement. The official report issued at the time was that on 27th April there arrived at Wairoa for Colonel Herrick's expedition 220 Armed Constabulary, 100 Ngati-Porou, and 95 militiamen. A total of 800 men was collected at Waikaremoana for two months building pontoons by the lakeside, and so lavish was the expenditure at one time that there were 1,400 men connected with the expedition working at the various camps for two months after Colonel Whitmore's retreat from the "Rocky Mountains," and it was no wonder the politicians were up in arms about the expense. One thing it did do: it quite established public confidence at Wairoa, which was very shaky at the time. But I must return to the account of the actual starting of this inglorious expedition.

Colonel Herrick's Expedition.

On the 1st May, 1869, according to most accounts, Colonel Herrick moved off to the front—as a matter of fact he, with Captain Withers, Captain Gudgeon and seven other men, started on the 16th of that month. He crossed the river at Frasertown, where he camped for the night. The route lay along the Waiau, which had to be crossed eight times before the first post, Te Ariki, was reached(4). There, in a prettily situated spot about half a mile above the junction of the Waiau and Waikaretaheke, the whole force halted, occupying a redoubt which was hastily thrown up. The next day a strong force under

(3). Captain Northcroft, N.Z.C., than whom no man in New Zealand has more faithfully served his country in the field, retired in 1909 from the position of Stipendiary Magistrate in the Waikato district.

(4). I have very grave doubts if ever there was a possibility of Colonel Herrick's force successfully attacking Matuahu. He could not have crossed the lake, not knowing exactly where he was going, or what was in front of him. To attempt to land a boat's crew in daylight would have been equally futile, for the forces of Te Kooti, from their sheltered positions on shore, could have inflicted terrible slaughter by a plunging fire on the men packed closely in the boats. A circuitous land march was the best chance, and that was not taken.

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Colonel Herrick himself crossed the Waiau, and went up the track towards Waikaremoana to endeavour to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy, Ensign Large piloting the force through the Tukurangi bush, closely followed by Captain Spiller. A halt was called on account of the Hauhaus' footprints being thick and new at this spot—a favourable one for an ambuscade—but they had decamped lakewards. At this time it was very difficult to reach Te Ariki by land, and being the middle of winter, great delay was caused in getting up stores, the Waiau and indeed almost every creek being swollen with turbid flood-waters. Abundant supplies were, however, carried in canoes up the Waiau by the Ramoto Natives (Ngati-Mihi). In times of floods, however, the waiting troops had often to go hungry until the waters sufficiently subsided to allow the Natives' transport canoes to get up the river from Ramoto according to the arrangements made. From Te Ariki the stores were to be packed up to Onepoto, near the outlet of Lake Waikaremoana—not by the present road, or anything like it, but along a rough Native track over a high hill called Tukurangi, and then past the Waihi and along Te Kiwi range down the Tutaemaro declivity to the low-lying country between there and Waikaremoana. The route lay first to the top of the range at the back of Mr. Goldstone's and Te Poko Poko properties, and then down to the Waiau River, where the track struck on to the present road at Kokako, and thence on to Waikaremoana. This route was cut up into three stages. The first was at the top of the hill just mentioned, where a small redoubt was built and Captain Stopford placed in charge; another was established on Kiwi Hill in charge of Lieutenant Witty; the next stage was Onepoto, from where the advance against the Urewera was to begin. The late George Mayo had the contract to supply 80 pack-horses, in addition to a dozen or so belonging to the Government, the supervision of the transport from Te Ariki onward being entrusted to the late J. H. Smyth, who at that time held a kind of roving commission. At each of these stages 30 or 40 men were kept to maintain the line of communication, whilst No. 1 Division did not go on to the lake, but camped at Te Kopane reserve. Great difficulty was experienced in getting up the stores—in addition to climatic reasons, owing to various real or alleged hindrances, but generally speaking the taihoa proclivities of the Maori transport corps had a great deal to do with the delays. In the meanwhile the men were many times short of food, but there would have been no occasion for this if those in charge had anything like a head on their shoulders. The surrounding country abounded in wild pigs, and a party of Natives could have kept the camp supplied with pork; and if the expedition had moved round the lake at once, as was suggested they should have done, they might have lived on the abundant

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supplies of the enemy's potatoes on the other side. If Major Ropata had been there he would soon have shown them the way. But to return to the commissariat question. When the biscuit ration did come to hand it was frequently mouldy and unfit to eat, owing to inability to keep the packs properly covered while traversing the dripping bush and scrub. Nor did the country lend itself to successful foraging by white men, though I am sure some of the enemy's porkers must have met an untimely end. The Kopane camp happened to be on the wrong side of the Waikaretaheke stream, and when the river was in flood, which occurred very often, the men were isolated and in a state of semi-starvation, though the camps farther down were fairly well supplied. On one of these occasions—which in winter were not sufficiently rare—Captain Northcroft's camp was devoid of food for several days, and to obtain any, someone must swim the Waikaretaheke. The river was heavily flooded, and its bed being full of huge boulders, the water dashed against them violently, swirled fearfully, and at times leaped high in the air, as though challenging a man who stood on the bank. This was Captain Northcroft, stripped to the waist, and about to essay a crossing. With him there stood one of the Armed Constabulary, but he, preferring hunger to the prospect of drowning, or of having his brains knocked out on the rocks, would not venture into the treacherous flood, so Northcroft accomplished the task alone, though he emerged from the river about 30 yards below the entering point. He had to walk three miles, in a naked condition, to reach Lieutenant Witty's redoubt, where he made known the plight of the men in the Kopane camp. All he was able to get that time was a 50 lb. bag of flour, but the camp was soon after duly provisioned

Arrival at the Lake.

On the arrival of Colonel Herrick's force at Onepoto considerable delay ensued, as, owing to defective information supplied him, he found it impossible, or rather thought it to be impossible, to get round the lake. As a matter of fact it was quite possible, especially to good bushmen, though the track was somewhat circuitous; but neither Colonel Herrick nor his men had sufficient knowledge of the country to enable them to get through. Why they did not go on and find out for themselves is more than I can imagine. Colonel Herrick was informed by Ensign Large that he had found a track leading "round" the lake and Whanganui-a-Parua to the back of Waikaremoana, but all the gallant Colonel thought of was "crossing" the lake—much more risky and precarious than going round, as was proved a year later with a small force compared to his. The task was afterwards accomplished by Hamlin and Witty's Native force before ever a pick was used on

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the present road. However, Colonel Herrick did not attempt the task, and the expedition was practically blocked while preparations were being made to cross the Sea of Rippling Waters. A redoubt was built on a small hill overlooking the lake and its outlet, and the men gazed daily in the direction of Matuahu, the fortified pa of the enemy, said to be immensely strong, and not likely to be taken without a severe fight; it was learned afterwards that many of the reported defences were fictitious. The enemy, with a view probably to striking terror into the hearts of the Pakehas, discharged a heavily loaded gun at sunset each day, and the report was so much magnified by the echo that it was at the time believed to proceed from a small brass cannon which in some way had come into the possession of the rebels. No doubt Te Kooti and his followers laughed up their sleeves, as it were, feeling that they were quite secure in their beautiful lacustrine retreats, but they did not then know so well the resourceful Pakehas.

The Pontoon Bridge.

Colonel Herrick sent for, and packed up to the lake, a number of iron pontoons, which cost about £250, but they would not work on a large body of water like Waikaremoana, which was, and still is, of course, subject to sudden and heavy storms. For three months the expedition was thus blocked, and day and night succeeded each other without incident—not even a brush with the enemy. In the meantime sawyers were engaged in cutting down trees, and boatbuilders were busy in the construction of two boats, each 40 feet long and 9 feet beam, capable of carrying 100 men each. These, with a whaleboat and a small dinghy, were expected to be ample to convey 200 men in one trip, sufficient to hold the enemy at bay till the rest of the force could cross over. The pontoon bridge might be all right on a sluggish stream; but those who know anything about Waikaremoana, and who have experienced the gales that sweep over Huia-rau, can readily see that at any moment the frail structure might easily be wrecked. No one would think of denying the bravery of Colonel Herrick, but he had not been long enough in New Zealand to learn even the alphabet of bush warfare.

Death of Trooper Noonan.

But before I pass on to the final scene in this historic region, let me mention one incident in an expedition absolutely devoid of anything in the way of excitement. One casualty only occurred during this famous campaign, and that was the shooting of Trooper Noonan, of No. 1 Division, who had been detailed to carry despatches from Te Ariki to the lake. On the 10th June, 1869, the despatch-rider arrived at the Kiwi camp (where Lieutenant Witty was stationed) about 8 or 9 a.m. The narrator was also at Witty's

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redoubt, having just arrived from Te Ariki, and was having breakfast with the officer when Noonan rode up. The late Mr. Smyth asked him to jump off and have breakfast, by which time he would be ready to accompany him. Noonan, however, refused, stating he had important despatches and was "timed for delivery." Mr. Smyth went to get his horse to catch up to the trooper, but the animal being hard to secure, he gave the idea up. Meantime a man known as "the Dutch Carpenter" passed by on foot on his way to the lake to assist in the boatbuilding, but the trooper passed him about a mile and a half from the camp. He had not, however, gone more than 100 yards, after passing the "Dutchman," when he came to a small creek with a steep bank on one side, and sloping up into a gulch on the other side. The bed of the creek was forty or fifty feet wide, and on either side a dense growth of manuka, raspberry canes and koromiko, the latter almost arching over the track. When Trooper Noonan was in the bed of the creek a volley was fired at close range, and the despatch-rider fell dead from his horse. The party of the enemy, which it was afterwards ascertained numbered 25, took Noonan's arms, ammunition and despatch-bag, and retired. Whether they knew that Noonan carried despatches, and that the information was valuable to them, I cannot say. The incident appears to suggest that the enemy did possess this information, and also had some quick way of sending intelligence as to the movements of our men. The ambush certainly was laid for him, because there was then no body of troops on the way to be attacked. Noonan's horse galloped back along the track, and the "Dutchman" having caught him, rode in to Lieutenant Witty's camp and reported the firing, which had been heard there. The question then was how to send word to the camp at Onepoto, and after some discussion the difficulty was solved by Corporal Patrick Keefe (Mohaka) volunteering to traverse the same road and warn the camp. Mounting Ensign Witty's horse, he pluckily ran the gauntlet, galloped over the dead body of Noonan, and reaching the camp put them on their guard against a surprise. This matter was never properly reported to the authorities, I believe, but if ever a man deserved the New Zealand Cross—and some got it who never deserved it—then Pat. Keefe should not have been passed over(5). Private Noonan was buried at Onepoto, and in a lonely grave,

(5). Lieutenant Witty, in a note sent me, says: "I reported the matter fully both to Mr. McLean and Mr. J. D. Ormond immediately, and urged that Patrick Keefe be given the New Zealand Cross, but I suppose this report was put in a pigeon-hole together with a report I made on the Waikaremoana Lake as a source of electrical power, sufficient to run all the railways in the North Island and to supply Auckland and Wellington." Lieutenant Witty added that the enemy had landed at the foot of Panikiri, and climbed to the top by catching hold of the vegetation; it looks, he said, impossible. The carbine and dispatch-bag Lieutenant Witty afterwards recovered in a "whare" across the lake.

Major Large said: "Keefe was a splendid man, as was proved the following year in our successful expedition. He should have got the New Zealand Cross."

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in a lonely spot, lies the solitary victim of Maori gunfire on the route of Colonel Herrick's expedition. This soldier's resting place cannot be said to be quite neglected, for his comrades attended to it for many years(6); but I hope some effort will yet be made by the new generation to collect the bones of the men who died for their Queen and the safety of Wairoa, and lay them in consecrated ground, with a monument telling how they died. But to return to the incident itself. It was afterwards learned that the party had crossed the lake to the westward of the redoubt, and come down the Waiau in the rear of Colonel Herrick's force!

In the Rocky Mountains.

Now, before I proceed to the final stage, I must take my readers in an altogether different direction. As I before remarked, it would seem to the lay mind that the expedition of which I have given a brief account was a singularly foolish one, in that the country was not suitable either for outflanking tactics or for a "drive." Yet it was the latter which had been planned—namely, to drive Te Kooti into the arms of another force operating on the rear of the enemy. So that Colonel Herrick's expedition was not such a foolish one as might at first be imagined, if it had been carried out as originally intended. The other portion of the Urewera expedition deserved better results, for great difficulties lay in front of them. None of the leaders of the force knew anything about the nature of the Urewera Country or of the difficulties they might meet with on the advance. A route was marked out, founded chiefly on notes made by Mr. C. Hunter Brown, R.M., and though found defective in a few points, it enabled Colonel Whitmore to fix on a place called Ruatahuna as the rendezvous for the two columns on a certain day(7). The greatest difficulty experienced was in getting supplies up. Boats were brought from Tauranga to navigate the Rangitaiki river, the Natives supplied horses, and two shiploads of sheep was about the only provision that was made, and even this could only keep a day's march behind the force with the greatest difficulty.

Mr. Ward's Account.

I was not present, needless to say, for the war correspondent had not then been evolved, so I must entrust the advance on the rear of the enemy to one who was. Mr. J. P. Ward, already referred to as having been commissioned to deal with this matter, says:—"On a certain night in May, 1869, orders were read out in our camp at Te Manganui mountain, at the head of Tauranga

(6). Mr. W. A. Neale, at the request of the authorities, has done likewise.

(7). Colonel Herrick understood that he was to junction at this point with the forces of Colonel Whitmore from the Bay of Plenty, and would have done so had he gone the right way to work.

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harbour, that our division of the old field fighting force, No. 6 (Major, afterwards Captain, J. McIntosh Roberts commanding), were to break camp next morning and march for the Urewera Country to smash up Te Kooti, as we had already helped to do in respect to Titokowaru on the Taranaki coast. This was glorious news to us, for, soldier-like, we detested camp life; but we did not then know what was before us, and 'where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.' We marched via Maketu and Matata—and what a wretched march it was in those days over the beach sand that covered one's boot-tops at every step. From Matata we struck inland up to Te Teko, and six miles past this Maori settlement built our first base camp (Fort Alfred). Twelve miles further on, through pumiceous hills, we established Fort Clarke, and after travelling another 18 miles through the same dreary country we emerged from the hills and struck the banks of the Rangitaiki river, where we built a large redoubt named Fort Galatea, finishing it about the same day that Colonel Herrick left Wairoa for Waikaremoana. We were now well under the frowning Tuhoe Land, or, as we all called it, the Urewera Country. Over the river, and well under the foothills of Te Urewera, we could plainly see the smoke of a Native settlement. So, thought we, the Hauhaus are not far away from us, and not the least bit inclined to skedaddle (8) or hide their lights under a bushel. This was, to us, 'kapai' and right into our hands. There was plenty of work ahead of us, but there was also something to be done close at hand before we could attack, and working night and day we soon had Fort Galatea in fair fighting order. Then, each man of us taking four days' rations with 160 rounds of ball and thirty rounds (all extra) of revolver ammunition, we left Galatea one fine morning before dawn. We were followed by seven pack-horses, loaded up with spare ammunition and a few hospital requisites for the wounded in battle or those who should fall sick. Our force comprised 75 of all ranks of Europeans, including the commandant, Colonel Whitmore, and about 360 of Te Arawa tribe under Te Pohika (Fox). Steadily we advanced on the Native village, from which we had some time before seen the smoke of fires ascending, and had almost surrounded it but for the blundering of the Arawa. However, after eight or ten sharp volleys we took possession of pa Te Kokohinau, one of our men being killed and three wounded. I only saw one dead Hauhau, though I have since read that fifteen of them were killed. But that was always the way. Somehow, those of us who did the work in some thirty odd

(8). "To run away, to be scattered in rout. Scottish folk apply the word to the milk spilt over the pail in carrying it. During the American Civil War, the New York papers said the Southern forces were 'skedadalled' by the Federals (Saxon-Scedan, to pour out; Chaldee, scheda, Greek, skeda'o, to scatter)."—Brewer's "Phrase and Fable."

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engagements during nine or ten campaigns never could see the dead bodies of the men we knocked over half so well as the joker who, years after perhaps, and in the snuggery of his office, found we had killed dozens of them.

"But I must resume. After burning the few whares and rooting up the bit of early crop around the village—a cruel and wanton act always, in my opinion (though, of course it was war, and war, we are told, is—well, a place of residence for the wicked)—we continued our march, now striking straight out into the heart of the Urewera Country. What a bush it was! and what hills and gullies, almost piled one upon another! Truly, there lies before us a stupendous task to achieve!

Arawa Call a Halt.

"On the 18th May the chief Pohika, at the head of the Arawa, led the way, the Natives firing almost continuously at nothing in particular(9), and at 2 p.m. reached the summit of Takuaroa and in sight of Ruatahuna. Here neither Pohika nor his Arawa would move a step further, and night closing in, the ford of the Whakatane (opposite the rendezvous) was reached. Though, as I said, night was closing in, the commandant, with guides and a bugler, went forward, picking out the track by the light of a candle! The officers' call was sounded, and it was found that we were in touch with Colonel St. John's and Fraser's columns, and but for the Arawa we might have at once junctioned(10).

Here let me digress a moment while I give in Mr. Ward's own words and style one incident in this campaign, which shows something of the nature of the warfare engaged in. He says:—After one of the many skirmishes, most of us were told off in

(9). When the force reached Tahora it camped, as the day was far spent. The pa was a very small one, but remarkable as being the burial place of a famous Urewera chief Murakareke. The Ngaietu hapu built an "umu" or Maori oven on the spot, and cooked there, and for this act of sacrilege Te Kooti had the body of Captain Travers (killed at Orangikawa, Tatahoata) dug up and hung on the palisading as food for the birds. In 1871 the remains of this gallant officer were collected and buried with military honours by Captains Preece and Gilbert Mair. Here let me give the sequel to this affair:—Early in 1924 the Native Minister, Hon. J. G. Coates, made the following statement:—"I have just received a letter which goes to show that the spirit of chivalry still permeates the Maori race. This letter is from Takurua Tamarau, a chief of the Ngati-Hinekura, a subtribe of the Tuhoe tribe of the Urewera Country. It simply states that he and his tribe have agreed to cut off from their land, as a scenic or other reserve, an area sufficient to enclose the site of the Orangikawa pa near Tatahoata, at Ruatahuna, and the graves of Captain Travers and some of his men, of the No. 4 Division of the Armed Constabulary, who fell in the attack against the Hauhaus in that pa in 1869.

"Captain Travers and his fallen comrades were buried on May 9, 1869, just outside the front gateway of this pa. On the spot to-day stands a tall poplar tree which was planted by the late Captain Gilbert Mair, N.Z.C., in 1872, to mark where the remains of his old comrade-in-arms, Captain Travers, was laid to rest.

"The donors are the descendants of some of the rebel warriors who fought against the Crown in this engagement; and now, 55 years later, we find their descendants presenting the sites of the graves of the enemies of their forebears to the Crown, in order that the resting places and the sleep of the dead, who fell there in the service of their Queen and country, may be undisturbed."

(10). The old story, so often repeated in the case of Pakeha-Maori expeditions against the latter's kin—timely warning of approach, and time to scoot for the back door!

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small parties of fifteen to thirty each to scour the forest for a few miles around for any straggling parties of the enemy, the orders being to "shoot at sight." I had a party of twelve rattling fellows, all good shots, and as cool as the proverbial cucumber. We were detailed off to march in a given direction for about four or five miles and then gradually wear around to our right, so as to bring us into the track the main column had taken to another village called Te Mimi. Needless to say, scouting under such circumstances was fairly exciting work, and we plodded on, finger on trigger, and eyes and ears open for the slightest rustle in the scrub, which was both vile and dense, or from behind the giant forest trees on every hand.

A Brave Old Warrior.

We had just climbed the fourth or fifth gully, after leaving the main body, when one of ours, P. Gavin by name, held up his hand—the warning signal—and all of us at once crouched down and stealthily advanced to the edge of the gully or ravine where Gavin was. There we saw three Natives wearily climbing the opposite spur by a narrow bush track. Bang! Bang! Bang! A dozen rifles are at once emptied at the trio of men. As I fired I had a very brief chance to notice them. One was an old man, very old indeed; he was unarmed, save for a stick carved after the fashion of a rude taiaha which he carried in his right hand, apparently to assist him while he walked. The other two men, very much younger in comparison to the old man, were each armed with a double-barrelled gun and tomahawk. Why the foolish fellows did not at once slip into the forest—only a foot or so away from them as they walked—was a puzzle to us fellows on the opposite side of the gully to themselves. For the noise, though slight, made by us—experienced bushmen and all as we were—getting into position gave our enemy the alarm; for they all looked hurriedly round, but before they could, as I suppose, realise the hated Pakeha were upon them we had emptied our rifles at point-blank range, straight into them. The first volley of ours, however, had no effect on them, all three men quietly wending their way up the steep hill-side. One of the young men hastily turned round and emptied his double-barrelled gun at us without any effect either. But his young chum, together with the old man, marched stolidly on. I also noticed that the old man had no clothing on him save a very rough korowai thrown over his left shoulder—indeed, he might as well have roamed his native forest "mit nodings on." The younger fellows had more or less European clothing on them, but neither hats nor caps, and their cartridge-belts were thrown over their left shoulders. All these details were taken in by us in a moment, as it were, for we were too intent to try and kill the three men to notice much about them.

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"Oh, I say, chaps," remarked T. Jones, "whatever is the matter that we cannot knock over the Hauhaus yonder?" "Right, Tom," replied one of our party nick-named "Te Kooti"; "whatever is up with us? Well, here goes for the centre one, anyway," and Bang! went his long Terry breech-loader. Over toppled the leading one of the two young fellows nearest to the old man. He gave a wild sort of shriek and rolled down the hill-side, plop into a pool of water in the creek below. His rear file, seeing his companion thus disposed of, made a side dart off the track and into the bush immediately alongside of him, and was safe from our rifle-fire.

But not so the old man in front, for on hearing the death-scream of his whilom companion he turned round and gave a long, wailful look of agony at him as he rolled down the hill-side. Most probably the man shot was the old man's son. He never noticed the third man clearing away into the bush, but at once turned again and wended his way slowly up the hill-side. Not for him the shelter of the bush! He never yet fled from an enemy, and most probably he reckons he is too old to start that game now. Whatever he thinks, he has shown a stolid, a most magnificent indifference to us as death-dealers. Brave old "pakira hori"—for the old man was bald-headed: his cranium shone like a lump of bronze in the morning sun as odd glints of Old Sol's rays gleamed on his head as he walked up the track. Brave, splendid old "pakira hori." Fit type of your gallant and high-spirited race! And us white braves? Well, we set ourselves, one and all of the dozen Pakehas comprising our party, to bring down that lonely bald-headed man! Shameful! Yes, I think so. I look back throughout the forty odd years intervening since that July morning long ago, and I feel ashamed of myself, my comrades, and the glorious traditions of my race, when I see again in my mind's eye what was attempted by us to kill that lonely, unarmed old Maori. Bang! Bang! Bang! All our rifles are emptied at him for three or four volleys, as fast as we can load them, in fact. We can see odd splashes of earth torn up by our bullets, see odd leaves ripped off the shrubs and trees around him, sides, front and rear; yet on he plodded, as careless and indifferent as if he were miles distant. However can he possibly live through a storm of bullets poured into him at less than sixty yards! It's incredible.

"Look here," remarked one of our fellows, "look here, Te Kooti, how is it you cannot pot the old Maori off, eh?"

"Hanged if I can make it out, Jack. He must be 'the Old Boy' himself—perhaps, yet I cannot see his forked tail or hoofs. Yet, hang it, it's strange, very strange."

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Bang! Bang! Bang! Again rings out the sharp, whip-like rifle fire, each of us doing his best to bring down the old Hauhau; but with no result. Yes, by Jove, he has turned around facing us, and is doing a "Tu ngarahu," or dance of defiance at us. Look at how his old frame of a body bounds from side to side of a narrow track. Ha! Bang at him again, brave Pakehas! Bound to bring him down now. Let the old sport have it straight in "the bread-basket." Quick, before he turns around again!

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr! What a splendid volley that was! It's a case with the old chap, now. Burst the rifle-smoke, it will hang about our eyes and faces; we cannot see a yard ahead hardly, and we are so eager, too.

"What? Eh? Isn't he stretched out?" No, but he has finished his Tu ngarahu, and slowly resumes his journey up the hill-side.

We all look at each other in wonder and amazement. This is altogether out of the common. No man, not anything living, should be able to live under such rifle-fire, for we are all good shots, and our whole fire, too, is concentrated on such a small object. It's uncanny! Unreal!

And who is the old geyser, anyway? we ask one another. "Te Kooti, old man, how is it you cannot bring yon chap down?"

"Oh, Te Kooti be bothered," remarked rollicking Paddy Taylor; "he cannot shoot for sour apples this morning. Bet this will knock the old fellow over, for I've spit on the bullet, and that would kill Ould Nick himself, let alone the ould chap yonder."

So we all look on breathlessly in a way. Paddy Taylor is about the best shot amongst us. Bang! went Taylor's rifle. Did the old Maori yonder fall, or even swerve to one side? Not he; up the hill he still kept plodding, as if the accursed Pakehas and all their belongings had never been.

"Well, I never! That bangs Ould Nick anyway!"

"It does, Patsey, avic. It bates Banagher right enough, an' that purty little town bates the Ould Boy himself, so 'tis said!"

"Come, chaps, he will soon be up to the top of the hill and in the bush, and then it's good-bye to him, whatever he is."

"Oh, never mind; he's an old brick, and deserves to get off so he does."

"That's true, Jones. It looks like murder to keep popping at him this way; let the old boy go."

"Let him be! Not me! What will the rest say to us at not being able to knock over an old Hauhau?"

"They can say nothing to us, Todd; we knocked one of them over—he's in the creek down there."

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"Well, here's at the old Maori again, and if I miss him this time I'll give shooting best and go and join the awkward squad."

It was Sutherland who spoke this time, and his last word was instantly followed by the crack of his rifle. The gallant old human target yonder pauses. The eyes of us all are fixed on him intently, for Sutherland's rifle-fire is deadly at all times. The old Maori is almost at the top of the hill—within a few paces of it, in fact.

"Ha! He is stooping down! He is falling!! No, he's not!!" Te Kooti's bullet has struck his wooden staff—his "rakau turoro"—out of his hand, and he merely stooped down to pick it up!

He's safe! Unhurt! Brave, splendid old man! Let's give him a rattling British cheer! Few have more deserved one. But before we can make up our minds to this the old man is on the top of the spur he has been climbing. Ha! He's running away now, and none of us dare fire on him; we couldn't allow it. The old Maori is running along the track on the hill-top yonder, running with a little of his old-time fire. Does he at last recognise that we, his implacable foes, who for the last four or five minutes have been trying so hard and so very determinedly to kill him, have at last recognised his splendid courage, his grand indifference to death? Perhaps he does. Anyhow, we Pakehas, with rifles now on the ground, watch the old fellow, spell-bound as it were. Watch his running away?

Ha! Did I say running away? What a gross libel on that brave old "pakira"! Apparently he has never yet run from a foe. Never! Never! And he will die, brave old warrior that he is, the proud possessor of that spotless record! For as he reaches the forest a few yards distant along the track he stops. If he enters this forest he is safe. The bullets of the hated pakehas' rifles cannot reach him within its protecting shades. But he does not choose the forest just then, anyhow, for he has again turned round facing us, and rapidly runs back towards us!

By Jove! He is at another "ngarahu whakahihi"! A regular jerring Dance of Defiance! Listen to his yells! How the echoes of them roll in and out from one gully to another! Look at his grimaces, each more hideous and revolting than its predecessor! How frightful in their monstrosity! Whoever would think that the human face could be made such a veritable "death's head"? See the lolling tongue, the rolling eyeballs, turned completely until nothing but the whites are seen. The thump! thump!! thump!!! of his feet as they reach the ground after each vault he gives in the air! The quivering muscles, trembling flanks and shaking hands! Aye, it is a veritable nga-

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rahu of defiant scorn and soul-hatred of us, the hated pale-faced invaders of sacred Tuhoe Land! Finally, with one discordant yell, if anything more terrific than the others, the echoes of which rose and fell with a sort of derisive distinctness and then died away reluctantly-like in the far-off mountain fastnesses, the old man came down on the ground with a gesture or series of gestures altogether indescribable. He then turned his back upon us finally, walked slowly up the track, entered the forest, and was lost to view. But his last yell, however, or the echoes of it, rather, still clung around our ears. It was a frightful yell, and to me it seemed not only a yell of defiance but the dying wail of a doomed people.

And us white braves, who couldn't hit the bald-headed old warrior? Did we feel small and dreadfully mean? I know I did. Brave old pakira hori! Fit type, after all, of your gallant race. You were no demon or representative of the Evil One. Nothing more than a sterling old warrior, as staunch and brave as Dame Nature builds such rare men! Had you fallen that far-away morning by our rifle-fire, methinks that the goddess of Fame would eagerly have snapped you up, as one of the unknown and uncared-for braves who live and die the world over, yet fit to rank with Ajax defying the lightning, or Leonidas before the hosts of Persia; and the goddess would have given you a niche in her Temple of Fame with far more zest than she would to many of those other mortals for whom she is sometimes forced to make room.

But this is a digression to illustrate one phase of the Pakeha v. Maori warfare of the 'sixties.

Continuing the account of the expedition, Mr. Ward says:—

Taking of Ruatahuna.

Resuming our march as a column we junctioned next evening with Colonel St. John's and Fraser's columns (11) just before the Ruatahuna pa, which was said to have been very strongly fortified by Te Kooti. Our Native allies declared it was impregnable, and that we could not take it(12). Next morning, an hour before daylight, we were pegging away at it, anyhow, and after a sharp tussle with Te Kooti's men we drove them out of it pell-mell, with the loss on our part of five men killed and six wounded. Our Native allies had only one of their number wounded, which goes, I think, to show that if Ruatahuna was

(11). Colonel St. John's and Fraser's columns moved out via Whakatane and the Horomanga range, and was composed of about 250 Europeans and 200 of the Arawa, whose fighting qualities were not nearly on a par with their speech.

(12). From generation to generation there were passed down legends respecting the Rocky Mountain, the "maunga tipua" or enchanted mountain, and it was generally believed that as soon as any strange feet trod these sacred regions the lightning would flash and the thunder roll, dense fogs would descend on the land, and a snowy mantle would enwrap all, and the trespassers would perish. This proved, for a time at all events, a very effective "tapu."

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not exactly impregnable, they anyhow kept well out of the line of fire, thinking it was. After destroying the whares or houses of the village, and burning down the palisading of the pa, we hastily followed on Te Kooti's track towards Te Mimi and Waikaremoana, and that evening we camped at the first-named place, where we destroyed all the crops as before. Lieutenant-colonel St. John, with 250 men, and as officers Lieutenant-colonel Fraser and Major Mair, surprised the settlement of Omara-te-angi, killing six of the enemy, but on the 7th he fell into an ambuscade at the foot of Hakeumi Hill, where he suffered the loss of a very gallant officer, Lieutenant White. Advancing to within 600 yards of Te Whenuanui's pa at Tahora, the European force was divided, and outflanking the enemy, forced him to evacuate his position. On the 8th the force was in sight of Tatahoata, the pa of Paerau-te-Rangikaitipuake, where the enemy, after making a show of a fight, suddenly abandoned the pa and moved off so swiftly that they were not overtaken. During the flank attack Captain Travers was mortally wounded, and his body afterwards fell into the hands of the enemy, who treated it with all the usual indignities. Captain Travers was holding a dense forest-covered position, and was quite exposed to the enemy, an old fence being the only cover, except the tree trunks close by. Asked to take greater care, he replied, "A British officer never takes cover," and almost at once he fell, along with a number of his men, several others also being wounded.

The Retreat.

It was here, says Mr. Ward, six miles from Ruatahuna pa, that our brave Native allies refused to march any further towards Waikaremoana, alleging that the tracks were impassable for horses—which I think may have been true enough; but they added that, even for men, the snow on Te Huia-rau range—just hanging over us, apparently, and not more than four or five miles distant—would render the tracks hard, if not absolutely impossible to be picked up. That the Arawa had an immense terror of the mountains of Tuhoe Land was certain, but what that was due to was not so apparent to the European force. No doubt natural difficulties had something to do with it, but that alone would not account for the disinclination to set foot on the sacred mountains of Tuhoe. It may be that even the Arawa were not so sure of the Europeans becoming the victors in the struggle against Te Kooti—of whom many supernatural tales were being told—and in that eventuality what a heavy utu might be demanded by the guerilla chief!

But whatever the cause, their terror was real. Our commandant was at his wits' end with rage at the refusal to advance. It had been arranged, apparently—in fact, I learned later that

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it was so arranged—that Colonel Whitmore's column should push right through Tuhoe Land and join hands with Colonel Herrick's force at Onepoto, on the shores of "The Sea of Rippling Waters," if the enemy did not sooner fall into his hands. Another important factor, too, to make this junction desirable was that our rations had given out—and soldiers, like other men, must be fed somehow. We left Galatea with four days' food five days ago, and here we were in a hostile country, hardships in front and hardships at the rear—a nice dilemma truly for even the bravest men. Tuhoe Land, at the time of which I write, was about the most hungry country, from a native food point of view, that the oldest of the European campaigners amongst us had ever been in. Our position was, to say the least, a rather precarious one, and necessitated a rapid advance over the Huia-rau and down to the lake and our comrades there.

Another important factor in our commandant's anxiety, too, was the fact that the Europeans had not more than 35 rounds of ball-cartridge per man—about enough for another smart engagement; and as for the Arawa, some of them had not a single cartridge left. They fired at everything and all things on the march in, fancying every clump of bush or tree trunk held a concealed Hauhau! So scores of them were at the mercy of any enemy that chose to attack. A long "korero" or talk took place between Colonel Whitmore and the Arawa chiefs, but to no purpose. He had scarcely now 145 Europeans left, though every man was a seasoned bush-fighter, and fully equal, in our own opinion, to ten times that number of Hauhaus. Yet without food, either in the way of rations in hand or immediately comeatable nearer than Te Onepoto, on the southern side of the lake, our case was a desperate one. Besides this, we did not know that the position held by Colonel Herrick was quite four days' hard and severe marches ahead of us—and even the colonial "Tommy Atkins" can scarcely fight on an empty stomach. True, we had our poor pack-horses to fall back upon, and we actually did kill and eat five of them before we reached Fort Galatea on our retreat from Te Mimi. But the want of an adequate supply of ammunition was the most important of all, in the view of our commandant anyhow, who throughout all his campaigns never cared a single dump how we were fed—if fed at all or not—how we were clothed, even if we wore any clothes, so long as we had a plentiful supply of ammunition. That was the *summum bonum* of the colonel's "General Orders." Don't presume to bother him about any hardships, or want of this or that, you or your comrades might labour under. Get out of these hardships, or what not, the best way possible, or else say nothing about them, and don't worry the commandant about

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them—the burden of the Arawa was enough for any commanding officer; therefore, don't air your grievances or you were a marked man ever after. I well remember, when advancing on Te Ngaire swamp in Taranaki, how I myself fell under the ban of ——. But then, that has nothing to do with Tuhoe Land or our then troubles as a fighting column at Te Mimi. But even with the shortness of ammunition, serious as that was, our commandant would have cast all the difficulties on one side, so confident was he in the esprit de corps of his Europeans, had our wretched allies only consented to show us the way over the ranges and down to the lake, but the beggars would not budge an inch. No, they had enough of the dreaded Tuhoe Land, and perhaps fears of after-vengeance loomed largely before their eyes. They would not face the much more dreaded Huia-rau, nor meet perchance the taniwhas of the "Sea of Rippling Waters." At this time the force had got close enough to make a reconnaissance in force towards the lake to endeavour, if possible, to gain some definite tidings of Colonel Herrick's column, of which nothing had been heard since it started. In doing so Te Kooti's advanced guard engaged the Arawa under Pohika and drove them back. Suddenly the enemy's bugle call rang out, and the Arawa decamped down the valley! Colonel Whitmore then tried to get the Arawa to hold Ruatahuna while he went forward with the Europeans, but even this they would not do. So, very reluctantly next morning, the order to retrace our steps was given, and then the worst of our troubles commenced, as is usual in the case of a retreat. For, not having before us the ever-exciting prospect ahead of the force, of a brush with the Hauhaus at any moment, coupled with the icy cold rains and snow-showers that drenched and froze us alternately, with no food but half or almost wholly starved packhorse, our condition was miserable in the extreme. The packhorse "beef" was only just half roasted, too, for the soaking rains made it impossible to keep a fire going, and at times very difficult even to raise one at all. Then there spread amongst us a nasty debilitating sickness, brought about, no doubt, by indifferent food, or really no food at all, and the incessant rain did not prove a tonic to our poor sick fellows. Our commandant himself then woke up to the hardship endured on all hands—and here I must say that Colonel Whitmore, though being a Tartar all round, fared just the same as ourselves as regards food, or want of it, accommodation, and so on. He never shirked a hard day's or night's march, or grumbled at the rough food or what not, any more than his men did. But then Colonel Whitmore could make up for a day's or a night's hardships by the jolly good times he would have when it was all over, while to us—poor rank and file fellows—it was always the same old

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grind. Well, all the above blessings in disguise, and very much more than I can find space for, made "Whitmore's Urewera campaign of 1869" about the worst of the eight others in which I had taken part in Maoriland. Needless to state, I did not form a very flattering opinion of Tuhoe Land. I considered it a most vile, detestable country; whilst as regards its people, and Te Kooti in particular, our opinions were not flattering to the guerilla chief of the Hauhaus. We had already given him considerable credit for a large amount of dash and originality, but now he seemed to disappoint us. Whether he was thoroughly cowed at the manner in which we drove him out of his famous stronghold, Ruatahuna, and captured it, or whether his followers were "pouri" over their defeat and losses, I cannot say. At all events I saw five dead Hauhaus in and about the pa, and another who had died of his wounds on the track to Te Mimi, the retreat being so hurried that the enemy did not stop to hide his corpse. Whether it was these causes, or a combination of circumstances with which we were not acquainted, I know not, but Te Kooti permitted the dejected and bedraggled Pakehas, retiring so disorderly from Te Mimi and Ruatahuna, to retreat as slowly as they liked—in fact, let them severely alone. Had he shown a tithe of the dash he had during the Paparatu-Ngatapa campaign in Poverty Bay six or nine months previously, or what he again showed to such advantage in the Opepe-Pourere-Tapapa campaign a few months later, he could have annihilated the whole column. We had about 24 or 26 men downright sick, besides four other poor fellows wounded in the previous engagements, and these we had to assist and carry out, all this hampering an already played-out column. But very fortunately for us, Te Kooti's men had practically vanished into the dense bush and inaccessible mountains of their wild Tuhoe Land, and we were allowed to quietly continue our retreat down to Fort Galatea, where we arrived on the sixteenth day after leaving it with only four days' rations!

Colonel Herrick Retires.

And now, with Colonel Whitmore's supporting movement disposed of, let me return to Colonel Herrick's redoubt, near the outlet of Lake Waikaremoana(13). Here the boats were ready to embark a force to take Matuahu, when—they rose up one fine morning and hastily retreated on Te Wairoa! What had happened was that the Stafford Ministry was defeated on June 24th of the

(13). Before evacuating the redoubt Colonel Herrick filled the boats with stones and sunk them in the lake, so that the Natives might not use them. Unfortunately, he selected a spot where there was a depth of 60 feet of water, and a Pakeha-Maori force later on had a great deal of trouble trying to find them, but without avail, and for all I know they may now be numbered with the awe-inspiring taniwhas of the lake depths. Two of the boats were buried in the earth at Onepoto. The dinghy was dug up the following year, but the Hauhaus had found the whaleboat, which they used but for a time, as it was recaptured afterwards.

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year of this expedition, and the Fox Ministry having assumed power four days later, the expedition, which had already cost £60,000 or more, was recalled.

The hostiles crossed the lake at once to the site of the abandoned redoubt, and executed a grand war-dance in token of derision, which, though not very prettily executed, must have proved very inspiriting to the followers of Te Kooti. Thus ended the Europeans' attempt to capture Te Kooti in this district, though Native forces, led by European officers, still carried on the contest, as I shall presently relate. To show that this fine force did not even scout the country in their vicinity, I may mention here that Ensign Large, when the force retired from Waikaremoana, went round by Whataroa and looted nine horses, no one having visited the spot. With a great deal of trouble he took them down the Manga-a-ruhe to Marumaru. He was three days late in consequence, and it was believed he had fallen into the hands of the enemy. He got little thanks for his pains, as the whole of the horses were claimed by friendly Natives. The whole campaign was not only disastrous to the prestige—what the Maoris call mana—of the Europeans, but very costly to the Government, and it formed the subject of acrimonious debates in Parliament for many days. The bungling of the Government —which was short of money—was even greater than that of the officers and men in the field. Strategic posts had to be abandoned because men could not well live and fight on air alone—even if the air of the Huira-rau was extra salubrious. Everything the Government could do to destroy the spirit of comradeship in the field they did, and the final result was that all the work had eventually to be done over again. As was the case in nearly all the engagements with Te Kooti's force, they were mostly indecisive; for though he had 300 or 400 men he made no stand anywhere, but moved from point to point, showing great mobility, and the wonder is that he did not work round to the rear of the advancing columns sometimes. But the guerilla chief was too wise for that—he meant at all hazards to keep open a road to the King Country. And though Te Kooti was still at large, the destruction of his supplies in the shape of growing crops, and the loss of many men in the different skirmishes, with a corresponding depreciation of his mana, were worthy results. In addition to this, it was proved that the belief of many tribes in the unassailability of the mountains of Tuhoe was about as baseless as the stories of mythical taniwhas in that mountainous region. For the time being, then, Te Kooti still existed as a power to be subdued, though he could easily have been cut off from reaching the King Country if proper precautions had been taken, as the Urewera Country is surrounded on all sides by open territory.

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CHAPTER XXIV

HUNTING THE OUTLAW

THE HUNT BEGINS—HAMLIN'S EXPEDITION—AN ABORTIVE START—KEMP AND ROPATA—"DR." SCOTT'S STORY—A BRILLIANT AFFAIR—LIEUTENANT LARGE'S LITTLE RAID—ROPATA AND PORTER—TE HAPUA FIGHT—CAPTURE OF KEREOPA—FIGHTING AT TAUPO.

During 1870 and 1871 the operations against Te Kooti on the East Coast and in the Taupo area were directed by two men who figured largely in the districts mentioned—one of them, the Hon. J. D. Ormond, Provincial Superintendent and Government Agent on the East Coast. He had a most valuable and active coadjutor in Mr. McLean, a former Government Agent. The Superintendent never wasted words or ink in issuing his instructions, and they were promptly acted upon. In essence these were to clear the Urewera Country of Te Kooti's bands, to remove to the coast those who harboured them, and to establish a military post at Ruatahuna.

The Hunt Begins.

With the retreat of Whitmore's forces from the Rocky Mountains of Tuhoe Land, and the recall (for political reasons) of Herrick's fine force from Te Onepoto, there practically ended the white man's sole endeavour to capture or break up Te Kooti's hostile formations, and with a price of £5000 on his head others took up the task and sought to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion; the fighting on the side of the rebels was of the guerilla nature, whilst that on our part might be likened to a paper-chase up hill and down dale, through dense bush, where the trail was apt to be quickly lost, and pursuit thus checked or frustrated. It may not be possible in this chapter to fully detail the part played by any section of the European-led Native forces, but it is only fair to show what Maori sections took part in the hunt for Te Kooti. These were Ngati-Kahungunu, Ngati-Rakaipaaka, Ngaietu, Ngati-Hikairo, Ngati-Kurupakiaka, Ngati-Matewai, Ngati-Mihi, Ngati-Pahauwera, and Ngati-Porou.

In the absence of a war correspondent in those troublous days, I am obliged to fall back on the necessarily prosy and sometimes inaccurate official records. These I am fortunately

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able to supplement by the kindness of several officers who were in the field at the time, and who, though not seeking to get into the limelight, were yet ready to assist in compiling the story of Old Wairoa. To these gentlemen many thanks are due, but to one in particular whom I am not permitted to name.

Hamlin's Expedition.

It would seem from the records that on 3rd February, 1870, arrangements were being made for a Native expedition to Lake Waikaremoana, under Mr. Hamlin, a man to be sent up with him to try and locate the sunken boats. Captain Newland, who was then commanding the Armed Constabulary Force, was directed to occupy Te Ariki, that officer proposing to place 25 men there and 15 at Te Kapu (Frasertown), leaving seven at Te Wairoa. He had some trouble in arranging for canoe transport up the Waiau, as the Natives had not even then been paid for their former services in a similar capacity by our impecunious Government. He also proposed, as soon as Mr. Hamlin left, to call out 25 of the Wairoa Militia to protect the stores and magazine. On the 3rd March of the same year stores and rations were issued to the Nuhaka Natives (Ngati-Hine and Matawhaite), Paora Apatu and 25 of his men being also taken on the strength of the force, and a total of 5560 rounds of ammunition served out to the Native contingents. In a few days a sub-inspector, with two mounted men and 16 foot, left for Te Ariki with 15 of Ihaka Whaanga's men. The Frasertown settlers were ordered in to Wairoa, as the Hauhaus were reported to be in the vicinity, and the officer had not sufficient forces to protect the whites. An advance guard had been sent up by way of Marumaru, and on the 7th March Hamlin reported that a message had come in to Te Kapu that this force (Matawhaite) had been attacked by a party of the enemy and one man, Pera Tataramoa, had been killed. He then issued ammunition to those who had not been supplied, and sent 100 men up as a reinforcement, but these arrived too late, as they found the Matawhaite retiring. Hamlin learned that the force had been advancing without taking due precautions. Pera, who was on horseback some distance in advance, had arrived on the opposite bank of the Wairoa, when the enemy fired and killed him, taking possession of his body and arms and accoutrements. One of the enemy, who came out into the open, dancing over the body, was shot. The scouting party, not being strong enough to cover the crossing of the river, was obliged to fall back.

Another scouting party was then sent up by the Waiau, and found both horse and foot tracks, also seven horses, one of which had been recently hard ridden. The tracks took off

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in two ways—by Whataroa, Waikaremoana, and by Te Ariki and Tukurangi. The voices of Te Waru and Himiona (Simeon) were distinctly heard by the Native forces (1). The whole force at this time numbered 200 (that of the enemy was not known), and Mr. Hamlin not having time to consult the chiefs as to the mode of attack, he decided to report to the Government. He could not advance on Waikaremoana or move the whole force, as it was the Natives' idea that it would leave Wairoa open to a rear attack. The detachment for Te Ariki was stopped, pickets were placed round the town, and Hamlin arranged for the protection of Te Kapu and the tracks leading to Wairoa. Thus were matters till the 18th, when Mr. Hamlin's Natives refused to move on Waikaremoana, their tohungas having informed them that Wairoa was to be attacked! Consultations were held, but not an inch would they budge (2). By this time Mr. J. W. Witty had arrived from Mohaka, and he and Mr. Hamlin had a meeting, at which they agreed that if they could muster 100 Natives they would make a forced march on Waikaremoana. It was thought that Mr. Witty could get 25 or 30 from Mohaka, and Mr. Hamlin about the same number from Hapimana's men. At this time Major Westrupp contributed to the general cheerfulness (?) by giving his written opinion that some portion of the district would be attacked before long.

An Abortive Start.

On the 24th Sub-inspector Newland received instructions from the Hon. J. D. Ormond to make a forced march on Waikaremoana, and four days later he moved out to Te Kapu, first calling out the militia to garrison the town. He had to wait at Te Kapu for the Natives to muster, and, owing to the delay and to bad weather, he did not start till the 4th April. And here a contretemps arose to cause further vexatious delay. The crossing at the junction had only just been effected when it was ascertained that one of the Wairoa Natives, Heremia Te Popo, had shot Hone's son (Mohaka) in the arm and through the side, the bullet coming out near the spine. In consequence of this, and the receipt of a letter from Tareha (Napier) that Te Kooti was on his way to attack Wairoa with 400 men, the Native force refused to go on. Heremia was held for trial, and so enraged were the Natives that but for Mr. Witty there would have been a general set-to, as one of the Mohaka Natives had declared his intention to shoot the prisoner, guilty or not guilty. The force then returned to Wairoa, and thus ended

(1). The Maoris have a peculiar faculty, common enough in Africa, of being able to understand each other at a great distance; certainly no European could perform the feats of long-distance wireless speaking which I have frequently witnessed, and so from hill-top to hill-top messages were sent indicating more or less correctly the minds of the senders, as the hill-top beacons of England conveyed the warnings of an approaching invasion.

(2). The same thing occurred on the other side with Whitmore.

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the third attempt to start for Waikaremoana. At this time (4th April) Lamplough, the Napier-Wairoa mailman, reported that Ropata had captured 300 of Te Kooti's followers, but that the guerilla chief himself had escaped with 20 men.

Kemp and Ropata.

Here I must digress to mention the facts which led up to this event. About the same time that Hamlin and Witty's expedition was authorised, Major Kemp was instructed to move on Waikaremoana from the west. Ropata was then marching via Ngatapa Valley near Makaretu, almost following the line of Te Kooti's march from Puketapu in 1868. At the head-waters of the Hangaroa—Wai-maha (or "Many Waters")—a refugee family of the Ngati-Kohatu, or "Descendants of the Rocks," was captured and utilised as a guide. The advancing force visited the pa where Te Kooti had established himself after his narrow escape at Papuni, and then advanced towards the Rocky Mountains, Ropata and Porter dividing forces. Horoeka pa was soon taken, with nearly 100 prisoners. Negotiations were opened for Te Kooti's surrender, but without effect. Then came the news that Major Kemp's column at Waimana Gorge had made a truce with the Urewera through Tama-i-kohia. This Ropata would not believe, and with good reason, for soon after he was attacked, but he fought his way to the head of the Waimana, where the truce was verified. When Ropata reached the Bay of Plenty and met Kemp there were angry words between them, and when it was learned that Te Kooti had broken the truce and descended on Opepe and captured 170 prisoners and considerable loot, Kemp relented and again took the warpath. Ropata also moved out, and at Maraetai (Ropata in front and Kemp at the rear) again defeated the enemy, 300 prisoners being taken and 25 killed, 19 of the Chatham Island escapees being summarily executed by shooting. Ropata then returned to his home, soon to again take the field against his slippery customer, Te Kooti.

I now return to Hamlin and Witty's thrice-foiled attempt to start for Waikaremoana. At the end of April (the 29th, to be precise) a force of 135 Natives left Te Kapu under Mr. Hamlin, with Captain Tu Saunders and a guide, but owing to bad weather they did not get further than Marumaru, additional delay being caused by Ihaka Whaanga, with 80 men, not having joined up. The intention was to proceed up the Wairoa River, visiting Whataroa, Orewha, and Onepoto, returning by the Waiau. By this time Mr. Witty had proceeded from Mohaka in the direction of Putere, intending to visit Tikitiki and Pukehuia. He returned on May 3rd, having killed a rebel chief of the Urewera and brought his mother a prisoner to Matiti. From her it was gathered that Te Waru,

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with part of his force, was at Waereo, on the opposite side of the lake, and the rest at Orewha, not far from Whataroa; but the prisoner was very old, and was not inclined to give much information. On the 6th Mr. Witty started out in the same direction as Mr. Hamlin and came across a few Hauhaus, and on the 10th he found that the enemy had removed everything buried at Waikaremoana; and as the Native force was anxious to cross the lake, arrangements were made for a canoe service from Te Kapu. The following day Mr. Hamlin had a brush with the enemy, killing three, but the force was still halted, waiting for Ropata and the almost indispensable Ngati-Porou, who had arrived in Wairoa on the 17th. Provisions were sent up, including 300 sheep bought at 6s 6d per head, but it cost from 12s to 15s per head to deliver them! By this time Hamlin was on pretty short commons, and there was not a biscuit to be had in Wairoa. "Dr." Scott arrived at the end of May, and 20 men were sent to hold Onepoto redoubt, it being reported that the Hauhaus were fortifying Matuahu, Mokau, and Tikitiki, each with an arm of the lake between them. On the 9th June Mr. Hamlin moved on Whanganui-a-parua, and here comes in a brilliant little unofficial affair that must not be omitted.

"Dr." Scott's Story.

"Dr." Matthew Scott, who had been ordered to join the expedition as medical attendant, thus graphically described Messrs. Hamlin and Witty's operations in the Urewera Country:—"From Captain Newland, the officer commanding the Wairoa district, I learned that the expedition which I had been ordered to join as medical attendant had been organised mainly with a view of crossing Lake Waikaremoana and reducing Te Kooti's stronghold within the Urewera fastnesses of the western side, to which, when he sustained a reverse in the field, or retired inland after a successful raid on the coast settlements, he invariably resorted; and securely ensconced within his (said to be unassailable) citadel of the hills, therefrom bade defiance to the efforts of the Government. Waikaremoana, or the Sea of Waikare, in addition to its possessing a fortress of supposed impregnability, which had long been the headquarters of Te Kooti's truculent band, formed also a nucleus of dissatisfaction to which resorted all original bad characters and ne'er-do-wells from all parts of the island, who, being welcomed by him or by his Urewera allies, constituted a constant supply of recruits wherewith to replace his losses by desertion, capture, or loss in the field. Likewise, the geographical position and features of Waikaremoana, situated as it is in the 'bosom of the mountains,' rendered its western shore, on which Te Kooti had founded several villages, with extensive cultivations and stores of provisions, all but inaccessible by

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[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

Ready for the Fray

[Photo by Mr. H. Hill, F.G.S.

Chief Horomona

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Ancient Moriori—Chatham Islander

Major Keepa Rangihiwinui, N.Z.C.

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Uniform of the A.C.—Maori War Days
From an etching by Mr. McDonald

Junction of Waiau and Wairoa at Frasertown
Soldiers exercising in foreground

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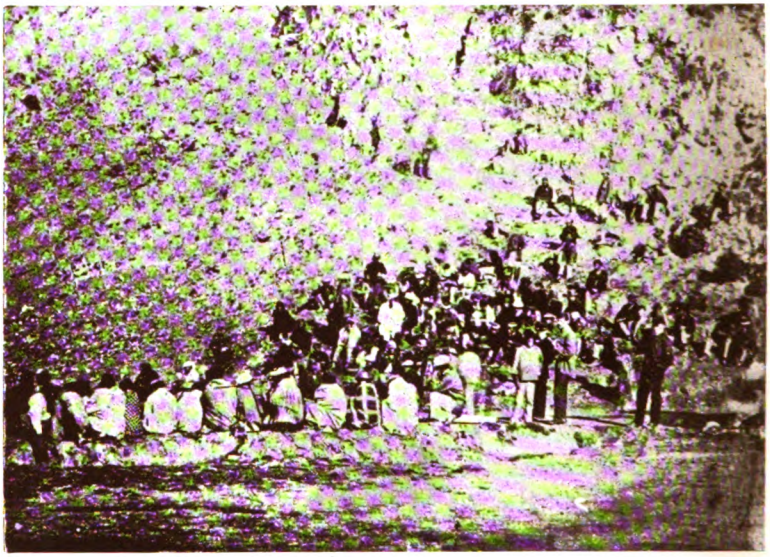

Maori Prisoners for the Chathams, lined up at Napier
This batch included Te Kooti

Monument at Whakarewa, Mahia
To the late Lieut. Alexander Ormond and Mahia Maori lads who fell in the Great War

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land otherwise than by a long and tedious route through the Urewera Country via Ruatahuna (which has never yet been achieved by any expeditionary force that I am aware of) without crossing the lake itself in the face of the enemy; and as the western seaboard is forest-clad almost to the water's edge, and the only accessible landing places are comparatively narrow margins of boulder-strewn rocky plateaux, the difficulty and risk of effecting a landing and assailing such positions, if hostilely occupied, may be easily estimated. At the time of my arrival at Wairoa the field force, numbering about 350 Ngati-Kahungunu, had been in military occupation of the eastern side of the lake for some weeks, and were occupied in hewing out canoes from timber growing on the spot, as a means of transport. They had not as yet come into serious collision with the enemy, who occupied what was supposed to be a strong stockade or pa (Matuahu), armed with at least one piece of artillery on the western side, but were in full view of the fortifications and also of another facing it called Tikitiki, from which every evening a big gun was discharged with a tremendous boom among the mountains, a continued blowing of horns and war-dancing being kept up during the day. Leaving the opposing belligerents thus in the presence of each other on opposite sides of the lake, the Government Natives making diligent preparations for an advance, and the insurgents apparently fully prepared to give them a warm reception on their landing, if not before, as they possessed quite a mosquito fleet of boats and canoes, I will return to a description of the lake. The 'Sea of Waikare' is of extraordinary configuration, and its geographical position some distance above sea-level, together with other remarkable attributes, probably renders it unique among the lakes of New Zealand. It is situated about thirty miles inland from Te Wairoa, Hawke's Bay, whence it is approached by a gradual ascent by a line on the Waikaretaheke River, of which it is the source. While of lesser magnitude than Lake Taupo, and altogether lacking the wondrous volcanic phenomena which distinguish the shores and vicinage of that magnificent expanse of water, with the exception of the grand prospect of Tongariro from Tapuaeharuru and other points of view, Waikaremoana completely surpasses the former in the majestic scenery of its mountain environment, rocky, precipitous shores, and cyclopean boundaries. Far away to the westward, as one stands on the elevated plateau of Onepoto overlooking the lake and the landing-place, towers darkly-green the gigantic outline of the inhospitable Huia-rau, partly forest-clad range of mountains, which at its greater altitudes during the winter months presents all the repellent features and perils of our New Zealand Southern Alps or snowy ranges of the Mackenzie Country. These slips, slides, and overwhelms,

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the treacherous avalanche, and blinding snowstorms obliterate the devious and little-used track, to the utter bewilderment, discomfiture, and probable death of the unfortunate wayfarer or fugitive, from exposure, cold, or famine. There many of the miserable Urewera denizens of the lake, though accustomed to the journey and climate, met their end while striving to escape to Ruatahuna on our advance and occupation of their pa, and, as tradition has it, many hundreds of the primeval Maoris, old-time invaders of the Urewera, lie entombed amid the mountain fastnesses. Mr. Hamlin, Lieutenant Witty, Sub-Lieutenant Large, Tu Saunders, and James Carroll, now Sir James Carroll, M.L.C. (3), with the narrator in medical charge, and three Armed Constabulary for dispatch work with Wairoa, constituted all the Europeans attached to the force, and must have possessed patience, firmness, and long-suffering in no ordinary degree in order to reconcile and bring to unanimity of action the heterogeneous crowd of which they really at times seemed to have only nominal command. Differences or tribal jealousies, old feuds not quite extinct, and possible sympathy with the enemy were not the only factors of discord. I ought also here to observe that another great difficulty in exerting authority among the Natives was the absence of any energetic and plucky chief of note or high standing. True, three rangatiras of sufficiently high rank accompanied their several contingents to the field, but of these Ihaka Whaanga, a noble old warrior, was feeble and almost in his dotage from wounds, infirmity, and age, while Paora-te-Apatu, also of blue blood, was no warrior, and Toha Rahurahu, though an excellent fellow devoted to the Government, was—well, say constitutionally unfit for campaigning.

"Thus the onus of every undertaking fell upon the European leaders; but, triumphing over all obstacles, they at length succeeded in getting two canoes formed from the trees felled and shaped in the vicinity of the camp, whence they launched them with great labour upon the lake, and, having secured a small boat, found themselves possessed of a miniature fleet of three small craft, which they were not long in using to the best advantage. The enemy responded by the firing of musketry, braying of horns, and derisive yells from the Hauhau pas and villages. On the 22nd June there came off from Matuahu in a canoe a delegation under a flag of truce, and, lying off the camp at Onepoto, opened negotiations with Hamana Tiakiwai and Te Hapimana Tunupaora, two chiefs on

(3). At the age of 14 years, "Timi Kara" went on the warpath through the Urewera Country, tramping through that rugged but historic territory till he lost the soles of his boots, then bare-footed till the soles of his feet became pachydermatous, and he could probably do the fire-walking act unhurt. Ambushed and shot at, he rendered good service as a mere boy, and later he got the thanks of Parliament and a vote of £50, as well as the New Zealand War Medal.

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the Government side. A long korero ensued, when, in response to a demand for surrender, they replied that they would hold a consultation at their pa and report the result the next day. The whole proceeding was, however, only a ruse to gain time or to reconnoitre our position, for shortly afterwards the outlying scouts reported the passage of eight canoes, four of them very large ones, and the whaleboat fully manned, from Tikitiki and thence to Ohiringi, thus menacing the rear of our position and our communication with Wairoa. As Lieutenant Witty counted 25 men in one canoe, there is little doubt that the detachment numbered fully 160 strong, and this force in our rear was by no means a pleasant prospect for our Armed Constabulary, mounted men, Troopers McMillan, Campbell, and Jones, who, however, continued to carry their dispatches, as required, with praiseworthy zeal and no little pluck, passing on every journey the thicket where their comrade was ambushed and shot some few months before. On June 8 the expedition commenced its first movement on the offensive by land and water. One portion of the force marched or scrambled from Onepoto to Motakitaki, while a second detachment accompanied them along the coast in the canoes and dinghy, under Lieutenant Large. These proceedings did not escape the watchful Hauhaus, and two armed canoes at once came out from Matuahu to reconnoitre. This apparently just suited the adventurous Ngaietu, who at once started in chase. On the canoes nearing each other in midlake considerable firing took place, and, as Sub-lieutenant Large described it, a mimic naval engagement ensued, without, however, any casualties on either side. The Hauhaus retired round the sheltering promontory of Matuahu, our canoes pursuing until they got within range of the hostile shore, when they also retired to Motakitaki.

A Brilliant Affair.

On arrival at the new camping ground it was found impossible by the European leaders to induce the majority of the Maoris to make any further aggressive movement, and as it was thought that the Urewera were only awaiting reinforcements in order to attack both in front and rear, the European officers resolved upon vigorous action at once. In consequence of this resolution, on receipt of instructions from Mr. Hamlin, Lieutenant Witty, accompanied by Messrs. Large and Saunders, selected about eighty of the best men, including Witty's contingent of Mohaka Natives and Large's Ngaietu, and pushed off for Whanganui-o-parua, ostensibly to procure potatoes from the cultivations at the whares, but really, if possible, to effect a landing on the opposite shore. The perilous landing having been effected without opposition—the dinghy containing Sub-lieutenant Large, Hirini Kereru, Teira

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Marutu, and Peneamine being the first to land on the opposite shore—the force then proceeded on to Taumataua, a large clearing immediately opposite Motakitaki. The party in the boat and one of the canoes reached the cultivation or clearing without opposition, and the Natives, under the impression that the place was abandoned, were searching about in whares, of which there were about a dozen, when a volley was fired at them from the bush skirting the clearing. Although the enemy could not have been more than a hundred yards distant, fortunately not one shot took effect. At the same time heavy firing commenced from the south of a bush-clad ridge, which commanded the landing-place, at another party who were in the act of landing from the canoes. Here again the Hauhaus fired high, and most of the bullets went whizzing overhead. A few, however, ploughed in among the party, wounding one of the Ngati-Pahauwera (Mohaka). The Natives behaved well, taking cover behind logs, boulders, etc., and returned the fire briskly, holding the enemy in check until the return of the canoes with the rest of the party, when, charging on the front and right flank of the Hauhaus, animated by the example of their officers and greatly stimulated by the frantic ejaculations of their minister—a veritable member of the Church militant, named Pita Tauhou—they charged into the bush, driving the enemy before them in the direction of Matuahu, the large pa before alluded to. Darkness coming on, they returned to Taumataua, the clearing where they were first ambushed, sent the boat and canoes across to Motakitaki, and, carefully posting sentries and out-pickets, made themselves comfortable for the night, not a little elated at having achieved with such limited means their present success and with no loss of life. It was anticipated that a sharp attack would be made at daybreak, the usual hour for Maori surprises; consequently at daybreak all were on the qui vive, but nothing occurred to disturb them until about 1 p.m., when the Hauhaus attacked an out-picket of Witty's men under Sergeant Keefe, a Mohaka half-caste. The picket held its own bravely until reinforced from the main body, killing Enoka (Te Waru's fighting lieutenant) and wounding several others, without loss to themselves. Another charge was made into the bush, fully demonstrating that the coast Natives, if properly led, are more than a match for the Urewera mountain tribes. At the same time that the picket was attacked, the whaleboat and five canoes, fully manned, put out from Matuahu, evidently intending to assail Witty's detachment from the rear, and capturing their canoe, cut it off from the main body, but, being signalled from the high hill at the back of the pa of the repulse of the land attack, withdrew again to its shelter and protection. At this time the Hauhaus, no doubt thoroughly cowed by the adverse omens, fruitless volleys at short range (which were

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really remarkable), and the loss of one of their principal leaders, Enoka, formed the intention, which they afterwards carried out, of evacuating. Next day, Monday, the entire force, some 250 strong (excepting sixty or seventy left to garrison Motakitaki and keep open communication with Wairoa), crossed to Taumataua, and on Tuesday started, carefully feeling their way through the dense bush which intervenes between Taumataua and Matuahu. The line of march led through dense bush and deep ravines, and was nearly trackless, offering every facility for the favourite ambuscading tactics of the enemy. But the march was accomplished without incident in three hours, the force arriving about noon at the rear and base of the high hill which dominates the redoubtable pa (Matuahu). Very steep, forest-clad, and menacing looked the mountainous acclivity, within the woodland recesses of which it was thought a last stand would be made by the Urewera in defence of their long-vaunted stronghold. Careful dispositions were made accordingly for the attack. These completed, the force divided into three storming parties. Wairoa Natives under Hamlin constituted the main advance, while two flanking divisions of Ngati-Pahauwera and Ngaietu were under Lieutenant Witty and Sub-lieutenant Large respectively. These started simultaneously, advancing from tree to tree and from clearing to clearing with speed, caution, and determination, until the summit was successfully and bloodlessly gained, much to everybody's astonishment and gratification. The expedition looked down upon the famous citadel of the hills, scarcely believing their senses that the pa was evacuated—'Kua horo a Matuahu.' A rush down the hill followed, and in ten minutes the village was full of shouting friendlies, ransacking the whares, probing the ground with their bayonets for hidden loot, and holding high jinks within the favoured haunts of their hereditary enemies. Having gained this redoubtable Hauhau stronghold on the western side of the lake, the expedition made it their base of operations, and from this centre detachments were dispatched in various directions to harass and injure the enemy."

Lieut. Large's Little Raid.

In one of these forays Sub-lieutenant Large captured the whaleboat, a number of large canoes, and four prisoners. Although Sub-lieutenant Large got into disgrace for starting without orders, the capture of the whaleboat and canoes gave the expedition complete means of transit and command of the lake from end to end. He received neither thanks nor mention, inasmuch as it was done without the knowledge and sanction (4) of the commanding officer.

(4). So, may I add, was the action of "Rowley" Hill, who for a less service against orders was awarded the New Zealand Cross. Hill, indeed, had specific orders to do a certain other thing and he did not do it.

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The Urewera appeared to be quite dispirited and disorganised with the continued success of the Government, and the principal men soon made overtures for peace and surrender, while the Wairoa chiefs, hearing such doleful accounts from them of the number of their people who had perished in the snows of the Huia-rau Range in flying to Ruatahuna, would not agree to any forward movement in that direction. So the expedition, after destroying all the stores of food and canoes of the enemy, recrossed the lake and returned to Wairoa, where Te Whenuanui, Te Makarini, and several other Urewera chiefs of note and their people soon after surrendered themselves to the Government.

Regarding the alleged laches of Sub-lieutenant Large, I have heard friends of his say that early on the morning in question the Natives came to him to lead them, and he unwittingly assumed that Hamlin knew all about it; but it was found out afterwards that they did not tell him they were going, nor did they take any other European officers with them. The published story of Mr Witty raising the boats (sunk in the lake by Herrick) with grapnels is incorrect. No organised attempt was ever made to raise them, and they are settled at the bottom of the lake—or were a few years ago, they having been located by Mr W. A. Neale while the lake was abnormally low. The only boat raised was the dinghy which had been buried at Onepoto on the occasion of Herrick's abortive expedition. Sub-lieutenant (afterwards Major) Large certainly had the honour of having led across the lake the first war party against Te Kooti's forces.

Hamlin did not do much execution at Whanganui-a-Parua, but destroyed large quantities of crops. Most of the forces appear to have returned to Wairoa, for on September 5th, on a report (afterwards proved to be false) that Te Kooti had attacked Whakaki, Captain Newland called out the militia and volunteers, and started with all his available forces for Whakaki, ordering Lieutenant Witty to follow in support.

Ropata and Porter.

I must now switch on to the operations carried out by Ropata and Porter. In 1870 (July) news reached Gisborne that Te Kooti had raided Tolaga Bay settlement and killed a number of the loyal Natives, whilst others were seriously threatened. He opened fire on the pa, but the occupants replied vigorously, and, the nut being harder to crack than the rebel leader imagined, he retired. Hastily organised forces were sent out, one under Captain Tucker and the other under Porter. For some reason or other the intended surprise did not eventuate, and Te Kooti again got away after losing one of his wives. Ropata was soon in the field against the daring enemy, but never

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caught up to him, and again refuge was found on the borders of the Urewera Country. In December a raiding force was organised to clear the country of the rebels, and to do this by sitting down at Ruatahuna as a base of operations. Early in the next year a strong force, over 200 men, started via Waikohu and Waihuka Rivers for Te Wera country (5), and, after a short occupation of Te Wera pa, a march was made through the boulder-bed of the Waioeka—terrible country for any troops to traverse, but the Natives footed it bravely. As soon as it was ascertained that Te Kooti had made for Maunga-Pohatu, a move was made on the territory of Ngati-Huri.

It is characteristic of Ropata that he brooked no interference with his movements or his plans. During the Urewera campaign in the 'seventies he arrived with his force at Maungapohatu and was ordered by the chieftains of Tuhoe Land to go back the way he came, adding sententiously that they "would not allow booted feet to pass through their country." Ropata's reply was prompt and not to be lightly taken: "I never return by the same track with a war party, as I consume all the food on the way, and to return means starvation. I depend upon supplies in front. If you with your bare feet get in the way of mine with boots I shall trample on you." He got through.

At Te Kakariki the surrender of this (Ngati-Huri) tribe was demanded, but finally a sort of truce was made, a promise being given not to harbour any more rebels (a promise easily given, seeing Te Kooti was not then there). The march round the eastern edge of Maunga-Pohatu was an arduous and a tedious one, and, worse still, food supplies ran short. Part of the force got out to Opouiti for food, and then the march was again taken up. Months were spent scouring the country, harrying the enemy, destroying his pas, also his crops, save what could be utilised. Nearly all this time Mair, Preece, Pitt, and Ferris were doing good work along the shores of Waikaremoana and Wakapunake, no less a personage than Te Kooti's executioner being captured and marked for execution himself.

The end was now drawing near, and a fresh force of 200 odd men arrived in Wairoa by the steamer "Napier" (Captain Bendall). No time was lost, and in three days the force moved off—Ropata via Putere and Porter by way of Orewha. The junctioning point was fixed at Maunga-Pohatu. As a result of information that Te Kooti was again back at Papuni, a diversion was made, but the rebel chief had gone. He was followed up in the direction of Maunga-Pohatu, and on the 2nd

(5). The pen entirely fails to describe Te Wera country, there being scarcely any outlook, range following range, and all of about equal height. Even the guides on many occasions got lost themselves.

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September an attack was made on the enemy's camp in a clearing, Sub-lieutenant Large leading one wing and Henare Potae the other. The efforts to surprise the enemy were frustrated, but in the charge, now rendered necessary, nearly all the enemy force was killed—except Te Kooti, who again escaped by the handy back door.

Te Hapua Fight.

Three weeks out from Wairoa, and many times short of provisions, the force on this occasion had had but poor luck in locating the whereabouts of the elusive rebel host, now greatly diminished and becoming dispirited. But up in a beech or tawai tree was a Maori scout who located smoke "several miles off." Porter and Large were the only white men in the little Native army, and all were only half-dressed—no trousers, but with a shawl strapped round their waists. The officers' clothing was torn to rags, and only the caps they wore served to distinguish them from the rest of the force. Soon the Ngati-Porou, 100 in number, were on the march to cover the "miles" of the Maori scouts, and "Irish miles" they proved to be. The weather was cold that last day of August, but the Ngati-Porou pushed on—if Te Kooti in camp could stand the cold, so could Ngati-Porou while marching. Soon the rebel chief—valued at £5000—was located, and Porter decided to surround the camp at once, and attack at daylight next morning. He left forty men at the camp and disposed the sixty left in three parties under Lieutenants Large, Ruka Aratapu, and Henare Potae—Large and Ruka having the right flank, Henare Potae the left flank, and Porter the centre. The surround was effected, and the force spent a miserable night in misty rain; soon the long-expected dawn came, and the men were extended, stalking like ghosts out of the fog. Great caution had to be used, as even the crackling of a branch might have warned the enemy. Suddenly a dog barked—he probably scented the lurking foe—a woman came out from Te Kooti's whare to collect kindling-wood. Crouching behind a fallen giant of the forest were Henare Potae's men—and then a huge mistake was made. As the woman saw the foe she was about to give the alarm, when one of the men made things worse by shooting her (it will be remembered how differently Fraser acted at Kairomiromi). Then there was a great hullabaloo, the Hauhaus bursting through to the bush, and wild firing on both sides resulted; but the Ngati-Porou bullets were getting home on the enemy. Among the prisoners taken was a notable ruffian, Wi Wekahou, a name which implies that the bearer of it was like a weka, always darting hither and thither in the wind; he was nicknamed "Fearless William," a man with many black deeds written up against him, including the slaughter of his own wife and children because they were likely

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A FIGHTING QUARTETTE

Captain St. George, N.Z.C.

Captain G. Mair, N.Z.C.

Major Keepa (Kemp), N.Z.C.

Major Ropata, N.Z.C.

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Mokena Kohere
Friendly Chief, of Waiapu

Hone Te Wainohu-Mohaka

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Scene of Ruakituri Fight

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Tiopira Kaukau, of Kihitu

Paerau Te Rangikaitipuake, Urewera Chief, 1870

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to encumber him in the bush! So a Ngati-Porou bullet soon ended his career. Te Hapua was the scene of the fight, and the date September 1st, 1871.

The story of what was then believed to be the last fight in the Rocky Mountain was given more fully to the Auckland "Star" from the pen of Mr James Cowan, and I am enabled, by the courtesy of that journal, to reproduce it:—

A young Maori, stripped to a waist-shawl, with a tomahawk stuck in his flax girdle, was perched like a monkey in the branches of a great tawai tree fifty feet above the ground, far up the slopes of a lofty wooded range in the heart of the Urewera Country. He took a quick but comprehensive eye-survey of the wild country around; then, with an exclamation of delight, he parted the branches immediately below him, and yelled: "Smoke! I can see smoke over there lying on the tree-tops."

"Where is it?" came a voice in Maori from the shadowy ground below.

"There, over to the west, not far—perhaps three miles, perhaps four." Which was very indefinite, for the average Maori—like the average Pakeha, perhaps—has but a vague idea of mileage.

"Come down quickly and point me out the direction of the smoke."

The Maori scout descended, dropping from bough to bough with the agility of a wildcat. Reaching the mossy ground, he picked up his carbine, which was leaning against the tree butt, and stood before his leader, surrounded by an eager company of wild-looking, shawl-girt, brown men, armed like himself with carbine and tomahawk, and bearing heavy "pikau" or swags upon their shoulders.

The tall, bearded leader and another man who stood by his side were whites—the only two Pakehas in that savage-looking crowd. Both were trouserless like the Maoris, and wore coloured shawls strapped round their waists, Highland kilt fashion; their blue uniform jackets were torn and frayed by weeks of bush-exploring; there was little to distinguish them from their wild Maori comrades but their silver-braided forage caps and the revolvers which they carried in addition to their short carbines. Old bush-cāmpaigners both, for the chief was Captain Porter, N.Z.C., who had been fighting Hauhaus for six years, and his companion was Lieutenant Large (later Major Large, New Zealand Government Agent on Atiu Island, Cook Group), an equally plucky colonial soldier, and as good as any Maori in rough forest travelling.

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The tree-climber pointed to the west, indicating the spot where he had seen the smoke, and Captain Porter took a careful bearing by the pocket compass which he carried. Then he gave the order to march, and in a few moments the column of a hundred Ngati-Porou friendlies was moving smartly along the wooded mountain-side, animated by the prospect of a speedy fight.

It was nearly three weeks since the force had marched from the Wairoa, Hawke's Bay, in search of the always-elusive Te Kooti, who, with the remnant of his murderous band, was supposed to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Maunga-Pohatu, the "Rocky Mountain," the rugged natural citadel of the Urewera Country, and the refuge-place of Hau-hau war parties after every raid and every fight. As the pursuers worked up into the great hills, crossing and recrossing cold, swift torrents innumerable times, and scaling with infinite labour, swag-laden as they were, the steep ridges and rocky cliffs that continually confronted them, they picked up the rebel leader's trail. Now and then they passed the cold ashes of a camp-fire. The best trackers were with Porter in the advance guard, and though they sometimes lost the trail they soon picked it up again, and pressed on after their quarry with the deadly persistence of Indians on the scalping-trail.

Now there was no doubt but that the smoke reported by the scout was from Te Kooti's camp. It was wintry weather —the last day of August, 1871—and the fugitive Hauhaus must have suffered, like their pursuers, from the cold and wet of these stormy ranges, and would be loath to leave a comfortable camp. Here was Ngati-Porou's opportunity.

Travelling quickly through the bush until he considered he must be close up to the smoke-betrayed camp, Porter ordered his company to halt. Then he sent two of his most active men forward to scout and discover what they could of the position of the Hauhaus and their probable strength. In a very short time the young warriors returned. They reported that it was indeed Te Kooti. The rebel chief was encamped in a small clearing in the bush, on the face of the range. There was a large hut of totara bark in the middle of the clearing—an old Urewera potato plantation—and this, they believed from what they could see, was occupied by Te Kooti. There were a number of smaller temporary wharau, or lean-tos of saplings and bark, scattered about the clearing; on the edges of the cleared ground was a lot of fallen timber.

Porter, after closely questioning the scouts, immediately determined to surround the camp and attack at daylight next morning. It was now dusk, and it would be useless assaulting the place in the night-time.

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"This is what I'll do," he said to his lieutenants, Mr. Large, Ruka Aratapu, and Henare Potae. "I'll leave forty men here with our camp and swags. The rest, the best men, going light, I'll take to rush the camp—the sixty ought to do it. You, Mr. Large and Ruka, will take twenty men as the right flanking party, Henare will take his twenty for the left, and I'll take the centre with the other twenty. Now, we'll move off and surround the clearing as soon as we can see, when the dawn is breaking, and then at my signal rush in. And you, Ruka, call upon Te Kooti to surrender, for we want to capture him alive if we can."

It was a long, cold night, and the half-naked Ngati-Porou, crouching in the bush, shivered and crept close to each other for warmth, and thought regretfully of the warm clothing they had left in their camp half a mile back. At last the cold, foggy day began to break, and with the first faint glimmer of light Porter sent his men out, extending either wing so as to surround the camp. It was difficult work, for the place was inconceivably rough, and huge logs and fallen branches cumbered the ground. The greatest caution was observed, for the crackling of a branch would be enough to arouse the light-sleeping Hauhaus. Dim figures crept like forest ghosts through the dark, misty bush, and the white commander and his own men lay, tensely waiting, behind some logs at the lower end of the clearing, commanding the bark hut in which Te Kooti was believed to be, with his faithful bodyguard of Maori wives.

Suddenly the bark of a dog was heard, and Porter feared that he was discovered. A voice—it was Te Kooti's, right enough—was heard from the central whare: "What's that kuri barking at?" he asked.

"Aua!" (I don't know) replied the woman who had emerged from the whare to gather firewood; "there's no one about."

"Light the fires," called Te Kooti; "we must move on quickly."

At this command the women in the camp began to get the fires ready for the morning meal. One woman, approaching the edge of the clearing, tomahawk in hand, got to work to chop bark off a fallen tree. Behind that tree several of Henare Potae's men were crouching, carbines ready. The Native, pausing in her work, happened to glance over the log. Her eyes distended with horror as she caught sight of her foes. Her mouth opened, and in another moment she would have emitted a shriek; but one of Henare's men pressed his trigger, and she fell with a bullet through her brain. The Maori should have leaped upon her and gagged her, but he did not think of that in his anxiety to shoot.

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Then what a hubbub there was of yelling Hauhaus, screeching women, and cracking carbines. Some of the Hauhaus, stark naked, bolted for the bush; others, in a tremendous flurry, returned the fire of Porter and his men as they came charging into the camp. Ngati-Porou charged from the front and the two flanks, firing as they ran, and, indeed, their firing was so indiscriminate that there was a danger of their own party suffering by the cross-fire. The little clearing, so quiet a few minutes previously, was a hell of flying bullets and acrid gunpowder smoke and flashing tomahawks.

But where was Te Kooti? That wily ruffian had grabbed up his carbine at the first shot. Divining in a flash that the front of his hut would be covered by the enemy, he crashed out through the frail bark covering at the back, near the edge of a steep bank. Leaping behind a tree, he yelled to his followers that it was Ngati-Porou who were upon them. "Save yourselves," he cried. The next moment, with bullets flying around him, he was over the bank and into the forest like a flash, with several of his bodyguard racing behind him. This was the last actually seen of Te Kooti. He escaped to the King Country in the end, and lived a lordly life for more than a score of years afterwards.

Meantime, the Hauhaus were going down before the carbine and tomahawk in the smoky clearing. Ten or eleven were killed and a number were taken prisoners; among the captives were two or three of Te Kooti's wives. There were hand-to-hand tussles here and there with gun-butt and tomahawk, and Ngati-Porou came out on top in each. Then, as the fugitives bolted for the dense bush, the best runners of Ngati-Porou went in chase; and there was great glee amongst them when they returned, haling before Porter, amongst others, a shocking villain whose face was as savage and ugly as his character, a fellow who went by the name of Wi Wekahau. He had, amongst other deeds, murdered his own wife and children, because, as he explained, they were a nuisance to him in the bush. "Fearless William" wasn't suffered to live very long as a prisoner. "Shoot him," was the order, and a Ngati-Porou bullet gave him the speedy dispatch he deserved.

. . . . .

That was the fight which closed the skirmishing in the Urewera mountains, and it was, in fact, the last encounter of any account in the Maori wars. The locality, which bore the name of Hapua or Ruahapu, was on the northern slopes of that wild range Maunga-Pohatu, the sacred Rocky Mountain of the Urewera: the date was September 1st, 1871. Porter and his fighting hundred, burying the dead and gathering their

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prisoners together, resumed their march, and that night camped in a deserted Hauhau stockade on the wooded hills above, only half satisfied with their morning's work, good as it had been, for Te Kooti still lived.

Colonel Porter, C.B., has well described the result of the Te Hapua fight in the following words:—"I moved my Ngati-Porou column on to this (Opokere) pa, which stood on the top of a lofty range, one of the great spurs radiating from Maunga-Pohatu, the Rocky Mountain of the Urewera Country. We found it abandoned, with the exception of a few old people, and it was quietly occupied and made ready for defence in case the Urewera should attack us. When the dawn came the pa was covered with snow, and the accumulated drifts had to be removed before the people could emerge from their whares. The pa commanded a splendid view over the Urewera lands, and as the sun rose over the great ranges, the surrounding country, broken and rugged beyond description, was a scene of white-robed beauty, the snow canopy resting on the tops of the forest trees and covering the mountains as far as vision could reach. Shortly after sunrise the wind rose and shook the snow to the ground, making travelling impossible. The force was unable to march or to send out search parties after Te Kooti, who, as we afterwards ascertained, was with only nine men and one woman snowed up not more than three miles away.

"The Urewera, on hearing the firing the previous day, abandoned their kaingas at Te Kai-Rakau and Te Kai-Amo, taking refuge in their fortified hill pa, Tauaki. From this place a white flag was hoisted, which was accepted as a sign of truce and replied to with a flag of similar colour. We remaining in our position for several days, and the snow along the ranges having cleared a little on the fifth day, our pa was visited by several of the Urewera chiefs—Te Awanui, Whare-Raupo, Poho-Korua, Whenua-nui, Hetariki, and Kingi. They all expressed resentment at Te Kooti bringing trouble within their territory again. It was found that fifteen of Te Kooti's people had taken refuge at Tauaki, and in order to test the sincerity of the chiefs a surrender of the fugitives was demanded. This was reluctantly acceded to, and the prisoners were brought in.

"The Urewera saw by this time that the Queen's troops were not to be denied, and the white flag was hoisted and some of Te Kooti's men given up. But the Ngati-Huri had still to be reckoned with. Ropata had by this time been quite lost sight of, but, notwithstanding this, an advance was made on Tauaki, the Ngati-Huri pa. Some prisoners were taken, the bulk of the men being at pa Kakariki, which was surprised, and the turbulent Ngati-Huri surrendered. As a start had

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been made for Ruatahuna, Ropata hove in sight (he had been nearly two months ill in the bush). A military post was then finally established at Maungapohatu, and Lieutenant Large was dispatched with a party to Wairoa to report what had been done, and to make known the safety of the intrepid Ropata. By this time Te Kooti, shorn of the bulk of his force, and his mana broken, had taken refuge in the King Country with only nine men."

After the surrender of the Ngati-Huri tribe at Kakari, it became evident that the end was not far off. Colonel Porter left a post at the Rocky Mountain, and Lieutenant Large, who was second to no Native in the bush, was dispatched to Wairoa to report. The united force (Porter's and Ropata's) then moved on to Ruatahuna, there taking military possession of Tuhoe Land. A pa named by Ropata "He Kohi Tau" ("A Gathering of Years"), the design for which he drew himself, was built at Ruatahuna, and from this place scouting parties were sent out in all directions. One of these parties was guided by the Urewera scout Te Whiu ("The Whip").

Capture of Kereopa.

Here the murderer of the Rev. Volkner, Keropa Kaiwhatu, was captured, mainly through the agency of Te Whiu, a very capable scout. Guarded by twenty-five men, he was marched over the Huia-rau via Lake Waikaremoana to Wairoa. He was soon after shipped on board a small steamer, and as he passed through the two lines of Ngati-Porou guards he walked on board defiantly, spitting on his guards as he did so. Just as he was being handed over to the gaoler by Police-constable Coghlan (still living at Wairoa), the prisoner drew a razor he had secreted, and endeavoured to commit suicide by cutting his throat. He was duly tried, and on 5th January, 1872, he paid the penalty due to him for his many crimes (6).

"At daylight one morning," says Colonel Porter, "we approached Manawarua (Double-heart), in the Ruatoki Gorge, in the direction of the Whakatane Valley. There, sitting outside his whare, we saw the cannibal murderer Kereopa Te Rau. Taking alarm, he ran for the bush, but was soon overtaken by the swift-footed Te Whiu. A struggle took place, and both fell to the ground. Our men, closely following, soon secured the murderer, who was shortly to pay the penalty for his crimes after a run of escapes lasting seven years. It was he who swallowed the murdered missionary's eyes, and this repulsive act gave rise to his second name—Kai-whatu, or 'Eye-swallower.' The records of his misdeeds need not be repeated here. With a guard of some twenty-five men, I took

(6). Kereopa was shipped from Wairoa by the s.s. "Napier" on November 26, 1871.

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him over the Huia-rau Range, crossed Lake Waikaremoana, on to Wairoa, and thence to Napier. When handing him over to the police, I forgot to deprive him of a razor he possessed. At the gaol gate he drew this from his breast and attempted suicide, severely cutting his throat. He was, however, tried and hanged at Napier gaol (7). He said that his fate was foretold by means of an 'aitua,' or evil omen, at the time of the Opotiki murder. When he stood in the pulpit of Mr Volkner's desecrated church and swallowed the murdered missionary's eyes, one of them stuck in his throat. That was his aitua, the warning of the Fates. The Government's reward of £1000 was paid over to me, and on my return to Ruatahuna it was distributed among all the force. The share of Ropata and myself was £25 each." Here practically ended the hunt for the notorious outlaw, now a broken man.

(7). The executioner, Tom Floyd, was drowned in the Upper Mohaka River not many years ago.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE FINAL CAMPAIGN

PREECE AND MAIR—DEATH OF ST. GEORGE—AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE—A FIGHTING LINE—TE KOOTI'S LETTER—THE LAST SHOT—END OF THE HUNT—DEATH OF TE KOOTI—LATER INCIDENTS.

Preece and Mair.

I have now given a fairly comprehensive account of the many expeditions in the country stretching from Taupo to Maunga-Pohatu and the Bay of Plenty, as carried out by Porter and Ropata, Preece and Mair, Hamlin and Witty, and Kemp and Topia Turoa. Let me now give the detailed account of the operations carried out by Lieutenants Preece and G. Mair. For the notes I am indebted to an officer who had exceptional opportunity of giving correct details. He says:—

Having been asked to describe the operations against Te Kooti in the Urewera Country from August, 1870, until his escape to the Waikato in May, 1872, I must first give a short account of the events that led up to them, as well as of the Taupo campaign under Colonels Herrick and McDonnell, and the fighting at Tapapa in January, 1870. I have only my memory to guide me with regard to the dates of this campaign, but as that is fairly good I do not think I shall be far out. So far as I know, no account of the Taupo campaign has ever been published. The stories of the Urewera and West Coast campaigns have been given in Gudgeon's and Sir George Whitmore's books.

In July, 1869, fighting on the West Coast had practically ceased. Titokowaru had been driven out of the Patea country by the field force under Colonel Whitmore and had taken refuge in the Ngati-Maru country, at the back of Waitara, and what is now Stratford and Inglewood. Some 200 of the Pakakohe tribe, under the chief Tauatoa, had been captured by Major Noake up the Patea River, and the Armed Constabulary, with a division of Ngati-Porou, occupied New Plymouth and the coast from Patea to Waihi. Armed Constabulary were stationed at several positions up to White Cliffs; but no actual

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hostilities again occurred in those districts, though they were in a very unsettled state for many years. The expeditions under Colonel Whitmore moved by way of Auckland to Tauranga and Matata, on the Bay of Plenty, to take action against Te Kooti. The rebel chief had recently raided Whakatane, capturing a friendly Native pa and killing a number of Natives and a Frenchman named Jean Guerre, his wife and sister-in-law, both Maori women, who occupied a fortified place outside the pa, and made a very gallant defence until it fell into the hands of the enemy and they were ruthlessly slaughtered.

The force against the Urewera and Te Kooti moved up in two columns—one along the Whakatane River into Ruatahuna, under Colonel St. John; the other, under Colonel Whitmore, by way of what is now known as Galatea and Ahikereru. At the end of April or early in May, 1869, another column advanced from Wairoa to Waikaremoana, under Lieutenant-colonel Herrick. It was intended that the three columns should concentrate at Ruatahuna; if, however, Colonel Herrick could not cross the lake, the other columns were to move on after occupying Ruatahuna.

Colonel Whitmore's command consisted of the 2nd, 3rd, and 6th Divisions of the Armed Constabulary, a large contingent of Arawa Natives under the chiefs Te Pokiha Taranui, Matene, Henare Pukuatua, and his brother Petera Pukuatua; Lieutenant Gilbert Mair being attached to the Native contingent, and the Corps of Guides attached to the staff under Captain Swindley and his able assistant, Sergeant Christopher Maling (afterwards Captain Maling, N.Z.C.).

The other column, under Colonel St. John, comprised No. 1 Division of Armed Constabulary and other detachments, with a large force of Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Tai tribes under Major Mair and the friendly chiefs Wiremu Kingi and Hohaia. Both columns met with heavy fighting, that experienced by Colonel St. John, who captured five positions on the way up the Whakatane Valley to Ruatahuna, being specially severe.

The forces joined at Ruatahuna about the middle of May —we had seen from the top of the Tahuaroa Range that Colonel St. John had captured the pa at Ruatahuna (Tatahoata)—and when the column reached the old Oputao settlement at foot of the range, just about dusk, Colonel Whitmore decided to push on that night through the bush with a small party to form a junction with Colonel St. John (at Tatahoata pa, Ruatahuna); accordingly he left the column under command of Major Roberts, and pushed on with the Corps of Guides under Captain Swindley and Sergeant Christopher Maling, Lieutenant Preece, and a Native guide (a Urewera), who at one point said that his knowledge ended there; how-

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ever, a little moral persuasion brought back his recollection of the right track, and we ultimately reached the other column about 10 p.m. This four miles through the bush at night, with the country full of rebel Natives, was a great undertaking by Colonel Whitmore. We afterwards heard that at one point the rebels saw us, but did not fire, as they thought the whole column was behind; as a matter of fact, there were only the Corps of Guides under Sergeant Maling, consisting of 16 besides himself, one Maori special guide (Matiu, above mentioned), Colonel Whitmore, Captain F. Swindley, and Lieutenant Preece—21 men in all. It was a hazardous adventure through four miles of dense bush, at night, through unknown country.

The forces joined at Ruatahuna the next day—Lieutenant Preece, Sergeant Maling, and ten of the Corps of Guides having been sent at daylight next morning with instructions from Colonel Whitmore to Major Roberts to move on to Tatahoata and join the other column.

The forces joined at Ruatahuna, as above, about the middle of May; several small, indecisive engagements followed in the bush during the next few days, though five Natives were killed in one of them. Colonel Whitmore had to abandon his intention of joining Colonel Herrick at Waikaremoana, as his Maoris absolutely refused to go further. They declared that the country was very difficult, that winter was approaching, that the Huia-rau Range might get covered with snow—in fact, any excuse was better than none. Extraordinary tales were told of war parties in old times having perished in the snow attempting to cross the said range. In the circumstances Colonel Whitmore, much against his will, decided to retire to his base at Fort Galatea, on the Rangitaiki River, there to await a more favourable opportunity of dealing with Te Kooti and the Urewera, Colonel Herrick being ordered to hold his ground at Lake Waikaremoana.

There is no doubt that the Ruatahuna expedition had the effect of proving to the Urewera that their country was not impregnable, and that European forces could fight them in their fastnesses. Considering the nature of the country, our losses were very few. Colonel St. John lost Captain Travers, Lieutenant White, and five or six men. The bodies of these men were afterwards dug up by order of Te Kooti, who said that they should be food for the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air; their bones were reinterred by Captains Mair and Preece on their first expedition to Ruatahuna in 1871. The other column lost only one killed—a Taranaki guide named Hemi, who had distinguished himself in many fights in Taranaki and had been presented with a revolver by the officers

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of the 57th Regiment for his services; three others were wounded, including the late Tom Adamson, N.Z.C., then in the Corps of Guides.

Colonel Whitmore's force had fighting at Ahikereru on their way to Ruatahuna. After leaving Fort Galatea and crossing the Kuhawaea Plains, they ascended the hills on the proper left bank of the Whirinaki River, then camped for the night on the edge of the bush following the old mission road or track towards Ahikereru. The next morning the Ngati-Pikiao, Arawa tribe, under the chief Pokiha Taranui and Lieutenant Gilbert Mair, took the lead, with instructions to halt when they reached the top of the hill after leaving the Mangakopikopiko stream and give the column time to reach there; they were then to leave the track and work their way through the bush to the rear of Harema pa, which the scouts had located; the main column were to give them two hours to reach their position at the rear of the pa, the main column in the meanwhile to move along the track to the edge of the bush overlooking Harema, and both parties were to make a simultaneous attack on front and rear. The plan was entirely successful. The Ngati-Pikiao, under Te Pokiha and Lieutenant G. Mair, attacked from the rear, and Colonel Whitmore, with the European divisions and the friendly Arawa, under Henare Pukuatua and Petera Pukuatua, attacking from the front after emerging from the bush to the open country immediately in front of the pa, which was taken, about seven men being killed and about 50 women and children captured. There were not many men in the pa, but some escaped; one man, Paraone Te Tuhi, finding his retreat cut off, ran up the hill under a heavy fire, but had the luck to escape unhurt (8).

After the capture of the pa, we took up the old Mission Station as headquarters. We found the house, which was a large one built of heart of totara for Mr Preece (the missionary of the district in 1849), in perfect order; he had left the place in 1853, removing to Whakatane and only visiting the place up to 1856, when he departed, leaving the house and contents in charge of his Native teacher, Hamiora Potakurua. We found the place intact, some furniture and crockery just as left. We afterwards ascertained that when Te Kooti reached Ahikereru, after his attack on Whakatane, he wanted to burn the place down, but old Hamiora said: "That place was given in my charge by 'my father' (meaning Mr Preece); if you burn it you will burn it over my head"; so Te Kooti abandoned his intention of destroying it. The prisoners were sent under escort to the coast at Matata, when the force moved on to Ruatahuna. After the capture of the pa at

(8). This was the old bald-headed warrior that Mr. J. P. Ward's party tried to shoot.

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Harema, a woman named Ripeka, whose husband was killed in the pa, and who herself had been nursemaid in Mr Preece's house, hearing that a son of his was present who had been her "potiki," or child, rushed up to Lieutenant Preece, throwing her arms round his legs, crying in a most pathetic manner.

After leaving Ruatahuna, the column divided. Major Mair, with the Ngati-Awa and Ngai-Tai contingent and a detachment of Armed Constabulary, with the sick and wounded, made their way out by Horomonga Gorge to Fort Galatea (this column had to fight a rearguard action); the main body, under Colonel Whitmore, returning to Ahikereru, where Major Cumming had been left in command, and from there retired to Fort Galatea and the intervening post between there and Matata. Colonel Whitmore, being very ill, had to be carried in an "amo," or litter, by Natives. He then left the district in charge of Lieutenant-colonel St. John, and went on to Matata and thence to Wellington, after interviewing Colonel Herrick at Wairoa with regard to further movements.

A change of Government having taken place, active hostilities were suspended for a while. Colonel Whitmore dispensed with his staff, sending his A.D.C. (Captain Swindley) to Napier and sending Lieutenant Preece to Patea with a fresh contingent of Ngati-Porou who had been enrolled for service in the Armed Constabulary on the West Coast. After handing them over to Major Noake at Patea he returned to Wellington, and then received instructions to proceed to the Bay of Plenty with Colonel Harrington, who was to take command. On our arrival at Matata, Colonel Harrington ordered Colonel St. John and Colonel Fraser, with the whole force, to abandon the redoubts from Matata to Fort Galatea, and to fall back on Tauranga, where he intended to put the men through a course of drill for a few months.

Just before this, Colonel St. John, under instructions from Colonel Whitmore, had proceeded to Taupo for the purpose of arranging for the occupation of that country, and taking a further line of forts from Galatea to Taupo. Unfortunately, he went up with very few men. Leaving most of a small detachment of troopers at the Opepe bush, he went on with a few men to Taupaeharuru to consult with the friendly chief Poihipi Tukairangi. On his return the next day he found that Te Kooti, with a large body of men, had come up behind him, occupied the bush and surrounded the troopers, who were all killed with the exception of three who escaped towards Fort Galatea; one, Cornet Angus Smith (afterwards Captain Angus Smith, N.Z.C.), reached there after wandering about for nine days in a famishing condition.

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We afterwards learned from the Natives who were with Te Kooti that they had no idea that our forces were moving towards Taupo. When they came on their tracks, and saw there was only a small party, they decided to cut it off. They worked their way round to their camp through the edge of the bush, sending by the track a friendly Native who had been taken prisoner by Te Kooti at Tauaroa, when he retired from Whakatane, to get into conversation with our people and put them off their guard. The plan acted well. Trooper Gill, knowing the man as a friendly Native, but unaware that he had been taken prisoner by Te Kooti, got into conversation with him, and was told that he was with some friendly Natives who had come to scout; a few more came up and engaged our men in talk, thus giving the main body time to surround them, with the result as stated above. Te Kooti moved on to Waikato, getting the adherence of Te Heuheu and all his people at Tokaanu and Waihi, Taupo South.

Fighting at Taupo.

Subsequent events proved that Colonel Whitmore's policy which planned the occupation of Taupo was the right one, but it was unwise to send forward a small body of men a distance of over forty miles from their base. The withdrawal of the troops from Fort Galatea to Tauranga was another insane act, as will be shown hereafter.

About the beginning of August, Lieutenant Preece was ordered by Colonel Harrington to proceed from Tauranga to join Captain St. George, who was in command of the friendly Natives at Taupaeharuru (Lake Taupo), where all the Maoris at the northern end of the lake and surrounding districts had assembled, under their chiefs, Hohepa Tamamutu and Poihipi Tukairangi. Some time after his arrival there word came up from Napier that the friendly Natives, under the chief Henare Tomoana, were advancing with the field force which had been withdrawn from Waikaremoana under Colonel Herrick. This caused great joy in camp, for it was known that Te Kooti had returned from Waikato to Tokaanu, at the south end of the lake, and was there in considerable strength.

There was the usual delay in moving up into new country. Towards the middle of September we got orders to proceed to the south end of the lake by water and co-operate with Henare Tomoana and Colonel Herrick. They were to move on from Runanga, where the bulk of the force had arrived; Henare Tomoana was to take the lead, Colonel Herrick was to follow. Tomoana, however, pushed too far ahead and engaged the enemy at Tauranga, a pa on the Taupo Lake, before we could join him. We were delayed by adverse winds, and arrived on the follow-

Preece and Mair.

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ing day, too late to take part in the fight, to find that Te Kooti had lost several men and had abandoned his position during the night. If our whole force had got there he would have been in a trap, but Tomoana's party was not strong enough to take the fort unaided, and we had the mortification of seeing another good opportunity lost. Tomoana's party and ours moved on to Tokaanu, Te Heuheu's place, the same day, and we heard of the arrival of Colonel Herrick and his force at Tauranga early next morning. The rebels had abandoned Tokaanu before our arrival, and were traced towards the upper end of Rotoaira Lake. Colonel McDonnell sent word that he had arrived at the northern end of that lake with Renata Kawepo (9) and his men from Hawke's Bay, and that he expected to be joined in a few days by Major Kemp with the Wanganui contingent.

In the course of the morning our scouts found signs of the enemy on Te Pononga Hill, at the back of the settlement. Lieutenant Preece moved out with the Arawa and Taupo contingents, Captain St. George having gone to Rotoaira to meet Colonel McDonnell. We did not think at that time that the enemy was in force, but at the edge of the bush they had entrenched themselves in rifle-pits, and we were soon involved in a hot engagement. Henare Tomoana advanced with his men, and we had a stubborn fight, driving the enemy from point to point. Captain St. George came up with reinforcements, and, quickly grasping the position, gave orders to charge. It was all over in a few minutes. The rifle-pits were filled with dead. Amongst them was Wi Piro, one of Te Kooti's best men, who had followed him from the Chatham Islands. We lost one man killed, and a young chief named Maniapoto was mortally wounded. Colonel McDonnell came up just in time to see the finish of the fight and to congratulate us on our success. On our return to camp we found that Colonel Herrick had arrived with the Armed Constabulary field force. The date of this fight was about the 27th of September, 1869.

Death of St. George.

A few days were spent in scouting the enemy's position by Captain Northcroft, Lieutenant Preece with some Natives, and Sergeant C. Maling, N.Z.C., with the Corps of Guides. We ascertained that the enemy occupied a settlement called Papakai, at the southern end of Lake Rotoaira. When the Whanganui

(9). Renata Kawepo, who led his people, as volunteers, at Omarunui, afterwards took part in the fighting at Wairoa and Turanganui. He fought at Makaretu and Ngatapa, but it was in the Taupo district that he lost his eyesight. At Porere a general fight occurred, the enemy being severely handled. Well to the front, as became a chief of Renata's renown, he became separated from his people, and a powerful Hauhau attacked him. While struggling on the ground, the wife of the Hauhau sprang like a tigress on Renata and gouged out one eye, and might have got the other also but that Renata got her fingers in his mouth and, biting them, held her firmly. Meantime a Ngati-Porou warrior came up and bayoneted Renata's burly antagonist.

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Natives arrived, under Major Kemp and Captain William McDonnell, the whole force moved up to the northern end of the said lake. On the 3rd of October we advanced with combined columns, only to find that the enemy had retired from Papakai and were holding two hills and a strong earthwork redoubt called Te Porere, at the end of a bush spur (10). It was arranged that Major Kemp was to move to the left under cover of a hill, and that after he had had two hours' start, he, with the Europeans in the centre and the Hawke's Bay Natives on the right flank, was to make a combined attack on the three positions held by the rebels. This was done, and the two small positions were taken. Just as we were crossing the Whanganui River (which is a small stream at this point), Captain St. George ordered Lieutenant Preece to take the Arawa to the right flank. It was soon over; the pa was stormed and about forty of the enemy were left dead on the field. We lost Captain St. George, two Whanganui Natives named Winiata and Pape (Pompey), both very brave men, and Komene, an Arawa sub-chief. Captain St. George, one of the bravest men that ever lived, was a great loss to the force.

Te Heuheu and his Natives surrendered to us at Poutu a few days afterwards, and reported that Te Kooti was wounded in the hand and side and was in the bush. During the next few months we made numerous expeditions through the surrounding country towards Tuhua and had some small engagements up to the middle of January. Colonel Herrick had left, Colonel McDonnell remained in command, and Kemp returned to Whanganui to get more men.

Two very brave actions performed at this time by members of the Native contingent are worthy of record. It was necessary to send a dispatch to the Premier, Mr (afterwards Sir William) Fox, who was at Hiruharema, a distance of more than ninety miles, of which thirty were open to the enemy. None of the Taupo Natives knew the road (or pretended they did not), so he said to Te Puia (who was partly an Arawa and partly a Whanganui Native): "The colonel wants a dispatch carried to Hiruharema; do you know the country?" He replied: "Yes; give me a trooper's horse, and let me take any horse I see on the way." He faithfully carried out his instructions, and on his return got through in one day and part of one night; he had used five horses on his way there

(10). The position of the enemy was a fairly strong one, the pa being about 25 yards square, defended by earthworks and provided with flanking bastions, on the bank of the Whanganui, and at a place called Roipara there was a small outwork to protect the main position. After this was taken, Colonel McDonnell's force rushed the hill post, Captain St. George leading the Arawa up to the gate of the defences, and while so charging the gallant officer fell shot through the head. The post was taken, however, and as a result Te Kooti lost the active aid of Te Heuheu and Rewi.

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and back, picking up his troop horse to get to camp at Tokaanu. Lieutenant Preece often quoted this man's action as an example to other Natives, but they only replied: "That is not bravery; he is a fool; he did not know he was in danger."

The other incident occurred when we wanted to get accurate information as to Te Kooti's movements. He was known to be in the neighbourhood of Taumarunui, and two men of Ngati-Tuara tribe, Te Honiana and Wiremu, volunteered to go through on a scouting expedition. They went fully armed with carbines and revolvers, travelling the open part of the track by night and the bush part by day—a distance of forty miles, mostly bush. They reached the ridge just above the settlement of Taumarunui, where, lying hidden part of a day, they heard all the speeches of the enemy and ascertained their movements. At the end of five days they returned to report that the rebels were about to move along the west side of the lake, making for Tapapa, at the back of Tauranga. There appears to be no record of these valuable services, but Colonel McDonnell was so pleased with the information they had gained at a very considerable risk that he presented them with the carbines that they took with them on the expedition. These services and those of Te Puia certainly should have been recognised, but in the strenuous service in which the troops were engaged they were evidently overlooked.

No sooner was this information obtained than news came that Major Kemp and Topia Turoa (an up-river Whanganui chief, who had recently left Te Kooti to join us) were on their way from Pipiriki to join us with 200 men. Moving by the eastern side of the lake we crossed the Waikato River at Waimahana. There Colonel McDonnell decided to halt and await the arrival of Kemp and Topia. Lieutenant Preece was sent on through the bush with an advance party to locate the enemy, and managed to surprise and capture a party of Ngati-Raukawa (who were local Hauhaus) at Teroe. They said that Te Kooti was at Tapapa in great force, but that they did not want to join him. Altho gh some of the tribe had done so, they themselves only wished to be left alone. Lieutenant Preece sent back to inform the colonel that he thought it advisable to stay where he was, and keep the Natives under control. He camped there and kept a good guard. Late in the night they heard a call some way off their front. They challenged, and after a little while heard an English voice, to which they replied, and found it was Sergeant Maling, who, with a Native orderly named Raimona, had been sent from Tauranga by Colonel Fraser with dispatches to Colonel McDonnell. They had crossed Te Kooti's trail on the Tokoroa Plains and got between us and the enemy. This was only one of Sergeant Maling's many plucky acts; he was after-

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wards awarded the New Zealand Cross (which honour has since been degraded by the Seddon Government). Two days after, lying low by day and marching by night, we attacked and took Tapapa pa. On the following day Te Kooti reversed the order, and attacked us just as we were about to move out against him. It was fortunate he attacked us when he did, for if we had moved off he would have found only a small force there. He attacked us from the bush side; one of the Whanganui contingent was, with others, gathering potatoes, when he was killed by a blow from a "mere pounamu" by a man who approached from the bush. (We ascertained some years after, from Hapurona Kohi, a chief of the Urewera, that he killed him.) The alarm was given by the man's companions, and the fighting became general. Te Kooti's people were flying the Union Jack, and were at first mistaken for the Whanganui Natives, and had got between the Whanganui contingent and a point of the bush where our men were engaged with the enemy. Lieutenant Preece was instructed to clear this point, when a Maori passed just in front of him at the edge of the bush. Thinking he was a Whanganui Native, he asked which way the rebels had retired; the Native, who was just at the edge of the bush, pointed in front of him, got behind a tree and fired, missing Lieutenant Preece, but mortally wounding Private Etherington, of the Corps of Guides, who was a few paces behind him. We drove the enemy off with the loss of a few men and two wounded on our side.

There were a number of small engagements in the Tapapa bush during the month we were there. We made expeditions in different directions through the bush, having skirmishes with detached parties of the enemy and killing a few of them without loss to ourselves, but as it was dense bush the work was very difficult. Suffice it to say that, after getting through our lines and Colonel Fraser's at Akeake, where a small engagement took place (one European and two Natives were killed), Te Kooti made for Ohinemutu, and would probably have taken the place if it had not been for the determination of Lieutenant Gilbert Mair, who forced an action while Petera Pukuatua and other Natives were parleying with him. The result was a running fight extending for over fourteen miles. Te Kooti's loss was severe, including Peka Te Makarini, a half-caste, shot by Mair, Timoti Te Kaka, of Opotiki, and others; the rebels then escaped into the Urewera Country.

The force then moved to Tauranga, and thence to Maketu and Matata, with the intention of working against Te Kooti (with the Ngati-Porou, under Major Ropata and Captain Porter) from the Poverty Bay side, and from the Bay of Plenty by way of Waimana or Ahikereru and Ruatahuna.

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The Whanganui Natives, under Major Kemp, had moved to Ohiwa, and Colonel McDonnell proceeded from there to Opotiki to interview the Defence Minister, Mr (afterwards Sir Donald) McLean. Captain Preece was instructed to go to Tarawera and then on to Fort Galatea with a body of Arawa, and, as soon as a column arrived, to make a movement on the Urewera through Ahikereru. After a short while we were ordered back to Tarawera, and shortly afterwards to Te Teko. It had then been decided by Mr McLean to relieve Colonel McDonnell of his command. The field force of Armed Constabulary was sent to occupy a line of posts at Taupo and several points on the Bay of Plenty. Meanwhile the field work was to be carried on by Natives under their own chiefs and a few European officers.

About the 26th of March Captain Preece received instructions to disband the Arawa and Taupo Native contingents, and to enrol a special corps of not more than 100 Maoris, who should be drilled in the same way as the European force. Captain Preece was to be stationed at Te Teko and work from there as a base. Captain Mair had been instructed to raise a similar number, and would be stationed at Kaiteriria. Both officers were under the officer commanding the Tauranga district. They were ordered to act together and meet at Fort Galatea, patrolling the country, and at the same time to keep in touch with Major Roberts, commanding the Taupo district, but a good deal of discretion was allowed to both officers. Captain Preece picked his men from all tribes, and avoided choosing any chiefs, in order to have them under his own control, as he had had a sickening of Native chiefs. He had considerable opposition from the chiefs, but selected good men in spite of them, and was fortunate in getting some excellent European and Maori non-commissioned officers, and never regretted the composition of the force. The men worked well together; the Europeans were experienced Armed Constabulary men, and one of the sergeants had been many years in the Auckland police and was well drilled.

In the meantime the Whanganui Natives (under Major Kemp and Topia Turoa), Ngati-Porou (under Major Ropata and Captain Porter), the loyal Ngai-Tai tribe (under the chief Wiremu Kingi), and the Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Pukeko (under Hohaia and Hori Kawakura) attacked Te Kooti at Maraetai, in the Waioeka Gorge, after he had raided Opape, a settlement near Opotiki, where he had captured a number of the Whakatohea tribe and taken them inland with him. These operations were very successful. Ropata drove the Natives out of their stronghold, and as they escaped from him they fell into the hands of Kemp and his men. The local Natives who had been taken prisoners, or had joined Te Kooti recently,

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were spared, but the Chatham Islanders belonging to Te Kooti's band got no mercy. A great many were killed; Hakaraia, a noted old ruffian, was among them. Of Te Kooti's Whakatohea captives, 270 men, women, and children were retaken by us, and a letter was discovered from one of their chiefs to Te Kooti asking him to make the raid, which explained why he had spared their lives when he took them.

From the 6th of April, 1870, onward, Captains Mair and Preece made expeditions on the borders of the Urewera Country, and had a few unimportant skirmishes with the enemy in different places. On the 17th of April a Ngati-Whare, named Paraone Te Tuhi, and four others who had been in one of the skirmishes came in under a flag of truce and surrendered. Paraone said to us: "I am the rope; pull me, and the horse will follow," intimating that he was the first to give himself up, and that if we sent him back to his tribe they would also surrender. Shortly after this the whole of the Ngati-Whare tribe from Ahikereru, under their chiefs Hapurona Kohi (before mentioned) and Hamiora Potakurua, came in and laid down their arms at Fort Galatea, and under instructions from the Government they were conveyed to the coast near Matata and located there. Subsequently Natives of the Warahoe tribe surrendered under their chiefs Wi Patene and Manuera, and were settled near the redoubt at Te Teko, the Government providing them with food until they could gather their crops from the seed supplied to them. In all cases they gave up their arms.

An Unfortunate Mistake.

It must be here mentioned that when Major Kemp and his Whanganui Natives advanced from Ohiwa up the Waimana River, Tamaikoha, the Urewera chief of Waimana, who had been the leading spirit in the rebellion in the Opotiki country in 1867 and 1868, met Kemp and made peace. He declared that he had never joined Te Kooti, and promised that our troops could go through his country in pursuit of the rebel chief without being molested by his men. (Tamaikoha did not want two Richmonds in the field.)

Some time after the junction of Major Kemp's party with Ropata's, and their successful fight at Maraetai, and after they had left the neighbourhood, Colonel St. John, who then commanded the district, heard that rebels were afoot and had made a raid up the Waimana. He fired on some men he saw, killing one, who unfortunately turned out to be one of Tamaikoha's men, named Tipene. This naturally caused trouble, because Tamaikoha said that we had made a treacherous peace and then attacked him. Colonel St. John was removed

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from the district, and Major Mair was sent to try and patch matters up. His efforts were successful, and Tamaikoha was ever afterwards our firm friend. This is mentioned for a reason that will appear later.

The Urewera tribe were growing weary of allowing themselves to be used by the rebel leader. Early in May Captain Preece had heard that the Urewera chiefs Paerau Te Rangikaitipuake and Te Whenuanui, of Ruatahuna, were inclined to break away f om Te Kooti, who, after his defeat at Maraetai, had taken up a position with the remnant of his followers at Te Houpapa, in the bush at the head-waters of the Waioeka and Hangaroa Rivers—midway between Opotiki and Wairoa—on the Hawke's Bay side. He accordingly sent letters by a surrendered Ngati-Whare chief, telling them that if they would come in and give up their arms we would merely go through their country in pursuit of Te Kooti, and would not harm them. They replied that the peace made with Tamaikoha had resulted in blood being spilt, and that they would not surrender. However, shortly after this Te Whenuanui met Major Mair at Ruatoki, and peace was made with his party. A little later Paerau Te Rangikaitipuake met Captain Preece at Ahikereru, and his people made peace and opened their country to us. After these important surrenders, the only chief of the Urewera on the Ruatahuna side of the country who supported Te Kooti was Kereru Te Pukenui, who occupied the lower end of the valley and Maunga-Pohatu; one chief of the latter place, named Timoti Te Kainguhau, had previously surrendered with Ngati-Whare.

About this time a body of Wairoa Natives, under Mr. F. E. Hamlin and Lieutenant Witty, took up a position at Onepoto, Waikaremoana (the position abandoned by Colonel Herrick in 1869). The Urewera wrote to Captain Preece saying that we were fighting them on one side of their country and making peace on the other. After a few skirmishes, Hona Te Makarini and his people surrendered to Mr. Hamlin, and with a few other chiefs went to Napier to confer with Mr Ormond, the General Government Agent at that town.

This ended the war against the Urewera, although a small section of them from Maunga-Pohatu, under Te Whiu, were still out with Te Kooti at Te Wera or Te Houpapa. Among them was Kepa Te Ahuru, N.Z.C., a trooper of No. 1 Division Armed Constabulary, who had been captured by Te Kooti at Rotorua just before Mair's engagement with him at that place. This man afterwards escaped during a skirmish with Major Pitt when Te Kooti raided Tolaga Bay. He made his way through the country to Maunga-Pohatu and surrendered to Captain Preece at Horomanga, near Fort Galatea; he was sent

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to Tauranga to report himself to Colonel Moule, who, having satisfied himself that he had been forcibly detained and had taken the first opportunity of escaping, sent him back to duty and gave him his back pay. Kepa was then attached to Captain Preece's force. He served in it for several years, and was on all the subsequent expeditions through the Urewera Country.

Te Waru and his tribe of Wairoa Natives, who dared not show themselves at Wairoa on account of the treacherous murder of Karaitiana Rotoatara and his three fellow-scouts at his (Te Waru's) pa, at Whataroa in October, 1868, just before the Poverty Bay massacre, surrendered unconditionally to Captains Gascoyne and Preece at Horomanga and laid down their arms; they were informed that any murderers would be tried for their offences according to law. They were being sent to Tauranga under strong escort when Mr Clarke, the Civil Commissioner, intervened, and the Government decided to place them on the coast at Maketu under charge of the loyal Maoris. They were afterwards settled at Waiotahe, near Opotiki, on land allotted to them by the Government, but were never allowed to return to the Wairoa district.

It is very questionable whether it was good policy on the part of the Government in condoning the offences of these murderers; but, when we come to think of it, the Imperial Government has been doing the same thing in Ireland.

A Fighting Line.

It may be interesting to know that the grandson of Karaitiana Rotoatara, above mentioned, was a sergeant in the Great War, and was awarded the Military Medal for services in France, thus proving himself a worthy descendant of his noble grandfather. On one of the many expeditions made by Captains Mair and Preece during the latter part of 1870, scouring the border-lands of the Urewera, they intercepted a party of Te Kooti's men trying to get through to Waikato, and drove them back into the bush near Heruiwi. One of these men, Paora Wakahoehoe, was afterwards killed at Waipaoa in August, 1871. Another, named Maaka, was captured by Captain Ferris in the early part of 1872. He was one of the ringleaders of Te Kooti's butchers who committed the atrocities in Poverty Bay in November, 1868. He was tried in Napier and condemned to death; the sentence, however, was commuted to penal servitude for life, and after serving ten years he was released.

From April, 1870, to April, 1871, Captains Mair and Preece, with their respective contingents, patrolled the country from Te Teko as far as Heruiwi, in the Taupo district, and through the bush from Waiohau to Horomanga and Ahikereru,

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keeping in constant touch with the Armed Constabulary under Major Roberts at Taupo and Major Mair at Opotiki. Then orders came that they were to hold themselves in readiness to take the field against Te Kooti, as it was reported that he was making for Waikaremoana to avoid Major Ropata and Captain Porter, who were moving up towards Te Houpapa from Poverty Bay.

On the 27th of May, 1871, Captains Mair and Preece started from Fort Galatea on their first expedition after Te Kooti through the Urewera Country. They had about fifty men of each contingent, and had brought up three weeks' rations from Te Teko. They arrived at Ahikereru the following day, and then got deep into the Urewera mountains, where the knowledge of the country that they had gained on Colonel Whitmore's Ruatahuna expedition was of great service to them. On arrival at Ruatahuna they were welcomed by the Natives under Te Whenuanui and Paerau Te Rangikaitipuake, this being the first visit of troops to their country since peace had been made with them in 1870. They camped there one day and buried the remains of Captain Travers, Armed Constabulary, and five men, whose bodies had been exhumed by Te Kooti in May, 1869. With them was old Hapurona Kohi (previously mentioned as having killed one of our men with a mere pounamu at Tapapa in January, 1870), the chief of the first Urewera who surrendered to us in April, 1870. He was a man of great influence with the Urewera, and could be trusted to give reliable information. Our passage through the country was not without risk of opposition from the more irreconcilable members of this wild hill tribe. Indeed, before we left Ruatahuna we received a defiant message from Kereru Te Pukenui, a chief who occupied the lower end of the Ruatahuna Valley, warning us not to return, or we might get into trouble; this man's influence extended as far as Maunga-Pohatu.

Our first march was over the Huia-rau Range, and thence through rugged country and down the river-bed to Hereheretaunga, on the Waikaremoana Lake. We had previously sent a Urewera Native with a message to Hona Te Makarini, the chief who had surrendered to Mr F. E. Hamlin in the latter part of the previous year, bidding him to have canoes to take us over to his settlement and to be ready to meet us. We found the canoes duly provided, and, having crossed to Waitohi, sent them back for Captain Mair and his men. On the following day we went over to Tikitiki, Te Makarini's settlement. Captain Mair remained there, while Captain Preece, Sergeant Bluett and twelve men, and a prisoner named Hona Pareha, one of Te Kooti's men, who had recently turned up at Tikitiki, were present. Other Wairoa Natives were there who

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had left Te Kooti, and they promised to surrender to Major Cumming at Wairoa, Te Makarini undertaking to take them out. Captain Preece and party proceeded to Wairoa to get further provisions and boots for the men. Though they had exceptionally bad weather, they got back ten days later with a good supply.

Taking with us Hapurona Kohi, who proved very useful as a guide, we crossed the lake to Whanganui-a-Parua arm towards Maunga-Pohatu, travelling for one day up the Hopuruahine stream, and then ascended the range by a very old track. On the third day we arrived at Maunga-Pohatu, surrounded the settlement of Te Kakari, and then sent Hapurona to tell the Natives that we had no quarrel with any one but Te Kooti's people, who must surrender. When they found that we were in possession of the place they made no trouble. We afterwards learned that Kereopa Te Rau, the murderer of the Rev. Mr Volkner, had escaped out of the other side of the fort.

We then pushed on through the bush to Tauaki, the next settlement, by a good, well-used track. Our intention was to go as far as Te Wera, at the head of the Waioeka and Hangaroa Rivers, where Te Kooti was believed to be; but bad weather set in again, and we halted until Tamaikoha arrived on the 21st of June. He advised us not to go on to Te Wera, as supplies were running low, but to make for Opotiki by way of Waimana.

It was now late in the season, and the weather being unfavourable we decided to follow his advice. We went on to Opokere, and from there to Te Whakaumu, the junction of the Tauranga and Tawhana streams, which form the Waimana Valley. Our next point was Tauwharemanuka, where Tamaikoha had built a large meeting whare. It had been named Runanga to commemorate the making of peace, but he, with grim humour, renamed it Tipene, after the man who was shot by Colonel St. John's party after peace had been made. A long march down the stream, which we crossed no fewer than forty-two times, took us into the Waimana Valley proper; and here an extract from one of the officers' notes might be interesting: "The Waimana is a very fine valley for small farms; the land is of the best quality." On the 26th we arrived at Opotiki, and after some more bad weather reached Te Teko on the 2nd of July.

We had been over a month going through some of the roughest country in New Zealand, and although we had not achieved much in the way of fighting, we had shown the Urewera that we could get through their country in the depths of winter. After-events proved that it was fortunate that we

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did not go to Te Wera country, for Te Kooti was close to Waikaremoana at the time we were there, and had a distant view of Captain Preece's small party as they returned from Wairoa.

On the 17th of July a telegram was received stating that Te Kooti was at Waikaremoana, and that Major Ropata and Captain Porter were seeking for him in that direction; Major Cumming and fifty men were also going to Waikaremoana, and we were instructed to keep a sharp look-out on our side. On the 19th instructions came that we were to proceed to Ruatahuna. We got ready and started the same day for Fort Galatea, where Captain Mair joined with his force from Kaiteriria. Here Captains Mair and Preece encountered fearful weather. Flooded rivers forced them to make a detour of over twenty miles before they could cross the Rangitaiki River by the natural bridge at Te Arawhata, and then they were compelled to fell trees to make a crossing over a branch of the river. They were compelled to send to Major Roberts at Opepe for a further supply of rations.

In spite of the weather, which still continued to be very bad, they were kept constantly busy. Captain Mair started with twelve men to scout the country towards Runanga, where Captain Gudgeon was stationed; Captain Preece sent a sergeant and party to scout towards Ahikereru. Mr Ormond telegraphed that Te Kooti was supposed to be at Ruatahuna. Captain Scannell arrived with a body of Armed Constabulary to take up a position at Okoromatakiwi, between us and Captain Gudgeon, to prevent Te Kooti breaking through. On the 29th the rations arrived by pack-horses from Opepe. In the meanwhile, in reply to a message which Captain Preece had sent to the Urewera to inquire if Te Kooti had been heard of near Ruatahuna, word came that he had not been in that locality, but that it was reported he had disappeared from Waikaremoana on the 31st.

Captain Mair returned from Runanga, but had found no traces of him in that direction. On the same day a telegram arrived instructing us to march for Waikaremoana with the least possible delay by whatever route we thought advisable.

We started at once, making for Pareranui through the bush, the Whirinaki River being flooded, and we had great difficulty in crossing; but in the open valley of Whirinaki we found good marching for about five miles. Then we took to the bush again, and camped at Manawahiwi. The next day we marched over the ranges to Oputao, in the Ruatahuna Valley, and thence to Whatakoko, where we camped, and sent a message to Te Paerau Te Rangikaitipuake telling him to keep his people together for fear Te Kooti should get hold of

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them. Starting at daylight next morning we marched through the bush, crossed the Huia-rau Range at 11 a.m., and soon reached Hereheretaunga, on the lake. There were no canoes, although we had wired to Wairoa before we started that canoes were to await our arrival there; consequently we had to cut our way through the bush skirting the lake, over very rough country, to Mahungarerewai, where we fired guns to attract the attention of Te Makarini's people at Tikitiki. No other course was open to us. It was impossible to get further round the lake owing to the nature of the country. We had, therefore, to take the risk that Te Kooti might hear our guns and make off. Two men came over in canoes. They reported that Major Cumming was at Onepoto, on the other side of the lake, and though his men had followed Te Kooti's trail on the Whanganui-a-Parua arm of the lake they could see no fires. All that night and all the next day it snowed heavily, and there was a heavy sea on the lake. Fortunately, our camp was on a point which had been an old potato cultivation, and the men were able to get a few potatoes by digging through the snow.

On August 4 two men arrived in a small boat with a letter from Captain G. McDonnell. Captain Mair remained in camp, and Captain Preece went in the boat to arrange with Major Cumming for rations. We were unable to get to Onepoto, owing to the heavy sea, and remained at Te Makarini's pa at Tikitiki for the night. Early next morning we got over to Major Cumming's at Onepoto, secured three days' rations, and arrived at Captain Mair's camp, to find his people nearly starving. Next day we moved over in canoes to Whanganui-a-Parua, and, leaving ten men to guard the canoes, started through the bush to the top range, from where we could see Lake Waikare-iti. Sergeant Bluett was the first white man who ever saw it. He climbed a tree and called down to us that he had located it.

We thought it likely that Te Kooti might be making in that direction. Captain Mair returned with ten men to search the edges of the lake towards Te Onepoto, while Captain Preece went over the range and followed the trail of one man until it joined others, and at last brought us to a camp which appeared to have been left about four days. From there he sent word back that we were on the trail. That night we caught a dog, and then knew that we were not far from the enemy. Early next morning we started to follow the trail; we had not gone far when a volley was fired at us as we were going up a ridge. There were no casualties, as they fired too high. Our men returned the fire, but the enemy got away into the bush. We followed for some distance, but found they had scattered, and as we had food for only one day we deemed it advisable to let them know that we had retired. It was

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evident that they were making along the Matakuhia Range. Knowing the country well from former experience in fighting in that district, Captain Preece thought that if they returned to Onepoto and got fresh supplies they could make for the same direction as the enemy by keeping on the Waikare-iti side of the range, while we should avoid ambuscades if we did not follow directly in their track. At Onepoto, to our surprise, we found Captain Mair, with Sergeant Bluett and the whole of his force, and decided to go back over the same ground with all the men. After a forced march we came upon a camp of Te Kooti's at the base of Matakuhia Range, and there found a letter from him, which ran as follows:—

TE KOOTI'S LETTER

Ki nga Kawanatanga katoa.—E hoa ma, he kupu tenei naku kia koutu, me mutu te whawhai i au notemea kei toku nohoanga ano au e noho ana, kei te puihi, engari ka puta au ki te moana, whaia. Ko tenei mahi kohuru a koutou me te kiore te kete ana ki te hamuti, me whakarere he whai na koutou i au. Tonoa mai he tangata kia haere atu au ki waho na tatou riri ai; Ka pai.

He kupu ke tenei, ko taku mahara ko te maunga-rongo te oranga ko te mahi kai hoki. Kati te whakarite ahau i enei mahara kia oti. E hoa ma, ko tena mahara a tatou ko te riri kaore ano i tae mai ki au, engari ka tata ahau te whakarite ia koutou mahara; engari kia tupato kei ki koutou kaore. Heoi ano.

E hoa ma, i tonoa atu e au aku tamariki ki te kawe i taku pukapuka whakahoki mo koutou, tahuri ana koutou ki te whawhai. Kati kauaka hei haku ki to koutou matenga. Ko aua tamariki hoki ko Hata Tipoki ko Epiha Puairangi, ko Patoromu, ko Ruru, he tamariki ena i tohia ki te tohi o Tu i whangaia ki te whatu-nui-a-Rua. He tamariki hoki e whakaaro nui ana ki te whenua. Heoi ano. Ki te kino koutou ki ena korero, me aha? Mo koutou mo koutou ano ia.

Na to koutou hoa riri

NA TE TURUKI.

TRANSLATION OF TE KOOTI'S LETTER.

To all Government men.

Friends,—This is a word of mine to you. You must give up chasing me about, because I am dwelling in my own abiding-place, the bush. But if I come out to the coast, then pursue me. This murderous purpose of yours in pursuing me is like a rat rooting dung; you must give it up. Send a man to tell me to come out to you in the open where we can fight. That would be fair.

This is another word. My thought is that in the maintenance of peace and in the cultivation of food is safety. I am trying to carry out these thoughts and to accomplish them. Friends, that thought of

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yours that we should fight has not come to me yet; but I am about to adopt your idea, so beware. Do not say it will not be. That is all.

Friends,—I sent to you some of my young men to carry my letter warning you, and you attacked them. Cease then to complain about your own killed. These young men, Hata Tipoki, Epiha Puairangi, Patoromu and Ruru, were young men consecrated by the rites of Tu (the god of War) and fed with the bread of Rua.* They were young men who loved their country.

That is all. If you dislike these words what does it matter? All the worse for you.

From your enemy,

TE TURUKI.

* Made of whinau berries.

We camped for the night, but, not wishing to attract the attention of the enemy, did not light fires until 9 p.m., and then only with dry supple-jacks to boil tea. On the following morning Captains Mair and Preece went forward with forty men without swags, and came to an old kainga a few miles from Erepete, on the Ruakituri River. We struck back into the bush, where we heard a dog bark, but, not finding it, kept along the bush parallel with the track. Traces of people who had been pig-hunting were found. Te Kooti's party appeared to have broken up into small parties in their usual way, and we were at a great disadvantage in not being able to get supplies without going back for them.

On the following day Captain Preece went out with Sergeant Bluett and thirty men. They climbed the Matakuhia Range, and, after crossing several gullies, at length struck the enemy's trail, which they followed until they found his camp, which seemed to have been abandoned three days earlier. The trail appeared to go down towards Papuni, but scattered again. It may be interesting here to state that on a very high point on the Matakuhia Range we came on a very old Maori pa with large carved posts and old earthworks around it; it must have been very old, as large birch trees were growing in and around it. We then returned to camp. The following day Captains Mair and Preece decided to go back to Onepoto for a fresh supply of rations, and to follow the course that they at first thought of as the only means of overtaking the enemy —namely, to start from Whanganui-a-Parua across country at the back of the Matakuhia Range towards the Waipaoa River.

On the 13th of August we drew ten days' rations from Major Cumming, intending to get across the lake next day; but the sea was too high, and we were obliged to make our way round the lake through very rough country. We then struck through the trackless bush, guided by compass and cutting our way till we reached a high tableland where there was no undergrowth and travelling was easier. Heavy snow fell and we had to camp early and prepare wood for fires at

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night, as it was unsafe to light them in the daytime; it is very dimcult to get a fire in black beech country. On the following day we marched through more difficult country. The men complained of cold, but were still cheerful, believing that we were making for Maunga-Pohatu. Next morning it was still snowing when we reached the top of the dividing range; we sent a man up a tree to observe the country in the Waipaoa Valley. To our great delight he beckoned to Captains Mair and Preece to climb up, saying he saw smoke. They soon saw he was right, and at once began to descend the range into the Waipaoa Valley. It was necessary to go very carefully and with as little noise as possible, and it took us four hours to reach the valley across an intervening ridge. At the river we found a camp a day or two old. Leaving a guard of thirty men there we hurried on, and after two hours came on the trail. Kepa Te Ahuru, N.Z.C., captured a woman named Mere Maihi, who was recognised by Captain Mair as an Opotiki woman; from her we ascertained that Te Kooti's camp was not far off, though many of the men were out in different directions pig-hunting, and might come in from any side. Te Kooti and some of his followers, however, were in camp, and as it was already late and there was no time to be lost we decided to attack at once. The enemy was completely taken by surprise, and made no stand. Four men, Paora Te Wakahoehoe, of Wairoa (a Chatham Island prisoner, whom Captain Preece at once recognised), Mehaka Hare (a Bay of Islands Native), Patera Te Whata (a Chatham Island prisoner and concerned in the Poverty Bay massacre), were killed. We took one man prisoner, Wi Heretaunga, a Chatham Island prisoner, who was also one of the leaders in the Poverty Bay massacre; this man met with summary execution when it was found out who he was. As we entered the camp, getting over a bank, Captain Mair shot the man Patera Te Whata (11). The main body charged towards the huts; Captain Preece with a few men turned to the left, where there was a large hut, and some men ran out of it. This was close to the Waipaoa River, which was a deep, sluggish stream. Before they had reached the bank two men were seen climbing up the cliff on the other side. One was shot by Captain Preece's servant, Nikora Te Tuhi, and fell back dead into the river; the other man, who had just reached the top of the cliff, was fired at but not hit; he fired one shot at us, and escaped into the bush. This man, we afterwards ascertained, was Te Kooti; the man who fell into the river was recognised by Captain Preece as Paora Te

(11). This was on the 19th August, 1871, Captains Preece and Mair, with 30 men, attacked Te Kooti's camp, a strong position on an island in the Waipaoa River, Waikaremoana area. Patara Te Whatu defended the gate and fell to the rifle of Captain Mair also, who thus rid the country of a thorough scoundrel. This Patara must not be confounded with the Hauhau prophet of that name from Taranaki, and who visited Wairoa in 1865. He went back to Taranaki, where he lived till the time of his death in the 'eighties.

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Wakahoehoe, an ex-Chatham Island prisoner. He had been mailman from Wairoa to Napier; he joined the Hauhaus at Omarunui the day before the fight at that place on the 12th of October, 1866; he was taken with the other prisoners and afterwards sent to the Chatham Islands, from which place he escaped with Te Kooti. In Te Kooti's hut we found a celebrated greenstone mere, also his Defence Force shoulder-belt full of Spencer rifle ammunition (all he had except the one shot he fired). We took four women and two children prisoners, captured nine Enfield rifles, two breech-loading carbines, four revolvers, and four fowling-pieces. Te Kooti's escape was a mere fluke, and had we not been delayed a little scrambling up the bank of a small creek which had been bridged with "ponga" we must have got him either in the river or before he reached the top of the cliff; however, it was not to be. It may be interesting to know that Mehaka Hare was a son of Captain James Tautari, who owned two schooners trading to the Bay of Islands in the early 'fifties and 'sixties, and also traded to Rarotonga in the "Sea Breeze"; he understood navigation, and was a highly respectable Native, being thoroughly trusted by all settlers and traders; his son had married an Opotiki woman and took up his abode there.

Te Kooti's shoulder-belt, which was probably that of Captain James Wilson, who was killed in the Poverty Bay massacre, is now to be seen, with the cartridges therein, in the Museum at Palmerston North, where it was deposited by Captain Preece some years ago.

If most of the men had not been away our success would have been greater. We followed the few men who escaped through the dense bush, but as night was falling we had to abandon the chase.

We camped there the next day, as it was snowing and raining, and after two days' hard marching we got out of the bush into the fern country, where we camped on an old potato cultivation; this helped us, as we were again getting short of food. We had made arrangements with Major Cumming at Waikaremoana to send a party with pack-horses with supplies along the open country towards Whataroa, as we knew we should have to make for that district, and seeing their fires in that direction we sent a corporal and nine men to meet them and to advise them of our whereabouts. In the meanwhile, as our men had had a very hard time, we determined to try and communicate with Major Ropata and Captain Porter, who were believed to be in the vicinity of Te Papuni with the Ngati-Porou tribe.

It was decided that Captain Preece with forty men should make a forced march up the Ruakituri River and endeavour to overtake them. He knew the country well, having been

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through it both during the fighting in 1865 and 1868. Heavy rain, however, prevented him getting away till the 22nd, and he was again delayed on the 24th at Erepete by flood. The force crossed the Ruakituri River by felling a tree and bridging it at a narrow place, and had a hard march over the hills by Colonel Whitmore's track. Then cutting the track to escape the river, we met seven sick men belonging to Ngati-Porou, who informed us that Ngati-Porou and Captain Porter were ahead; Major Ropata, having divided his force, was at Waiau River. On the morning of the 25th of August they reached Papuni, leaving Sergeant Bluett in charge of the men there. Captain Preece with twenty men pushed on and caught up to them on top of a range nine miles from Papuni, where they had just found the trail of one man, which led into a larger one, and they were following it up slowly. After reporting our engagement to Captain Porter and Ngati-Porou, and telling them that we thought that Te Kooti was making for Maunga-Pohatu, we returned to Papuni that night. Next morning we were away early, and got back to Captain Mair's camp that night, covering six Ngati-Porou camps in one day. On the 27th of August Captains Mair and Preece marched towards Wairoa, taking the arms they had captured from the enemy, also the prisoners, women, and children, and reached O-maru-hakeke (the place where Captain Hussey was killed on Christmas Day, 1865) at 5 p.m. At last, on the 28th, we reached Wairoa, having been constantly on the move from the 17th of July through the roughest country in New Zealand, carrying our supplies on our backs. We remained at Wairoa waiting for a steamer, the weather being very bad, until the 2nd of September, when we received instructions to march to Whangawehi and ship on the Government steamer "Luna" for Whakatane; we marched to Nuhaka, thence to Mahia, where we had to get further rations from Mr Bendall, storekeeper. On 6th September we heard that a steamer had arrived, and we marched for there and shipped at 11 a.m. for Whakatane, getting back to Te Teko on 8th of September, Captain Mair returning to his post at Kaiteriria.

On the 14th we got news that after we left them Ropata and Captain Porter followed Te Kooti's trail to Opokere, at Maunga-Pohatu, where they surprised him one morning, killing four men and taking seven prisoners, including one of Te Kooti's wives. On the 17th September Captain Preece started from Te Teko with some fresh men and all who were in good condition from the former expedition, and arrived at Fort Galatea next day, where Captain Mair had already reached with his men from Kaiteriria. On the 22nd of September Captains Mair and Preece started from Fort Galatea on another expedition up the Horomonga Gorge. Their way lay over rough

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country to Omaruteane, on the Whakatane River, one of Kereru Te Pukenui's settlements, where they were met by Paerau Te Rangikaitipuake, Te Whenuanui, and other Urewera chiefs, but not by Kereru Te Pukenui. On the 26th they got a letter from Te Purewa, chief at Maunga-Pohatu, saying that he had found Te Kooti's trail and was following it. They reached their old camping ground at Te Kakari next day, and were well received by the Maoris, who reported that some of Te Kooti's men who had left him had got guns and rejoined him.

They then started for Neketuri for the purpose of hunting up Kereopa, who they heard was there, and to endeavour to again pick up Te Kooti's trail. Sergeant Huta and ten men went in another direction, but Te Kooti had four weeks' start of us, and the heavy rain had obliterated his tracks. For several days they divided their men into small parties under Captain Mair, Captain Preece, Sergeant Bluett, and Sergeant Huta, each going in a different direction through the bush, our main camp being Te Kakari. On the 30th of September Captain Mair sent word that he had found a trail leading towards Ruatahuna or Waikaremoana, and Sergeant Bluett came in with his party and reported that Hemi Kakitu and twenty men of Tamaikoha's tribe had joined in the pursuit of their own accord. They now spread their men out in three parties to follow up the trail, Captain Mair moving by Tatahoata with the main body. One day we passed two camps; Te Kooti had about twenty followers, and was avoiding the settlements of the Urewera, keeping well away from the tracks.

When we reached Tatahoata we found that a trail had been found at Paterangi, inland of Ahikereru, and that Captain Mair had started by the ordinary track with thirty men and intended to sleep at Taraponamu. Within an hour we were off once more, and reached Tahuroa that night. On the following morning we made a splendid march over the ranges to the foot of Pukiore, where we found that, though Captain Mair had not passed, Paerau Te Rangikaitipuake with ten men had gone by. The river being low, we decided to go by the Okehu stream. Captain Mair caught us up about one mile and a-half from Ahikereru, and we arrived there at 11 a.m. Paerau Te Rangikaitipuake and his Maoris there reported that the trail had been seen on the 30th on the Okehu stream beyond Paterangi, evidently several days old; so, sending the sick to Fort Galatea under Sergeant Matutaera, we at once marched for Whataroa.

It was evident that Te Kooti was making for Waikato. We started next morning in heavy rain, and had trouble in crossing the Whirinaki River. Captain Mair went with his

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column by way of Te Tapiri, and Captain Preece struck through the bush by a very old track. At Ohihape we struck a trail, but it was old. After we had followed it for some time, one of our men caught sight of a Maori, but we lost his track, though we found a place where Te Kooti had camped about six days before; the man whom we saw was evidently in search of Te Kooti, and had camped there the previous night. Here Captain Mair joined us. He went off again with thirty-five men and Sergeant Bluett with ten; Captain Preece started with the column for Te Arawhata to communicate with Captain Morrison at Opepe and get fresh supplies therefrom, and went on to Ngahuinga. Next day Captain Mair had a brush with Te Kooti in the bush. There were no casualties on either side, but we knew at least that he had not escaped to Waikato.

The weather continued very bad for several days, and we had so little food that we could not move. Starting again on the 10th of October for the bush in very cold weather, with snow and hail, we found a trail of Te Kooti's people in small parties of twos and threes, which we followed until we lost it in the open ground. Tamaikoha's men reported that they had seen signs of the enemy in a creek in the bush, and had followed them until night.

Tamaikoha with twenty Urewera men now joined us, and Rakuraku, another of the Urewera chiefs, went to Ruatahuna to cut in ahead of Te Kooti in case he should double back that way. Next day we followed the trail through dense bush along the ranges beyond Ahikereru, coming in the afternoon to his camp, where we slept; we thought he would be at Weraiti by that time. As we were short of food, Captains Mair and Preece decided to return, leaving Tamaikoha to follow up the trail, and they went out into the open country to await supplies from Opepe. On the 17th of October word came in that Hemi Kakitu had attacked Te Kooti at the back of Ahikereru, wounding one man, capturing one rifle and a woman; Captain Preece went to Ahikereru with forty-three men and interviewed Huhana, the captive woman, who stated Te Kooti was trying to get to Waikato, but that some of his men were not willing to venture it. Scouting parties were sent out right and left. Sergeant Huta finding traces of three men, for several days the force scoured the bush at the back of Ahikereru and towards the head of the Okehu stream, but came on no more signs of the rebels. On the 24th of October some of our scouts returned, reporting a trail up Okehu leading towards Te Weraiti. We followed it for three days beyond Weraiti, at the back of Ruatahuna, where we met Netana, Rakuraku's brother, who said that their party had surprised three men; they had, however, escaped down the creek, leaving cooked

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food behind them. At Ruatahuna one of Te Kooti's men had surrendered to the chiefs. He was a young Urewera chief from Maunga-Pohatu, named Te Whiu. The Urewera were not inclined to hand him over to us, and as they had given us help in the chase and promised to be answerable for his future behaviour, Captain Preece allowed him to remain with them.

Heavy rain set in for several days, and we were obliged to make for Ahikereru once more. Then starting again from the head of the Whirinaki Valley we crossed the ranges at the head of the Ngamata and Okehu streams and the dividing range over the head of the Waiau River. The heavy rains, the flooded streams, and the shortness of food combined to make it dangerous for us to remain in the bush, so we made back to Ahikereru, and on the 4th of November returned to Te Teko, leaving men at Fort Galatea. On the 22nd of November it was reported that Major Ropata and Captain Porter had been to Ruatahuna and had captured Kereopa Te Rau, who was being sent to Wairoa, Hawke's Bay.

On the 7th of December Captain Preece sent Sergeant Raimona, with a small party, on our last track, with instructions to go further on towards the head of Okehu stream and then turn down stream. Instead of following his directions, they crossed the range into the Waiau Valley, where they lost themselves. Then going down the Waiau for four days, they came out at the western end of Lake Waikaremoana, and managed to communicate with Captain G. McDonnell at Onepoto. Here they were supplied with rations and got back to camp on the 15th, just as Captain Preece was starting with a party to search for them. They had followed the tracks of two men and a woman in the Waiau, and this gave us a clue as to the whereabouts of Te Kooti.

On the 17th of December Major Ropata and Captain Porter, with their party, reached Whakatane from Ruatahuna, after sending Kereopa under escort to Napier via Wairoa. A month passed quietly, and on the 18th of January, 1872, Captains Mair and Preece made an expedition up the Horomonga Gorge, on a rumour that Te Kooti was in the vicinity of Tutaepukepuke. They captured two men, who denied that he had been in the locality. However, they detained them and surrounded the settlement at daylight next morning. The Natives were very indignant at being made prisoners, and stoutly denied all knowledge of Te Kooti, and after they had prepared plenty of food for us and invited us to stop a month and search the country, they convinced us of their good faith. We scoured the whole country for days without result, and on our return heard that Te Kooti had burnt Mr. Dolbel's woolshed at Maungaharuru.

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On the 31st of January, 1872, Captain Preeee, with Sergeant Bluett and forty men, left Ahikereru, travelling by our old trail of October; then through rough, rocky country, following the bed of the river, we cautiously proceeded by the trail which our men had made in the head-waters of the Waiau. On the following day, still following the river, we discovered a hot spring just above the junction of the main stream. We mention this here because during recent years it was claimed that the Tourist Department had made a most important discovery of a hot spring which was quite unknown even to the Maoris of the district. As a matter of fact, we came across several hot springs, one hot creek, and one place where hot water bursts up in the middle of the river. The Waiau proper comes in on the left, rising at the head-waters of the Whakatane behind Ruatahuna. Old Hapurona Kohi, who has been before mentioned, accompanied us on this expedition. He informed us that the hot springs were well known to the old Natives, and that the range between the two branches of the Waiau had in old times been a well-known hunting ground for kakapo and indigenous rats, which were considered a most delicious food amongst the Natives.

We saw the camp that Sergeant Raimona had found, and on the following day came upon the tracks of a man and a dog, and then on a plantation of potatoes. For two days we followed those tracks, and then came on a new camp only two days old, where we lost them. Then striking Sergeant Raimona's trail, we made for the Marau end of Lake Waikaremoana, and found traces of Natives there. On our arrival at Marau we lighted a fire, the first we had had in daylight for six days, and followed the tracks to a canoe. Taniora, a Urewera, and his wife came across and told us that the last tracks we had found were made by their people; those we had seen in the Waiau were not made by them. On this we communicated with Captain Ferris at Onepoto, and arranged with him to take his men along the other side of the lake and work in concert with us. We got Raharuhe, an old Native acquainted with the country, to accompany us. On the 10th Captains Ferris and Preece joined hands, but neither of them had any success to report; the rain had obliterated all tracks. For one day Captain Ferris stayed there, co-operating with us and scouting the country. He then left for Ngaputahi, while Captain Preece worked towards Te Putere. Heavy rain set in, and that day Captain Preece was compelled to allow the men to light fires to warm themselves. On the following morning, 13th February, Captain Preece sent out parties scouting right and left. One of them returned with news that they had found a trail and a camp about seven days old. The heavy and long-continued rains had made the river too high to cross,

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but we marched early the following day and passed three more camps. He then sent Sergeant Bluett up the Mangaone stream and Sergeant Huta up a small creek, where a camp was found with the fires still quite warm. The occupants had only recently left, so, sending Sergeant Huta to cut them off, Sergeant Bluett was recalled and the trail was followed for seven miles to the mouth of the Mangaone, leaving our main body to come up with the swags. We came up with the fugitives as they were climbing a cliff on the opposite side of the stream. We called on them to surrender, but, receiving no reply, fired on them. Unfortunately our ammunition had been damaged by the heavy rain and was very defective, and the enemy got safely up the cliff and made good their escape. We followed them for two miles and then gave up the chase, but they left their food in our hands, and it proved very acceptable.

The Last Shot.

This was the last engagement in the New Zealand War. Both Captains Preece and Captain Ferris continued to follow Te Kooti, but they never actually came across him again, although Captain Ferris captured Anaru Matete, Paora Tu Hohepa, and Maaka, Te Kooti's head-executioner, near Te Reinga some weeks after. The latter was afterwards tried at the Supreme Court at Napier and sentenced to death, then commuted to penal servitude for life. He was liberated after serving ten years. Captain Preece followed the trail to Whataroa, where Captain Ferris took it up. We remained at the lake a few days to rest after our long and trying marches. When we arrived at Fort Galatea on the 26th of February, we had been for a month constantly travelling through trackless country. If we had been armed with Sniders instead of Terry carbines we should have been able to reap the benefit of our toil, but it was not until the 2nd of April that Captain Preece's men were armed with the Snider rifles, for which he had repeatedly applied for a long time in vain.

On the 19th of April Captain Preece started on his last expedition after Te Kooti by way of Ahikereru and Maunga-Pohatu. Puketapu, where they found Captain Ferris's trail, was reached on the 27th after very hard marching in continuous rain. They then worked out to Marumaru, and from there sent to Wairoa for rations and a fresh supply of boots. Having news that Te Kooti had crossed the Maunga-Pohatu and Ruatahuna track and was making back for Waiau, he marched for Waikaremoana through Whataroa, and found that Captain Ferris had started from the Marau end of the lake with ten Armed Constabulary and ten Natives. Te Kooti was now making for Waikato, so Captain Preece communicated with Captain Mair advising him to move up to Heruiwi, and

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instructed Lieutenant Way to bring ten men from Galatea to watch from that side. On the 10th of May, 1872, Captain Preece left the lake, going towards the Hoe River, over the ground we had travelled in February. Owing to having encountered precipitous cliffs about 300 feet high on the upper part of the proper left bank of Te Hoe River, which we could find no means of descending, we had to work down towards Ngatapa, an old Maori fortress on the junction of Te Hoe and Mohaka Rivers, near Maungaharuru, where Te Kooti had spent some time in the summer. Finding no trace of him there, we determined to work out to the constabulary post at Te Haroto, and then make a forced march round by road to co-operate with Captains Ferris and Mair from the Heruiwi side. On his arrival at Te Haroto and Tarawera, Captain Preece sent Sergeant Bluett ahead with a small party to get rations from Runanga constabulary station and then work through the edge of the bush towards Ahikereru and try and strike the trail there, he being unable to push ahead himself owing to a sore leg. On the 17th of May a telegram arrived from Mr McLean, the Defence Minister, stating that Te Kooti had got through to Arowhenua, near the Waikato River, above Cambridge, on the 15th and left for Te Kuiti on the 16th. So ended all our expeditions. Captain Ferris followed the trail through dense bush as far as Heruiwi, but got there too late; Lieutenant Way, who met Captain Preece at Tarawera, had seen nothing of the trail. It was then also learned that the elusive Te Kooti had made a raid on the district lying between Nuhaka and Mahia, for what object was not known, as no people were killed or plundered. It may be that it was due to the fact that this time the "brass hats" were alert. Major Cumming dispatched Captain McLean and Lieutenant Large to endeavour to cut off Te Kooti's retreat, but the wily Hauhau had cleared out from Mou-mou-kai, and the track is still called "Te Kooti's track." The enemy cut across country, avoiding the beaten tracks, and, as above stated, got to Cambridge, on the Waikato River.

Captain Ferris deserved great credit for the persistent way in which he had followed the trail, from the time we handed it over to him at Whataroa, through to Te Reinga, thence to the bush country at the back of Nuhaka, then doubling on his own tracks and striking Te Kooti's old hiding-place at the head of the Waiau behind the western end of Lake Waikaremoana, through dense bush, rough country, and up the beds of rivers, and ultimately reaching the open country—unfortunately just too late to capture him. Ferris never got proper credit for this very arduous service, and it is only proper that now, although he has gone west many years, there should be some record of it.

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End of the Hunt.

Captains Mair and Preece worked well together. There was never any question of seniority between them; they consulted one another on every detail, and worked loyally together for the public good during a very trying time, giving every possible assistance and information to other officers who were operating against Te Kooti from different points. Captain Mair, it is true, was awarded the New Zealand Cross—and well he earned it—but otherwise his splendid service in the field was unrecognised by the parties in power, who dispensed favours to others far less deserving.

I now conclude the account of the Urewera man-hunt. Te Kooti now settled down in the so-called "King" Country, surrounded by the tribes that had fled from the Imperial troops after their last stand at Orakau. No attempt was made by the New Zealand Government to follow him, not considering it advisable to start a fresh campaign in the heart of the country. The forces raised for service were gradually disbanded, and Te Kooti was severely left alone, although if he had at any time ventured near any of the European settlements, no doubt an attempt would have been made to capture him.

The devotees of the Uplifted Hand still remained much under the influence of Te Kooti, and he secured the building of a very fine house or temple. "Te Whaia-o-te-Motu," or, as it means in the Pakeha language, "The Chase of the Island" (a reference to the Te Kooti hunt), is beautifully adorned, as my photograph shows, with figures of great ancestors, with weapons in hand, glaring at assumed enemies. There are the "maraki-hau," veritable sea monsters, with lengthened tongues, drawing in "the Children of Tane." Toroa, the great navigator, has the place of honour at the foot of the sacred house pillar, the "poutoko-manawa," and as the visitor enters he is greeted by the Viking of the South Seas, who so many centuries ago commanded the Mataatua, or Mata-tua, the ancestral canoe of the Tuhoe people. The house also depicts, in wonderful black-and-white, representations of "The Children of Tane," and the hunting arts of the Maori among the leafy bowers of the birds. . . . Ten years passed away, and the Government, finding Te Kooti was a great stumbling-block to all attempts made to approach the King Country Natives with a view to the opening of their part of the country, determined to pardon the guerilla chief. Accordingly, on Monday, 12th February, 1883, Mr. Bryce, then Native Minister, informed Te Kooti that he would be included with other criminals who had been pardoned and that he would be covered by the Amnesty Act. The meeting took place at a Native settlement called Manga-o-rongo, about seventeen

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miles from Kihikihi. The Government party consisted of Mr. Bryce, Mr. T. W. Lewis (Native Department), Mr George T. Wilkinson (Government Native Agent, who acted as interpreter throughout the proceedings), Messrs. Butter, C. W. Hursthouse, E. N. Campbell, and the chief Rewi. There also were present three or four mounted orderlies. Te Kooti was now at liberty to move about without fear of molestation. The free pardon accorded to Te Kooti was not acceptable to the people of New Zealand, who raised a great outcry against the Government, and Mr. Bryce in particular, for shaking hands with such a notorious murderer; more particularly was this so in the Wairoa-Mohaka and Poverty Bay districts. After a time Te Kooti evinced a strong desire to visit the scenes of his former exploits, and announced his intention of returning to Gisborne. Although the Government had pardoned Te Kooti, the Wairoa and Poverty Bay people had not, and openly avowed their determination to kill him on sight. Mr. George Wilkinson succeeded in stopping Te Kooti from carrying out his project, but in a few months more Te Kooti again seemed to have an irresistible desire to start on his journey, and again the persuasive powers of Mr. George Wilkinson were successful; but in 1889, Mr. Wilkinson being absent from the district, Te Kooti suddenly made a start, not heeding the request of the Government that he should stay where he was. When it became known that the instigator of the Poverty Bay massacre was actually on his way with a band of followers, there was the greatest excitement all along the East Coast, and especially at Wairoa and Gisborne, the people at which places announced their determination at all hazards to prevent their old enemy from entering the district. If the Government would not assist them they would take the law into their own hands, they declared. In the meantime Te Kooti was on his way to the coast, the number of his followers increasing as he went along. The Hon. E. Mitchelson (Native Minister) finding all attempts to dissuade Te Kooti from carrying out his expressed intention to revisit the scenes of the Poverty Bay massacre failed, it was at last determined by the Government to prevent him by force, and a mixed corps of Police, Permanent Artillery, and Volunteers was hurriedly dispatched from Auckland to the Opotiki district, where Te Kooti had arrived. It was expected that he would have resisted any attempt at his capture, but upon the arrival of a squad of police, who were sent in advance, he quietly gave himself up and was taken before Mr. Bush, R.M. Te Kooti was informed that the fact of his travelling through the country with a large number of followers was likely to lead to a breach of the peace, and that the Government had decided to escort him back to the King Country. This was accordingly done, Te Kooti making no objection, and his followers returned to their different kaingas

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or villages. After some few years Te Kooti, then getting old and feeble, was again seized with a strong desire to revisit the scenes where he had been the chief actor in those terrible tragedies. He accordingly quietly went back to the East Coast; there were no followers this time, and the Government did not interfere, and this was the end of it all.

Death of Te Kooti.

After another few years of seclusion he died at a settlement he had formed at Ohiwa, Bay of Plenty, on April 17th, 1893; aged 79 years. According to the idea of a large number of Natives, mostly Urewera, his was an honoured old age and death. This is verified by the fact of the Natives raising a substantial sum of money for the erection of a monument over his (supposed) grave, on which is engraved the legend that he was a god and priest (a sort of Moses), a great general and minister. In concluding this brief account of a very remarkable man, says "Dr." Scott, it may not be out of place to append the following translation of the inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF TE KOOTI RIKIRANGI

Prophet and General

Who died on the 17th day of April, in the year 1893; aged 79 years.

He was a chief and a hero. He displayed great gallantry in great battles fought in Aotea-roa (the North Island of New Zealand). The Government made peace with him and gave him and his people some land, and also confirmed his religion (known as the "Ringatu"). These matters were settled and fully confirmed in the presence of the Native Minister in the year 1883.

Ropata and Porter are now both passed away, and several of the other fighting chiefs of the Queen are in "the sere and yellow leaf"; but, as regards those "gone west," their work lives after them, for to-day the King's writ runs through Tuhoe Land; and though the long-haired Prophet of the Rocky Mountains holds some sort of sway over the Urewera, they are now opening up that country for that form of settlement for which it may be suitable. There are yet alive some heroes of the chase after Te Kooti—the de Wet of New Zealand. Let us think well of them, for their services to this young nation were of supreme importance, and in some cases have never been suitably rcognised.

Later Incidents.

A few later incidents may be mentioned. As late as 1878 a Wairoa Native, Reihana, concerned in the massacre of the scouts, journeyed to the Waikato to consult a noted tohunga regarding some ailment, and came back charged with the news gained at the meeting between Sir G. Grey and the Maori "King," on which occasion Te Kooti endeavoured to justify the Poverty

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Bay massacre. On returning, Reihana was escort to one of Te Kooti's wives, Nehipora, who desired to visit her people at Te Reinga. Te Kooti's wives, even at that time, were very numerous, and his matrimonial adventures would form an interesting appendix to Hepworth Dixon's "Spiritual Wives." Wives past, wives present, and wives probable, sealed to the notorious criminal, were thickly scattered over the East Coast. At that time the bandit, with a price once laid on his head, was engaged in the operation of—knitting socks!

About the same time, at the Waihirere, a fanatical Native named Te Hapi began to preach Te Kooti's religion afresh, but was ordered by the Wairoa chiefs to leave the district. He therefore betook himself away, but, being bandy-legged himself, his wife lame, and his children young, he proceeded by canoe to Ruakituri. Here he might have lived in peace for many years but for one fact: that the infant son of Rewi Hemoata had been taken suddenly ill. The child being a grandson of the famous Rangimataeo, Te Hapi was sent for, and found himself installed as medicine-man and Grand Sachem to the Matiti Natives. Singular to say, the infant chief got rapidly better, and Te Hapi's reputation was established; disciples flocked around him, and old Hemoata saw with dismay a numerous congregation eating him out of house and home, and Te Hapi was remonstrated with on the subject. Said old Hemoata: "When Elijah cured the widow's son he not only did it for nothing, but found the family in oil and meal, while you are the worst forager out." Te Hapi replied that his new religion recognised only the Books of Moses and the Psalms of David—in this he stated facts—and he could not recognise Elijah at all. Rewi, in desperation, applied to the Rev. Tamihana Huata, Captain Hapimana, Lieutenant Maraki, and Ensign Heremia, who collected a force of forty-seven men and eighteen women and ordered Hapi to quit, and he was escorted, arrayed in a white hat and top-boots, and deported to Napier!

On the occasion of Te Kooti's visit to Wairoa, and after having been pardoned by the Government, he, with a number of his followers, was right royally received by the Hauhaus of the district. They shut their eyes to the foul crimes of the desperado, and saw him only in the light of a great leader against the forces of the "Kawanatanga." Many Europeans crowded to get a sight of the man who led the early settlers such a costly and bloody dance through the country, but there were many others who did not go near him, feeling that they could not honour, even by a look, the man through whom so many of our settlers, their wives and little children, met cruel and untimely deaths. On this occasion an incident occurred which went to show that the Hauhaus had not quite learned

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their lesson. Te Kooti's party numbered about 70 or 80 all told, and fully mounted. The late J. H. Smyth was lessee of the Wairoa bridge toll-gate, and when the ex-rebel's secretary, or man of business, came up to the toll-bar he threw his shilling on the ground contemptuously at Smyth's feet. The latter, flourishing his stick as though it were a sword, demanded that the coin should be placed in his hand, but the Maori refused; the toll-gate was promptly closed, and not a man of the party got through till Te Kooti himself, then at the rear, came to the head of the column and ordered the man to pick up the coin and to hand it to the toll-keeper. This done, he was ordered to the rear in disgrace by his chief, and all passed over, each contributing the regular impost for negotiating the Wairoa River in early days.

As a result of this visit, interest was revived in a project, long dormant, to build a great Hauhau temple at Whakaki. I may state that years ago Hauhau contingents from various parts of the district met at Whataroa, near the Manga-a-ruhe. There they cut down and dressed in the square four large totara trees—splendid sticks they were, being three feet square at the smallest part and sixty feet long (12). These were to be the corner pillars of the temple, and it was prophesied by Matenga Tamaki Te Ua, a "prophet" who died at Hastings in July, 1909, that the logs had to lie where they were dressed until, by means of a flood or other agency of the atua, they were conveyed to the site of erection, but no human hand was to help in bringing them down to the sea. To a certain extent this "prophecy" was fulfilled, for in the great flood of 1904, when a Native named Tamati Waaka was carried down on a floating log and drowned, the temple pillars also came down and were secured at Kihitu. Several efforts were made by the Natives to induce the logs to proceed to Whakaki without human aid, but these failed, and Captain A. Knight and the "Tu Atu" had to be invoked to carry out that work. For years they lay high and dry on the Whakaki beach, protected by a fence of barbed wire, and, of course, strictly tapu. Hauhauism being long since as dead as Te Kooti himself, the logs were fated to remain there, and doubtless by this time some Maori, uninfluenced by the fear of the tapu, has split them up into house-blocks for some modern dwelling to replace the extinct whare.

Now to bring the story of the Ringatu religion, or the cult of the Uplifted Hand, down to modern days. It is still practised in a modified form in the pas of Tuhoe Land, where portions of the Scriptures, committed to memory, are still

(12). At Okere, where the trees referred to were cut, two settlers not long ago came across a "plant" of silver coins to the value of £3 10/-, partly blackened by fire. It is supposed it was an offering made at the time to the Maori atua.

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chanted in a kind of monotone, very rhythmic, but devoid of musical cadence. They hold a meeting every month, what is called a "hui," the twelfth being a very holy day; also every Saturday, as with the Seventh Day Adventists. The first of January is an especially sacred date. Many old-time customs still prevail in Tuhoe Land, and in other areas where the Ringatu doctrine prevails. Before planting the potato crops or the kumara they spend a whole night in prayer; then next morning, as they start for the cultivations, they leave behind them such articles as pipes, tobacco, matches, and money. No one in the pa would dream of digging his potatoes before the first of December, and then only after a night spent in prayer. The best and biggest were selected and carried away by a chief into the bush, a first-fruits offering to "atua," and no Maori, even if starving, would touch these potatoes, assuming he found them; they were absolutely sacred.

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CHAPTER XXVI

END OF THE WAR

THE AFTERMATH—MISTAKES WERE MADE—THE TIMELY SIGNAL—TRADE AND COMMERCE—SOME REFLECTIONS—THE MAORI PIONEERS.

Ten years wasted, or worse than wasted. Ten years—1863-1873—gone for little that made for good for this part of the young colony, scarcely yet on its feet. Ten years of racial and political intrigue and unrest. Ten years of all that made for War! Red War! Red Ruin! Let those who want war fight it out among themselves—but could they without involving whole communities, whole nations? Perish the thought of War. I stand for peace, though not peace at any price. War on this coast meant the loss of many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of valuable lives on both sides; it meant the sacrifice of thousands upon thousands sterling that might have been better spent in roading and bridging the East Coast; it called forth base deeds, not confined to one set of combatants only, and it set back the clock more than ten years. As the war dragged on distrust was bred between the two races at war, and between sections of the Maori people ranged on either side, and this took many years to uproot. Mutual recriminations were the order of the day, and reputations were broken not alone among the Pakehas but among the Maoris. The latter lost their cause—their forlorn hope of stemming the advance of the white man in the van of civilisation—but the Maori was not conquered, nor was his spirit broken, though he was greatly impoverished by the confiscation of his land, not always carried out with due discrimination in regard to the comparative guilt of the parties, but according to the fewness of the number of "friends at court."

Mistakes Were Made.

While admitting, as I must, that the colonial forces, under the policy of self-reliance inaugurated by the late Sir Frederick Weld and James Edward Fitzgerald, made many mistakes, I cannot agree with the dicta that the colonials did not want to end the war. Malcolm Ross (who, after all, voices the opinions only of stay-at-home soldiers) has stated

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publicly that many of those engaged in the hunt after Te Kooti hoped they would not catch him, the inference being that he was looked on as "the goose that laid the golden egg." In other words, Te Kooti caught would end the war, also the hunters' pay (1). This was not so in the Wairoa district at all events, though incidents occurred here and there which might have given rise to such an impression. Te Kooti was an adept in bush warfare, and he and all with him knew all the tracks and where supplies and reinforcements could be picked up. The astute rebel could therefore move rapidly from place to place, which the colonials could not do, at least not always. In addition, the Maori leader had a kind of hypnotic influence over his followers, and, provided Te Kooti could show occasionally tokens of success, he was blindly followed until his fortunes began to wane. Further, he had spies in nearly every European camp and force—men who ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds, in much the same way as did the "Canadian Traitor," Louis Baker. When driven to take shelter in a pa or bush-clearing he had his defences ready made, and only needed to strengthen them and place his pickets, and what could the Europeans do to surprise him, as most of the country did not lend itself to either outflanking tactics or the surround, especially with a slender force? Te Kooti had also a way of escape prepared at his rear, and the almost inaccessible fastnesses of Tuhoe Land, to which he could flee without loss of mana and be safe from further pursuit until a fresh expedition against him was authorised from Wellington. Thus it was that on many occasions, chiefly in the Urewera Country, capture seemed almost inevitable, but still he again escaped. Wounded, he was swiftly carried out of the range of Pakeha bullets more than once, his women as at Ruakituri and Kaiteriria, proving a most effective rearguard. As I have just now stated, though the forces, both European and Native, made some mistakes and often arrived on the scene too late owing to the "taihoa" tactics unfortunately prevalent, they endured too many hardships to permit me for one moment to believe that they did not desire to capture Te Kooti. Let the armchair critics try a tour of the Urewera Country even to-day, in the dead of winter, and I think they will agree with my view.

Te Kooti was the de Wet of the Hauhaus, and I will not venture to suggest that Thomas Atkins in South Africa had no desire to capture that wily snapper-up of convoys and isolated patrols. The fact of the matter is that politics and expediency were too much in evidence during the Maori wars, and unmilitary men were continually, but possibly uncon-

(1). A statement to this effect by the then Napier correspondent of the "Wairoa Free Press," about 1878, brought about the downfall of Wairoa's first newspaper, and mulct several other journals in damages and an apology.

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sciously, spoiling the efforts of the soldiers in the field by the limitations placed on the officers. Men who knew nothing about war or how to conduct it, and who knew even less about the nature of the country in which the operations were being conducted, and at the same time failed to appreciate the extent of the cunning and resources of the enemy, made our soldiers chessmen on the political chess-board, moving the pieces just when, where, and how to best advance the game of Politics—with a cap., please. I have shown how this was done in the case of Herrick's expedition to Waikaremoana and in Major-general Whitmore's advance into the Rocky Mountains. All this disgusted both men and officers, and soon the pride of the soldiers in their officers and the spirit of comradeship were broken.

The Timely Signal.

Then, on almost every occasion that the friendlies went out with the Europeans, there were some among them who certainly sympathised with Te Kooti, believing he had been unjustly deported to the Chathams and again unjustly attacked after escaping from durance vile, and who hoped he would not be captured. Thus, some of the chiefs went out to save their lands from confiscation; so did some of their followers. But, while professing friendship, a good many of them were really traitors at heart to the Queen and the "Kawanatanga"; and very often, when the combined forces would be advancing stealthily on the foe, and but a few more yards remained to be covered, off would go a rifle—accidentally, of course! Te Kooti and his followers appreciated the kindly signal and made for the back door, and when the pa or camp was reached it was found—empty! This is one, and I believe the chief, reason why Te Kooti so often escaped, and in mentioning it here I am not in any way glossing over the laches of officers and men, who through incapacity and delay frequently let valuable chances slip through their fingers. The officers, as well as the men, comprised good, bad, and indifferent, but, of course, the position was rendered most serious of all when the fault lay with those in command. One highly-placed officer, when in doubt as to what he should do, used a pack of cards to settle the point at issue! Was he in doubt what step he should take to counter the movements of the enemy, a pack of cards was cut and the matter decided according thereto. But, of course, all were not of this type; indeed, I may say the great majority (which includes both races). The Maoris were each led by the chiefs of the several hapus, and there was little attempted in the way of training and nothing done to make the combined—or, rather, uncombined- forces one homogeneous whole. Then, later, when the Europeans were made into policemen, the spirit of comradeship was

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killed, and all that had been built up into forces like "The Fighting Fifty" and Whitmore's "Young Division" was lost. Raw recruits replaced veterans, with what result may be imagined (2). All this muddling, therefore, operated in favour of Te Kooti's escapes.

Trade and Commerce.

During the war period trade and commerce were restricted, and as a matter of fact business people lived on the pay of the troops and the profits accruing from the provision and supply of stores, transport, etc. Then, owing to the Native unrest, there was very little done in the shape of production. The primary industries were a negligible quantity, for the Natives could not be got to engage in the usual farm operations of felling bush, clearing, and grassing, even if there were money ready wherewith to pay them. The Government, too, was "hard up," and when the war was ended business people were thrown on their own and more legitimate resources, whilst the Natives returned to neglected plantations and those industries by which they might have easily maintained themselves, such as flax-growing and the raising of stock. It was therefore a poor Wairoa that in the early 'seventies had to start out "on its own," so to speak. The business people were deep in the merchants' books, and so were the Maoris in the books of the storekeepers, and great struggles both had to keep their heads above water—many, indeed, going down in the maelstrom of the after-war slump. The bulk of the Natives, as I first saw them, appeared deplorably poor, apparently underfed, and in many cases wearing the tattered cast-off garments of the Pakehas. They had land, most of them, but it was unindividualised. No one knew where his allotment was; he had no means of cultivating or stocking it, and what could he do but lease it? The Pakehas, therefore, secured large tracts of virgin land quite close to the infant township on long leases without improvement clauses. To mention one case: the Duff brothers held for twenty-one years both the Paeroas at a rental of £100 per annum, and so numerous were the lessees that many of the yearly cheques totalled only eighteen pence or half a crown. Of what use was that to the poor Maoris? Yet quite a hostile feeling was created when the Maori owners refused to renew the lease. Means of subsistence were not many, even for the Pakehas. Employment was scarce and wages low, 4s 6d per day being thought a princely rate; and while the price of produce was low, it benefited the consumer as the grower thereof, but as a seller he might almost as well have been idle. A sack of potatoes (which the Maoris dug for fourpence) could

(2). There was as much fun made over "Brannigan's boots" as there was over those the New Zealand Government supplied to the soldiers in the Great War, dubbed by camp-fire and in the trenches as "Bill Massey's boots."

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be bought for 2s 6d. Maize was sold as low as 1s 9d per bushel, oats 10d, and chaff 2s per sack, bags included. This did not lend itself to the creation of millionaires in Old Wairoa. Not until the passing of the Counties Act inaugurated a local public works policy, and when the Maoris began freely to sell or again lease the land, did the silver lining begin to show itself from behind the clouds of depression brought on the horizon by the war with the Natives. Since then the progress has been fairly steady—with a few ups and downs between. A new era is now opening, and the next ten years should be bright.

Some Reflections.

Wairoa men, loyal to the Crown, and mindful of the debt owed to the Motherland, did not lose the taste of war, and when the struggle between Englishmen and Uitlanders broke out in the Transvaal the Huramua Rifle Volunteers rose to the occasion, as did private citizens—a strong body being sent away, the commanding officer being Surgeon-captain Milne Thompson, of the Wairoa Hospital. Men left to join the several contingents from New Zealand, many of them horsed and equipped by the generosity of Wairoa farmers. Then, too, when the Great War broke out, and the Empire's existence was threatened by Germany, the young men of Wairoa (3) volunteered freely, went out and fought, and in conquering some scores laid down their lives for King and country. The Natives, too, with a warlike history behind them, responded nobly to the call both for Africa (4) and France. The former service was not accepted on principle, but in the Great War the sons of old-time heroes of battle were eager to join up, and the Empire, with its back to the wall, abandoned its objections on the score of colour; for were not the Maoris, too, fighting not only for far-away England, but for their much-loved Aotearoa? Many of both races fell on the field, or died of wounds or exposure after returning home. Some, with honourable scars and stripes of honour, are with us yet, doing the part that lies to their hand in building up a prosperous community in this part of the fertile East Coast.

The Maori Pioneers.

To in some adequate way mark the Maori share in the Great War, and at the same time do honour to the memory of the much-loved padre of the Maori contingent, there was unveiled in 1924, in the presence of a large gathering, Wairoa's first statue in Carrara marble. It was to Chaplain-major Henare Wepiha Wainohu, the descendant of a line of

(3). Volunteering was very active in Wairoa long before the passage of conscription measures, and the Maoris in any case did not come under these provisions.

(4). In all about 20 men went to the South African War from Wairoa, and over 700 to European or to other fields of warfare, 1914-18.

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famous fighting chiefs of Ngati-Kahungunu, and a son of a race that knew not the meaning of surrender. He it was, says the Rev. F. A. Bennett, who started the famous war-dance on the heights of Gallipoli—"Ka mate, ka mate, ka ora, ka ora," and so on. It must have been performed with all the ancient fury of the old-time warriors, for the Turks raised serious objections to having to fight "cannibals," as they looked on the brown-skinned warriors from New Zealand. I knew Wepiha well, and I can quite believe that he was only too ready to lay aside his clerical vestments and lead the haka; indeed, so great was his patriotism that I doubt not he would be happier with a rifle and a stock of bombs for use against the enemy. The veteran King of Serbia decorated Wepiha with the Order of the White Eagle, and now the Maoris, unassisted by the Pakehas, have raised a monument to him as a testimony to his worth and his service with the Pioneers. When will the Europeans do likewise? (5) At Whakarewa, on the Mahia, there stands, overlooking the sea, a very striking monument to the memory of the late Lieutenant Alexander Ormond, second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Ormond, of Wairoa. This officer fought with the 1st Manchester Regiment, and fell gallantly fighting on the Belgian front. The monument also commemorates the deeds of the other Maori lads who fought and died on the fields of battle, of whom all the East Coasters are proud.

May there never be another war like that of 1914-18; but should there be, I have no doubt both races will respond again in defence of our glorious Anglo-Saxon civilisation.

(5). Wepiha's descent may be given thus:—Hone Te Wainohu, chief of Ngati-Pahauwera; his son, Wepiha Wainohu (Mohaka); his grandson, thus honoured, Rev. Henare Wepiha Wainohu.

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Te Reinga Falls, Wairoa

Ship Rock—Waikaremoana

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New Zealand Bush, Morere Hot Springs

Palm Grove, Morere Hot Springs

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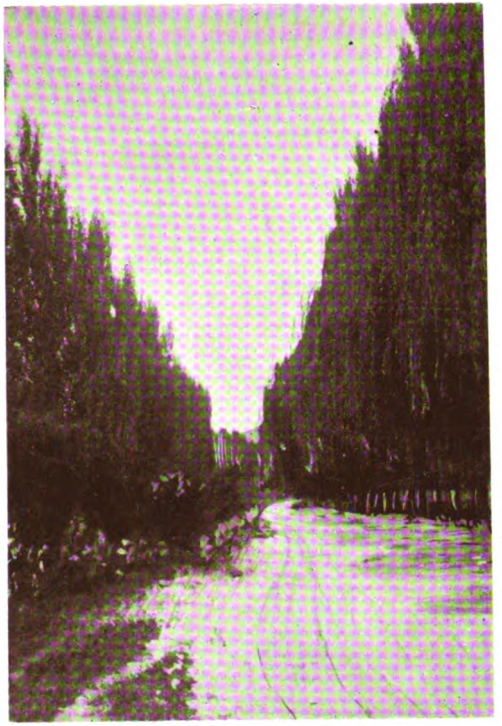
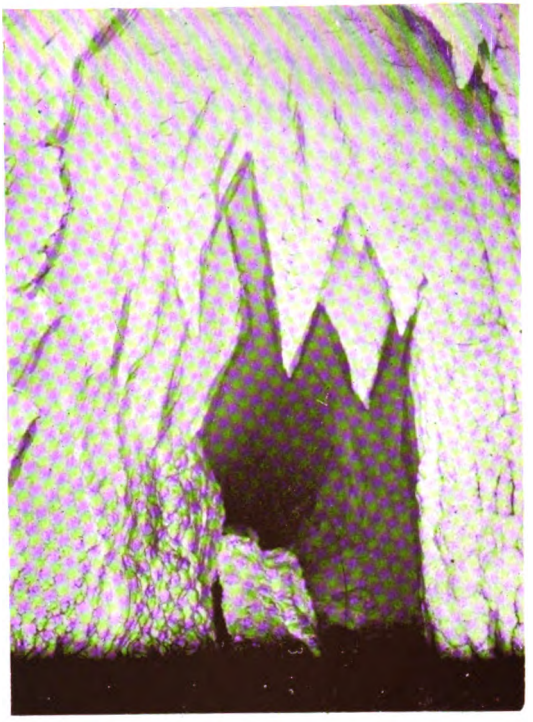


"The Avenue," Napier-Wairoa Road



"The Curtain," Mangaone Caves

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The Avenue, Morere Thermal Springs

Tera Paikea
Burial-place of Ihaka Whaanga at Mahia

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CHAPTER XXVII.

SOURCES OF POWER

THE GREAT SOURCE—EMPORIUM OF PACIFIC—THE GIANT'S LAIR—OTHER POWER SOURCES—WAIKAREMOANA EXCELS—OTHER SCHEMES COMPARED—A NOBLE CONCESSION—TE REINGA FALLS—POSSIBLE OILFIELDS.

The Great Source.

The person who stands watching with interest the whirring, revolving wheels of some great steam-driven industrial concern realises at once that some great motive power must be at work to set in motion that great mass of inert matter—steel and iron. But he usually fails to realise that it has been all brought about by sunbeams—away in the dim past. There the sunbeams produced the great tropical growths, which decayed daily through the ages, building up, layer by layer, the coal we use. This, when mined, gave motion to the wheels of industry. Similarly, when a person watches some great refrigerating works in operation by means of electricity, or when he beholds the trams or trains flash by, little does he consider that it was all brought about by an agent of which very little is known. Electricity is defined as "a subtle agent or power in Nature, evolved in any disturbance of molecular equilibrium, whether from a chemical, physical, or mechanical cause, exhibiting itself in a variety of ways." That is to say, that not much is known as to what electricity really is. We know it exists all around us as a spark or a collection of sparks; that it can be produced by various means and led into various channels for the production of power, heat, and light for the use of mankind. It is reliable, clean, and cheap (when not produced by the wasteful process of burning coal), and any country that makes full use of electricity generated by water-power should, to a great extent, be free from labour troubles, seeing that it is in itself a great labour-saving power and that it never goes on strike.

Wairoa, situated midway between Napier and Gisborne, is fortunate in possessing two great central sources of power. One of these—and by far the most important- is Waikaremoana, already described as Wairoa's beauty spot, and the

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other is Te Reinga Falls. Lake Waikaremoana as a source of electric power is almost inexhaustible, and capable of not only supplying the East Coast with cheap power and light, but of running the East Coast railway and all the factories from the head works to Wellington. This claim Wairoa has been putting forward more persistently of late years, as the labour question has been becoming more acute, and the knowledge has been spread in regard to what other countries have been doing with their water-power.

Emporium of the Pacific.

Among other points brought forward, it is shown that New Zealand is not a large country, capable of developing great sheep and cattle businesses, like the Argentine or Australia, or lumber and wheat enterprises, as in the big spaces of Canada; but she can and ought to become the great manufacturing emporium of the Pacific, and this she can do if our legislators take prompt steps to harness up the powers of Nature.

Why do we make this assertion? It is because we know that New Zealand is rich in water-power—the cheapest labour we can get, and one that never goes on strike. We have in Waikaremoana a giant waiting to be fully harnessed up, and only arrant fools or incapable legislators would continue to permit such a giant power, and other powers, to run to waste, when there are hundreds of thousands of people waiting to link on. There are at present on the East Coast a few industries being run at high cost on coal, coke, or petrol, and the number might be quadrupled if really cheap power were available. Considerations such as these have moved various people to advance into the front of public opinion the claims of Waikaremoana. Among others, such as the late Captain Preece, of Palmerston North, the palm of pioneering must be given to Mr. George Nelson, M.I.Mech.E. In June, 1911, that gentleman addressed a meeting at Palmerston North, and ably set forth the claims of Waikaremoana to be taken up as a national movement. Mr. Nelson said that the main object of any propaganda which might be instituted in connection with the matter of electrical power would be, firstly, to arouse public interest in a question of vital importance; secondly, to urge that if the electrification of the Dominion was to be undertaken, it should be done by the Government on a national scale; and lastly, to draw attention to Waikaremoana as a source of supply for the East Coast. From that date the question has been more or less kept to the front, and as one outcome of the request that private enterprise should be allowed to develop New Zealand's water-power, the Government very properly brought its foot down and declared that all such enterprises must be of a national character. The Government, however, seemed then to be pursuing a dog-in-

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the-manger policy. They would not take up the work nationally or allow others to do so. The last Liberal Government gave an undertaking that Waikaremoana would be taken after Lake Coleridge had been proved a success; but, despite the magnificent record of Coleridge, the next Government treated Sir Joseph Ward's promise as "a scrap of paper." Then private schemes began to be mooted, and one, if not two, Government ones. Waikaremoana was to be ignored. This set leading Hawke's Bay people to move, and, well backed up by Wairoa, there was formed the Waikaremoana Hydro-electric League, and out of this grew the proposal for an educative trip to Lake Waikaremoana, from which much good resulted.

The Giant's Lair.

Waikaremoana, according to the late Mr. Hay—and we do not think his figures or contentions will be found at variance with anything written—lies on the boundary between the provinces of Auckland and Hawke's Bay; the outlet, its nearest point, is situated twenty-four miles as the crow flies inland from Wairoa. According to that officer, "Waikaremoana itself is twenty-one square miles in extent. Waikare-iti, which flows into it, has an area of three square miles, making a total reservoir area of twenty-four square miles. The area of the watershed, 144 square miles, is relatively small, but lying as it does at a considerable altitude—the lake surface is 2000 feet above the sea—it has a heavy rainfall, estimated at ninety inches, and owing to its depth—over 800 feet (1) in the deepest part—the streams flowing into the lake are completely deprived of their sediment, so that the outflow is as clear as crystal at all times of the year. The overflow from the lake is through a cleft in the rock of some fifteen to twenty feet wide and about the same depth; through this the water flows for eight or nine months in the year. The main bulk of the outflow, however, probably two-thirds, flows through underground outlets; these, of which there are a number, join up at a lakelet some three or four acres in extent, called Kaitawa, the level of which is about 400 feet below the main lake.

"There was for a long time a popular impression that the Waikaremoana water-power would be a very expensive one to develop, except on a large scale. This I found on a recent visit there to be by no means the case; on the contrary, the necessary works would be extremely simple and inexpensive, either for a large or a small power. At a point seventy chains distant from Kaitawa is the Whakamarino Flat, an elevation of about 950 feet above sea-level, giving a gross fall of about 650 feet. On this flat, alongside the Waikare-taheke, is a splendid site for the power-station, where the turbines and

(1). Actually 806 feet deep.

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electric generators would be located. From the proposed intake at Kaitawa the water would be conveyed to the turbines through a steel pipe. This pipe would pass over easy country free from slips; the expense of preparing the pipe route to secure good alignment would be infinitesimal (2).

"The present outflow from Kaitawa is sufficient to give over 5000 b.h.p. continuously on a net fall of 600 feet. The Waikare-taheke can be diverted into the Kaitawa at a nominal expense; this would increase the power available to 40,000 b.h.p. (that is, assuming Mr Hay's measurement of the Waikare-taheke—seventy-two cubic feet per second minimum flow—to be correct). For eight or nine months in the year a large volume of water passes over the overflow from Waikaremoana; by putting a sluice-gate in the overflow and regulating it to meet the demands of the turbines, the available power would be increased to 60,000 b.h.p. continuous, but in practice the advantage secured by regulating the outflow is much more far-reaching. Assuming for the moment a load factor of 40 per cent., the regulation of Waikaremoana would enable us to generate in the single power-house now under discussion 60,000 b.h.p. × 100 ÷ 40 = 150,000 b.h.p., or any greater amount which might be required to meet the maximum demand, provided that the yearly average or the average over a period of years did not exceed 60,000 b.h.p. This is by no means the limit of power obtainable, as by taking water from the main lake and discharging it into the Waikare-taheke stream at a point three and a-half miles distant a gross fall of 1420 feet is obtainable, which will give," according to Mr Hay, "134,000 b.h.p. continuously, or 335,000 b.h.p. on a 40 per cent. load factor. To develop the whole of this power would entail the stoppage of the underground outlets; this, although a work of some magnitude, would, I believe, be a much less formidable undertaking than is generally thought. However, as the development of the lesser fall from the intake at Kaitawa would give 60,000 b.h.p. continuously, or, say, 150,000 b.h.p. maximum, we shall probably not need to consider the problem of stopping the underground outlets for many years to come.

"From the Waikaremoana power-house to Gisborne is forty-eight miles as the crow flies; from the power-house to Napier is the same distance; by the transmission lines the distance would probably be about sixty miles. From Napier

(2). The first section of the work was practically carried out on these lines, but only 1,000 h.p. was developed, 750 h.p. being delivered to the Wairoa Power Board and 250 reserved for the carrying out of the main national scheme in the three-key system for the North Island—Mangahao-Waikaremoana-Arapuni. The works were opened on March 9, 1923, by the Public Works Minister, Hon. J. G. Coates, in the presence of a distinguished company of parliamentarians, local-body members from Napier, Hastings, and Gisborne, and representative business men.

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southwards the transmission line would, no doubt, follow the railway fairly closely, making the total distance from the power-house to Wellington via Manawatu about 260 miles. This distance, although considerable, is not out of the way in comparison with what has been done and is being done elsewhere. Several years ago Niagara power was being delivered as far as Syracuse, a distance of 161 miles, while recently arrangements have been made to distribute power generated on the Canadian side over a radius of 200 miles."

Mr Ralph Mershon, a leading authority, writing on the subject some time since, estimated that Niagara power could profitably be transmitted a distance of 500 miles. If Mr. Mershon's calculations were correct, it is evident that a 260-mile transmission line is quite a practical suggestion, more particularly when it is borne in mind that the price of coal in Wellington is about 50 per cent. higher than in New York.

The Government first took up the question of water-power some fifteen or twenty years ago, when Mr Edmund Allo, a Swiss gentleman, was engaged to report on the water-powers of the colony. This report appears to have had the effect of inducing the Government to pass an Act, entitled "The Water-power Act, 1903," which, subject to any rights lawfully held, vested the sole right to use the water in lakes, falls, rivers, or streams, for the purpose of generating electricity or other power, in the Crown. Simultaneously the services of Mr. L. M. Hancock, M.A.I.E.E., electrical engineer and general superintendent of the transmission department of the California Gas and Electric Corporation, were engaged for a further report on the water-powers of the colony. Mr Hancock's preliminary report is dated December 25, 1903. This is followed by his general report, dated from San Francisco, February 12, 1904. Owing, presumably, to the inadequate nature of his report, the Government placed the matter in the hands of Mr. P. S. Hay, M.A., M.Inst.C.E., superintending engineer of the Public Works Department, who, under date September 16th, 1904, furnished a most comprehensive report on the whole question, giving just such information as the occasion demanded. There is no doubt that the primary consideration in securing these reports was the electrification of the railways, a proposal in which the Minister at that time in charge of the department (Sir Joseph Ward) was much interested. Subservient to this was the supply of current for the general industrial development of the colony and the electro-chemical industry, and for domestic uses and lighting.

After the report of Mr. Hay, the question of hydro-electric development lay dormant until some years ago, when the Engineer-in-Chief and Mr. Laurence Birks furnished reports. The work of the latter has been reprinted and pub-

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lished as a Government Blue Book. The report of Mr. Birks is the most important contribution to the subject since that of Mr. Hay, and therefore demands particular attention. The order of reference, under the directions of which Mr. Birks reported, is as follows:—

(1) The future demands for electric power in each of the centres of the Dominion, as influenced by:—

(a) The normal growth of the population and the existing industries of the Dominion.

(b) The possibility of obtaining a supply of power in large quantities and at cheap rates by the development of the natural sources of the Dominion.

(c) The popularising of electricity as a general domestic agency, and the introduction of electrical appliances in the homes of the people for heating, cooking, and other purposes.

(d) The possible electrification of the suburban and ultimately of the main trunk railways, particularly on the heavier grades and the Lyttelton and Arthur's Pass tunnels.

(e) The establishment of special mechanical industries dependent on cheap power for their successful exploitation.

(f) The use of the surplus power for the manufacture of nitrate, fertilisers, calcium carbide, aluminium, and for other electro-chemical industries.

(2) The most favourable of the various sources of power for immediate development.

(3) The necessary plant and apparatus for developing and transmitting the power, with detailed capital costs.

(4) The estimated output, annual operating costs, capital charges, and the prices at which the energy can be generated for various purposes within the Dominion and elsewhere.

(6) The influence of such cheap power supplies on the industrial and social conditions in America, Switzerland, Norway, and elsewhere, and the probable influence on the future of the Dominion.

"I have repeated this order of reference," said Mr. Birks, "as it is important, showing as it does the mind of the Government on the subject. It is greatly to be regretted that the report was so hastily prepared, and that it was confined mainly to the requirements of the cities." On the strength of that report and those which preceded it an Act was passed, authorising the expenditure of half a million a year on hydro-

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electric development. The first scheme decided upon was what is known as the Lake Coleridge scheme. It provided for generating 13,300 h.p. and transmitting it to Christchurch, a distance of seventy miles, over a double transmission line—that is to say, two separate lines, to provide against breakdown. The cost of this scheme is given in detail as follows:—

Headworks	£60,000
Power-house	110,600
Transmission line	44,300
Substations	18,800
High-tension distribution	29,200
Low-tension distribution	28,600
	£291,500

"I would ask you here to note that the cost of the seventy-mile double transmission lines is £44,300 out of a total expenditure of £291,500.

Other Power Sources.

"Coming now to the Hutt scheme, which interests us more than the others, this provides for building a concrete dam about 160 feet in height near the junction of the Mungaroa with the Hutt River. If this dam is made of sufficient height to conserve the whole of the water during flood-time for use during periods of low water, then the power obtainable will be 8000 h.p. continuously. To secure this power it is necessary to construct not only a huge dam, but also costly works in the way of a tunnel, a tail-race, and steel fluming; in fact, works to create a power where one does not at present exist. The dam would have to be constructed in country which is, I am told, of a very unstable character. I do not know the Hutt River in that locality, but if it is of the same character as in its lower reaches, it could only be a matter of time when the reservoir created by the construction of the dam would be completely filled up with shingle; the works would then be of very little value, as the validity of the scheme lies in the storage of the whole of the winter rains for use during the summer months. The estimated cost of this scheme in detail is:—

Headworks	£286,000
Power-house plant	94,500
Transmission line	17,160
Substations	18,800
Distribution	27,500
	£443,960

"While the total cost is £443,960, it will be noticed that the double transmission line to Wellington, a distance of twenty-five miles, is to cost only £17,160.

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"From these figures it will be seen that the initial cost of transmission lines is greatly exaggerated in the public mind. In the Coleridge scheme, with two seventy-mile transmission lines, it amounts to only 15 per cent. of the total; while in the Hutt scheme, with two transmission lines, each twenty-five miles in length, it represents only 4 per cent. of the whole.

"As to the demand and use of the current, I estimate that the district extending from Gisborne to Hastings, inclusive, would take about 4000 h.p.—that is, 4000 h.p. delivered to consumers in contradistinction to the b.h.p. on the turbine shafts at the central generating station. What the Wellington demand is I do not know, nor do I know what amount of current would find a market *en route*. I would suggest that the total would be somewhere between 20,000 and 30,000 horse-power.

"The requirements of the local bodies, for electricity for lighting, tramways, water supply, and sewerage pumping, are not, of course, sufficient of themselves to justify the undertaking. We must look to the freezing works, the brickworks, the dairy factories, breweries, aerated water and cordial factories, and confectionery works, to the wool stores, the woollen mills, and general industries, and in a lesser degree to the numerous minor applications to which electricity lends itself so admirably, to driving the machinery in garages and bicycle-repairing shops, in jewellers' shops, in hairdressers' shops, in boot-repairing shops, in saddlers' shops, in sail, tent, and tarpaulin manufacturers' shops, in driving the domestic sewing machine, for driving ventilating fans and electric punkahs, for surgical and many other purposes which do not occur to one at the moment.

"A cheap electric supply would develop industries and attract others which are not at present represented in this Dominion. With cheap electricity supply many things would be done by small motors which would be done by hand, and others would be done which are not now done at all. There is no doubt that, with so convenient a motive power available at a cheap rate, fresh needs would be created and new uses found; this has been the experience elsewhere, and would doubtless be so in the present instance. The electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical industries, which, by the way, are cases in point, absorb more of the Niagara power than all the other industries put together, and give at once an outlet for electrical energy wherever sufficiently conveniently situated to the raw material, and an adequate market for the finished product."

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Suburbs of Wairoa, 1921

Scene on the Wairoa—Above Tama-te-Rangi Bridge.

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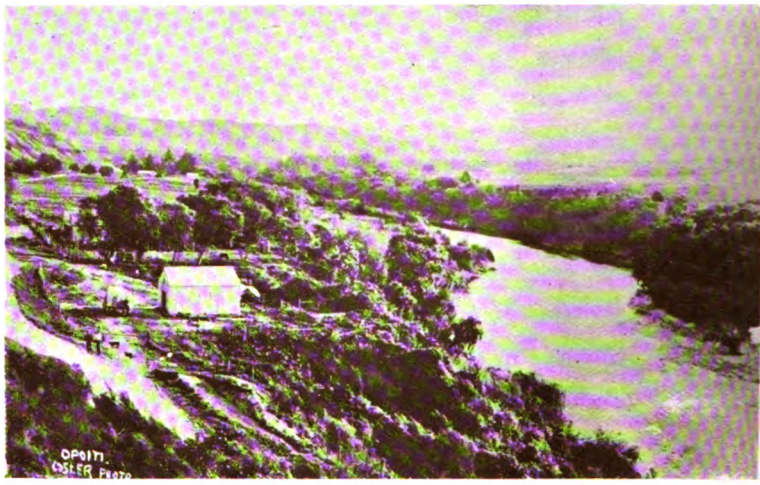

Scene near Opouiti.

Wairoa looking West, 1924

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On the Wairoa—near Te Reinga Falls

[Photo by Mr. Abe Rarere

Port Waikokopu: Loading the S.S. "Waiwera"

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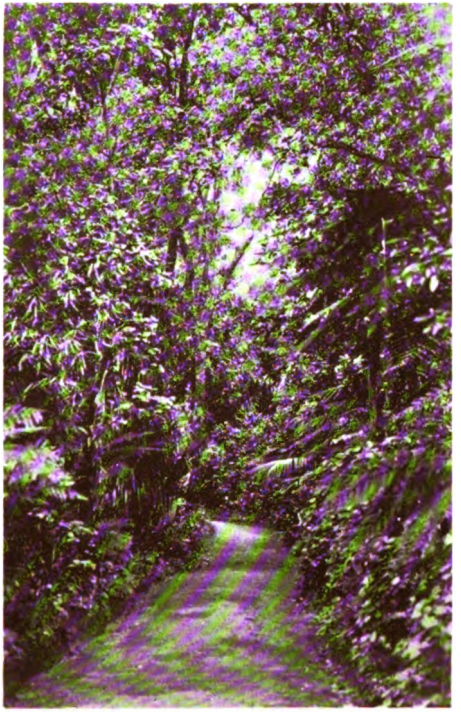
Overhanging Rocks, Waikaremoana



Beauty Spot, Morere.

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"From particulars published at Niagara in 1904," states Mr. Birks, "it appears that the electrolytic treatment of metals—chiefly aluminium—absorbs 36,000 h.p., the electro-chemical industry 30,000 h.p., and lighting, tramways, and general industry 58,000 h.p. Since that time there has been enormous development on both sides of the river, but more particularly on the Canadian side, where three new power-stations have been established, the aggregate of whose plants, when completed to present designs, will total 415,000 h.p. The total development at present completed and projected at Niagara is 680,000 h.p., of which 265,000 h.p. is on the American side. Of this, I believe the Pittsburg Reduction Company absorbs 60,000 h.p. in the manufacture of aluminium. The Union Carbide Company, which in 1904 was reported as a consumer of 15,000 h.p., has since largely increased its works, and I am told now takes between 20,000 and 30,000 h.p. Besides the manufacture of aluminium and calcium carbide, electric current is used in the manufacture of a silicon carbide (carborundum), caustic soda, and caustic potash, and recently, to a small extent, in the manufacture of iron and steel. It is used for the recovering of gold, silver, zinc, and lead, and for the refining of gold, silver, nickel, and copper. It has also a host of minor uses in chemistry and metallurgy.

"Of all the uses other than power and lighting, there are two which appear more likely to interest us than the others. Aluminium is a high-priced article, and the power consumed is large relatively to the amount of material to be handled. If the raw material is available, there would appear to be a fair market for the product. Aluminium wire is now largely used in electrical work in place of copper; as an electrical conductor it is only half the weight of copper for sections of equal conductivity. For telegraph and telephone work and for transmission lines there appears to be a good outlet for it. The British Aluminium Company, whose works are at the Falls of Foyers, in Scotland, procure their raw material, containing 56 per cent. alumina, from France, so that suitable material would appear to stand the charges of transport from a considerable distance.

"What appears to interest us to a greater extent is the manufacture of calcium carbide, and from it calcium cynamide, a valuable fertiliser of the soil recently discovered; it is made by charging red-hot carbide with nitrogen, the nitrogen being recovered from the atmosphere and separated by what is known as the liquid air process. In a work which I have been studying on the subject, the author describes a small experimental carbide factory, which was erected at Spray, North Carolina, at a cost of £2400. This factory had

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an output of 300 tons of carbide per annum, the electrical energy required to produce this amount being 200 h.p. The cost of the finished product was £6 6s per ton. The process of producing nitrogen is very simple and inexpensive in operation. The air having been first liquefied, its oxygen constituent, being the more volatile, is first evaporated; what is left is nitrogen. The oxygen gas—a valuable by-product—is compressed into steel cylinders, and disposed of to a wide and increasing market. For the manufacture of cynamide, the raw materials are lime, coke, and air, all of which we have. The market for the finished product is right at our doors, and is practically unlimited. This, then, appears to be the outlet for our energy which before all others claims attention. In the course of my travels I have visited and inspected many hydro-electric installations, including the Roman power-station at Tivoli, where the conditions are somewhat similar to those obtaining at Waikaremoana; the Jonage at Lyons, where the whole of the summer flow of the River Rhone is diverted by means of a canal ten miles in length.

"In England water-powers are relatively scarce. I inspected the headworks and upper pipe-line of the North Wales Power Company's installation at a small lake on the side of Mount Snowdon. The circumstances there are similar to those at Waikaremoana, but the power is only a fraction of that obtainable at Waikaremoana, on account of the very small column of water. The most modern plant I inspected was that which supplies Lucerne. There is a small stream which flows into a dam, and is carried thence by means of a tunnel through a hill. From the lower end of this tunnel the water is conveyed through two lines of pipes to the power-house, 1000 feet below. At the time I was there there were four units of 2000 h.p. each already installed. In addition there were two exciting units of 175 h.p. to operate the Stansstad-Engleberg electric railway. The installation is a first-class one in every respect, and in general is the model which should be adopted for the Waikaremoana development.

"In America, I, of course, visited Niagara; in fact, I spent some three days seeing the most notable installations both on the American and Canadian sides of the rivers. From technical papers I gather that there are great developments now in progress on the Canadian side. On this side, the Ontario Power Company, which to my mind has quite the finest equipment of any of the power companies, takes its water from the upper side of the cataracts above the falls. The water is conveyed through a steel pipe eighteen feet in diameter for a distance of more than a mile to the power-house, which is situated on the Canadian shore immediately below the falls. From this eighteen-feet pipe six branches are

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taken down, three of these driving three units of 10,000 h.p. each, and the other three operate 12,000 h.p. machines. This installation represents only one-third of the complete project, the company having obtained authority to lay down two more pipe-lines of the same size.

Waikare Excels.

"Amongst all the powers mentioned, none of them seems more desirable or more easily handled than the one at Waikaremoana. In fact, for ease with which the power can be handled, and the certainty of operation, I have seen nothing which approached it. The extreme clearness of the water at all seasons of the year is greatly in its favour, as are also the climatic conditions. The Niagara power is easily handled, but there they have ice difficulties to contend with in the winter-time, which, apparently, in spite of all precautions which the companies have so far been able to make, still give them trouble in severe weather. Even the Ontario Power Company, which constructed most elaborate intake works, has, I understand, been in difficulties from this source since the time of my visit there three years ago.

"For reasons why Waikaremoana should be adopted as a source of supply for the district I would urge:—

"(1) That it is by far the largest power in the North Island;

"(2) That it can be extremely easily developed;

"(3) That owing to the high fall obtainable the initial outlay would be small;

"(4) That hydraulic works can be carried out at a minimum expense, 600 feet of fall being obtainable in a distance of seventy chains, or 1420 feet in three and a-half miles;

"(5) That owing to its large reservoir capacity, twenty-four square miles in extent, and the great depth of the reservoir (over 800 feet in the deepest part), the water is always beautifully clear and free from sediment, which would mean a minimum of maintenance on the pipe-line and hydraulic machinery;

"(6) That a line from Waikaremoana to Wellington would 'pay its way as it goes.'

"(7) That Messrs. Hancock and Hay both point to Waikaremoana as a possible source of supply for Wellington City. If Wellington, then Wanganui can be equally well supplied from the same source.

"All that now remains to be considered is, 'Has a *prima facie* case been made out?' If so, you need have no hesitation in seeking the support of the whole area interested and

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of strongly urging upon the Government the claims of Waikaremoana. No one is called upon to pledge himself to the suggestion that the Waikaremoana scheme is the best one for this district or for any other district; all that those associated with the movement asks is that, if a *prima facie* case has been established, it receives the fullest investigation before any scheme for the supply of Wellington City is decided upon. And do not let it rest at that—do not let it rest until the proposal is either taken up or disposed of in a convincing manner; do not be put off with any generalisations, but insist on knowing the why and the wherefore. The power at Waikaremoana is six times that at the Huka Falls, and as a national undertaking would be unapproachable by any other power in the North Island."

Thus Mr. Birks. And now hear Mr. Evan Parry:—"Having regard to the growth of the demand for electricity in Wellington, and the requirements of other districts within the limits of an economical supply from the Hutt River, I find 10,000 kilowatts to be the size to be kept in view in designing the headworks, with a more immediate prospect of a demand of 5000 kilowatts in, say, five years from the present time. The 10,000 kilowatts happens also to be about the limit of the Hutt River, without involving abnormal expenditure. Taking 10,000 kilowatts as a basis, the question arises whether, all things considered, it is better to supply Wellington from the Hutt River or from Waikaremoana, or from some other source. A final conclusion can be reached only after examination into other sources of supply; but, considering these two sources only for the moment, the result of my investigation, so far as it has gone, may be summarised in a few words. A supply of 10,000 kilowatts could be delivered to Wellington for about the same price and the same capital expenditure from Waikaremoana as from the Hutt River. Inasmuch, however, as Wellington will not require 10,000 kilowatts for some years, but is likely to require 5000 kilowatts in, say, five years' time, then a supply of 5000 kilowatts could be given at the same rate as the larger supply of 10,000 kilowatts if the balance of 5000 kilowatts be disposed of in the same way. The principal towns to be supplied under this system of grouping are Gisborne, Hastings, Napier, Ormondville, Dannevirke, Woodville, Palmerston North, Feilding, Pahiatua, Eketahuna, Masterton, Carterton, and the Hutt Valley." [I often wondered why Mr Parry omitted Wairoa from this list.]

The late Hon. R. McKenzie, Minister of Public Works, stated in a debate in Parliament: "He might say they had not gone into the question of when electricity could be supplied to Wellington from Waikaremoana; but he had visited

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the place on two occasions within the last twelve or sixteen months, and from his knowledge of the country and the works to be established, if these were taken in hand immediately, it was quite possible to supply Wellington in three years from Waikaremoana. He might add that if he had anything to do with the Waikaremoana scheme it would be started before long."

The above will, perhaps, convey to my readers some idea of the gigantic power which lies at our very back door, waiting to be fully harnessed up to work for the betterment of the North Island. Now I may conclude by saying that the great work is at least assured, a substantial vote having been placed on the Estimates for the national scheme. The Wairoa Power Board has also, by the almost unanimous consent of the ratepayers, raised a loan of £100,000 to erect the transmission line from the headworks to the Borough of Wairoa. The arrangement is that the Government erects the headworks and sells the current to the Power Board. That body now conveys it to the borough boundary and sells to the Council for distribution. The national scheme is expected to be in operation before the end of 1930, and then the way will be open to embark on the scheme to link up the whole of the North Island by means of Mangahao (south), Waikaremoana (central), and Arapuni or some other source (north)—Arapuni is now being undertaken.

Other Schemes Compared.

The original Government electrical proposal was to utilise the Wairoa Falls, near Whangarei, for Northern Auckland; Kaituna (Rotorua) for Auckland, or possibly the Huka Falls at Taupo; Waikaremoana or Te Reinga for Gisborne and Napier; and the Hutt River for Wellington. On this the *New Zealand Times* presented some valuable considerations which still further enhance the value of Waikaremoana as a national asset, based on the declaration by the head of the Electrical Water-power Department that it is possible to transmit up to 500 miles without losing more than 5 per cent. of the power, and remarks: "This is the latest expert statement that has reached this country from the headquarters of the practical world. We understand that in a large installation in the North Island calculations for transmission of power about one-fifth of the distance, roughly speaking, are based on a loss of 30 per cent. Assuming the latter statement to be accurate as a presentment of fact, the first thing to be done will be to account for the discrepancy between the two. It seems to us that there is but one way of doing this—namely, on the supposition that recent improvements have made possible the great advance in the method of transmission which the dis-

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crepancy implies. Should that be the case, then it becomes necessary to consider the whole of the electric water-power scheme for the North Island. The distances from Lake Waikaremoana are as follow, taking them as the crow flies:—

	Miles
Waikaremoana to North Cape	380
Waikaremoana to Cape Palliser	230
Waikaremoana to New Plymouth	180
Waikaremoana to East Cape	90

"Allowing to the most liberal possible extent for deviations from the straight line, each of these distances is well within the 500-mile limit of the latest expert statement. Now, the power for the North Island, according to the scheme discussed and within limits authorised at a late session, was estimated to be derived from five stations—namely, Wairua, Kaituna, Waikaremoana (or another), Makuri, and Akatarawa. Of these, Makuri and Wairua were estimated to be able to produce each 3000 horse-power, the other three 10,000 apiece, or an aggregate from the five stations of 36,000 horse-power. Now, according to Mr Hay's report of 1904, the power to be obtained from Lake Waikaremoana reaches an estimated maximum of 134,000. Several possible localities of the power-station were considered in that report, with the estimates for each. These are six in number, three for water taken from the junction of streams issuing from the lake and three for water from the lake direct. The estimates are as follow:—

FROM JUNCTION OF STREAMS

	h.p.
(a) At 1½ miles from lake, with fall of 360 feet	24,200
(b) At 2 miles from lake, with fall of 670 feet	44,900
(c) At 4 miles from lake, with fall of 1,020 feet	67,700

DIRECT FROM LAKE

(d) With fall of 760 feet	75,000
(e) With fall of 1,070 feet	105,000
(f) With fall of 1,420 feet	134,000

"At the first glance," remarks the *New Zealand Times*, "it is evident that if these estimates are to be relied on there is in the first of the two possible groups of power-stations substantially more power to be had at two miles from this lake than there is in the whole of the five stations proposed by the original scheme, and at four miles nearly double that quantity. The possibilities from the second group, that which taps the lake direct, are very much greater. *Prima facie*, the case for concentrating at Waikaremoana appears to be very strong. One set of headworks and one power-station there would apparently give the power of the other five, the only

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consideration being whether the cost of transmission lines would be more or less than the saving on station constructions. That question would seem to be of simple solution. The case appears to be that Waikaremoana will at once give double the power required by the whole aggregate of the North Island scheme, estimate (c), and may give twice that amount with further expenditure after more complete examination, as per estimate (f)."

A Noble Concession.

The reader has now been given as fair an idea as space will permit regarding the vast and easily exploited hydro-electric potentialities of Waikaremoana. But till recently there has been a fly in the ointment in the fact that the bush areas surrounding the lake, the watershed, and possibly the lake-bed itself are Maori property. At present the lake waters are clear as crystal, but it needs very little exercise of the imaginative powers of man to conceive what might happen if all the bush were chopped down and burnt. For one thing, Waikaremoana's great natural beauty would be gone, and the crystal reservoir would become a muddy basin. Thanks, however, to the generosity of the tribes, a total of about 73,000 acres of land has been handed over to the Government for water conservation and scenic purposes. I use the words "handed over" advisedly, for it amounts to that. In other words, under the consolidation scheme for the Urewera Country, promoted by the Government and fostered by the good offices of the Hon. A. Te Ngata, M.P. (Eastern Maori electorate), it was agreed that the whole of the Waikaremoana block should be vested in the Crown, the Native owners exchanging for other lands north of Waikaremoana on a basis of a price of 6s an acre and by purchase as regards the balance on a basis of 15s an acre, certain reserves to be made for Native owners at Te Kopani, in Hereheretau B block and elsewhere. Briefly put, and as the map attached to the parliamentary paper giving the details of the consolidation scheme shows, the Native owners have walked out of the Waikaremoana area, and the Government and people of New Zealand have walked in. The New Zealand Natives are one of the most sentimental peoples in the world, and the lands of their ancestors are, if possible, as dear, or dearer, to them than the ancestral lands of British people in the Home Country. Given up for the public weal are such historic spots as Huia-rau, Pukehuia, Pa-te-kaha, Puketapu, and all the many sacred places of the Maoris of the past. How many Pakehas in New Zealand would have done this, and not asked for a full pound of flesh in the shape of current coin of the realm? When the ancestral stories of the Vere de Veres, the Howards, and the Cecils are being told round the firesides of the future, let the reciter tell

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also the story of the magnanimous sacrifice made by the Maori owners in the Waikaremoana block. To conclude this bright episode in the dealings of the Pakeha with the Natives, let me quote the words addressed to the author by the Hon. J. G. Coates, the Native Minister, in August, 1923:—"I would like to state that the tribes responsible for the generous action of exchanging out of the Waikaremoana block, so as to leave to the Crown, for climatic and water-conservation purposes, the bush all around the Waikaremoana Lake as far back as the Huia-rau Range and Maunga-Pohatu, were the Tuhoe tribe, Ngati-Ruapani and Ngati-Kahungunu. We cannot speak too highly of the generosity and public spirit shown by these Native tribes, and future generations of both races will reap the reward of the noble action of our Maori brethren."

So now never will the axe be laid to the roots of the forest giants of Waikaremoana, nor may the devastating match be allowed wilfully to burn off the varicoloured mantles circling the shoulders of the giant peaks. Nor will there ever be lifted the prohibition issued by the powers that be to the shooting of our native birds in this historic area. Doff your hats, oh Pakeha brethren, for the generous Maori has served you better than a so-called white man served the British nation in the sale of the famed Lakes of Killarney!

Te Reinga Falls.

These fine falls, already described as one of the sights that should claim the attention of visitors, have been the subject of Government proposals as a source of power. Mr. P. S. Hay, C.E., reported in 1904:—"These falls are situated just below the junction of the Ruakituri and Hangaroa Rivers. The drainage area above the falls is 531 square miles. When gauged the flow of water was 2088 cubic feet per second, but this was very much above the low-water flow, which is estimated to be only one-fourth of that measured. About 125 feet fall is obtainable by about twenty chains of drive or pipes, and about 6000 b.h.p. could be got for continuous working, or about 12,000 b.h.p. for all the water half-time. The distance of the falls from Wairoa is twenty miles by road. There is at present no local use for the power (?). The cost of development should not be great. In addition to the quarter-mile of conduit there would be two weirs to build—one across the Ruakituri and one across the Hangaroa. This would be likely to be cheaper than a single dam across the river below the junction, where the water appears to be very deep, or a weir could be built almost wholly on the sandstone reef on which the road now runs. This would probably be the cheaper plan. Some storage, and perhaps some additional height, could be got in this way." I may also add that the Borough Council had a report prepared to harness the falls to secure, in addition, electricity to

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pump water on the Waiau for a town supply, but it was abandoned on the decision to take Waikaremoana. The Borough Council, however, holds and intends to hold the permit to utilise these fine falls as a source of hydro-electric power. It might be needed in the future if the Government failed to go on with the national scheme at Waikaremoana—a very unlikely eventuality. [Since then the national scheme is assured.]

Here is a fitting place to mention the possibility of a valuable oilfield in the Opoutama district, where, now and again, outcrops of shale and lignite have been reported. Some years ago a geologist known to the author wrote thus:—"Apart altogether from the scenic point of view, the whole district is of great interest to the geologist, and especially at present, when the talk is of nothing but oil, oil, oil, and at such a price. The aims of a geologist are not altogether commercial, but in this case his investigations may be the means of opening up an oilfield of enormous dimensions. From Gisborne to Opoutama there is a long and enormous mass of oil-bearing shale. At Opoutama it breaks off, to reappear at Waimarama. The intervening part lies underneath the waters of Hawke's Bay. The opening up of the oilfield which undoubtedly exists there will make the district a great manufacturing centre, where all the mineral resources round about will be properly exploited. At Waikokopu there is a harbour which, with a little dredging, will be one of the finest small-craft harbours in the Southern Hemisphere. On the shores of this harbour one can imagine a huge town in the not far distant future if New Zealand business men throw off their apathy and rouse themselves to the fact of the tremendous oil possibilities. The site would be ideal. All around Opoutama there are abundant indications of oil. In several places on the hillside there are little patches where the vegetation will not grow, and where the oil is continually oozing from the ground. In other places gas rushes from the ground in tremendous quantities. These can be ignited, and they give a flame many feet in height. One of these gas springs was lit, and burned in a flame of enormous size and force for several weeks. It was not until a heavy storm arose that the wind and rain at last extinguished a beacon which could be seen for many miles. Much has yet to be learned about the geology of this district, but when the various problems connected with it have been properly thrashed out, then will come the time when the ocean-bed will be tapped, and when Opoutama, which is now declining, will be the site of a populous town.

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Possible Oilfields.

"There can be no doubt in the very near future Opoutama has a great chance of rivalling the oilfields of Pennsylvania and elsewhere. Prospectors and enterprising American speculators have, it is said, obtained rights over certain properties, so that if care is not taken we may yet have an oil trust in New Zealand controlled by American capitalists. The same is taking place in other parts of New Zealand, in Weber, in Taranaki, in Poverty Bay—in fact, every place that there is the slightest chance of oil being obtained.

"Oil does not alone exhaust the list of mineral resources with which the Mahia peninsula and the district around Opoutama abound. Pyrites, etc., have been found. This mineral, although of very little commercial value, is an indication that gold may at some time be discovered. Between Opoutama and Waikokopu coal has been discovered in the cliff face, but not in payable quantities. The seams are not continuous, although the coal obtained is said to be of first-class quality. It is probable, judging by the high dip of the strata seawards, that the larger and better seams lie underneath the bay. On the other side of Mahia good anthracite coal has been found, but not in payable quantities. To appreciate thoroughly the beauties as well as the possibilities of the district, one must pay a visit there, which will be abundantly worth while."

I am not convinced that there is not coal, oil, and gold within the confines of the Wairoa district, and some honest attempt ought to be made to discover if such exist. It is freely admitted there is enough undiscovered wealth hidden in the bowels of the earth in the Dominion to pay off the National Debt, huge though it be. Yet no geological survey of this part of the East Coast has yet been made. In 1909 the Mines Department brought the Urewera District Native Reserve under the operation of the Mining Act, the boundary set forth being published in the Governor's proclamation as follows:—"All that area in the Auckland and Hawke's Bay Land Districts, containing by admeasurement 656,000 acres, more or less. Bounded towards the north by the confiscation-boundary line; towards the east generally by the Waimana and Tahora No. 2 Blocks; towards the south-east by the Waipaoa Block, the Waikaremoana Lake, by forest reserve, educational reserve, Block V, Waiau Survey District, and Section No. 1, Block VIII, Mangahopai Survey District; towards the south-west by the Waiau River to the northernmost corner of Maungataniwha Block, thence by a right line to the trig. station on Maungataniwha, and thence by Heruiwi No. 4 Block; and towards the west generally by Whirinaki, Kuhawaea No. 1, Waiohau Nos. 1b, 1a, and 2, and Taurarangaia

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Blocks to the confiscation-boundary line at Tapapa-kiekie." Attached to the throwing open of the area in question there were some simple regulations made prohibiting any but holders of miners' rights from prospecting, the destruction of native or imported game, or the felling of timber (except for mining purposes). A tapu was also laid on the cutting of timber or flax within the reserve on any land used or set apart for cultivation, residence, or burial grounds. Further, it was provided that a royalty of sixpence per ounce of gold won should be paid to the Native owners, and subject to these reasonable restrictions the area mentioned is open to every prospector in New Zealand who is willing to pay 10s for a license. I cannot see that any of these restrictions are vexatious or prohibitive, but I am not sure that the boundary line to the north and west embraces the best of the country. At the same time, as I have already stated, I am convinced the work is one that should be taken up by the State, even more readily than the supply of power from the lakes and streams of this Dominion. Private enterprise in the direction of prospecting the Urewera Country thoroughly has been a distinct failure.

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CHAPTER XXVIII

TUHOE AND THE MINER

THE FORBIDDEN LAND—WHAT THE PICK FOUND—MORE TRACES—A FLAT REFUSAL—A SURVEY CALLED FOR.

The Forbidden Land.

The Urewera Country or Tuhoe Land, properly called, was, like the "King" Country at one time, a territory in which the Queen's writ did not run, for was it not outside the "aukati" line drawn by the Hauhaus, a spot where rebels and murderers might hide, and the strong arm of the law might not reach them? It was while the country was in this state that rumours began to spread that the district was probably auriferous, and certainly full of minerals of one kind and another. Among other tales told was one respecting a mountain of iron-ore than which—if associated with coal or oil—even gold would be hardly more valuable. All these rumours, alleged by some to be "fairy tales," whetted the appetites of the old gold-diggers, who conjured up visions of Gabriel's Gully and other famous New Zealand finds. Many of these practical men endeavoured to invade the fastnesses of Tuhoe Land in olden days, and were both promptly and determinedly turned back.

But still, like forbidden pleasures, the forbidden land was a kind of loadstone to the prospector, but as often as he sought to attack the supposed mineral wealth he had to fall back. However, the opportunity came with the war. Where the man with the pick and the cradle could not go, the man behind the rifle did; and though time did not permit of much prospecting, it is to the soldier we are indebted for anything we know as to the mineral prospects of Tuhoe Land.

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What the Pick Found.

Mr. J. P. Ward, when engaged on Colonel Whitmore's expedition against the Urewera—described elsewhere—tells a story which certainly has never yet been contradicted, except in theory, by geologists who knew nothing of the country far back. I give the story with some reserve, as a possibility. It has not yet been proved untrue, and till then it is worth—what is it worth?

Mr. Ward states that on one fine afternoon about 2 o'clock, when well under the frowning spurs of Tuhoe Land, he was detailed off to take half a dozen men with him and carefully explore a by-track for three or four miles for traces of the Maoris, and report to the main body. "It was whilst on this short expedition," states my informant, "that I first got conclusive proofs that gold existed in the land of the Urewera. We had marched, the seven of us, for about a couple of hours since leaving our main body, quietly, and with finger on trigger, scarcely drawing breath; for death, it might be, awaited us at every step, and we did not know but we might get a volley from unseen foes at any moment. But the track carried no fresh traces (any enemy met with would be coming along the track towards us, not going along as we were, so that was in our favour). Well, on reaching a small creek-bottom—the whole country was creeks, gullies, and mountains—we halted after a careful look round, and those of us who smoked lit our pipes. I and a comrade named Peter Nelson went to a small pool under a little waterfall to get a drink. Whilst doing so Peter remarked to me, 'By Jove, there is quartz in this wash!'—the wash of the little creek. 'Nonsense, Peter,' I said, 'there is no quartz in this blamed country.' 'Yes, there is,' he said; 'look here,' and he handed me four bits of what undoubtedly was quartz right enough.

"This brought the rest of our party down to us at the pool. 'What's up, chaps; got some diamonds, eh?' was almost said in chorus by our fellows. 'No, Jimmy, not diamonds,' said old Peter Nelson, 'but I'll bet this stone carries gold.' Now, five out of the seven of us were more or less experienced gold-miners, either in Victoria or here in New Zealand, Peter Nelson especially so, and we were not at all likely to be taken in like new chums. We fossicked about, as the miners say, for a while, and tried some of the wash in our mess-plates—I refer to the tin Daubeny mess-plate with a sort of handle soldered on its top rim to hold salt or what not. Crude and all as the means of 'panning off' was, we got colours of gold, about a couple of grains altogether. A small leader about ten inches wide, as near as I can remember, ran transversely across the waterfall, and it

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was from this the bits of quartz and gold we got had been shed. We knocked out of this leader, and gathered up, about four pounds of this stone, put it in our haversacks, and returned to the main body as ordered. I carried my portion of this quartz with me all through the Urewera Country, out of it and up to Taupo. There, in speaking to the late Mr. Samuel Locke, then R.M. for Taupo, about the Urewera Country, I mentioned to him that I had found specks in there a few years previously. I gave him the few pebbles of quartz (about ten or twelve ounces, perhaps), and he got them assayed at the Thames for a return of gold—so he informed me—of £4 11s. 5d. per ton. Not at all bad, seeing that the 'stringer' was in sight from which the stone had been shed. It was well worth hunting up, but I have never seen the spot from that day to this. I reported my find many years afterwards to the late Sir A. J. Cadman (an old acquaintance on Coromandel), and this gentleman, as also did Mr. Locke, promised to arrange for me to get into Urewera Country—Tuhoe Land I'll call it now, please. Again, twice I approached the late Mr. Seddon, reporting particulars, and I was met with distinct promises that something would be done to enable me to go in there; but nothing came of these promises either(1). My next introduction to Tuhoe Land," says Mr. Ward, "was when I went up with my wife and family to take charge of the Government accommodation-house there, known as Lake House. Thirty-five years had almost elapsed since I and my comrades, almost frozen with cold, with only one thin field blanket and a greatcoat, without any food other than dark, sticky, ill-looking horse-flesh, stood grouped together, hungry and cold, on the other side of Huia-rau hills yonder from Onepoto. Now it presents itself an extremely pleasant-looking mountain range, azure blue in appearance, and with the loveliest sheet of sparkling waters, stretching away into the distance from my feet here on Te Onepu sands up to the dark ravines and gullies of this same Huia-rau range, that ever the eye of man—or woman—could wish to look upon. And this is Waikaremoana! The objective of our brilliant march through Tuhoe Land yonder over 50 years ago! Waikaremoana! The Sea of Rippling Waters! Fit name for such a glorious panorama of waters, which really seem to be dozens of lakelets rolled into one, as it were. What a kaleidoscope of thoughts rush over one such as myself, as I stand here near the site of the first camp pitched by Major Scannell's No. 2 Division of our old fighting field force? Gallant No. 2! Where are all your splendid fellows

(1). No doubt, in the case of the two first-named gentlemen, they had reckoned without their host. Tuhoe did not want prospectors and—the Government did not want any disturbances.

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now? Yes, where indeed? Where are my own immediate comrades of old No. 6 Division?—'My young division,' as Colonel Whitmore always loved to call us, after what he was pleased to term our splendid conduct at the battle of Papatiakiaki, miscalled Okotuku, or Moturoa. Aye, where are they all? Nearly all have gone the way poor mortality go—willing or not willing—when the time arrives to shuffle off this mortal coil. I felt, I confess it now, very lonely and miserable as I stood just at Te Onepoto, at 'The Rippling Sea's' outlet, and thought thusly.

"But I am an old soldier, dear reader, and these thoughts of my old comrades, and the many deeds in which they, with me, took part, will crowd in upon me at times. I cannot help it being so, but I crave pardon for the digression, and promise not to again offend. For I have been asked by a friend to write up Waikaremoana and Tuhoe Land, and not to relate my own heart-burnings as a disappointed old soldier. But in writing up either it is almost impossible to keep the military question out of any account of old-time Waikaremoana and Tuhoe Land, for the glamour of battle still hangs over the land and always will, like the mists on Huia-rau.

More Traces.

"But to resume. During the trifle over two years I was at Lake House I had no chance to get over Huia-rau to hunt up my old mineral find. The Tuhoe as a people were, and still are, too suspicious. The country was not then proclaimed for the prospector, but whilst hunting for a 'live gravel' at one time for some concrete work to be done at Lake House, I was up some considerable distance in a branch of the Opuruahine River, and in this branch I found nice quartz, and a few specks of very fine gold in the wash or gravel I took back with me. In a small gully, too, leading into the aforesaid branch I found a very large ironstone formation covering evidently a big mineral outcrop. As I had only a small shingling hammer with me I could not knock much of this cap off, but I got a pound or so in weight of it, and from my own assays got both gold and silver values, but not strong—a trifle under six shillings per ton. This formation also carried platinum, while a little further up the same gully I found distinct traces of cinnabar (the matrix of mercury or quicksilver) and 'black-jack' or pitch-blende, from which uranium is obtained, as I have already stated. Uranium, again, is the matrix of the highly-priced element radium. This gully, if I could have followed it up and out, would have brought me (so my compass told me) not far from the northern end or shore of Waikare-iti, also an

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extremely beautiful little lake, some three miles or so distant towards the north and east from the larger lake. I merely mention about this gully's head probably not being far distant from Waikare-iti, because on a little creek running into this small lake on its northern side I also got minute colours of gold in the wash. This, too, in the face of the fact that most of the shore sands of Waikare-iti are a pure pumice!

A Flat Refusal.

"I would have dearly liked to explore the country lying between Waikare-iti and the western side of Huia-rau, but I could not. Some nine months after I again approached 'the powers that be,' in the person of the Hon. R. McKenzie, then Minister of Mines, stating that if he was sending out subsidized prospecting parties I was willing to head such a party, taking my own assay plant free of charge, or I would make one of a party if such were sent into Tuhoe Land and to the head-waters of the Mohaka River (where there is gold also). The Minister, without any hyperbole or circumlocution, I must admit, told me plainly and tersely, NO, and there the matter in a measure ended. Some portion of Tuhoe Land has been proclaimed as a gold-field, or a prospecting area, under restrictions which gives the Tuhoe folk all the cake, and the prospector all the hard work and the doubtful privilege, as well as the pleasure, of paying for it. A strange thing in connection with this Tuhoe Land proclaimed prospecting area is that I have never been able to see a plan of it, nor have I heard of anyone else who has. I am therefore unable to say whether the site of my find is inside or outside of the proclaimed area. I have spoken to Sir James Carroll, when Native Minister, who then represented my district in Parliament, and I have read what the hon. gentleman was alleged to have said in Wairoa—that 'before the field was proclaimed a lot was heard about the gold in the Urewera Country; now that it is open for prospecting nothing whatever is heard.' Well, I, as one who did find gold in there, as I say, and who offered years ago to make one of a party to locate my old find again, am convinced there is gold in Tuhoe Land. Four years later I located a much larger find, but not nearly so rich, and as I have already mentioned, I was met with a distinct negative. While on the subject of the mineral possibilities of Tuhoe Land I may as well reiterate my own humble opinion, to which I shall adhere until confuted. It is this: that there is gold in there, and I firmly believe very rich gold, too. There is also platinum, cinnabar, and pitch-blende (the matrix from which uranium and radium are obtained). Pitch-blende is well known to old miners as 'black-jack.' There is gold in there, and I think fairly plentiful, too, but it is difficult

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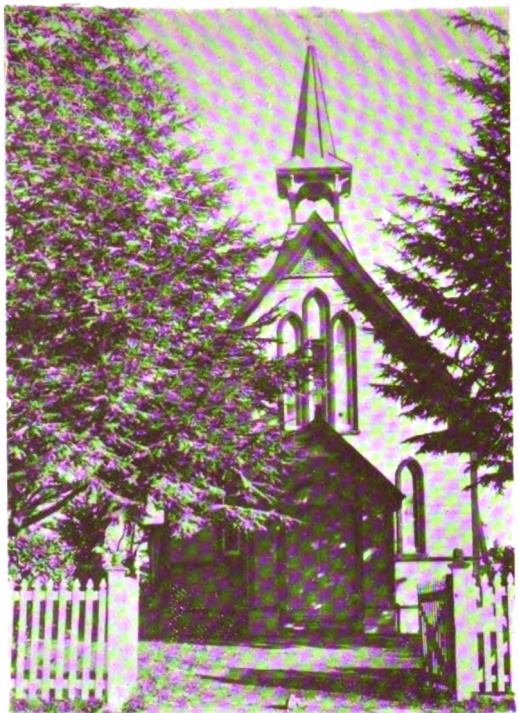

St. Peter's Catholic Church, Wairoa, 1925

Christ Church (Anglican), Frasertown

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The Vicarage, 1921

Stores and Offices of Williams and Kettle, Ltd., North Clyde, 1925

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St. John's Maori Church, Te Uhi, 1921

New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Buildings, 1925
Property of Wairoa Harbour Board

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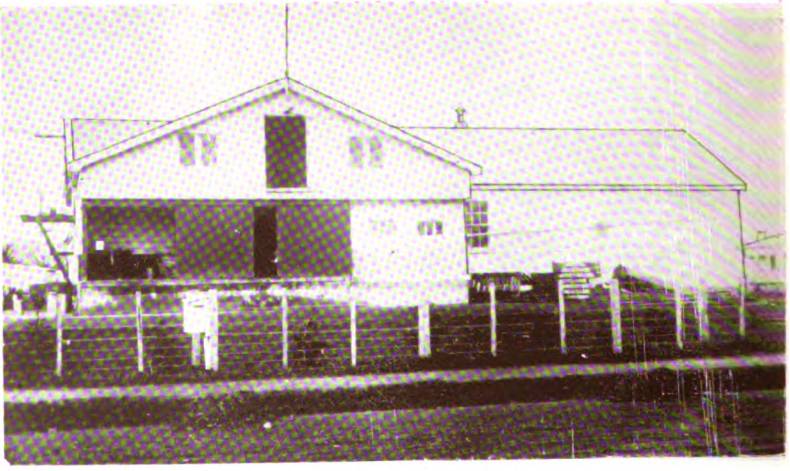
Dalgety and Co.'s Offices and Stores, Marine Parade, 1925



Wairoa Co-operative Dairy Factory, Limited

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country to get about in. The thick, dense bush, rugged hill-tops and mountains, deep gullies, and heavy rainfall make it, as I say, a difficult country for the prospector, but that there is a big field in there for the careful prospector I have no doubt. The zone of mineral country extends very little east of Huia-rau range, but on the other hand extends considerably to the westward of this range, in places almost right out to the pumice plateau of the Kaingaroa. Geologically speaking, the Huia-rau range and its own true lateral spurs are composed of the oldest rocks in the Dominion, and should carry most if not all the valuable minerals usually found in granitic schists and micaceous schists, of which these mountains are largely composed. The Kaingaroa plateau on the west and the Poverty Bay-Wairoa low-lying hills on the east are much more recent, the former especially so. I need hardly tell my readers that the Huia-rau range is part and parcel of the geologically peculiar backbone of these islands—the 'ika whenua' of the Maoris. Beginning in the north near Cape Runaway, and after traversing the island under the names of Te Raukamaru, Huia-rau, Kaweka (with Kaimaniawa as an offshoot), Ruahine and Tararua, it is lost amidst the precipices of Terawhiti Cape at Cook Strait, to rise again in the South Island as the St. Arnaud, the Spencer, and Southern Alps, with all the latter's many ramifications throughout Central Otago and Southland."

Mr. Ward, in his persistency, reminds me somewhat of Galileo of old before his accusers, except that he is only charged with persistency. He was never silent (while he lived), and as yet he is not proved in the wrong; and who will blame him? Persistency is an admirable trait of character, and thoroughly woven into the character of "John Bull" all the world over.

A Survey Called For.

It should not be left to private enterprise to determine the question whether or not Tuhoe Land contains minerals. This should be the duty of the Government, and as there are now no State difficulties barring the way, the Department of Mines should dispatch a fully equipped party into this *terra incognita,* and as far as human science, knowledge, and skill can go, settle the matter once for all. I am not convinced Mr. Ward was mistaken in what he found, nor am I surprised that he could not find the spot again. The undergrowths do not take long in this forest area to obliterate guiding marks at one time quite plain, but now undistinguishable. At all events the geologic survey of Wairoa County is long overdue. No one will be prepared to dispute my statement that there may be enough undiscovered mineral wealth

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in New Zealand to pay off the National Debt(2) (I refer to the Dominion, of course), and who can say, in the absence of a report by skilled officers, that Wairoa is not also rich in the same way? Traces of oil and natural escaping gases in the Mahia district suggest shale-beds, and even a small coal outcrop is reported there and at the head-waters of the Waiau, south-west of Waikaremoana. Gypsum, worth £78 per ton, has been found up the Waikaremoana road, and maybe iron also, for iron-sand has been observed on the beaches to the east of the Wairoa River. Wairoa is fully entitled to the survey to which I have referred, and the authorities should not stay their pen hand till it has been granted.

(2). A valued friend, to whom I submitted the manuscript of this section, says: "I doubt your man, who knows of gold. He's been to the Bunyip Country."

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CHAPTER XXIX

THE AGE OF PROGRESS

THEN AND NOW—THE FREEZING WORKS—THE WOOL INDUSTRY—FLAX-DRESSING—THE DAIRY INDUSTRY—"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"—A. & P. SOCIETIES—THE LOCAL BODIES.

Then and Now.

Those who are living in this age of Peace and Progress grumble because they have not a motor road to their doors; they grumble still more when asked to put their hands in their pockets to provide modern and improved means of communication. Let all such fancy what it must have been like in the olden days to men—and women too—seeking to carve out homes in the wilderness, where they met with many dangers and discouragements. The past or the passing generation has done its part, and done it well: let the men and women of the New Era rise to the occasion and do theirs. The Past is now gone into the limbo of forgetfulness and the Present looms up before, while the Future beckons to us to reach out for the blessings in store for those who play their part aright. Mrs. Partington, of blessed memory, has said that "comparisons are odorous." Well, perhaps they were at times—when the whale oil was being tried out at the Heads—but those I am about to make are not so. They are pleasant to read about, to contemplate or to take part in. Let the reader bear in mind what I have already written about Old Wairoa, and note the contrasts as I try to present them in the text and illustration. As I visited the various Wairoa show-grounds of late years and saw the large assemblages of well-dressed Europeans and the hundreds of happy, bright-faced children, the smart-looking Natives mounted on their splendid hacks, and the various exhibitions of horsemanship going on, one could not fail to be convinced that the county had indeed made marvellous progress in sixty years, though in some respects I could have wished it were greater. For still within a stone-throw of the town there are valuable areas of land practically lying waste, when they ought to be smiling homestead farms producing fat stock or running thousands of gallons of milk daily to our dairy factory, which is equipped to deal as easily with the milk of 1,000 cows as that of 250. Leaving this to one side, it must be conceded that the

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progress of Wairoa has beeen indeed great. It has, too, been a progress from within, for there was very little outside aid or even encouragement given to her people. Every Government in succession bled the people by taxation, and then neglected them in the annual budgets. They taxed the man on the land for roads and bridges in Hawke's Bay South, for railways and harbours in the south and to provide palatial housing for well-paid Government officials. But the man on the land got practically nothing in the shape of roads, railways or bridges—at least, not a tenth of that to which he was entitled. He might flounder up to his neck on bush-tracks or hang on by the skin of his eyebrows to the steep and narrow faces he was trying to negotiate in order to reach his home. To help him was not even thought of, so that his needs had to be thrust again and again under the noses of Ministers. Yet Wairoa was then always Conservative in politics. For that matter, all political parties treated the district alike, but the "Continuous Ministry" worst of all. For was not Wairoa the *ultima thule,* the *terra incognita* of the politician?—so much so that one honourable gentleman once in "The Lords," discussing some requirement of the Waikaremoana Riding of the county, expressed the pious wish that the Waikaremoana portion of the county might be blotted off the map of New Zealand—and it might have been had the honourable gentleman as great a monopoly of earthquakes as he had of the broad acres of New Zealand. Waikaremoana once broke a Government—that was enough. What may now be witnessed of progress is the work of our own settlers, brought about by strenuous pioneering in the face of many difficulties and discouragements. Justice, however, compels me to admit that during the last few years the Reform Government, under the leadership of the late Hon. W. F. Massey, has done a great deal for the Wairoa portion of the East Coast, and to a considerable extent has made amends for the lack of past Administrations. Now that Wairoa has made her voice heard, she should keep on agitating till she secures her rightful place as a unit of the Dominion—and a very fertile unit, too.

If the Wairoa Natives do not now grow wheat or maize it is because shearing, bushfalling, dairying, or the raising of sheep, cattle, and horses pays them better. The Maori people, though not contributing much to the sum total of wool, flax, meat, or butter, yet contribute largely to the volume in the labour they give to help in the production. The days of the horse being numbered, motor cars have taken its place, and the hundreds of fine vehicles in evidence at last year's local shows were a revelation to outsiders. The Maori mat and the shawl have given place to tailor-made suits for the men, and fairly stylish, too;

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while the dusky maidens, whose fathers and mothers were once dressed in flax, if dressed at all, now appear in stylish costumes, high-heeled shoes, transparent collars and openwork stockings. But—and there is a but—of the modern Maori, a talented lady, on her return to Maoriland, said of her own people:—"The pa seemed to be peopled mostly by small boys, mature ladies, and slinking dogs. The dog of the pa seems to have a character all his own. He yelps instead of barking, and he has less spirit than a frog. I don't like him. He is no more like the ancient, aristocratic Maori dog than is a high-bred Berkshire like a Captain Cook porker. But of the Maoris themselves there can be no complaining. They are a hospitable folk. I was given tea, and shown over the great meeting-house by a Maori lady who spoke English rather better than my own. It is a very fine meeting-house. Jessie McLachlan once sang in it, and the fact is still remembered without regret. Indeed, it is plain that the Maoris are a gentle and forgiving folk. We have taken their land and coddled them and patronized them and humbugged them half to death. We found them a race of warriors and we have made them a race of shirks. I said to a Maori: 'Isn't there a good demand for Maori mats and that sort of thing?' 'Yes,' I was told, 'and very good prices are paid.' But the Maoris have lost energy and ambition. Enough to eat, enough simple amusement—that is all they want. As a rule they are perfectly improvident and foolish in business. There are, of course, exceptions; but the old Maori spirit is dead. I do not like my people—they irritate me. All over this country, that was once our country, men are making money. The Maoris could make money, too, and a few of them do. It would be good for them to work hard, it might even save them; but they only want to dawdle along." That is indeed the crowning tragedy of the subjugated races, whether so subjugated by force of arms or by the forces of civilization. In Asia, in some parts of which the conquered people still live their natural life in their ancient manner, there is no marked physical or moral deterioration; but surround a conquered people by white settlement and make them the prey of white philanthropy and customs, and as sure as water runs, they will go to the dogs in the long run unless a miracle occurs.

The chief causes of Maori mortality in the early European days were Rum, Rifles, and Blankets! Curious I should have to include blankets, but such is the case. Rum, which is a generic name for all alcoholic liquors, sowed the seeds of death, sterility, and physical decay in the old-time Maoris; rifles took heavy toll of numbers in certain areas; and blankets, I say, crowned the work of destruction. Wet and cold the Maori sat

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and shivered in his ill-ventilated whare, and the blanket, far from helping to keep him warm, brought about pneumonia, lung-congestion, and tuberculosis; while out in the bush or on the hill-side, arrayed only in a flax pake, or even naked, he was once immune from all these diseases.

But to return to the Pakehas. Before the days of the car the modes of travel varied, vehicles of all kinds being built locally in city style, from four-horse coaches to waggonettes or spindle gigs. Now the cars have come to stay, the garage has been substituted to a great extent, and six or eight establishments are needed for the requirements of Wairoa. Sanitation and town lighting are now attended to. The former, if not exactly scientific, is at least effective, and the health of the people is magnificent; whilst one glance at our streets when the pupils are dismissed from school—about 500 of them—or on holiday occasions, shows that healthy child-life is abundant, and infant mortality a minimum quantity. When the contemplated water-supply is installed, preventible deaths should be very few. The street lighting has emerged in succession from the tallow-candle age to kerosene and an electric light produced by a suction gas plant, which was wasteful of coal. Now there has been turned on from Lake Waikaremoana a flood of light on the doings of those who love darkness rather than light because their deeds are—well, sometimes not just what they ought to be.

A change has truly come o'er the spirit of the dream. Our lands have been broken in away into the hinterland, where not many years ago "the Queen's writ" did not run. The dense bush—much of it beautiful in the extreme—which once clothed all the back country has gone up in smoke, and has given place to the equally beautiful and more practical bright green hill-sides and sheltered valleys dotted with well-bred sheep and cattle browsing in contentment; while the owners, if not too busy, might sit under their own vine and fig tree, neither fearing the vengeance of the aboriginal nor feeling the weight of his tomahawk.

The Freezing Works.

I have shown some of the struggles of the early pastoralists of Wairoa at a time when Depression, like a gaunt spectre, stalked through the world; at a time when the people of the United Kingdom were too poor to adequately clothe themselves with the product of New Zealand, wool then being sent Home in the smart clippers of the seventies and eighties; at a time, too, when employment was scarce in Wairoa and wages low. Then came in the era of Refrigeration, which did so much for the New Zealand pastoral industry, for labour and for shipping interests.

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Yet for many years Wairoa farmers were content to travel their sheep overland 80 miles to reach the freezing establishments south or north of Wairoa, not only incurring great travelling expenses, but losing weight and incurring other depreciation. For many years advocates of local refrigeration, both in the press and on the platform, sought in vain to bring Wairoa into line, and it was not till the year 1915 that a successful issue resulted. The Wairoa Farmers' Co-operative Meat Company, Limited, was formed on 16th June, 1915, with a nominal capital of £100,000. This result was largely the outcome of the belief that the river works, just then finished, would enable the output to be regularly dispatched to the liners in the Napier roadstead or off the river. Since then, the works not proving the success expected, the company has had a great many difficulties to contend with, but the adoption of increased storage space to enable frozen meat to be held against the time when the bar chose to be on its best behaviour enabled the company to carry on, though not without many stops. In addition to freezing sheep, lambs, and cattle, the company does all manner of fellmongering, wool-scouring, tallow and manure manufacturing, and has taken up the tinning of meats on the premises by means of a competent staff and an up-to-date canning plant, most of it electrically driven. Unfortunately, at the present time the slump in the beef market has also affected tinned products, and for the time being this class of work has been suspended. In all this the company's works take premier place in the local industries of Wairoa, employing on the average 200 hands during the busy season, whilst the sum of approximately £40,000 annually is paid out in wages or salaries, most of the same being spent in the district. The progress of the works and of the district, *pari passu,* are both reflected in the following returns of slaughterings, etc.:—

Season	Sheep	Lambs	Total Sheep and Lambs	Cattle	Calves	Pigs
1917	44,486	2,417	46,903	1,196	—	—
1918	95,082	8,416	104,498	1,979	—	—
1919	115,351	15,956	131,307	2,684	—	—
1920	123,943	29,252	153,195	3,664	—	—
1921	80,674	37,125	117,799	968	—	—
1922	101,324	68,102	169,426	2,020	31	—
1923	56,806	78,489	135,295	1,035	—	312
1924	58,264	46,887	105,151	2,142	758	470
1925	50,723	35,614	86,337	4,124	1,172	207
	727,653	322,258	1,049,911	19,812	1,961	989

The drop in 1921 was entirely due to bad bar conditions.

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When the Wairoa-Waikokopu railway is completed, which should be in less than two years, and the creek harbour properly developed or an outer harbour provided, there will be at least one reliable outlet for the export of produce from the works, and it may confidently be expected that congestion in the freezing chambers will then be a thing of the past and the company will be enabled to make more rapid strides than it has hitherto done, especially as soon as still cheaper hydro-electric power is obtained from the main Waikaremoana scheme; then the difference between the cost of the annual coal bill and what the electricity account may be expected to total is likely to be sufficient to make a very considerable addition to the annual dividends of the company.

The Wool Industry.

Referring the reader back to the chapter detailing the vision of the late William Colenso regarding "the barren lands" of Wairoa, I propose to show the vast change which has been wrought. The output of our staple product, wool, is now so great that a reputable outside firm finds it profitable to assist in the development of the industry by establishing an up-to-date wool-grading, dumping and exporting premises on the north side of the river, namely, the New Zealand Shipping Company's stores; others also have come forward to assist the local A. and P. societies to hold demonstrations of sheep-shearing by machinery. Shearing by hand is rapidly going out of date, so much so that the rising generation of native shearers do not handle the old Burgon and Ball sheep-shears as did their forefathers. The old style has given place to up-to-date machines driven by gas engines, soon to give way to electric motors. The wool export during the last 14 years is as follows:—

Year.	Bales.	Year.	Bales.
1911	668	1918	1,404
1912	853	1919	1,567
1913	978	1920	3,445
1914	869	1921	2,850
1915	749	1922	2,129*
1916	596	1923	1,910*
1917	1,065	1924	11,068

* The drop 1922-1923 was due to prices fluctuating, and, the farming position being good, many held over for higher prices.

When the Ruakituri and Mangapoike lands come into full production, and that "Old Man of the Sea," the "Native Land Question," has been given his quietus, it may be expected that the total wool export will almost double itself within the near future. In February, 1878, there were in Wairoa County 66

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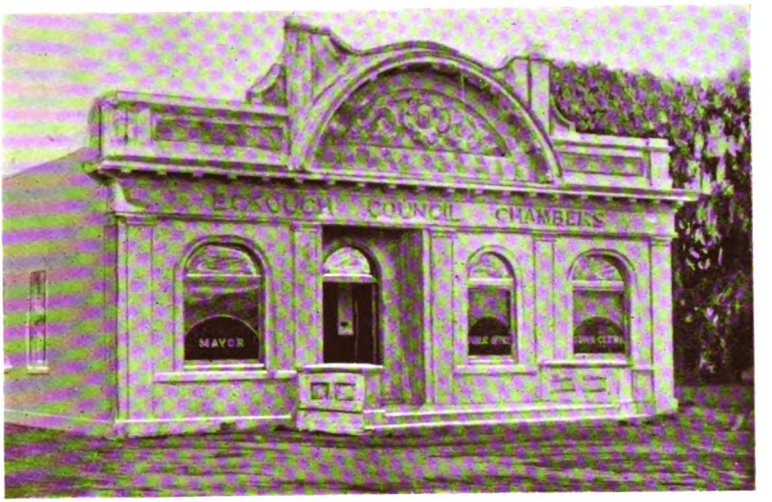

Borough Council Chambers, 1921

The Band Rotunda, Coronation Square
St. Andrew's in background

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Hawke's Bay Farmers' Co-operative Association's Premises, 1925

On the Route of the East Coast Railway

Viaduct to be built over Mohaka River. When finished it will be the highest in New Zealand, 373 feet above the river

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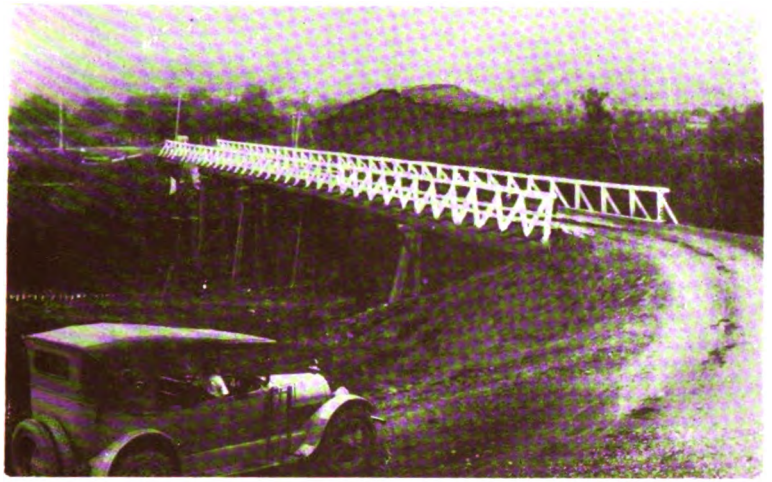

Scamperdown (Kahauroa) Bridge, Frasertown
On road to Wairoa

Borough Power Station, 1921

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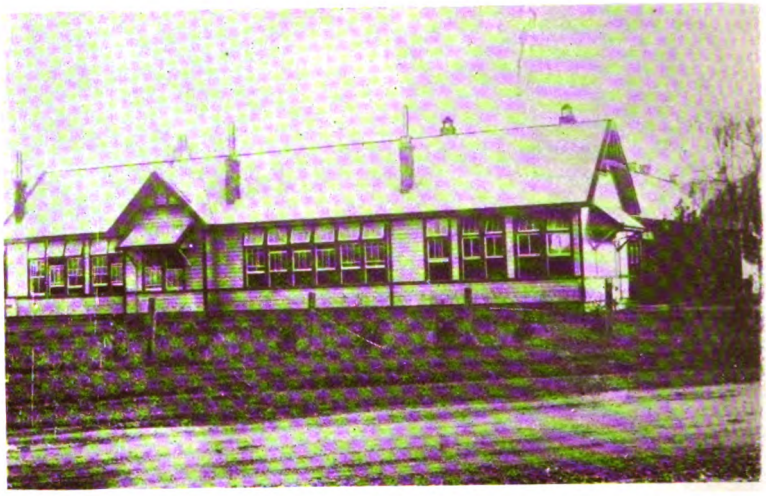

Eastern Wing, Wairoa District High School, 1925

St. Paul's Anglican Church, 1921

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holdings over one acre in extent; in 1923 there were 465. In 1878 the grass-sown land not previously ploughed totalled 41,904 acres; in 1923 the total was 390,308 acres.

Flax-dressing. Flax, which in early days afforded the Natives a means of procuring guns wherewith to slaughter each other, is still grown in Wairoa, and milled on the Awatere in an up-to-date factory housing the latest electric scutching and dressing plants. The industry, which on occasions provides employment for about 30 persons, has had a set-back owing to a serious swamp fire some years ago, but operations are still being carried on in modern works situated at the mouth of the Awatere stream, a little to the east of the freezing works. The buildings are of ferro-concrete throughout, and the plant is up-to-date in all respects. It has been driven till 1923 by a 135 h.p. gas engine. This has been operating the strippers and drives a dynamo, from which a motor works the scutcher. This plant has turned out 600 tons in ten months and has produced over 1,000 tons in two years, the grade being "good to fair." The fibre is shipped from the New Zealand Shipping Company's stores on the north side of the river. Flaxmills Limited has an area of about 1,000 acres of fine leaf, entirely free from those diseases which trouble flaxmillers in other parts of the Dominion. Electric motor power has recently been installed, which will make for efficiency and cheapness of working. The following table will be found illuminating:—

NEW ZEALAND FLAX EXPORTS FROM WAIROA.

Year.	Bales.	Year.	Bales.
1911	5,786	1918	9,840
1912	7,099	1919	11,845
1913	8,460	1920	8,219
1914	8,170	1921	6,950
1915	8,897	1922	15,095
1916	10,149	1923	12,599
1917	10,380	1924	3,228

The yearly totals vary so much only on account of market fluctuations, combined with bar troubles. The latter in future need not trouble the shippers, owing to the opening up of railway communication with Waikokopu, and there need be no further hold-up of produce.

The Dairy Industry. The dairy industry has not been long in operation in Wairoa district, the first factory having been only opened in 1901 at Nuhaka, Wairoa following suit in 1903. Two causes combined to keep back an earlier start. One was the fact that high prices for wool and meat did not tempt men to go in for the harder work involved in dairying, also the fact (which is a corollary to the other) that

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the land was held in large areas almost right down to the borough boundary; and added to these two handicaps was the scarcity and dearness of labour. For years both factories had a hard struggle for existence, though many men in both put their money into them, never dreaming of such a thing as a dividend. In later years the Wairoa Land for Settlement League secured the cutting up of several estates, and the factories are now in a fair way of making progress, but an accession of the supply of milk is still desirable, but notable increases are now in evidence.

The Nuhaka factory was opened in 1901, with a daily supply of 1,700 gallons of milk. It was originally equipped with De Laval separators and pasteurisers, a Linde British freezer, a Brown and May's engine and boiler, two direct-expansion vats, a Topliss butter-worker and churn, a steam turbine tester, a Chambers milk hoist, Holben and Kirk's receiving-cans and vats, Lister's skim-milk pumps and De Laval coolers. The building contains a butter-room, separator-room, boiler and engine-rooms, two cooling-rooms, office and salt-room. The factory throughout is floored with concrete to ensure cleanliness. The gravitation system is in force. Butter was manufactured till 13 years ago, since when a cheese plant, added to from time to time, has been in operation. The output from 1910 is as follows:—

Season.	lbs.	Value.
1910-11	74,023	£1,865 12 1
1911-12	71,430	1,742 9 2
1912-13	117,409	3,050 19 10
1913-14	113,596	2,816 12 11
1914-15	112,299	2,737 13 8
1915-16	146,063	4,787 3 9
1916-17	166,468	5,786 2 3
1917-18	159,382	6,123 12 6
1918-19	142,155	5,980 5 8
1919-20	119,567	5,137 2 11
1920-21	133,464	7,408 19 3
1921-22	189,298	5,953 3 1
1922-23	241,295	6,741 3 3

The Wairoa Dairy Factory Co., Ltd., was formed in 1902 with a capital of £2,000 (later increased to £3,000) in £1 shares. The building was erected in a central situation at North Clyde and the factory was opened with some eclat in 1903 (October 12th) with a supply of 600 gallons of milk and 50 gallons of cream per day. The building contains boiler and engine-rooms, a separator and churning-room, and two chilling chambers. An up-to-date steam plant was installed, including a 12 h.p. Nivens boiler, an 8 h.p. Brown and May engine, a ton and a-half British Linde freezer, a 440-gallon Alpha-Laval separator, a Sabive cream-elevator, Anderson's pasteuriser, Holben and

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Kirk's vats and weighing-cans and a 600 cwt. Topliss churn. The floors in the factory are also of concrete and kept scrupulously clean. Subsequently additions were made to the plant, including another Topliss churn of 900 lbs. capacity and additional vats, electricity replacing steam as a motive power. The output is now five tons of butter per week, and the grades have risen from 91 to 95 points, the latter for a parcel of 384 export packages(1). The output is as follows:—

Season.	lbs.	Value.
1909-10	37,627	£1,713 2 9
1910-11	56,123	898 6 11
1911-12	49,365	670 19 1
1912-13	52,103	777 11 3
1913-14	42,078	617 14 3
1914-15	60,757	3,694 15 4
1915-16	60,757	3,694 15 4
1916-17	79,943	5,540 19 3
1917-18	87,746	7,428 19 1
1918-19	70,958	5,705 18 1
1919-20	65,697	4,555 10 9
1920-21	65,199	5,693 18 7
1921-22	73,340	7,626 14 4
1922-23	282,869	22,869 18 2
1923-24	323,652	26,386 4 10
1924-25	420,461	32,517 18 3

The district has won great honours just as this work was about completed, in that the butter from the Wairoa Dairy Factory, graded at Napier, up to March 31st, 1925, topped the list in grade for the whole Dominion. Not only this, but, according to the official list compiled by the Dairy Division, Wairoa is given second place for the Dominion for the season, the average grade being 94.11; and seeing that the highest grade secured was 94.17 Wairoa has just cause to be proud of this achievement. This result has been attained by the adoption of the cream-grading system in the face of some opposition. The result has now silenced the dissenting minority, and it is at once a testimony to the value of grading at Port Napier instead of railing to Wellington for that purpose, and speaks volumes for the class of cattle, the methods of the dairymen, and the management of the factory.

"Music Hath Charms."

In earlier days Wairoa possessed a brass band which was scarcely equalled by that of any country band in Hawke's Bay, and besides being a highly capable combination it has a creditable record in another way, which must be told here. It was founded by Mr. J. Corkill (Mayor of Wairoa, 1923-25), and in 1896 Mr. Swan, then Mayor of Napier, requested the presence of

(1). In 1922 the company became a purely co-operative concern.

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the band at a huge demonstration in aid of the fund for the relief of the relatives of the victims of the Brunner coal mine disaster. The band readily responded, but when the time came to start for Napier the bar was, as too often it usually was, unworkable. It then became a question of failing to respond to the call of humanity or a ride of 75 or 80 miles over what were not deserving of the appellation "roads." The band decided to face the road, and in the evening set out to accomplish the long and arduous journey "in the bright moonlight." But though the road difficulties were not so great as anticipated, the band soon got into difficulties, for the big drum was placed out of commission through being pierced by the hook of a pack-saddle, side-tracks were taken by some of the party, and it was with difficulty this musical force junctioned again. The creeks—and their number was legion—were found to be in heavy flood, and the intrepid bandsmen had to dismount and lead the already jaded steeds up steep hill-sides and along the edges of frowning precipices—one slip and it meant the sounding of "The Last Post" by the first cornet. "Are you going up there?" said the drummer to a fellow bandsman, as the latter was about to face with his horse a very precipitous ridge, "for if you are, I'm not: I am going home!" And home he truly went. The others proceeded on and took their due part in the benefit demonstration. After having been sumptuously entertained by the people of Napier and the Mayor, they rode back again, and "Corkill's Ride" is still spoken of in band circles in Napier and Wairoa as a triumph over the difficulties of travel in the olden days of Wairoa. The combination for many years fell on evil days, being in want of a greater fixed population from which to draw players. It has now been revived and provided with a new set of instruments costing about £700, and it will be able to give a good account of itself at public functions and on suitable evenings. There are also several orchestras and school bands of no mean order of merit.

A. and P. Societies.

Wairoa County can boast of two flourishing A. and P. societies—one at Nuhaka and the other at Wairoa—the two carrying on operations on freehold sites centrally situated in either town. The Wairoa Society was established more than 24 years ago, originally at Frasertown, but afterwards formed into a county combination. The assets of the Nuhaka Society total £711 16s. 9d., and those of Wairoa £1,431 7s. 3d., and both have been instrumental in furthering the general improvement of all classes of stock and also helping to develop a higher grade of agriculture

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in the several districts. Both grounds are in much need of tree-planting and beautifying, together with a grand-stand and offices, all of which will come in time. The financial position as at June 30th, 1922, for the Nuhaka Society was: Assets, £771 16s. 9d.; the debt being only £3 10s. The Wairoa Society at 31st May, 1922, stood as follows: Property, buildings and yards, £2,800; less overdraft, say £1,600—£1,200. The surplus of assets over liabilities is £1,431 7s. 3d.

The Local Bodies.

I have shown in earlier chapters how the Wairoa settlers had to struggle in the days of provincialism—days when districts with the greatest amount of what is called "pull" secured the public works plums, while others not so fortunately placed had to go without. Bearing in mind the facts stated, the reader will be able to grasp more readily the stupendous task that faced Wairoa local authorities when local government was placed within their reach—when, in fact, the people were practically cut off with the proverbial shilling and told to shift for themselves. Prominent among these present-day bodies must be classed the Wairoa County Council, the first meeting of which was held on January 4th, 1877—forty eight years ago—in the old courthouse at Spooner's Point. Those present that epoch-making day were Messrs. George Burton, H. J. Cable, G. B. Flint, T. Parker, Geo. Bee, J. McKinnon (of Arapawanui), and J. H. Smyth—all of whom, I believe, are now dead. The meeting, after electing Mr. G. Burton as chairman, adjourned to the billiard-room of the Clyde Hotel, and subsequent meetings were held in "The Cottage" attached thereto till the Volunteer Drill Hall (on the present County Chambers site) was purchased. Herbert Joseph Williams, a son-in-law of the late Joseph Carroll, was appointed the first clerk at a salary of £50 per annum, subsequently raised to £150. The late Hector Duff and Mr. Stephen Thorpe (the latter still living) were the first valuators. The Council, not having a penny to jingle on the proverbial tombstone, applied to the Bank of New Zealand, which offered to advance the sum of £500 on the personal guarantee of the chairman and one councillor, or £200 unguaranteed, at 9 per cent. The latter was agreed to. On the last day of the month the Council adopted the Act in full, and the first rate was struck on the 8th March of the same year, one shilling in the pound on the capital value, all Native land owned and occupied exclusively by Natives being exempt. The first auditor was the late Mr. W. F. Shaw, temporarily, and on May 31st Mr. G. E. G. Richardson was elected; Mr. Edwin Carter was the first regular valuator, his fee for valuing the whole county being £25. This first County Council was, perhaps, the

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most progressive body on the whole of the East Coast(2), notwithstanding the fact that its operations were hampered by old settlers of the Conservative type who assisted to veto every progressive borrowing movement. Among other reforms initiated by this Council was the principle of elective land boards, compensation in the form of roads to all unrailwayed territories, separate riding accounts (this on the motion of the late J. H. Smyth), and the prohibition of the keeping or importation of tame rabbits. These are only a few of the activities of the early Councils; but though there were many set-backs in the shape of Government neglect, the worst handicap was the disinclination of the large land-owners to borrow for public works at a time when money was very cheap, and when the British capitalists were practically ready to throw money at the local-governing institutions of New Zealand. Present-day local-body members will realise the extent of this handicap when I say that I heard one county councillor declare that it would ruin the county to metal the Frasertown road, that in fact there was no metal in the county, and that a road could never be made to Turiroa! No wonder that most of the first loans proposed at 3½ per cent. were voted out and the first £20,000 loan was lost by one vote, that of a Wairoa business man—or rather that of his wife, and a proud boast she made of it. Railway movements did not figure largely in the deliberations of early days, though one councillor who posed as a "progressive" voted against the first resolution, calling upon the Government to commence an East Coast trunk railway. It will therefore be easily seen that not a great deal could be done out of the slender revenue, but progress was hastened under the Roads and Bridges Construction Act, and roadmaking and bridging made advances. The Wairoa and Opouiti, with other large-span bridges were built; the former had a toll placed thereon, the district's advancement being marked by the rise in yearly periods of a toll revenue from £300 to £900 per annum. At this figure a local agitation arose to have the toll abolished, and though the Council stuck to its guns a long time for the sake of the revenue it was eventually broken by the settlers engaging vehicles to run all day over the bridge with passengers. The vehicle paid a half-crown fee, which sufficed for a day, all the passengers being free in law—and thus the bridge toll was broken. Steady progress was made along sound lines, despite such discouragements as the loss of

(2). The Wairoa County Council, in its early days, assumed almost an advisory position, seeking on many occasions to lead the Government, the Land Board, and other officials into the paths of Reform and Democracy. That body finally anticipated by 20 years the General Government in providing that separate accounts be kept for each riding, and that all rates raised in each division, with subsidy thereon, be spent where raised, less a percentage for administration.

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roads and bridges, the former by slips and the latter by floods—though no disaster found the Council or the people unable or unwilling to meet it. I have mentioned a good many things which the early county pioneers did successfully. Let me now mention one in which they failed, thanks to the good offices of the Wairoa bar. In the early seventies a party of Wairoa settlers, including Messrs. Geo. Burton, Cable, and Drummond, of the Kiwi station, Mr. John McKinnon, of Arapawanui, Edwin Carter, Eustace Fannin, and my informant, concocted a plan for the introduction of sport into Wairoa, which fortunately did not materialise. Mr. Drummond, who was on a visit to his estate, was recounting the great sport the people of Southland were having with the newly-imported black rabbits. His story infected the others, and the suggestion was made that a consignment should be got for Wairoa. The sum of £10 was soon raised and handed over to Mr. Drummond to cover the cost of the proposed importation. In due course as much "bunny" as could be secured for the money was sent to Napier in care of Kinross and Co. for transmission to Wairoa, where my informant was to release them. By the time the four-footed immigrants were landed at Napier several of them were dead, and the seven left were lodged in a shed at the Spit. The bar at this time was bad for about three or four months, and as the rabbits were neglected they all died, and Wairoa just narrowly missed the rabbit, which would have been a fitting coadjutor of the blackberry and the sweet-brier, also introduced by otherwise well-meaning men. For once "bad bar" proved a boon to Wairoa(3).

The progress noted in the foregoing pages is best marked by the following tables of revenue and stock returns, all directly in touch with the county system:—

REVENUE, EXCLUDING LOANS

Year.		Year.	
1901	£ 5,313	1913	£13,858
1902	4,378	1914	24,143
1903	4,969	1915	19,543
1904	5,145	1916	25,388
1905	5,639	1917	26,080
1906	5,161	1918	29,104
1907	6,324	1919	26,746
1908	8,506	1920	31,639
1909	7,174	1921	34,209
1910	8,563	1922	24,298
1911	11,037	1923	29,071
1912	11,009	1924	33,266

(3). Later on (in June, 1877) the Wairoa County Council took fright at the effects of the rabbit pest elsewhere, and passed a by-law prohibiting the introduction of rabbits into Wairoa.

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The Public Debt

Year.		Year.	
1911	£ 195	1918	£66,740
1912	9,384	1919	85,065
1913	25,576	1920	93,107
1914	46,508	1921	102,624
1915	45,870	1922	102,991
1916	54,458	1923	108,481
1917	62,170	1924	111,415

Wairoa County Valuations

Year,	Capital.	Year.	Unimproved.
1878	£ 15,970	1878	—
1891	1,101,072	1891	£786,032
1901	1,040,618	1901	759,735
1902	1,382,194	1902	913,462
1903	1,383,541	1903	914,450
1904	1,384,645	1904	915,554
1905	1,389,603	1905	919,480
1906	1,391,183	1906	920,967
1907	2,699,807	1907	1,834,436
1908	2,700,059	1908	1,834,673
1909	2,701,734	1909	1,835,975
1910	2,582,288	1910	1,770,369
1911	2,565,249	1911	1,759,603
1912	2,542,022	1912	1,746,273
1913	3,004,127	1913	1,899,318
1914	3,004,353	1914	1,899,019
1915	3,006,786	1915	1,901,108
1916	3,006,427	1916	1,900,688
1917	3,035,396	1917	1,921,634
1918	2,462,053	1918	1,532,630
1919	3,836,190	1919	2,457,547
1920	3,836,799	1920	2,459,541
1921	3,832,520	1921	2,452,969
1922	3,843,117	1922	2,461,367
1923	3,845,493	1923	2,461,908
1924	3,613,766	1924	2,274,612

Wairoa County—Assets and Liabilities

Year.	Assets.	Liabilities.	Year.	Assets.	Liabilities.
1901	£2,294	£14,181	1913	£4,075	£10,678
1902	244	11,601	1914	18,471	4,639
1903	285	1,924	1915	10,844	2,701
1904	257	702	1916	19,980	3,957
1905	2,362	673	1917	21,233	3,806
1906	3,121	1,739	1918	22,225	3,984
1907	3,104	2,077	1919	23,291	3,031
1908	5,487	1,300	1920	22,733	2,755
1909	6,170	1,178	1921	33,902	5,544
1910	2,202	852	1922	28,314	3,961
1911	1,101	3,996	1923	34,361	3,010
1912	2,642	8,619	1924	2,514	3,137

This return is exclusive of loans, and the cash assets are only available to and including 1912.

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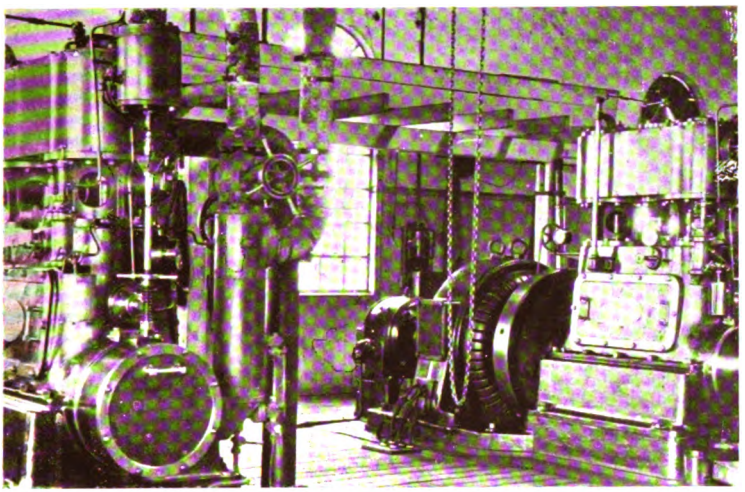

Interior Tuai Power House, Waikaremoana

Landing from the ''Tangaroa''

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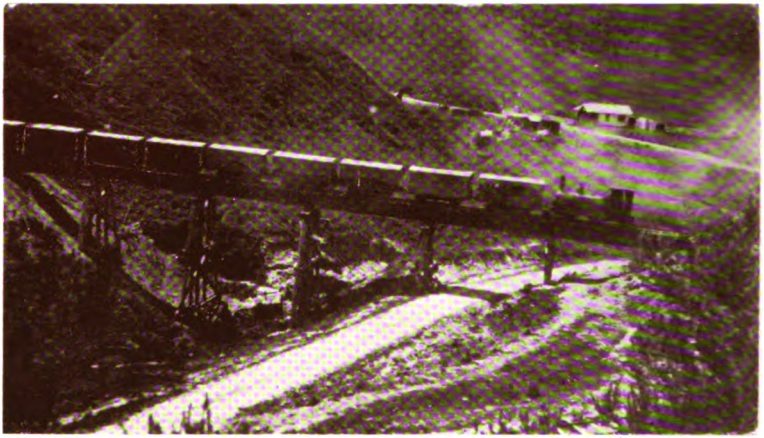

[Photo by Mr. Abe Rarere

Port Waikokopu
First Trainload of Meat from Wairoa

Huramua Picnic Party: Starting Home

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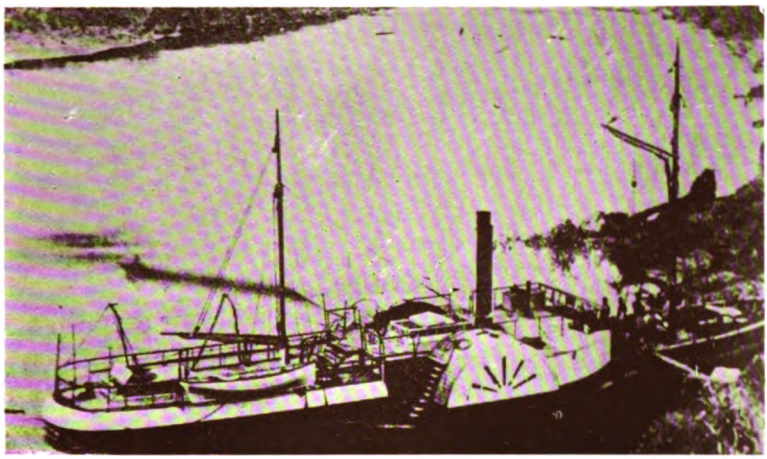

P.S. ''Manaia'' at Scamperdown, Frasertown

[Photo by Mr. Abe Rarere

Waikokopu from the Sea

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[Photo by Mr. Abe Rarere

S.S. "Ruru"
First Vessel to berth at Waikokopu Wharf

[Photo by Mr. Abe Rarere

Port Waikokopu
Loading first shipment of Frozen Meat and other Produce to liner "Waiwera"

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General Statistics—Last Census

No. of private dwellings in the county, 601; metalled roads, 151 miles; formed dray-roads, 211 miles; formed bridle-tracks, 120 miles; unformed legal roads, 252 miles; total road lengths, 734 miles.

Year	Horses	Cattle (including Dairy Cows)	Sheep	Pigs
1878	643	1,259	148,372	543
1879	—	—	140,002	—
1880	—	—	160,726	—
1881	916	2,031	162,572	738
1882	—	—	217,321	—
1883	—	—	218,185	—
1884	—	—	225,161	—
1885	—	—	247,161	—
1886	1,309	3,570	272,801	536
1887	—	—	315,547	—
1888	—	—	321,271	—
1889	—	—	293,717	—
1890	—	4,247	391,614	—
1891	1,327	3,622	392,271	829
1892	—	—	461,859	—
1893	—	2,884	445,057	—
1894	—	3,258	461,535	—
1895	—	3,632	456,761	—
1896	1,808	3,289	469,380	1,022
1897	3,045	3,381	496,053	1,361
1898	2,656	5,403	528,345	1,541
1899	3,079	6,970	548,567	1,412
1900	2,931	7,956	547,409	961
1901	3,065	8,217	543,413	963
1902	3,237	9,916	558,988	722
1903	3,037	10,824	536,913	913
1904	3,199	12,435	515,284	1,354
1905	4,176	12,972	509,915	1,594
1906	3,677	16,755	536,454	1,429
1907	4,036	19,557	584,456	1,177
1908	4,229	24,936	606,895	1,384
1909	4,815	27,447	655,484	893
1910	—	—	647,477	—
1911	6,711	29,455	625,608	1,901
1912	—	—	685,413	—
1913	—	—	692,751	—
1914	—	—	688,449	—
1915	—	—	731,077	—
1916	4,535	24,333	749,712	784
1917	4,717	32,419	755,590	1,135
1918	5,125	40,029	781,384	1,249
1919	4,812	44,398	743,824	984
1920	4,251	51,510	639,096	810
1921	4,352	49,568	584,924	1,128
1922	3,939	53,281	540,051	1,525
1923	3,897	57,643	569,198	1,646

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Year	Area in sown grasses after having been ploughed	Area in sown grasses not previously ploughed	Area broken up but not under crop	Area under crop
	Acres	Acres	Acres	Acres
1878	937	41,904	1,285	366
1879	4,791	49,955	1,442	366
1880	3,737	57,110	1,095	364
1881	5,186	55,006	2,014	1,677
1882	6,667	49,960	1,483	930
1883	6,953	67,292	1,483	667
1884	6,749	62,008	6.235	884
1885	9.801	96,334	1,171	831
1886	9,620	78,306	529	1,029
1887	8,715	85,086	1,025	1,594
1888	5,293	104,888	1,126	2,108
1889	11,245	107,630	520	1,966
1890	12,085	127,150	1,550	2,019
1891	11,906	125,884	88	2,890
1892	13,973	143,290	430	2,977
1893	14,340	154,704	1,112	2,101
1894	12,621	165,739	804	2,445
1895	12,087	162,831	1,232	2,467
1896	14,877	177,416	59	2,418
1897	15,289	197,954	110	3,373
1898	14,492	213,554	309	2,913
1899	14,635	250,554	137	4,201
1900	17,084	229,327	204	2,317
1901	18,195	284,687	55	2,712
1902	24,168	271,675	34	2,678
1903	20,211	306,988	95	3,244
1904	19,149	258,855	—	3,920
1905	15,933	266,351	131	3,005
1906	17,671	261,560	185	3,450
1907	14,221	267,170	45	4,836
1908	16,187	355,842	511	5,688
1911	14,655	393,581	342	6,626
1916	—	301,014	194	7,393
1917	—	319,408	269	5,212
1918	—	315,561	58	3,168
1919	—	293,955	19	3,850
1920	—	363,440	49	4,442
1921	—	346,777	517	6,376
1922	—	383,063	302	5,773
1923	—	390,308	140	6,050

All information available for the period covered is quoted in the table given. For many years the agricultural and pastoral statistics were collected by the Department of Agriculture, but live-stock figures, with the exception of sheep, were collected only in census years until the year 1896, when this information was available annually. In 1908, however, the Government decided that only information in regard to certain principal crops would be collected, and this was carried out until the year 1916, when the present system of collection was commenced. In

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regard to area in sown grasses, a subdivision according to whether land has been ploughed or not was not considered of sufficient importance to warrant special enquiry. The figures shown since and including 1916, therefore, represent the total area under permanent grasses. Compared with 1911 the figures show a considerable decrease, due to the fact that some eight years ago large portions of Wairoa County were added to Hawke's Bay and East Taupo Counties. The present system of collection also excludes boroughs, holdings under one acre in extent, and land occupied by Maoris under a communal system.

That the claims of the East Coast to further attention on the part of the Government of the day are reasonable may be estimated by the movements of the stock to other parts of New Zealand—that, too, without the aid of railage or adequate shipping. One year's tally over an area embraced by a line taken up the Wairoa River to Frasertown, up the Waiau River to Waikaretaheke, and up the last-named river to Lake Waikaremoana is most illuminating. The country off which the stock came lies to the north, north-east and east of Wairoa to the East Cape. The figures are:—Sheep: 31,340 wethers, 32,281 breeding ewes, 1,400 lambs; distributed chiefly in the districts of Taihape, Wairarapa, Waikato, Taranaki, and Hawke's Bay South. Of this total 6,000 sheep (ewes) were shipped at Napier for the South Island. The total of 77,621 was divided up into 20 mobs of wethers, 16 mobs of ewes, and 3 mobs of lambs, and it took 83 men and 378 dogs to move them. In cattle the figures were taken over the same boundaries, the totals being: Bullocks 1,902, steers 1,082, cows and heifers 789. These were cut up into five mobs of cows and heifers, five mobs of steers, and ten mobs of bullocks. They were distributed over Taihape and Southern Hawke's Bay district. It took 13 drovers and 138 dogs to manage these mobs on the road. The return is all the more interesting when one comes to estimate the probable value of these mobs, the wear and tear they involved on the county roads, the employment they afforded to the drover fraternity, and the advertisement they proved to Wairoa and the East Coast; for it goes without saying that Wairoa stock has now secured a good name in the districts already served from here. There are several factors operating to secure this most desirable end, and these are our generous and fairly evenly distributed rainfall and our practical immunity from disastrous droughts and floods, both of which in many cases must spell ruin to the farmers involved. Our roads might be better and our rates might be lower; but, generally speaking, the Wairoa farmers are on a very good wicket. The productivity of the district is

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immense, and most of the pastoral properties would stand a good deal of further development, even if only for speculative purposes. Noxious weeds such as manuka, tauhina, and blackberry are viewed too lightly, and a sheep can graze where a clump of tauhina or blackberry at present holds sway. However, when the "iron horse" is put on the track, these stock export figures can easily be doubled. The rest of New Zealand is wanting Wairoa beef and mutton, and Wairoa can supply the same, given better transport.

The figures for the six months to April 30, 1925, still bear out the importance of Wairoa as a stock-exporting district, not only for good breeding but for cleanliness and stamina. For the period named the figures are:—Wairoa County: Sheep—Wethers, 28,530; ewes, 48,263; lambs, 1,900. Cattle—Bullocks, 2,126; steers, 986; cows, calves, and heifers, 2,206. Total stock, 84,011. From Gisborne: Sheep—Wethers, 42,430; ewes, 12,140. Cattle —Bullocks, 500; steers, 344; cows and heifers, 330. Total stock, 55,744. Grand total travelled over the Wairoa-Napier road southwards, 139,755 head. To lift all this stock, divided up into 72 mobs of sheep and 33 mobs of cattle, took 245 men and 1,190 dogs.

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Wairoa Sheep Returns, Thirty-seven Years Ago

In 1887, and that is only 38 years ago, there were only 299,766 sheep in the County, the principal owners at that date being:—

Balfour, W., Mohaka	2,500
Bank N.Z., Awamate	4,080
Bee, G., Mohaka	10,000
Brown, J. H., Whakaki	14,400
Carroll, T., Huramua	4,500
Clunie, T., Wairoa	600
Couper, D. M., Petane	1,100
Couper, J., Frasertown	5,000
Couper, R. J., Te Kapu	2,250
Dalgety, F., Ruakituri	7,500
Duff Bros., Wairoa	9,500
Eden, T., Marumaru	600
Elliott, Wm., Te Kapu	4,200
Elwin, W. J., Turiroa	196
Fisher & Ledward, Marumaru	1,950
Fletcher, J. A., Marumaru	231
Gilmour, W., Waikari-Mohaka	4,500
Glendinning, J., Waihua	8,150
Glendinning & Sutherland, Mohaka	8,500
Glendinning & Sutherland, Manga-ruhe	1,000
Glenny, W., Mahia	1,300
Goldstone, W., Riverslea, Wairoa	1,120
Goullett, Felix, Te Kapu	350
Griffen, W. E., Liston, Frasertown	5,493
Hami Te Rarere, Mahia	200
Hamlin, J. P., Wairoa	4,670
Wairea, Hemi, Wairoa	478
Hird, J., Wairoa	478
Kereru, Hirini, Mahia	150
Ngarara, Hoane, Wairoa	160
Kemara, Ihaka, Mahia	200
Paeone, Ihaka, Mahia	100
Whaanga, Ihaka, Nuhaka	4,880
Ingram, H. S., Opouiti	140
Rawhi, Karena, Opoho	100
Kent, I., Wairoa	485
Komene, Te Ito, Portland Island	500
Lambert Bros., Parkhurst, Te Kapu	2,150
Macandrew, I., Waikari	12,000
Makoare & Co., Mahia	1,200
Marene Karena, Waipapa	496
Marshall, J., Petane	1,700
Huka, Matene, Mohaka	420
McCulloch, W., Manga-ruhe	380
McIver, M., Waikari	8,440
McKinnon, J., Arapaoa-nui	8,750
McKinnon Bros., Waihua	2,060
Mein Bros., Turiroa	23,000
Meyrick, A. G., Mohaka	750
Miller, M. R., Webbston	1,800
Miller, M. R., Waireka	5,500
Murray, Roberts & Co., Putere	6,228
Ormond, G. C., Mahia	16,786
Peakman, W. H., Wairoa	350
Powdrell, J., Turiroa	3,171
Reupena Apaiwko, Mahia	260
Ruahi te Kararu, Mahia	100
Shrimpton, W., Tongoio	16,179
Stacey, S. G., Frasertown	400
Stark, J., Mohaka	500
Stevens, G., Wairoa	290
Steele & Kinross, Cricklewood	8,000
Pyke, C., Te Kapu	4,100
Stevens, R. E., Te Kapu	4,000
Takarei Haupawa, Mohaka	200
Taylor, I. E., Frasertown	1,700
Taylor, J., Moeangiangi	9,100
Te Puiti Kotuhi, Wairoa	105
Thorpe, S., Turiroa	663
Tiopira Tapahi, Te Rato	190
Torr, T. & W. H., Turiroa	1,000
Tully, D., Wairoa	599
Tunks & Worthington, Te Kapu	3,000
Tuxford, A., Petane	175
Twigg, H. J., Ridgemount	8,750
Twist, T. K., Mohaka	2,000
Walker, G., Mahia	8,051
Walker, N., Wairoa	10,092
Warnes & Sim, Mohaka	12,000
Watene Huka, Nuhaka	448
Total (including many smaller flocks)	299,766

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WAIROA SHEEP RETURNS, 1923-1924

	No. of Sheep on April 30, 1923.	April 30, 1924.
Anderson and Baird, Ruakituri	1,400	1,637
Andrew, M., Frasertown	759	744
Andrews, Roy M., "Te Hoe," Te Pohue	1,520	1,359
Austin, James, Basin Farm, Morere	2,928	3,198
Bainbridge, W., Tawhera, Wairoa	2	5
Ballard Bros., Wairoa	138	Nil
Bank of New South Wales (Ohurakura Property) ...	234	Nil
Barker Bros., Ruakituri Station, Wairoa	8,370	8,325
Bayley, H. M., Cricklewood, Wairoa	8,572	6,771
Bayley, Mrs. M. J., Wairoa	2,050	1,904
Bee and Bee, Kakariki Station	12,537	11,260
Birrell, O. G., Ardkeen, Frasertown	880	1,110
Black, Albert S., Clydebank, Frasertown	740	512
Black, J. S., Orere, Wairoa	95	160
Black, S. and J. A., Waitaniwha, Nuhaka	4,730	4,879
Blair, F. J., Clydebank, Frasertown	42	Nil
Blake, Mrs. Rose, Pirinoa, Wairoa	1,020	Nil
Bourke and Marett, Napier	50	Nil
Bowen, Frederick Small	5,170	5,455
Bowen, Frederick Small, Waitirohia	1,416	1,090
Bowman, J., Ruakituri	1,055	1,078
Boyd, Gordon, Nuhaka	28	30
Boyd, J., Frasertown	765	1,494
Boyle, J., Omahanui	719	753
Brandon, C. C. P., Wairoa	1,217	1,483
Brandon, C. C. P., Wairoa	498	273
Brown, Hunter (Estate trustees), Frasertown	2,186	2,234
Brown, W. R., Putere	1,200	965
Brownlee, James, Avalon	—	2,216
Buddle, H., Kawera, Morere	1,107	Nil
Burt, J. A., Ferndale	318	485
Buttrick, F. R., Ohuka, Omahanui	541	642
Byrne, T., Opouiti	1,728	2,000
Byrne, Thomas, Avoca, Opouiti	3,337	3,255
Cameron, A. J., Wai Station, Nuhaka	4,377	4,346
Carroll and Co., Wairoa	1,060	1,994
Carson, W., Ardkeen, Frasertown	988	1,089
Chapman, M. P., Waimatai, Frasertown	1,468	1,533
Clifton, E. C., Ardkeen, Frasertown	575	630
Cooksley, W. R., Alton Vale, Turiroa	782	500
Coop Bros., Tawapata, Opoutama	9,740	10,526
Corkill, J., Wairoa	894	1,059
Cornfoot, George, Springhill Station, Mohaka	5,818	8,005
Couper and Smith, Lochness, Frasertown	671	924
Crarer Bros., Wairoa, Hawke's Bay	1,924	1,759
Crarer, S., Wairoa	815	1,020
Crispin, C. W., Clydebank, Wairoa	370	395
Cropp, R., Redoubt Reserve, Tarawera	39	43
Dahm, E. M., Omahanui	664	695
Dahm, J. T., Ruakituri	2,380	2,445
Davey, Tom, Wairoa	4,140	4,540
Denton, F. A., River Rock, Tarewa	2,411	2,129
Dickin, John, Ruataniwha, Wairoa	300	120
Drysdale, W., Marumaru	—	101

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	No. of Sheep on April 30, 1923.	April 30, 1924.
Ebbett, L. H., Omahanui	875	1,118
Elliott, Walter (Ohurakura Property), Napier	—	100
Fernie and Richmond, Frasertown	18,601	18,290
Fleming, D. J., Ponui, Napier	2,227	1,922
Geange, T., Putere	490	1,045
Gedye, T. J., Wairoa, Hawke's Bay	20	Nil
Gemmell and Pearce, Tenakoe Station, Frasertown ...	3,531	Nil
Gemmell, H., Frasertown	—	1,560
Gibson, Henry George, Waioma, Wairoa	4,084	3,962
Gillanders, D., Mangapahi, Tangitere	1,649	2,121
Glass, Jerry, Waimuku, Wairoa	254	193
Glendining, E. H., Waihua, Wairoa	5,272	5,238
Glynan, M., Marumaru	338	405
Goldstone, C., Frasertown	1,507	2,291
Goldstone, James, Avalon, Frasertown	1,907	Nil
Goldstone, James, Awamate, Frasertown	550	Nil
Goldstone, R. J., Pakowhai, Frasertown	71	56
Goldstone, W., Pakowhai, Frasertown	2,468	2,783
Goodall, Dorothy, Frasertown	—	71
Gower, R. L. and J. R., Opoutama	—	1,289
Graham, A. D., Clydebank, Wairoa	—	205
Graham and Gordon, Ruakituri	1,455	450
Greening, William H., Opoutama	120	100
Hague, A. W., Clydebank, Wairoa	—	97
Haliburton, Mrs. Marion Jane, Glenfarg	1,416	2,013
Hall, T. H., Matai, Wairoa	560	453
Hallwright and Scott, Travancore, Tangitere	1,084	1,339
Harker, Mrs. E., Clydebank, Wairoa	—	557
Harrison and Harvey, Kia Ora Station, Omahanui ...	6,043	6,026
Hawkins and Scott, Mohaka	1,070	1,006
Hawkins, Edward William, Mohaka	582	Nil
Hemming, R. P., Frasertown, Wairoa	373	310
Henson, J. G., Omahanui	560	436
Hini Toheriri, Opoutama	200	400
Hodges, Henare, Pukatua, Mohaka	1,126	1,130
Horne and Brewerm, Wairoa	7,720	8,875
Howell, A. L., Omahanui	3,140	3,750
Hunt, Robert, Taramarama, Omahanui	708	772
Hutchinson, E. M. and F., Wairoa	11,384	12,948
Hutchinson, E. M., Wairoa	961	1,117
Hutchinson, H. S., Waikokopu	—	750
Hutton L. J. Wairoa	460	375
Ihaka Whanga Nuhaka	1 349	1,650
Jackson, C. F., Ardkeen, Frasertown	1,175	821
Jackson, Peter, Omahanui	500	502
James, O. G., Taheke, Wairoa	825	1,040
Jefferson, E., Kairanga, Wairoa	—	1,050
Jefferson, Ewen, Alton and Whakamahia	1,181	619
Jessep, J. S., Waihi Station, Wairoa	20,050	19,031
Jessep, Mrs. J. S., Awamate, Wairoa	—	2,370
Joblin, Frederick L., Morere	4,260	4,753
Joblin, Mrs. A., Gisborne	1,265	1,217
Jobson, W., Clydebank, Wairoa	1,245	1,170
Jobson, W., Opoutama	936	1,120
Karauria Eriha and Erekana Eriha, Mohaka	184	142
Karena Rawhi, Taherewaiwai, Whakaki	500	500
Karepa, Joe, Nuhaka	1,860	1,927

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	No. of Sheep on April 30, 1923.	April 30, 1924.
Kati Tarere, Whakaki	60	63
Kawana Kereru, Kawaitau, Opoutama	103	110
Keefe and Pearse, Frasertown	—	1,997
Keil, H., Opoutama	102	Nil
Kelliher, J., Papuni, Ruakituri	1,400	1,090
Kennedy, B., Kaituna	—	673
Kent, George A., Frasertown	309	Nil
Kent, H. J., Kairanga, Ruakituri	773	815
Kent, I. H., Wairoa	757	778
Kingi Winiata, Kaiwaka Farm, Wairoa	260	200
Knocks, J. W., Omahanui	568	490
Knowles, T., Omahanui	510	560
Lambert, Seymour, Frasertown	81	100
Lane, Eustace, Kiwi, Wairoa	3,580	3,270
Little, G., Omahanui	423	544
Lylian, H. D., Ohuka, Omahanui	1,023	1,110
Maata Kirikiri, Tawapata, Opoutama	400	200
Macfarlane, J. D., Opoutama	2,047	Nil
MacKay, Mrs. Mary, Turiroa, Wairoa	1,585	1,620
MacKay, Murdoch, Turiroa, Wairoa	5,000	5,500
Mackay, W. J., Ardkeen, Frasertown	148	648
Magee, E. W., Frasertown...	596	1,100
Magford Bros., Wairoa	187	300
Malone, M. P., Frasertown	1,117	1,223
Mangere, Atahere, Mohaka	50	Nil
Maori Soldiers' Fund Council (J. M. Taylor, Manager), Whakaki	1,104	1,325
Martin, F. A., Shannon Station, Omahanui	3,740	3,750
Materoa Huka, Mangapapa, Whakaki	1,035	1,240
Matheson, S. F., Putere, Wairoa	82	900
Matson, P. J., Frasertown	1,100	1,070
Matu Erimana, Mohaka	347	193
Maungataniwha Land Company, Wairoa	7,375	9,641
May and Gavin, Ruakituri	5,142	5,080
McAndrew, J., and Whare Paora, Wairoa	150	100
McArdle, F. G., Whakamahia, Wairoa	887	1,518
McBurnie, John, Frasertown	730	701
McCliskie, W. A., Papuni, Ruakituri	2,280	2,276
McCorkindale, A., Wairoa	567	330
McDonald, D. J., Wairoa	920	945
McGlashan and Kirk, Wairoa	3,965	4,017
McGrath, M., Whaitirinui, Napier	2,610	2,403
McGurk, J. T., Ohuka, Omahanui	530	510
McIntyre, Robert, Clonkeen, Nuhaka	1,757	2,044
McIvor, Mrs. Elizabeth, Mohaka Station	5,398	4,835
McKain, Wm. Alfred, Waikakarika, Morere	792	769
McKee, Thomas, jun., Nuhaka	426	422
McKee, Thomas, Sea View Farm, Nuhaka	366	471
McKenzie, Donald, Clydebank, Frasertown	593	730
McKenzie, Kenneth, Glenbrook, Putorino	3,538	5,650
McKinnon, F. J., Wairoa	1,070	1,000
McKinnon, J. M., Mangonui, Wairoa	3,379	3,448
McKinnon, Norman, Stratholm, Wairoa...	5,000	1,510
McLean, J. C., Frasertown	1,115	810
McMillan, Archibald, Pohuinui, Mohaka...	104	127
McPhail and Hinckesman, Tipua, Wairoa	4,487	3,636
McRae, Farquhar, Springhill, Frasertown	3,958	6,382

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Fine Drove of Cattle on the road to Napier
Photographed on Turiroa cutting

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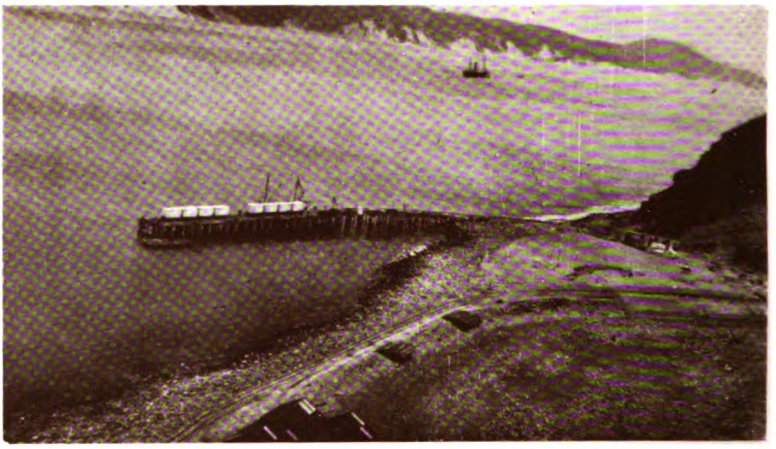
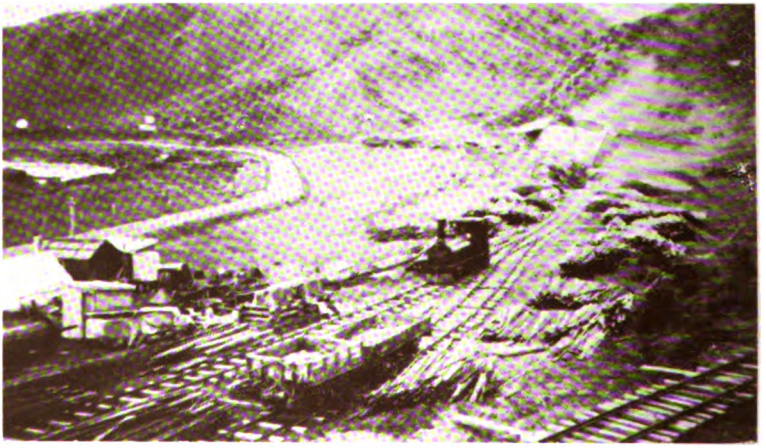


[Photo by Mr. Abe Rarere

Port Waikokopu

Wharf, showing Liner and Meat-trucks



[Photo by Mr. Abe Rarere

A Busy Scene—Railway Yards at Waikokopu

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Port Waikokopu

"Parera" and "Ruru" at wharf

[Photo by Mr. Abe Rarere

Port Waikokopu

Shaw-Savill liner "Waiwera" being loaded in the Bay; cargo valued at £17,000

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[Photo by Mr. Abe Rarere

Port Waikokopu

Second liner to visit port, S.S. "Port Albany" loading meat for London

Marine Parade Central, 1925

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	No. of Sheep on April 30, 1923.	April 30, 1924.
McRoberts, W. A., Frasertown	133	90
Meagher, J. F., Frasertown	920	1,122
Meagher, J. R., Frasertown	1,022	1,450
Mei Erueti, Te Puna, Waimake, Frasertown	410	348
Melville, George, Wairoa	703	795
Mitchell, S. R., Mataparu, Frasertown	1,610	1,490
Monteath, J. B., Wai-iti, Morere	2,541	2,275
Monteith, J. H., Kopuawhara, Morere	1,897	2,450
Morice Bros., Erepete, Ruakituri	245	506
Morice, James, Tuahu, Ruakituri	3,510	5,297
Mossman and Sons, Woodlands Station	1,947	2,000
Muir, Allen S., Te Aringi, Frasertown	2,073	1,902
Munro, H., Nuhaka	—	345
Murphy, J. R., Repongaere, Gisborne	7,083	6,200
Neale, R. E., Rotokiokio	820	781
Neale, R. E., Whakangaire, Wairoa	1,712	1,650
Neale, W. A., Onepoto, Wairoa	152	126
Niania, Henare, Te Reinga	305	308
Niania, Hori, Te Reinga	155	208
Nichol, H. T., and Co., Mohaka	2,746	2,833
Nichol, W. H., Ardkeen, Frasertown	714	511
Niri Whanga, Nuhaka	1,416	1,600
Nolan, A. G., Puhoro, Ruakituri	3,370	3,520
Nolan, Henry C., Rautawhare, Ruakituri	2,755	2,766
O'Grady, J., Mohaka	504	471
O'Kane, P. J., Frasertown	910	1,014
Oldfield, A. J., Omahanui	407	406
Oldham, E., Mohaka	156	192
Ormerod, O. C., Marumaru	130	Nil
Ormerod, O. C., Waiatai Station, Wairoa	2,140	2,518
Ormond, G. C., Opoutama	3,280	3,054
Ormond, George E., Opoutama	6,325	6,770
Ormond, James and W., Opoutama	5,737	4,999
Ormond, John, Opoutama	9,500	9,500
Owen, J. J., Ardkeen, Frasertown	1,611	1,509
Pakau, Jimmy, Whakaki	136	Nil
Paratene, Henare, Mohaka	50	Nil
Paratene Rakaiora, Opoutama	325	476
Parker, John J., Opoiti	9,058	9,610
Parker, John W., Opoiti	2,036	1,752
Pattison, Joshua, Clydebank, Frasertown	810	499
Peoples, Joseph, Morere	202	Nil
Pera Hiramona and Tuta Hiramona, Mangapaki, Wairoa	662	676
Pera Horomana, Tangiwai, Frasertown	970	1,025
Petitera te Wainohu, Whakapouri, Mohaka	6	Nil
Phillips Bros., Frasertown	1,878	2,500
Pita, Mete, Nuhaka	1,525	1,262
Pita Nepia, Nuhaka	102	100
Potter, A. C. and J. T., Tangitere	736	736
Powdrell, Joseph (Estate of), Turiroa	2,058	1,985
Powdrell, T. L. C., Whakamahia, Turiroa	970	995
Powdrell, W. D. and Mrs. Myra, Opoho Station, Whakaki	8,109	6,755
Preston, R. W., Ardkeen, Frasertown	990	966
Pryde, David, Wairoa	1,106	1,213
Raiha Pora and Ahenata, Waikawa, Whakaki	106	5
Ranapia Aranui, Mohaka	102	100
Rayson, W. T., Mangaroa, Wairoa	700	720

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	No. of Sheep on April 30, 1923.	April 30, 1924.
Rehu Pomana and Ted Nepia, Nuhaka	180	152
Reynolds, G. M., Wairoa	9,020	10,130
Richardson, Arthur, Mangahua, Tarewa...	1,700	1,721
Richardson, Arthur, Wharehini, Gisborne	595	460
Richardson, John, Gisborne	1,705	1,700
Richmond, Struthers, and Co., Riverina, Marumaru ...	10,002	10,029
Robertson, D. H., Frasertown	980	1,250
Robinson, John, Tuhara, Wairoa	—	254
Robjohns, H. C., Pakarae, Wairoa	4,205	4,023
Rongomai Wahine, Opoutama	358	100
Ropihana Heta, Matiti, Mohaka	208	134
Ropitini Tio, Whakapouri, Lower Mohaka	182	202
Ross, David and John, Willow Flat	3,250	3,400
Ross, Dr. J., Pirinoa, Wairoa	—	1,628
Rowling, E., Kiwi Estate, Wairoa	3,683	4,615
Rutene Tuhi, Paneha, Marumaru	121	Nil
Scott, N. and J., Pehanui Station, Wairoa	6,967	Nil
Shaw Bros., Marumaru	372	320
Shaw, M. R., Moumoukai, Morere	3,640	3,596
Sim, R. B., Racecourse, Lower Mohaka	—	302
Sinclair, Alexander, Inverleith, Marumaru	776	850
Smith Bros., Ruakituri	—	4,350
Smith, George, Nuhaka	914	1,220
Smith, J. V., Ruakituri	4,460	Nil
Smyth, James F., "Otoi," Wairoa	4,495	4,900
Smyth, James F., Wahanui, Wairoa	3,869	4,160
Somerville, T. B., Omahanui	685	725
Spence Bros., Wairoa	—	800
Spooner, G. E., Ardkeen, Frasertown	1,023	817
Steed, R. C., Frasertown	724	527
Stevens, A. E., Mangapoike, Frasertown	2,130	1,624
Stewart, C. E., Whiorau, Nuhaka	5,080	5,171
Stokes, W. M., Morere	1,008	1,513
Stormer, Frederick, The Grange, Tangitere	407	412
Suckling, Mrs. D. E. B., Morere	—	88
Summerfield, Phillip H., Wairoa	3,304	3,840
Summerfield, S., Ohuia, Wairoa	1,046	988
Summerfield, Samuel, Clydebank, Wairoa	1,289	460
Swan, E. D., Marumaru	397	399
Swan, E. J., Clydebank, Wairoa	625	687
Sylvester, F. H., Armadale, Tangitere	800	756
Symes, S. R., Waikatea, Nuhaka	4,720	5,780
Taffe, C. D., "Otauhoro," Frasertown	2,049	2,476
Tait, James, Waikari Farm, Mohaka	1,364	1,718
Tait, Mrs., Whaitirinui, Mohaka	2,410	2,405
Tait, W., Sunny Braes, Morere	2,170	2,127
Tapper Bros., Tapui Station	2,530	2,528
Taumataeroa, Reuben and Rangi, Mohaka	606	560
Taylor, A. B., Clydebank, Frasertown	570	591
Taylor, A. S. and Sons, Tangitere	586	710
Taylor, H. B., Boscombe, Frasertown	827	855
Taylor, I. E. (Estate of), Burnside, Frasertown ...	1,614	1,799
Taylor, Meihana, and Kirk, A. F., Nuhaka	961	1,200
Te Ihi, Hori, Tautoke, and others, Opoutama	510	992
Teira Meihana, Nuhaka	961	Nil
Te Oti, Hokianga, Mohaka	102	80

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	No. of Sheep on April 30, 1923.	April 30, 1924.
The East Coast Commissioner, Native Trust Lands, Mahurangi Farm, Opouiti	3,380	3,814
Thomas Bros., Miromiro Station, Wairoa	1,115	1,332
Thompson, Frederick W., Opoutama	524	515
Thorpe, Stephen, Turiroa	175	271
Tidswell, C. H., Tangitere	690	709
Tidswell, Cyrus H., Tangitere	854	871
Tidswell, D. A. and C. H., Tangitere	1,446	1,477
Tiemi Mete, Nuhaka	1,000	1,600
Tihi Whaanga, Iwitea, Wairoa	205	205
Tikitini, Henare, Opoutama	214	312
Tod, George Dougall, Corozo, Nuhaka	1,050	1,228
Tolme, James, Frasertown	777	715
Tomlinson, C. W., Frasertown	335	265
Trafford and Signall, Te Reinga	1,687	1,417
Trafford, E. M., Te Reinga	955	1,009
Turei Rarere, Opoutama	120	200
Turner, C. N., Hikitangi, Nuhaka	2,158	2,453
Twigg, S., Mangaruhe	7,500	7,158
Vaughan, Fred., Tahaenui, Wairoa	4,013	3,282
Wainohu and Hemi Wainohu, Whakapouri, Mohaka ...	8	Nil
Wairama Na, Tarere, Waimako	66	Nil
Wairoa Co-operative Company, Ltd.	4	57
Walker, D., "Ohinepaka," Wairoa	—	2,301
Walker, Niel, Wairoa	2,440	Nil
Walker, T. F., Kiwi Estate, Wairoa	—	23
Walker, T. F., Ruapapa, Wairoa	3,849	4,499
Ward Bros., Rotonui, Wairoa	4,588	4,504
Watene Winiata, Frasertown Road, Wairoa	—	200
Watson, Peter, Glencore, Tuhara, Wairoa	22	120
Watson, Thomas, Tawhero Road, Wairoa	—	179
Wepiha Wainohu, Waipapa, Mohaka	1,137	1,183
Whaka Paraima and Riha Paraima, Frasertown ...	515	562
Whakaki Farm (A. G. Hedley), Tuhara	60	Nil
Whanga, Martin, Nuhaka	30	100
Wheeler, E. G., Putere, Wairoa	412	386
Whitmore, Thomas, Tangitere	497	519
Williams, Alick, Tangiwai, Frasertown	7,895	7,560
Williams, E. P., Murraytown, Wairoa	1,785	1,605
Williams, George A., Morere	726	627
Wilson, George, Clydebank, Frasertown	559	602
Winter, V. E., Homeleigh, Frasertown	735	816
Wiremu Kihitu, Haraki, Whakaki	36	34
Withell, John (Estate of), Willow Bank, Opoutama ...	1,440	1,231
	569,198	584,102

The two lists of farmers and their stocks of sheep, 38 years apart, illustrate in a remarkable manner the progress of pastoral interests, notwithstanding the great advances in the dairy industry. The lands of the county have not, however, reached the peak of their productive capacity, for there is a considerable area of Crown lands not yet taken up, besides small interests in Native-

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owned lands that call for consolidation. Much of the Maori-owned land must naturally come under the heading of "occupied land," seeing that there are Natives living on the same, though it must be confessed that in most cases they are not, in the truest sense, fully occupied nor half developed. The following will, perhaps, serve to give an idea of what land there is in this county still waiting to be taken up and profitably used:—

	Acres.
Wairoa County, portion of Hawke's Bay Land District	3,817
Wairoa County, portion of Gisborne Land District	29,000
Total	32,817

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CHAPTER XXX

FARMERS AND THE LAND

TOWN GROWTH—THE HARBOUR BOARD—HOSPITAL MATTERS—ELECTRIC POWER—LAND DRAINAGE—POST AND TELEGRAPH.

I have now come almost to the close of my self-imposed task, the endeavour to truly set forth the many struggles of the early settlers, and the part they have played in building up the material interests of the East Coast. I have shown, I hope, that the Maori people are beginning to "make good," especially in the northern areas, where the Hon. A. T. Ngata, M.P., is making a name for himself, that must in the end earn for him the undying gratitude of the race to which he belongs. Let me here return to the axiom with which I started this work—that it is the country which makes the town—and again plead for the heartiest co-operation between town people and the men on the land.

Town Growth.

The growth of the county capital is reflected partly in the progressive figures quoted in this and the previous chapter as applying to the county system, and the consequent development of the waste lands of Wairoa. For example: In 1878, only a year after the institution of the county system, the rateable value of the whole county, including the Wairoa Riding (embracing the present borough), was only £15,970; to-day the combined area is valued at £4,389,195. In 1874 the population of the Town of Wairoa was 227. In 1881 the total population of Wairoa County was 1,009; and in five years, namely, in 1886, there had only been added to the population 92 people by natural increase and immigration. This population was divided up as follows:—Clyde Riding (including Town District and outlying)—Men 298, women 253; Mohaka Riding—Men 114, women 77; Waikaremoana Riding—Men 236, women 123. The totals were 648 men and 453 women. The town population by 1891 had risen to 424; in 1906 it was 840, and in 1921 exactly 1921. The figures for the county are equally striking:—

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1874 (including the town), 809. In 1921, 4,367; and including the Maoris, 7,273. The registrar's estimate for the town for 1924 is 2,505. The large number of Maoris suggests to me, and I pass it on, the great need that exists for the formulation of a Maori policy to encourage farming on right lines, the adoption of an industrial life generally, the encouragement of thrift, and a subjugation of the sporting instinct, or at least a moderation of the same, in order to give thrift and industry full play to make for the general uplifting of the race.

The progress in the growth of the town was remarkably slow, there being little inducement for building or the establishment of industries, once more illustrating the truth of the axiom that it is the country which makes the town. It needed some making, too, as the illustrations in this work will show, though the very worst of them were never photographed or depicted on canvas. Many of the old houses of Old Wairoa have had histories of their own, into which I need not enter, but the mere mention of them will best illustrate the transition from the old to the new. A small shop which stood close to the present Bank of Australasia premises, and which formerly stood out in Ihaka Whaanga's section, was built in 1867, replacing an old-time whare. Close by stood the village blacksmith's shop, where it cost over £1 to shoe a horse, coal costing the blacksmith, the late John Gray, £5 per ton. Another old whare stood on the site of the first *Guardian* office and was occupied by Maihi Kaimoana, the unwilling seller of Te Rauwa, and the site of pa Manukanui to the white man, whereon he founded the town of Wairoa. Several whaling huts at the Heads were, perhaps, still older, contemporaneous with Mr. J. Carroll's house at the Awatere and the residence of the Hamlin family. Other old buildings are incidentally mentioned elsewhere, and suffice it now to say that a new town has grown up, many of the buildings running into thousands of pounds sterling in value, including churches, hotels, clubs, local-body offices, banks, wholesale and retail establishments, wool and flax stores, factories, timber-mills, schools, newspaper-office, hospitals and practically all the adjuncts of civilized society, with others to follow in the near future.

The local government of the town, as explained elsewhere, was carried on by the County Council till 1884, when the people became dissatisfied with the attention given by the Council to town needs, an agitation arose to take advantage of the Town Districts Act, and a Town Board was formed. In its day and generation this body did much to advance town interests; and though its powers were limited and its means meagre, it did good work paving the way for the establishment of the borough, which

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was brought about in 1909, the area being 1,562 acres(4). Since its inception the Council has done good work in the advancement of town interests and yet taking a due share in the work of settling the district, mainly by its sympathy for the task of closer settlement—a work that still needs to be extended. Prominent among the larger works may be mentioned the storm-water drainage system and the electric-light installation, power being drawn from Waikaremoana for lighting, heating, and manufacturing purposes. There yet remains to be carried out a water supply, for which a loan has already been carried and is now being expended, which will include fire-fighting plant, and then must come an up-to-date sewerage system, which will bring Wairoa into line with the most progressive towns of the Dominion.

The following tables will best illustrate the growth of the town since the inception of the borough system:—

CLYDE TOWN DISTRICT VALUES.

Capital.		*Unimproved.*	
Year.	Amount.	Year.	Amount.
1891	£45,341	1891	£22,164
1903	58,190	1903	29,344
1904	58,190	1904	29,344
1905	59,364	1905	29,344
1906	59,196	1906	29,344
1907	115,192	1907	72,229
1908	115,699	1908	72,471
1909*	115,699	1909	72,471

* Merged in Borough this year.

WAIROA BOROUGH.—ANNUAL REVENUE, EXCLUDING LOANS.

Year.	Amount.	Year.	Amount.
1911	£2,151	1918	£6,288
1912	3,354	1919	6,404
1913	5,063	1920	7,087
1914	5,611	1921	7,168
1915	3,689	1922	3,735
1916	5,333	1923	7,445
1917	4,932	1924	7,246

WAIROA BOROUGH.—ELECTRIC LIGHT REVENUE, EXCLUDING LOANS.

Year.	Amount.	Year.	Amount.
1914	£ 586 6 0	1920	£2,910 8 0
1915	1,239 6 9	1921	3,273 13 5
1916	1,631 0 3	1922	3,703 8 1
1917	1,834 19 2	1923	3,632 19 3
1918	2,065 17 9	1924	3,939 1 10
1919	2,540 12 11		

(4). The first Mayor was Dr. John Somerville, 1909-1910.

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Wairoa Borough Valuations.

Capital. Year.	Amount.	*Unimproved.* Year.	Amount.
1910*	£239,379	1910	£149,088
1912	244,115	1912	149,005
1913	254,294	1913	148,893
1915	267,919	1915	148,333
1917	412,627	1917	236,328
1918	420,272	1918	237,368
1919	431,393	1919	238,803
1920	444,179	1920	239,958
1921	456,667	1921	239,958
1922	678,500	1922	364,720
1923	688,760	1923	363,955
1924	689,195	1924	362,685

* Borough created in 1909 and added to at expense of county.

Borough Public Debt.

Year.	Amount.	Year.	Amount.
1912	£ 5,979	1919	£18,573
1913	8,853	1920	18,399
1914	13,609	1921	18,205
1915	13,304	1922	17,429
1916	15,149	1923	32,837
1917	14,409	1924	37,038
1918	17,239		

These figures are less redemption payments.

Borough Assets and Liabilities.*

Assets. Year.	Amount.	*Liabilities.* Year.	Amount.
1911	£ 1,999	1911	£1,024
1912	3,074	1912	950
1913	6,786	1913	6,316
1914	9,984	1914	6,896
1915	9,563	1915	7,251
1916	9,568	1916	6,554
1917	9,814	1917	6,512
1918	12,047	1918	6,336
1919	12,784	1919	6,786
1920	12,333	1920	6,569
1921	11,327	1921	6,438
1922	10,221	1922	6,416
1923	19,795	1923	867
1924	23,647	1924	510

* The loan indebtedness appears under the heading "Public Debt."

Population Figures.

Europeans in County.		*Europeans in Borough.*	
1878	826		
1901	1,723	1901	623†
1906	2,156	1906	840†
1911	1,876*	1911	1,079
1916	2,332	1916	1,530
1921	2,446	1921	1,921

* Due to establishment of Borough. † Clyde Town District.

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Opening St. Joseph's Convent: Before the Ceremony

The Mayor, Mr. J. Corkill, addressing the Assemblage

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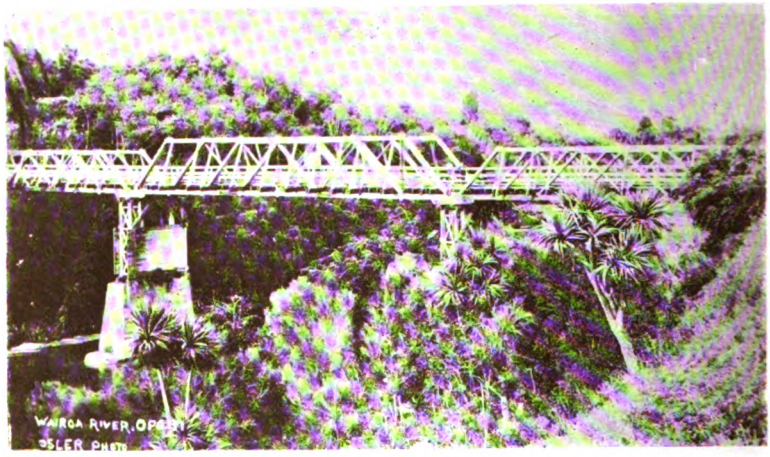
St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church and Schoolroom



Mangapoike Bridge, Opouiti

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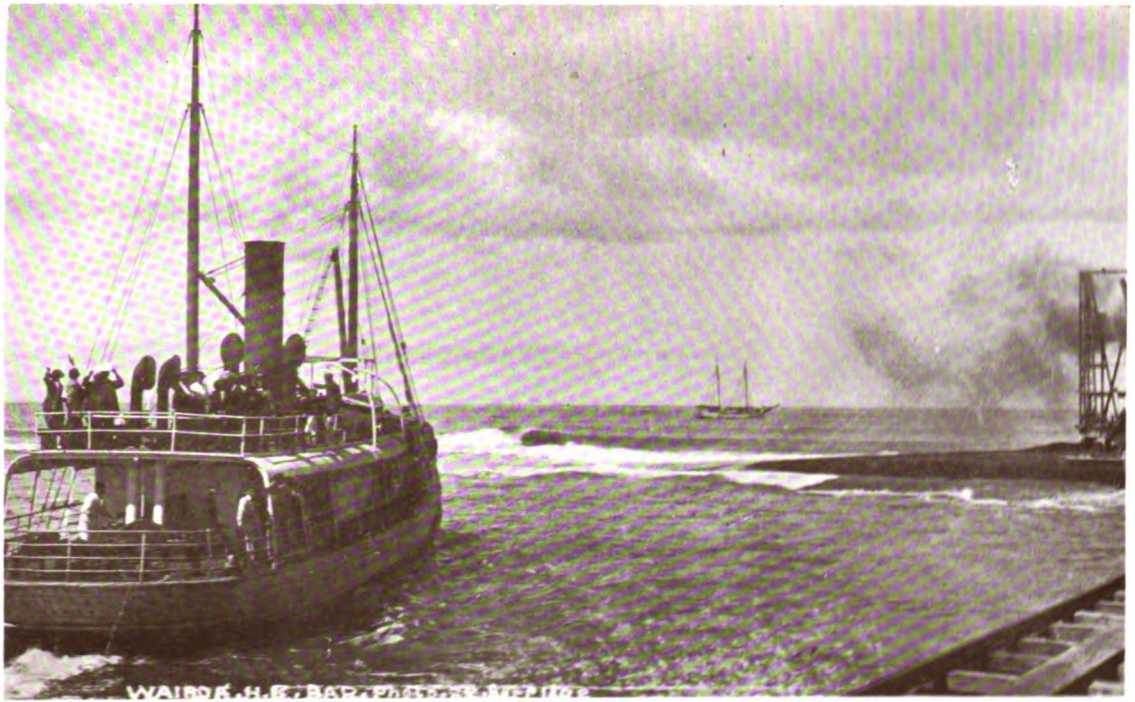

Crossing the Bar, Wairoa

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St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Wairoa, 1921

Wairoa Post and Telegraph Office, 1924

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County and Borough Combined.				*Maoris in County.*			
1878	...	...	826				
1901	...	...	2,396	1901	...	...	1,991
1906	...	...	2,996	1906	...	...	2,286
1911	...	...	2,955	1911	...	...	2,660
1916	...	...	3,862	1916	...	...	2,536
1921	...	...	4,367	1921	...	...	2,906

County, Borough, and Maoris Combined.							
1901	...	...	4,387	1916	...	...	6,398
1906	...	...	5,262	1921	...	...	7,273
1911	...	...	5,615				

GENERAL STATISTICS.

Number of houses in Borough, 382; miles of streets—metalled 20 miles, unmetalled 3 miles; drains and ditches, 46 miles.

I have purposely omitted to include the Harbour Board among the local bodies of the county simply for the reason that it has a special function to carry out intimately connected with the man on the land—and that is transportation. In days gone by, it was to the Harbour Board that the farmer looked for the means of transport of the primary products to within reach of a market, and so the farmers were in close association with that body, and must continue to be so till the "iron horse" is ready to take over the work, and even then the Board must figure largely in the calculations of the farmer.

The Harbour Board.

The Wairoa Harbour Board was constituted by special Act in 1878(5), but it emerged from the Local Bills Committee so emasculated that its promoters scarcely recognised it, and one keen wit compared it to the play of "Hamlet" with the part of the Prince of Denmark cut out. The measure provided an endowment of 20,000 acres of land in the Kiwi estate, and to the Wellington legislators this was like the red rag to the bull; but the measure was allowed to go through, and in the General Harbours Act the Wairoa Board was included and "the baby" grew, though its foster-parents were not always agreed as to the best means of stimulating the bantling. Dependent for years for a revenue returnable from Napier in the form of pilotage and port charges, mainly to pay the Government pilot, the Board generally was as poor as a church mouse; however, with the advance of the district in population and importance, independence was won and the Board began to manage its own affairs. It is not my purpose to write a history of the various schemes brought forward to cope with the conditions prevailing at the Heads. Two schemes were carried out and proved failures, and the third (the one at Waikokopu) promises to be another, unless the Government with

(5). The first chairman was Mr. J. T. Large (afterwards Major Large), the first proprietor of the "Wairoa Guardian." He died at Auckland on 30th July, 1923.

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its up-to-date staffs and plants can be induced to carry out the inner harbour scheme on behalf of the district. A satisfactory harbour for Wairoa has yet to be made, but no doubt it will come some day at the right time and in the right way—the way of success. The progress made by the district is shown by the following returns, vouched for by the Secretary of the Board:—

PORT CHARGES AND WHARFAGES, 1906 TO 1923.

	Port Charges.	Wharfages.	Total.
1906	£133 19 3	£ 687 6 5	£ 821 5 8
1907	220 3 2	883 7 11	£1,103 11 1
1908	209 12 0	846 13 1	1,056 5 1
1909	241 6 9	929 18 3	1,171 5 0
1910	259 1 3	829 16 0	1,088 17 3
1911	256 4 0	1,223 15 0	1,479 19 0
1912	347 18 10	1,239 5 7	1,587 4 5
1913	378 1 3	1,547 5 10	1,925 7 1
1914	460 12 1	1,377 12 8	1,837 14 9
1915	631 1 6	1,232 18 5	1,863 19 11
1916	677 9 8	1,794 1 0	2,471 10 8
1917	728 10 6	2,280 11 11	3,009 2 5
1918	651 6 4	1,816 3 10	2,467 10 2
1919	660 7 2	2,342 12 3	3,002 19 5
1920	778 3 11	2,484 4 10	3,262 8 9
1921	806 2 9	2,162 19 0	2,969 1 9
1922	885 12 11	2,573 16 10	3,459 9 9
1923	593 7 4	2,013 4 5	2,606 11 9
1924	711 2 6	2,278 3 0	2,989 5 6

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IMPORTS, 1911 to 1923.

Year.	General Cargo.	Coal.	Bricks.	Chaff.	Rams.	Grass Seed.	Posts.	Timber.	Oats.
	Tons.	Tons.		Tons.		Sacks.		Sup. ft.	Sacks.
1911	5,371	695	52,800	348	722	3,720	3,991	659,082	3,983
1912	5,556	526	28,620	349	561	2,689	8,465	796,313	2,964
1913	5,871	871	20,120	447	433	3,860	11,788	1,255,872	4,498
1914	6,678	1,187	18,100	299	487	2,128	14,437	1,499,439	5,018
1915	6,117	720	900	65	1,415	2,096	7,869	778,391	4,271
1916	6,567	681	6,950	120	1,567	1,734	21,034	1,481,288	2,628
1917	6,795	2,049	33,562	438	1,551	1,081	10,620	1,051,312	2,937
1918	6,139	2,024	35,900	275	1,713	385	10,585	1,114,301	3,169
1919	3,914	2,475	11,802	167	616	575	3,456	561,865	893
1920	7,077	4,820	5,704	293	1,068	1,167	6 894	885,006	595
1921	5,834	6,808	1,062	223	921	1,351	8,458	740,460	1,030
1922	6,255	3,859	4,250	144	1,440	1,210	—	1,321,477	1,610
1923	5,290	1,917	—	89	1,400	330	—	1,526,080	1,800
1924	4,594	1,149	—	112	555	1,505	—	646,080	1,700

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EXPORTS, 1911 to 1923.

Year.	General Cargo.	Wool.	Hides.	Skins.	Tow and Flax.	Butter.	Pelts.	Lamb and Mutton.	Beef.	Tallow.
	Tons.	Bales.	Bundles.	Bndls.	Bales.	Boxes.	Tons.	Carcases.	Qrs.	Tons.
1911 ...	243	5,786	570	507	668	97	—	—	—	—
1912 ...	241	7,099	586	472	858	47	—	—	—	—
1913 ...	380	8,460	820	563	978	94	—	—	—	—
1914 ...	603	8,170	765	631	869	180	—	—	—	—
1915 ...	1,035	8,897	842	678	749	373	—	—	—	—
1916 ...	712	10,149	671	696	596	695	—	—	—	—
1917 ...	566	10,386	968	676	1,065	752	21	7,441	716	2
1918 ...	772	9,840	2,852	427	1,404	384	93	48,405	4,147	436
1919 ...	391	11,845	1,008	522	1,567	298	197	33,104	6,581	271
1920 ...	1,069	8,219	6,249	1,046	3,445	155	631	156,994	9,808	94
1921 ...	584	6,950	4,523	820	2,850	235	103	151,361	8,751	410
1922 ...	925	15,095	1,663	274	2,129	1,346	216	196,642	6,272	430
1923 ...	700	12,509	1,700	280	1,910	3,650	264	178,464	11,684	279
1924 ...	1,141	11,068	1,480	780	3,228	3,284	140	106,572	2,660	203

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HARBOUR BOARD.—PUBLIC DEBT.

1919	£74,692	3	4	1922	£101,049	19	2
1920	74,838	4	2	1923	104,464	9	7
1921	88,546	15	0	1924	102,569	0	10

HARBOUR BOARD.—ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

	Assets.				*Liabilities.*		
1919	£17,716	3	11	1919	£6,235	11	3
1920	15,147	14	1	1920	1,702	16	6
1921	21,010	11	5	1921	6,706	19	2
1922	31,682	0	0	1922	8,410	5	8
1923	33,321	6	11	1923	4,712	9	1
1924	24,471	15	11	1924	4,858	10	1

Waikokopu figures are not included, as the port has not been running a full year yet.

Hospital Matters.

For many years the Wairoa Hospital was managed by a committee of the County Council appointed by the Napier Hospital Board, the local members having really very little power, and occupying a most anomalous and unsatisfactory position. An agitation was set on foot to obtain separation from Napier, and eventually success crowned the efforts of the separatists, and the Wairoa hospital district was constituted in 1910, since when local hospital matters and charitable aid have been carried out by local people, elected by the ratepayers in the constituent district(6). The hospital is maintained by levies on the local bodies, by voluntary contributions and subsidies thereon, also patients' fees. It is somewhat of an anomaly that a spending body should not be responsible to the ratepayers, the feathers wherewith to fly being found mainly by the ratepayers through the local bodies. The levies, if reasonable, must be met, and even if unreasonable they may not wholly be evaded. The time is probably not far distant when these bodies will become direct rating bodies, and answerable to their constituents for the expenditures. The present hospital occupies an almost ideal site, close to the town, and elevated fairly above the low-lying flats; but it has its drawbacks owing to the difficulty of securing proper drainage without expensive pumping. The site is also too constricted to admit of extensions in the future, except by the aid of concrete retaining walls erected out from the base of the hills. Authority has, however, been secured to acquire a new site of 73 acres on the Wairoa-Frasertown road for the new hospital of the future. It is on the edge of a possible East Coast railway route of the future, the high-power transmission line, and the Wairoa water-supply mains, also close to the Wairoa-Frasertown electric trams of the future, while for the present there are frequent daily

(6). The first chairman was Mr. J. Powdrell, when separation from Napier was brought about.

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motor bus services. On the old site there is a fine Nurses' Home built in brick, and when the new hospital is built the Home may be used as a Maternity Hospital. It is contemplated that in the near future the Old People's Home will be established on the new site, and thus will be removed the present reproach that we send away our old people in poor circumstances to end their days separated from all friends and acquaintances.

The following returns of revenue, patients treated, and fees collected, further bear out the progress being made by the Wairoa district:—

WAIROA HOSPITAL BOARD.

Revenue.

1913	...	...	£2,361	1920	...	...	£8,743
1914	...	...	2,118	1921	...	...	11,295
1915	...	...	2,565	1922	...	...	8,176
1916	...	...	2,860	1923	...	...	6,142
1917	...	...	4,711	1924	...	...	7,193
1918	...	...	3,359	1925	...	...	7,895
1919	...	...	5,698				

Patients Admitted during Year, and Fees Collected.

Year.	No. of Patients.		Fees.	Year.	No. of Patients.		Fees.
	M.	F.			M.	F.	
1904 ...	28	5	—	1915 ...	86	68	£480
1905 ...	36	13	—	1916 ...	100	56	444
1906 ...	49	11	—	1917 ...	123	79	378
1907 ...	29	9	—	1918 ...	190	122	497
1908 ...	52	14	—	1919 ...	184	94	976
1909 ...	46	23	—	1920 ...	186	103	1,009
1910 ...	90	35	—	1921 ...	161	74	1,446
1911 ...	92	43	—	1922 ...	177	106	1,183
1912 ...	127	44	—	1923 ...	170	91	919
1913* ...	122	70	£298	1924 ...	155	87	1,058
1914 ...	121	75	378				

* First year of Board's operations.

Electric Power.

The Wairoa Power Board, comprising ten members, was constituted on 29th July, 1920, and if not the first established under the Act, it was among the first, showing unmistakably that the leaders of thought and public opinion in Wairoa were not slow to grasp the importance of having hydro-electricity installed in the district for the running of the industrial plants and the provision of power for cooking, heating and lighting purposes(7). Of the loan of £100,000 the sum of £40,000 has been spent, and £10,000 of the balance is being spent on further country reticulation, the policy of the Board being to extend the lines wherever a payable load can be secured. The headworks, erected by the Government,

(7). The first chairman was Mr. G. C. Ormond, eldest son of the late Hon. J. D. Ormond.

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are now leased to and run by the Board for a few years; and when the major scheme, scheduled for 1928, is completed it is the intention of the Government to take back the works, which will become an exciter station, also to take over the transmission line from the lake to the borough boundary. It would be difficule to forecast the effect of the major scheme on the future progress of Wairoa, but undoubtedly it will be far-reaching. The Waikaremoana scheme will be the connecting link in the three-fold hydro-electric scheme—Mangahao-Waikaremoana-Arapuni —and should anything go wrong on either wing, Waikaremoana can carry the North Island load quite easily. It should, therefore, be the aim of the local bodies and business men generally to endeavour to bring about and foster the establishment of local industries, so that population may be attracted and employment found for the rising generation in New Wairoa. It is safe to predict that in a very few years the lot of the women of Wairoa, served as they will be with electricity as a handmaiden, will be one to excite the envy of their less favourably situated sisters.

WAIROA POWER BOARD.

Statistical Summary.

	1924.	1925.
Capital expenditure	£42,243	£54,381
Revenue	6,475	7,739
Sales of current	6,260	6,782
Profit, showroom and wiring	149	753
Miscellaneous...	65	203
Cost of power purchased	2,100	2,443
Operating Costs	1,161	1,217
Main transmission line	306	175
Substation and distribution	226	481
Management and general	1,601	1,377
Assets	47,074	60,727
Liabilities	47,074	60,727
Total expenditure to March 31	5,395	5,691
Accrued sinking funds	949	1,510
County street lighting (initial)	21	42

General Statistics.

	1924.	1925.
Units generated at power-house... ...	1,334,627	1,828,214
Units sold—		
Wairoa Meat Company, Ltd. ...	633,610	808,080
Wairoa Flaxmills, Ltd.	272,940	195,640
Wairoa Borough Council	144,090	375,410
Retail consumers, etc.	12,350	33,688
Motors in use...	31	41
Horse-power	710	734
Number of units consumed	777,760	1,040,320
Units consumed	1,066,295	1,412,818
Total connected load (Kw.)	1,271.435	1,283.564
Poles erected	1,020	639
Extensions during year	32½m.	18½m.
Installations put in during year ...	30	40

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Land Drainage.

The Whakaki drainage district was constituted in 1914 and the Board held its first meeting in January of that year. The primary object of the Board was to drain the lands adjacent to Whakaki and Ohuia lagoons, lying to the east of the Wairoa river, totalling in all about 20,000 acres; and so far as the limited funds permitted that work has been fairly successful, many acres formerly under water all the year being now dry and grazing sheep and cattle. Of the sum of £5,000 raised by loan all has now been expended, and efforts are being made to induce the Government to acquire the lagoon areas and drain and fit them for settlement. There are no really insuperable difficulties in the way, and with the advent of cheap electricity it is just possible this object will be attained. These lagoons have from time immemorial been the home of many thousands of duck, teal and black swan, whilst from the waters the Maoris have drawn and still draw a great proportion of their food in the shape of tuna, carp, etc. It is unlikely, in these days, that they would offer any opposition to the acquirement of the area, provided a fair price was given. sentiment does not now weigh as heavily with the Maoris as it did in the past; and besides, they are only too ready to march side by side with the Pakehas on the road to true progress.

Post and Telegraph.

The story of the Wairoa district's progress could not well be written without including the postal and telegraphic and telephonic services, for these services may well be likened to a pulsometer. So far as can be ascertained, a post-office was opened at Wairoa on September 30th, 1861 (the first postmaster being Henry Martin Hamlin), in various premises in town till the building of the first regular office on the present site. It may, too, be a reminder of early days, to give the list of his successors up to the end of the "troublous times." These were:—

	Appointed
H. M. Hamlin	30th September, 1861
S. F. Prentice	1st March, 1863
Wm. Atward	1st November, 1865
R. Finlayson	1st October, 1866
S. F. Prentice	1st January, 1869
E. Carter	1st January, 1871
R. Finlayson	1st January, 1873
P. Walker	1st October, 1873

In 1859 there was a fortnightly mail service to Wairoa, and the "roads" were such that the carriers took their lives in their hands, owing to the narrowness and steepness of the tracks and the unbridged rivers and creeks, not to mention such a trifle as an ambush set by the brown man for the Pakeha and the man serving the "Kawanatanga." Mails also came by sailing craft

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Mutton on the Hooks, Wairoa Works

Wairoa Freezing Works—Sheep Slaughter-house

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Wairoa Freezing Works—A Full Board

[Photo by Mr. Abe Rarere

Wairoa Primary Products for London
First Direct Shipment, by "Waiwera," for Home

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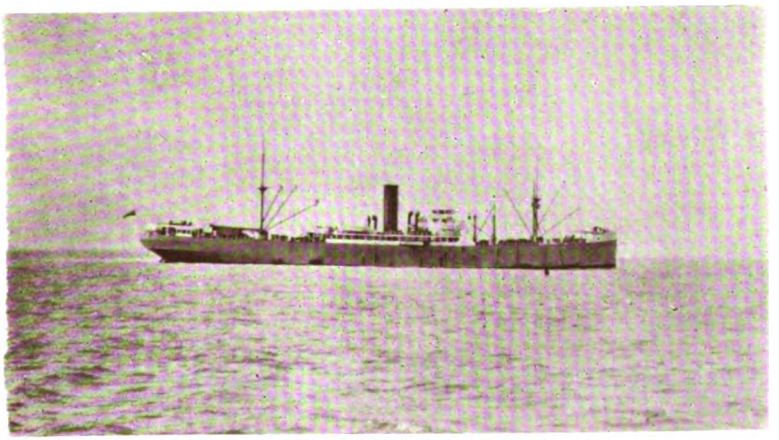
[Photo by Mr. Abe Rarere

Port Waikokopu

Old-time style of loading Wool; now a thing of the past



"Port Denison," 10,500 tons, at Waikokopu

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Beef cooling before entering the Chilling Room, Wairoa Freezing Works

Wairoa Freezing Works, 1924

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and later by steamers, but they might all be described as "light." The postal officer proceeded with a leisurely step to the steamer or the just-arrived hooker, and taking the mail under his arm, sorted it in his own good time, dreaming not of switchboards, telephones or duplex systems, while "contacts" troubled him not, nor was the sweet voice of the "Hello girl" heard in the land. When the boat mail was extra heavy the official used a venerable wheelbarrow belonging to the "village blacksmith," the late John Gray—the same conveyance being used to take to the lock-up at Spooner's Point all and sundry who had rendered themselves unable to walk. In 1863 the frequency was increased to once a week, at a cost of £80 per annum. The boon but stimulated the demand for a still better service, and in the early seventies a public meeting was held to agitate for a twice-weekly service, but it had no effect. One speaker told the meeting the Napier postmaster had informed him that Wairoa only sold just under £100 worth of stamps in a year(8). Apparently in the early days the position of postmaster was an honorary one, and sought after for the trade it brought to the particular storekeeper holding the position. In the late sixties, however, Wairoa petitioned the Government to pay the local postmaster £6 a year for his trouble, and stating at the same time that even he could not get answers to his many requests sent to Wellington. In 1866 the cost of letter delivery in New Zealand was very high, Wairoa-Mahia standing third on the list. The cost at Morven Hills was 9/5½ per letter; at Muddy Creek, Auckland, 6/3½; at Mahia, 2/7. The average for all Hawke's Bay was 6½d.

The first regular Government postmaster was the late Robert White, a brother-in-law of Mr. (now Sir James) Carroll, and the personnel of the staff was not much of a charge on the Consolidated Revenue. The year of Mr. White's appointment the telegraph line reached the settlement. It was part of the Napier-Gisborne line, and for the first five miles out of Napier the wires ran on the poles carrying the line to Auckland and left that route at Petane to Wairoa, and thence to Poverty Bay along the beach to Mahia, but far enough inland (so it was hoped) to prevent the wires being affected by the salt spray. From Mahia the line was carried along the sand-hills for about four miles, then through fourteen miles of rough and dense bush, and subsequently over about 23 miles of comparatively level ground to Turanganui or Gisborne. Great delay was experienced in getting the material on the ground through the scarcity of water carriage, the Gisborne extension being completed on 4th May, 1874. The length of the line from Napier to Gisborne was 107 miles and

(8). The total stamp sales at Wairoa Post-office for the year ended March 31, 1925, was £5,049.

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the total cost £13,697 15s. 3d., equal to £127 16s. 7d. per mile. The Nuhaka Natives at first flatly refused to let the Pakehas run the telegraph lines over their lands, the reason given being that they had not been adequately paid for their services during the Waikaremoana expedition. The Wairoa telegraph office was opened in May 1874, Mr. White being often relieved by Mrs. White with the tapes. The business grew with the advance in settlement up to a regular twice-weekly overland service, the subsidy in the last year of the Coaching Age being £1,200 per annum. Then the Hawke's Bay Motor Company stabled 150 horses in its Wairoa stables alone, ten or twelve bags of mail and several hampers arriving by every steamer, in addition to mails for which Wairoa is the circulating office. In the last coaching year no fewer than 40 coaches were carrying mails to and from and within Wairoa every week—the coaching business being a good index of the growth of the district. Now the services are almost wholly carried out by motor cars, 'buses and lorries, no less than 666 bags and parcel receptacles arriving and departing weekly from the Wairoa office, and there is now a daily mail service. The year 1875 saw a money-order and savings-bank business opened, and on 8th May, 1906, a telephone exchange was opened with 49 subscribers (obtained after a great effort). The expansion of business was so great that the total number of subscribers is now 451. Up-to-date copper lines are now running out in all directions, including a metallic circuit in town and another up the Waikaremoana road. There are not a great many settlers at present unconnected, and the service is continuous, the number of calls in a year being in the vicinity of 1,191,754, an average per day per subscriber of 8.5. The new post-office building, to which is attached a very fine clock and set of Westminster chimes subscribed for by the people at a cost of £700, is built of brick and of two storeys. The offices portion occupies the whole of the ground floor; but even now (1925) all departments are crushed, and not many years hence the upper floors must be used to accommodate the telephone exchange, or a considerable extension must be undertaken.

Per favour of the Hon. the Postmaster-General I am enabled to tabulate the business done at the Wairoa office for the following years:—

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Year.	Letters and Post-cards.	Books and Newspapers.	Telegrams and Toll Communications.
1900	88,595	58,825	32,791
1901	92,910	66,456	36,938
190	94,510	62,972	40,003
1903	81,718	55,016	41,799
1904	101,322	76,284	44,593
1905	120,458	90,389	69,035
1906	159,250	117,806	61,783
1907	194,181	164,190	72,855
1908	219,167	171,873	76,871
1909	255,945	175,601	70,001
1910	277,225	217,956	78,821
1911	335,434	269,641	88,907
1912	356,457	286,477	91,108
1913	409,256	304,607	104,563
1914	502,261	285,245	106,184
1915	482,968	316,986	108,167
1916	613,166	376,254	115,447
1917	579,041	286,450	122,371
1918	478,517	271,727	121,138
1919	688,311	360,672	147,985
1920	714,831	448,106	150,724
1921	652,925	414,108	129,305
1922	529,802	313,856	127,359
1923	527,722	400,908	141,686
1924	512,434	425,608	103,465
1925	517,660	473,872	108,161

POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.

Thrift of the People.

Year.	No. of Deposits.	Value.	No. of Withdrawals.	Value.
1900	583	£ 5,514 9 8	232	£ 3,096 3 2
1901	518	5,218 18 1	308	3,684 11 7
1902	403	4,510 0 5	302	5,023 15 1
1903	432	4,364 17 4	271	2,739 7 11
1904	440	5,128 16 6	203	3,704 13 10
1905	712	8,856 12 2	321	4,707 11 6
1906	742	8,855 13 7	438	6,496 3 4
1907	861	15,395 18 9	463	9,204 11 6
1908	864	13,504 18 10	630	11,930 6 1
1909	847	15,533 7 4	633	13,182 3 11
1910	1,065	17,970 0 3	615	13,275 9 7
1911	1,183	20,560 3 6	730	16,231 6 5
1912	1,428	24,104 6 9	840	16,856 10 9
1913	2,119	9,466 12 8	698	4,201 15 5
1914	1,482	25,997 12 0	998	20,584 16 3
1915	1,465	30,012 3 6	874	22,668 16 3
1916	2,378	37,186 12 0	997	22,975 6 6
1917	2,675	51,970 12 6	1,475	32,076 3 10
1918	2,354	39,413 6 1	1,270	28,811 1 5
1919	2,713	48,927 1 5	1,688	43,010 9 1
1920	3,181	71,337 3 5	2,191	64,085 2 3
1921*	2,466	53,098 8 9	1,642	46,757 13 1
1923	2,324	45,475 8 3	1,488	41,850 3 8
1924	2,144	49,310 1 8	1,352	46,235 7 9
1925	2,247	60,117 19 2	1,257	38,068 9 8

* Savings Bank year altered to end at 31st March.

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Post Office Savings Bank.

Money-Order Business.

Year.	No. Issued.	Value.	No. Paid Out.	Value.
1900	965	£ 3,489 10 6	398	£ 1,659 16 3
1901	957	3,467 1 2	406	1,746 8 4
1902	749	3,000 13 8	307	1,035 13 0
1903	905	3,417 1 6	388	1,430 12 3
1904	799	2,935 3 10	308	1,135 19 3
1905	929	4,076 1 1	320	1,192 12 0
1906	1,016	3,971 2 7	428	1,677 10 1
1907	999	3,631 0 7	376	1,543 3 8
1908	1,167	4,440 0 2	502	2,339 11 7
1909	1,324	5,132 9 6	449	1,912 19 11
1910	1,292	5,395 2 6	514	2,813 3 1
1911	1,539	7,322 10 11	511	2,799 9 8
1912	1,907	8,853 13 10	682	3,796 7 3
1913	1,702	26,085 12 10	947	18,018 13 1
1914	2,036	9,743 16 9	715	4,748 10 1
1915	2,071	11,466 3 8	745	5,266 5 4
1916	2,489	12,889 14 7	853	5,153 17 10
1917	2,548	13,834 17 0	921	6,082 12 4
1918	2,272	13,476 4 2	771	4,828 8 1
1919	2,705	17,371 1 9	947	8,207 19 11
1920	2,545	19,884 17 9	1,115	10,607 17 2
1921	2,439	17,458 13 8	1,063	7,751 0 2
1922	2,550	16,013 10 11	941	6,859 12 9
1923	2,442	16,345 18 3	957	6,794 6 1
1924	2,481	17,169 13 0	959	6,971 19 2
1925	2,460	20,393 6 4	1,025	7,651 14 2

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CHAPTER XXXI (APPENDIX)

WAIROA IN 1975

(More or Less Prophetical)

Awake at Last—The New Frasertown—Down the Wairoa—At the Elysium—More Surprises—An Up-to-Date Town—The Maori College—Progress on Every Hand—At the Lake—Farewell!

The day succeeding the declaration of the poll for the Hydro-Electric Power Loan of £100,000 an event occurred which caused quite a sensation in the town of Wairoa. A young man, mounted on a well-bred black horse, dashed furiously up Marine Parade in the direction of the bridge. In his right hand he bore "a banner with a strange device," the words emblazoned thereon being "Rates! Robbery! Ruin!" and screaming "Money! Money!! Money!!!" as he rode. These antics, apparently, were in some way connected with the successful poll taken a few days before, at which evidently he had been in a hopeless minority, and the only charitable conclusion that the neighbours could arrive at was that this young man's mind had become unhinged at the prospect. He crossed the bridge at the same furious rate, regardless of the many warnings to the contrary exhibited by the City Fathers, and galloped up the Frasertown road, disdaining all commands to moderate his speed. Dashing onward in a cloud of dust, he was soon out of sight. Certain people at Frasertown stated next day that they had seen a black charger dash up the road towards Springhill, and that the man in the saddle, still bearing his banner, had a face white as death. A settler driving to Wairoa saw the man a little to the south of Marumaru, but that was the last heard of him. The horse, saddled and bridled, was found next day, the sweat-marks still visible on the poor beast, but though search parties scoured the hills for over a week no trace of the rider was found. While the nine days' wonder lasted there were, of course, many rumours as to the appearance of a strange-looking man here and there, but the police dispelled these fairy tales almost as soon as they were uttered. Gradually interest began to wane, and when the

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young man's relations gave up the quest the public did so too, and Wairoa went on its usual way, but with a new incentive to action—the well-founded hope that at last something would be done to render the struggling local industries independent of labour as manipulated by the genus extremist, and to further the creation of others in the interests of progress.

. . . . . .

The first of October, 1975, broke as many an October morning had done before in Old Wairoa—a perfect spring morning, with a cloudless sky and a light sea breeze, which soon became warmer as the sun rose above the hills in the Marumaru district, flooding the landscape with his light, and causing all animate objects to rejoice that, no matter what was in store for them, another day had been born. The flowers, also, lifted their heads to the genial rays, and the leaves of the trees rustled in the near-by woods. A shepherd making his early morning rounds saw, not far from one of the least-known Marumaru caves—indeed, just at its mouth—a sight that nearly froze the blood in his veins. He had just been listening to a rumble coming from the direction of Wakapunake, and well knowing what it meant, he was about to proceed on his way, when he witnessed a sight that caused him to stand still with fright. "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" In front of the cave's mouth stood a figure of a man of medium height, with long white locks almost reaching to his knees, and with eyes that had long lost their lustre and fire. In fact, the man—for such he was, and not a spirit—appeared to be about 100 years old, though he may have been less. He wore a rather dark suit, partly spoiled by dripping limestone water—indeed, a few stalactites were attached to the garments he wore—and even as he stood the gentle breezes were playing havoc with his clothing, for bit by bit they were being blown off his person, or seemed to crumble away as if they had only been just brought to the light after having been hidden in the darkness for at least 100 years. The shepherd, who was an Irishman, devoutly crossed himself, and, thinking he had just disturbed a "sperrit," was about to flee, when the figure raised a worn hand and thus addressed him: "Stay, man, and tell me who I am, where I've been, and what is that terrible noise I hear."

Awake at Last.

Replied Pat—all Irishmen are Pats, except those that are called Mick—"Three moighty onconvaynient questions to ax a poor bhoy, but av yez are the Divil himself shure yez are moighty ignorant. An' av yez are not the Ould Bhoy himself, an' don't know who yez are, shure I can't tell yez. Be the looks av yez clothes, bedad,

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I'm just thinkin' yez have just come out av that cave, so yez did. More betoken yez are in time for brequest, av yez raally are flesh an' blood."

"But what is that noise I still hear?" said the strange-looking figure. "It was that which just now awakened me out of sleep."

"That noise, is it?" said Pat. "Why, that's the 5.40 express, an' it will be here in two shakes av a lamb's tail."

Just then a train of carriages came in sight round a curve from the direction of Opouiti, and drew up at a platform in the village below.

"That a train, a train in—in—in——," and the strange-looking figure passed his hands across his brow, evidently trying to recall something.

"It's the express, I tould yez, bound from Gisborne, going to the Royal Horse an' Cattle Fair at Wairoa; and this is Marumaru, bedad; an' it's thinkin' I am that we'll go hungry av we don't soon get down to the tucker shed."

"Gisborne—Wairoa—Marumaru! I've heard those names before somewhere," murmured the still standing figure. "Am I dreaming, or have I been in a trance somewhere in these hills?" he added, half to himself and half to the shepherd still standing by.

"Dhramin', is it? Shure an' I'm thinkin' it's mad yez are intoirely. Yez are fallin' to bits, so yez are, an' if we shtand here any longer wan av us—an' that's not me—will be in the gaol, for walkin' about as Adam did in the Garden av Eden. Come along wid me."

And suiting the action to the word, he hurried the old man along through the outskirts of the village—half-ashamed of his nakedness—to the shepherd's modest hut. There he placed a substantial meal before the stranger, subsequently cropping his long hair and trimming his matted beard. When these operations were completed, no one who had seen him at the cave would suppose that the stranger was other than some benevolent-looking old gentleman travelling to some philanthropic gathering, or out on a botanizing expedition.

Pat surveyed him with a rather quizzical eye, remarking: "Av yez been aslape all those years ye shpake about it's some money ye'll be nadin', I'm thinkin'." He then handed a purse to the stranger, telling him the midday train for Wairoa would soon be due, and that he had better take a ticket for the County

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capital. The old gentleman accepted the purse, murmuring his thanks and remarking that if his new-dawning recollections proved true the purse would be sent back with double interest.

The New Frasertown.

The shepherd left to attend to his duties, and the stranger, now more in his right mind, proceeded through the village to the station. To the right and left he noted that hills which once had grown fern and scrub were now clothed with lucerne and other tall herbage. He passed a jam factory on the way, and in the distance saw more than one creamery, whilst spacious milking-sheds, a score or more, dotted the landscape. In front of each was a tall pole carrying a cable—something that he marvelled at—but his eyes were just then taken with the spires of two churches rising out of a clump of New Zealand's most beautiful flowering shrubs. The train soon thundered into the station, well filled with passengers, but not a trace of a smoke-stack or smoke from the peculiarly shaped engine. He could not make it out, but reserved his enquiries. He also noted that the line carried a third rail, strange to say—another mystery. As he reflected a light railway train flew past on its way north—the Wairoa-Waikaremoana-Hangaroa electric railway—the third rail to avoid the discomforts caused by breaking the gauge. After getting into his train the old gentleman got into conversation with several people, including a Gisborne Press reporter. That gentleman said he did not belong to Wairoa—and he evidently spoke with regret—but said that Wairoa had become so important a centre on the East Coast that Gisborne found it necessary to keep in touch with the district and watch its every movement(1). Its 20,000 Club was intensely active, and lost no opportunity of launching new industries to draw population. Waikaremoana, the great Water Giant, with its capacity of 145,000 horse-power, had been harnessed by the Government, at a cost of over a million sterling, as a source of electric power for the North Island. All the railways within range had been electrified, and towns as far south as Palmerston North and northwards to Rotorua were using cheap power and light from Wairoa's beautiful Star Lake. With this giant power, that never went on strike, at its very back door, Wairoa had progressed with bounds and leaps. Her people took heavy toll of the cables, and within a few feet of the power-station the line began earning revenue, all the station shearing and milking plants being run from it, and thus was explained the presence of the poles near the milking-

(1). Gisborne dallied so long over the harnessing of Waikaremoana that Wairoa got a start of five years, and made the most of it. But Gisborne had now got hold of the project, and her public men were making rapid strides in reticulation of that district.

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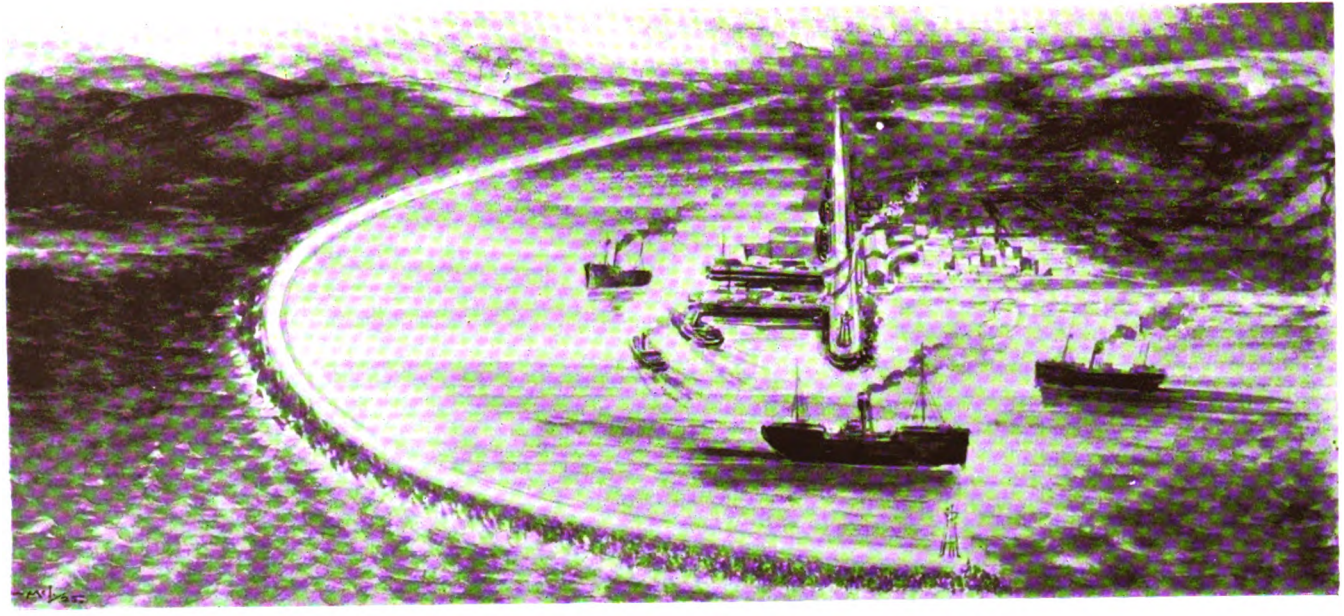

Wairoa Outer Harbour--Looking Up-river, 1975

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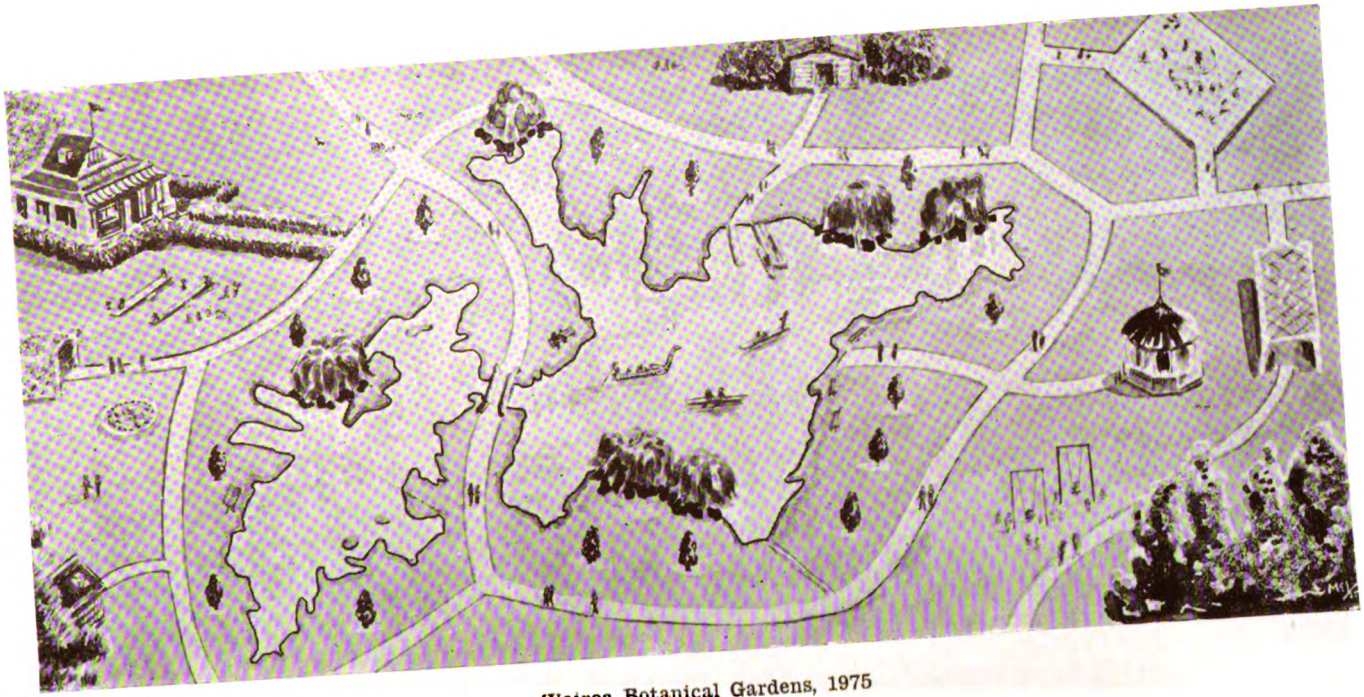

Wairoa Botanical Gardens, 1975

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Wairoa Outer Harbour—Looking Seawards, 1975

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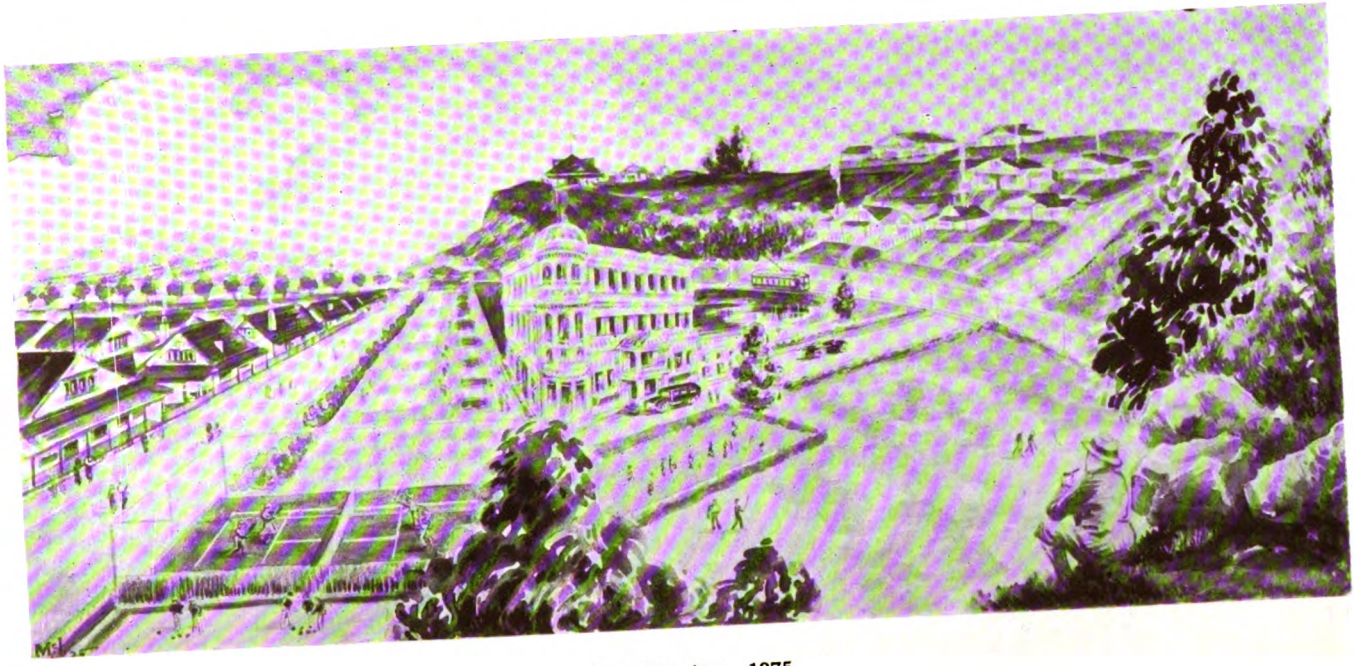

The Elysium, 1975

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sheds at Marumaru. But many more wonders were yet to be discovered. On every hand, as the train sped on, there were to be seen good roads, 30 to 40 feet wide, most of them crossing the line of railway. They seemed smooth and clean, and of a dull-grey colour, and not, apparently, metalled in the ordinary way.

The stranger cast an enquiring glance at the pressman, who was buried deep in the *Wairoa Star*, now a sixteen-page illustrated daily. He hastened to explain that several years before an inventive young man in Wairoa had discovered a method of utilising the ubiquitous "papa" for road-making purposes. The "papa," burnt and ground by the roadside by means of a portable plant, was treated with a very small quantity of ground limestone, to which was added a little tar and a chemical the nature of which was kept a profound secret. The mixture, before it cooled, was spread about six inches deep on the previously graded road and well rolled by an electrically driven roller. This formed a smooth, hard road, quite impervious to wet, and became the joy alike of the waggoner and the motorist. The royalty from the patent was fast making a millionaire of the young man, but, said the pressman, "he richly deserves every penny of it." Most of the heavy traffic at this time was done by motor lorries carrying loads of from seven to ten tons on the branch roads leading to the railways. The light traffic was also motor-driven, for the price of cars had fallen one-half, and every farmer considered a motor car as indispensable as his shearing or milking plant. Indeed, except for ploughing purposes, the horse was becoming a rare animal, and the roads therefore did not cut up as formerly they did.

As they chatted thus the train sped on, stopping a few minutes at small wayside stations, and soon Frasertown was reached. The great increase in settlement in the Hangaroa district and the northern part of the county had compelled the Government to construct a railway from Gisborne to Wairoa as part of the East Coast railway system. The once military settlement had grown into a well-built town, evidently highly prosperous, with several important factories—fruit and fish-canning—Waikaremoana rainbow trout being famed all over Australasia. There was also a clothing factory at Pakowhai, all run from the headworks at Waikaremoana. Everyone seemed busy; there were no gaping yokels or lazy-looking Natives. All was bustle and go, a kind of "Yankee hustle" seemed to pervade the community, and the young people at the station appeared to have lost the distinctive countrified look, and a great proportion of them wore on their hats or caps the badge of the Wairoa High School.

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There was much loading and unloading going on, dropping and picking up of trucks, much good-humoured laughter, and a bright air of contentment reigned over all, including the smart-looking Natives and their wives doing business at the station, or meeting or farewelling their countrymen and countrywomen departing for the city.

At Frasertown station the train was quickly cut in two, another engine heading the divided portion, passengers for Napier and south transferring to one train and those for Wairoa into the other, which branched off over the Scamperdown for North Clyde. It is the fortunes of the first-named train that must be followed, as it was this route the Stranger elected to take. Soon the whistle gave a shrill screech, "All aboard!" and the train, fast gathering speed, crossed a fine railway and traffic bridge at Kokopu, and sped on close to the base of the hills at the rear of Awamate and Huramua homesteads. These properties, having been cut up into moderate-sized dairy farms, looked a perfect picture of Arcadian loveliness. Turiroa was soon reached, and here was the rail-head, for the line had not yet been opened to Waihua, nor—much to the disgust of the people of Wairoa—had connection with the Port been made, though promised for several years. The staging piles for a railway bridge at this spot showed that the Government was at last taking action, and the route had been surveyed across the flats to North Clyde to join the Wairoa-Waikokopu line to the creek harbour at the latter place. Though a township had been laid out at Turiroa, very little building had taken place—it was yet Canvastown, and railway plant appeared strewed in all directions. Here the passengers had to bestow themselves in various ways. A fast motor car service and a handsome ferry steamer were available to convey the passengers south or to Wairoa; those going down the coast journeyed by car to pick up the train at Waikari, that being the rail-head of the southern part of the line at this time!

Down the Wairoa.

The old gentleman—now becoming more awed at every turn, and with memories of the sea and the river—chose the ferry steamer "Tapuae," and so journeyed to Wairoa, every stroke of the engines revealing fresh sights, yet recalling landscape features with which he had once been familiar. On the way down river pretty villas on either bank appeared momentarily, but these were soon hidden by the trees on the well-clothed banks. The view was not extensive but very pretty. Evidently a Beautifying Society had been at work, and a mass of Kowhai bloom showed up beautifully to those on board, for was it not October, and the kowhai flood just about due?

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While proceeding down stream the "Tapuae" passed two schooners heavily laden, also a barge towing a cumbrous-looking punt, bearing one of the improved electric engines for the East Coast railway. Soon the bridge came into view, and it was seen that it had not been "permanently closed" as had at one time been contemplated, so stated the pressman; for though the "Tapuae" passed under the structure, as the last of the schooners passed through, there was an up-to-date lifting platform operated by an electric motor. The telephone and electric wires passed through a substantial pipe, the ends of which rose up to the tops of the banks, thus leaving the waterway clear to vessels. The water-supply pipes also ran under water. Amazement is the only word that could adequately express the sensation that swept over the old man's face as the "Tapuae" ran down the river to the Ferry Tee, leaving astern a fine steel bridge spanning the river at Paul Street. The wharves, nearly all built of ferro-concrete, extended from the Post Office down to below the Wairoa Hotel, and so it seemed at last that the lower end of the town was about to come into its own, the originally planned centre being at Spooner's Point. Vessels of all sizes and descriptions lined the wharves, some just arriving, some departing, and others loading or unloading; while another ferry boat, the "Te Maha," had just come in from Opoutama, where a large party of excursionists had been all day enjoying themselves on the sands—Opoutama and Mahia had at last justified the claims of the original sellers of the land and had become the Brighton of New Zealand. . . .

Rising out of the sea almost at a bound, the Sun, like a globe of fire, sheds his light across the narrow isthmus, the refulgent rays chasing the darkness which makes all things look weird in the Opoutama area. Another day has dawned, and to the beholder discloses the work of the last half-century. The Brighton of the rich Hawke's Bay territory has not only been born, but has grown up and is able to walk alone, secure in the love of the people, who admire the works of Nature and who daily revel in the recuperating climate. Opoutama the sands will always be called, but the habitable area has a new name, Te Rawhiti, in honour of the sunrise in all its magnificent beauty. A Conservancy Board, on which all the Wairoa local bodies were represented, was established and placed in charge of the sand-hills area for the purpose of beautification. Other areas at the foot-hills were secured, and not only was there provided a general hostel, but small cottages of ornate type were dotted about the grounds for the use of week-end parties, honeymooners, and those who for health reasons were making a long stay. All the conveniences of civilization, cinema, garages, stores, etc., were

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provided in the Takitimu Maori township close by. The sands were planted with all descriptions of trees suitable for the locality, including some rare exotics, which flourished well in the shelter of the hardier types. Bathing sheds were to be seen in all directions; but no life-saving reels could be seen, for there was no danger to life, with ordinary precautions, on the Opoutama Sands. . . .

It was nearly nine o'clock as the stranger landed, and soon he would have been lost in the crowd, but for two things. For one, he was attracted to the car-stand, on which was displayed in large letters:—

THIS WAY
TO THE ELYSIUM
FARE 3d.

The other circumstance was a second meeting with the friendly pressman, who saw him safe on the electric car for the Elysium, a fashionable suburb of Wairoa in the direction of the Heads, where he guaranteed he would soon become rested and reinvigorated. It was not possible to see much from the inside of a tramcar, but the Stranger knew he was passing through the streets of a well-built town. Lights were showing in all directions, the most notable being those on the hill-sides on either bank of the river. Several handsome villas—to judge by the lights—appeared on the Hinewhaki block, and others on the low hills close to the Heads, whilst what looked like a small suburb now came into view, as if situated somewhere on the site of the old harbour entrance near the Rangihoua bluff as it once existed.

At the Elysium.

The car stopped before a handsomely built double-storey hostel called "The Strangers' Club," and here the stranger in a strange land was soon made at home by "mine host and hostess." A hot saltwater bath and a good meal quite set him up, and soon he burned to know where he was. His desire was soon gratified, for the host was the manager of "The Elysium," and he was only too glad to explain matters that evidently were unknown to the Stranger. "This land," he said, "was reclaimed from the river by the Harbour Board when the new harbour was built. It comprised about sixty acres in extent, and forms a nice little suburb. A vast amount of expense and labour was, however, required to make it what it is to-day. When the harbour was made, and the trade began to grow, larger outside vessels sought to gain a footing. Their case had to be met, and the Board borrowed another £100,000, which was raised without any difficulty on

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the increased valuations. This money was used to dredge a channel 15ft. deep and 150ft. wide over nearly a mile and a half of the lower reach, thus securing 20ft. of water at high tide where before there was barely a depth of five feet. A portion of the loan was used to replace, in concrete, the papa training-walls inside the river, which had been badly wrecked in the great May floods of 1914. Another benefit secured by this work was to bring the floor of the river on a level with or a little below the sea bottom, an idea which it took a long time to drive into the heads of the harbour authorities. Thus was the tidal flow almost trebled, and not only this, but the scouring power of the outgoing tide on the site of the bar was greatly added to, and the duration of flow increased. The water got below the obstructing sand-bar and drove it out into deep water. The spoil was used to fill up the lagoons left inside the training-wall—you will see them to-morrow. The floods and the washings off the sea beach had already raised the bottom of the lagoon, so that only the heaviest floods invaded it, and grass grew in many places after the first five years. The spoil from the river-bed did the rest. The Harbour Board then laid out roads, and cut up the land into convenient-sized sections. These were let to the highest bidders for long terms, with very stringent conditions as to the class of buildings that might be erected. All plans and specifications had to conform to the Board's regulations, framed by its own local architect. The Board itself built on several sites out of borrowed money, one of the buildings being this hostelry, reserved for strangers like yourself. The township was at one time unnamed, the people not being able to agree on a fitting name. The suburb was not occupied at first all the year, owing to the cold gales that blew in from the south and south-east, beating on it with great fury at times. However, many people were benefited by the bracing sea air, stayed on, and soon a slight remark made by one of the tenants to the Mayor suggested a name for it. A young married couple took a short lease of one of the cottages for their honeymoon, and when leaving by the boat the groom exclaimed, in answer to a question by the Mayor as to how he had liked the location, that it had been an Elysium to his bride and himself, and wherever they went they would recommend others to come. That settled the point, and soon honeymoon couples from all parts of New Zealand sought out the Elysium; and though nearly all the other people were shouldered out, the Elysium became famous.

"This is the Elysium, and mind you don't forget it!" he added, at the same time handing the stranger a ticket bearing the number of his room.

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More Surprises.

The Stranger passed an undisturbed night, and did not awake till the sun had risen well over the horizon. After dressing he threw open the French casement to the east, and looking out saw spread before him a scene not only agreeably surprising, but one that recalled his other self. He knew now who he was, though as yet unable to account for his apparently long absence from the everyday world. In the foreground the river rolled seawards over a very placid-looking bar. Several boats were already coming in or going out to or from coast ports. Across the river he saw a good pile of buildings—the Wairoa Fish Company's Works—and close to the breastwork a wharf, along which lay a number of trawlers, some steam or oil vessels, and others sailers, with their brown sails set to catch every breeze as they cast off.

Here, then, was the realization of the dream of a *Wairoa Guardian* artist who had once drawn a picture that had largely influenced the £78,000 loan poll, and at which he himself had laughed in his day. The only thing absent was the meat-freezing establishment—but that, of course, was elsewhere—and its supposed place was taken up with the Elysium.

"What a fool I have been!" the Stranger soliloquised. "What a fool not to have believed that what had been predicted was not impossible under certain conditions."

Breakfast over, the Stranger sauntered round the Elysium and took note of the way it had been laid out. There was, first, in the centre, a public tennis and croquet lawn; then roads were laid out at right angles to the beach and Kopu road, to the edge of the river esplanade and to the foot of Rangihoua Bluff, the sides of which were reclothed in native shrubs, the roof of a handsome tea kiosk showing above the foliage. The balance of the flat land had been cut up into building sites of one-quarter acre each, but no one in the block was allowed to build to a greater depth than a half chain, and only one dwelling was permitted on a chain frontage; thus there was a combined space in the centre of each block of more than an acre to be used as an amusement ground for all the dwellers in that particular block, and there was a free circulation of air between each cottage. All the dwellings, except the hostelry, were of one storey, and of very pretty and varied designs, most of them of the Swiss chalet style, but not in any way stiff or uniform. There were no shops of any kind, no hotels, and no trades or professions allowed, all supplies and services being procured from town by motor delivery, through the agency of the hostel manager. Usually, however, the young and blushing brides preferred to do their own cooking and carry out their own domestic

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duties, in order to show their partners how well they could do it—"just like mother used to do." The task, however, was not a very difficult one, as almost everything was done by electricity, even to sweeping the floors. There were not a great many trees to be seen in the Elysium, for it had been found very hard to get any to grow. Someone at last thought of the Norfolk Island pine, and numbers of these fine trees, of a healthy dark-green glaucus colour, had now reached a height of ten or twelve feet. The gales from the south were, at times, very heavy, and to obviate this a huge hoarding had been erected along the beach, securely stayed, and planted inside with New Zealand coast shrubs, not omitting the karaka. The sea face of the hoarding was let for advertising purposes to the proprietors of "Lane's Emulsion" or "Chamberlain's Pain Balm." It was unsightly, to be sure, but even if travellers on the boats saw it and were disgusted—well, inside was the charming Elysium, and that atoned for a good deal. The borders of the suburbs were nicely planted and laid out with winding paths or mazes, seats also being provided, where those who still desired to "whisper sweet nothings to each other" could do so; for all the dwellers in the Elysium were of one mind except when the brides came to compare notes, and on the merits of their respective husbands they wisely agreed to differ. Altogether it was a delightful suburb, and on days when the city band performed in the rotunda, the scene was one not soon to be forgotten.

An Up-to-date Town.

Another trip to town in an electric car, which ran via Kopu Road and Lahore Street across the bridge to North Clyde, disclosed a finely built town, the bulk of the dwellings and all the business premises and factories being built of brick, concrete or hollow blocks. The City Council had initiated a scheme to supply shingle from the beach for concrete at a little over cost price, and as electric traction was employed for loading up, haulage and delivery, the cost did not exceed half a crown a yard—formerly more than 20/-. The erection of buildings in the more lasting material was therefore made cheaper than in timber; the latter, in fact, was now almost unobtainable except at high cost. The municipal brickyards were also in full swing, employing a large number of men and greatly assisting the town-builders.

A very brief turn round the town revealed a great number of industries firmly established—all owing their origin to cheap power; for at this time New Zealand, with its wealth of water-power, had become the factory of the Pacific, and instead of sending away the raw products she kept them at home and employed her population in manufactures, the goods going into all

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parts of the world. The idea that New Zealand was only an agricultural and pastoral country, that its exports would always be wool, frozen mutton, tallow, butter, &c., had long been held; but the visit of some American experts had shown the people that, with its wealth of water-power, New Zealand could and should become a great manufacturing and distributing centre. New Zealand was shown to be the richest country in the world in water-power, and that power not constituted at one spot, but widely distributed through both islands—in the North, the great rivers and lakes; in the South, the snowy alps. Millions of tons of falling cascades and waterfalls dashing down to the sea, idle and unproductive—a shameful waste of a great power provided by a beneficent Nature. The people, persuaded that they were missing their destiny, soon forced the Government's hands, and the Government had to borrow to harness up the lakes, rivers, and waterfalls of the Dominion. Everywhere all over the land ran the cables and wires that carried the power to the workshops, the factories, and the homes of the people. Thus sprang into being a great manufacturing nation, able to compete with Chinese and Japanese cheap labour because of her cheap power, and drawing from the United Kingdom the greatest engineers, inventors and operatives in the world. Even strikes did not to any extent check the output, for as long as the hydro-electric power station could secure a dozen of a staff and a few linesmen the power was sent out. But even strikes soon became a thing of the past and only remembered as "a relic of barbarous times." All the former wild talk of the Labour Party about the Nationalising of industries went by the board as soon as a Labour Ministry came into power. The railways, which had always been nationalised, continued so, and the following were brought under the principle:—Hydro-electricity supply, mining, flour-milling, overseas shipping, and a few others. The bulk of the business became co-operative, and when the workers realised that every strike not only reduced their dividends but rendered them liable for deficits in the working accounts, they vetoed all strikes and banished the strike agitators from the Dominion. Thus the semi-torrid Australian States, Tasmania, and Papua (which had become a possession of Australia after the Anglo-German war of 1914-18) produced bread for the New Zealanders, but the latter sent over the manufactured goods which the immense population of the Australian States needed.

Wairoa had its share in all this, and as the Stranger moved about he came in touch with all kinds of industries—clothing factories, freezing works, vegetable and fruit canneries, pickle, sauce, jam and biscuit factories; whilst the more unsightly and malodorous industries, such as tanneries, fellmongeries, and

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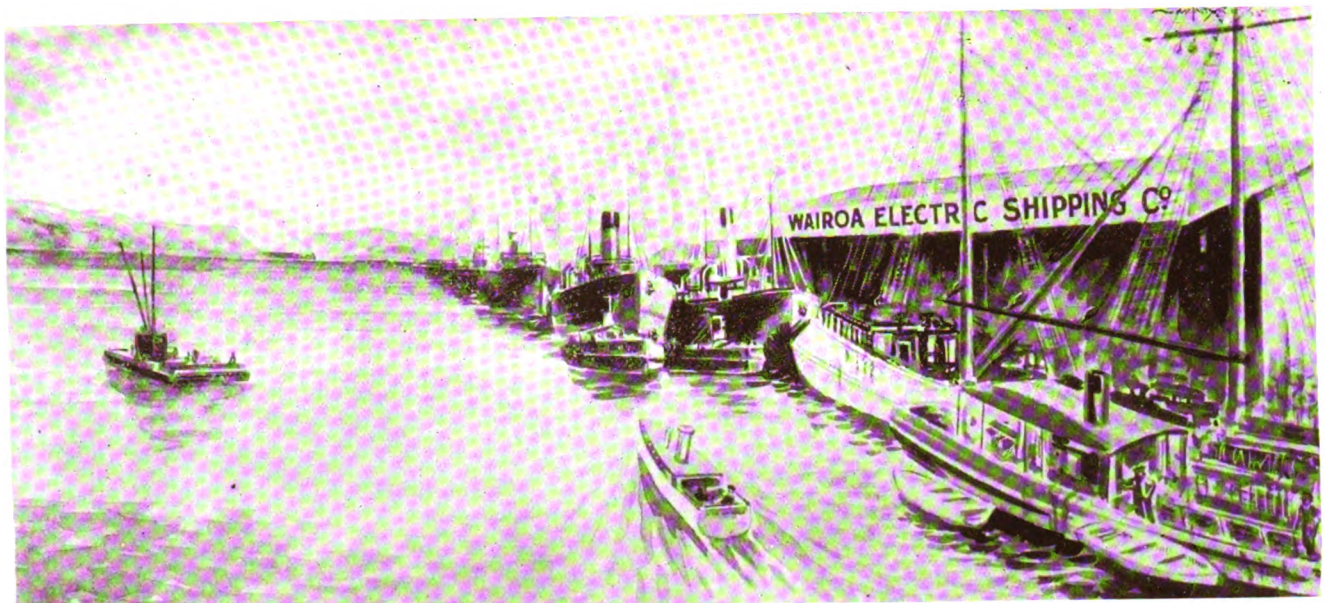

Wairoa River Harbour, 1975

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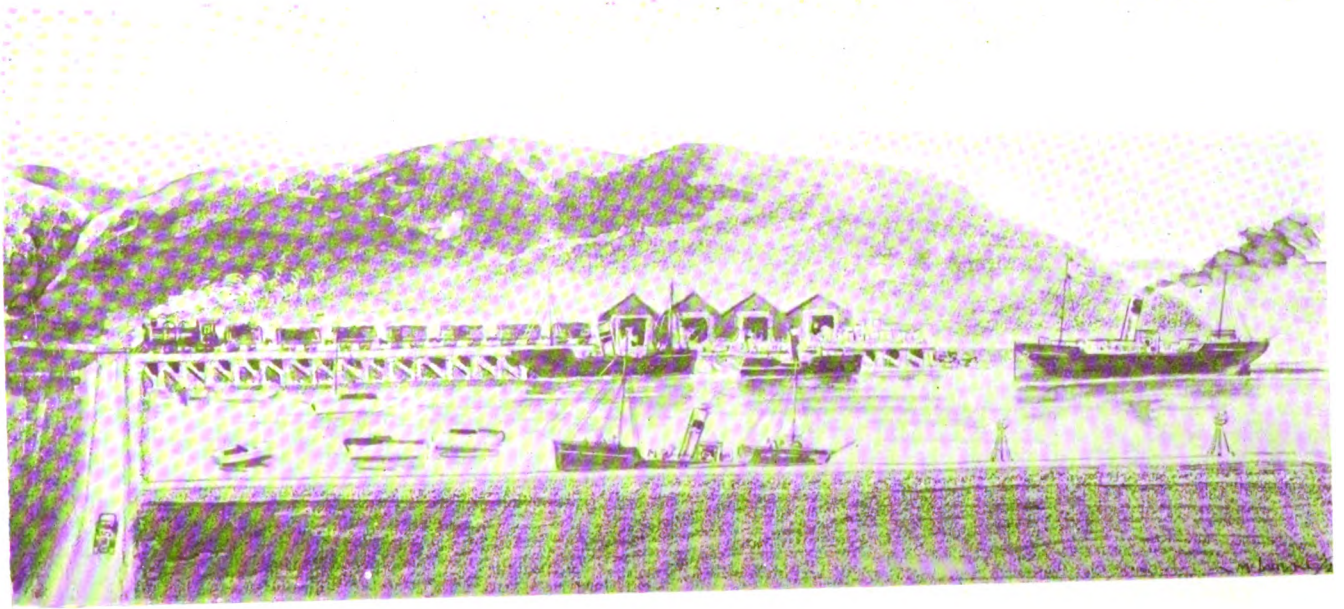

Waikokopu Inner Harbour, 1975

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soap, candle and manure works, were situated in the out-districts. The main street of the city, once called the Marine Parade but renamed Victoria Parade, was occupied by banks, warehouses, and big importers, and Queen Street and the side-streets were given up to the drapers, storekeepers, and general businesses of all kinds; but there were no dwellings or very few—all had moved farther out, and many of the city men resided on the hills in handsome villas within reach of the cars.

The old recreation-ground was quite a transformation to the Stranger in contrast to what it was when he last saw it. When no longer required for sports purposes, consequent on the establishment of the new grounds at Spooner's Point, it was decided to convert the old spot into botanical gardens. Of the eight acres, two were taken up in the centre, where a miniature of Lake Waikaremoana was made, showing not only the Strait of Manaia and the various arms, but the wonderful subterranean outlet which forms the Waikaretaheke River. The excavation was about five feet deep, the sides and bottom being concreted to hold water. All the spoil was cast up round the rim of the lake and topped with rock masses and boulders, amongst which low-growing New Zealand plants, ferns and mosses, luxuriated. The Strait of Manaia was bridged, and gorgeous lilies floated on the water. In one corner of the ground was the paddling-pool for the children, also a sand-pit, whilst dotted about here and there were ornate summer-houses covered with both Native and European trailers. Small tables and electric fittings were provided on the penny-in-the-slot principle. The rest of the ground was planted with choice trees, plants and flowers, and the whole well kept by the City Council. It was a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

The advances in science were marvellous, and it appeared likely that before another decade had passed the generation of hydro-electricity would be superseded by the collection of electricity from the air at a fairly nominal cost; heavy manual labour appeared likely to disappear before the pressing of the electric button, and even travel was likely to leave the roads entirely to the carriers of heavy goods. Electricity as a source of power was in danger of being relegated to the museums of antiquity; for "the mighty atom" had been isolated, broken up, controlled and harnessed to provide power, and, needless to say, power illimitable as the Universe itself. But up to this time men of very moderate means had equipped themselves with what were called "baby aeroplanes," in which they flew long distances. The equipment of man with wings, electrically, was also coming into vogue, especially for short distances, and a man going down the street for his daily supply of "smokes," or a woman to inspect

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the latest models in hats, had just to strap on their wing motor, and off they flew—legs were rapidly going out of fashion in New Wairoa. The propulsion of shipping was also undergoing a change, and it seemed that the great liners would soon be propelled by the force of the sea itself. By an ingenious system of steel tubes running inside the skin of the vessel, admitting the water from the bow and forcing it out astern, the vessels glided along without the use of steam, oil, or electricity.

A run up the Frasertown road, the bridge end of which was now called Carroll Street, in memory of Sir James Carroll, showed the slopes of the Clydebank Estate wholly occupied by orchards, thousands upon thousands of trees being then in bloom, and the delicate scent of the apple-blossom borne on the breeze was something not soon to be forgotten.

The Maori College.

On the Paeroa Flat, as far as the eye could see from a low Clydebank spur, a regular transformation had taken place in the landscape. The Stranger sighed deeply as he drank in the scene before him. He remembered the old spot, once overgrown with blackberry, manuka, and other noxious growths, in keeping with the ill-made fences and unæsthetic, insanitary Maori dwellings. I say the Stranger sighed, and he did so because he regretted he had not had a hand in the transformation he saw before him. The Maori lands had long been individualised, and every owner knew his own allotment—the Maori's title was as good as that of the Pakeha. The intense system of cultivation, as practised in Denmark and other countries in Northern Europe, had been introduced by some good friends of the Maori people. Even on allotments of five to twenty acres the owners made a very good living out of poultry, eggs, and fruit, consignments of which, leaving Wairoa at midnight, were in Wellington market next day. Or if they did not desire to export, they supplied the City Market, or the poultry and provision shops in the Arcade. Others grew vegetables for the pickle or sauce factories, or supplied fruit to the canning factories. There was not an inch of land wasted, for its value had reached over £200 an acre on the outside flats. The spaces occupied by the fences or the neat Maori dwellings at the street edges of the several allotments were alone uncultivated. These were not isolated conditions, but were general all over the flat land.

A substantial two-storey building about a mile beyond the old dairy factory building caught the Stranger's eye, and he proceeded thither. On the neatly kept lawn a well-dressed Maori gentleman was pacing up and down, reading a book. Towards him the Stranger approached, introducing himself as Mr. —.

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on a visit to Wairoa. The Maori gentleman said he was Rangi Tuanui, who had the honour of being Principal of the Paeroa Maori College. He invited the Stranger in, showed him over the buildings and grounds, regretting he could not show the students at work, this being the spring term holidays. The college owed its origin, he said, to the generosity of some of the wealthiest Wairoa Natives, who had raised £20,000 among them; the Government subsidised the amount pound for pound, which was sufficient to endow the college. Here the young Maori girls were taught domestic economy in all its branches, needlework, cookery, care of children and home, as well as nursing. And many a capable, self-reliant and intelligent Red Cross nurse went out from its portals; nor did these young Maori girls drift back to the baneful life of the pa, for the Maori pa had ceased to be, and in its place neat cottages, quite as tastily kept as those of the Europeans, were to be seen on every hand. Gone, too, were the snarling, slinking dogs of the pa, so unlike their aristocratic ancestors. The ill-bred grunter had disappeared, and the family "moke" of doubtful breed was gone as well—the Maori people in A.D. 1975 had no need for them.

The young men were taught the principles of the intense system of cultivation of small areas, as practised on the Paeroa with such success, with a view to its general application to the Native holdings. The Government had long before taken over all unoccupied and waste lands, had them individualised, deeded to the rightful owners and farmed for the benefit of the Maori owners. European managers were placed on such runs as Here-heretau and others, while the owners were being given a sound theoretical education at the Paeroa Maori College. On passing a satisfactory test they were placed as cadets on their own runs, and when they had satisfied the Lands Department that they were capable of managing their own properties these were handed back to them, and they started as sheep-farmers on their own account, the accrued profits being placed in the working account to their own credit. But even when this was done the management came under the survey of the Professorial Board of the Maori College, and of a Government auditor in cases where the State had advanced money for improvements. In this way the Pakeha and the Maori benefited alike. The productions of the land were doubled, providing labour for transporters by land and sea, and helping to increase the *per capita* value of the country's wealth. The Natives, though not entirely weaned from their inordinate love of sport, had taken very kindly to the gospel of work, and when once given the chance to rise they took it, and now held their heads as high as any European in the land. They

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had become thoroughly Europeanised, and the race had begun to improve in physique and constitution. One contributing cause was the prohibition of the intermarriage of half-castes, which was fast proving fatal to the race. The young Maori men mated to pure-blooded Maori women were raising up a fine type of manhood and womanhood, fit to take their place with the best of the Europeans. They could still play a fine, manly game of football, cricket or polo, and the New Zealand Maori cavalry regiments were the envy of every foreign military attache who saw them at the annual Army manoeuvres.

Progress on Every Hand.

The whole county, the Stranger found on enquiry, was progressing in a similar manner, the little leaven infused into the life of Wairoa having spread to its uttermost borders. The land, already of great fertility, and endowed with a liberal rainfall, was fertilised from a dozen or so lime-kilns run by the County Council, besides a superphosphate factory not long established —all manures, of course, being carried free on the Government railways. Noxious weeds as they existed in 1925 were not heard of—there was no room for them under the new system of close settlement and intense cultivation. Even the waste lands of the State were planted to secure material for the tanning factories, and unoccupied spaces had become a thing of the past.

Thanking the Maori Professor for the information he had afforded, the Stranger then hied himself to the Awatere, and walked along the railway line running at the foot of the hills to the cattle-yards and big factories on the eastern side of the magnificent Wairoa river, where the Wairoa Fish Canning Company's works were situated. From this point the Stranger got a good view of the outer harbour, built on practical lines. The points in which it differed from the design of the first scheme were: (1) Solid training-walls above highest flood level; (2) straight runs for the river by the training-walls, thus minimising the danger of scour; (3) a wide fairway of about a thousand feet; (4) a curved breakwater, with a sloping rubble apron, running out over half a mile, then curving to S.E. and covering the end of the eastern mole, adjacent to which were the mutton-boat wharves. The designer set out to utilise the forces of Nature, not to curb them; he therefore afforded the river room to discharge in flood time, and the water meeting the sea, its power was dissipated immediately. The breakwater was designed so that the waves carrying shingle should break on a monolith well above sea-level, and by the time they reached the top the shingle was precipitated on the apron and rolled back into the ocean. As much of it as reached the end of the western mole

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was shot out across the bay, as appeared the case at Waikokopu bluff, and so there was no more shoaling up of the entrance and fairway, and no more "bad bar" in the Newer Wairoa.

A visit was then paid to the Harbour Board buildings on one of the wharves, the Stranger being taken in one of the launches belonging to the manager, who was proceeding up river on business. At the office enquiries were made about the harbour works and their cost, all of which were answered by the obliging secretary, who also handed over to the Stranger a bundle of Harbour Bureau notes replete with information on shipping and trade. That official explained that for a couple of years after the Harbour Board had expended about £90,000 on the river works they had shown very good results, but the works were of too flimsy a nature, and the entrance being too contracted several heavy floods had a disastrous effect, the pile walls being almost scoured out. The Harbour Board, after consultation with Government engineers, decided to develop Waikokopu, the Government to build the connecting railway. This was done, and, as may be seen by the sketch published in this chapter, it brought Wairoa notably to the front, and with the advent of cheap power the local industries grew apace, so much that even Waikokopu could not cope with the oversea business then doing and the increase to be expected. This was rendered more serious by the fact that Gisborne became alarmed at Wairoa's amazing progress, and her harbour problem being still unsolved, a railway was built from there to Waikokopu. By this means Gisborne overcame her isolation, and passengers and cargo largely travelled via Waikokopu and via Wairoa by rail south. Then an agitation arose to also develop Wairoa Harbour on new lines. The principal point observed was not to constrict the fairway, to go out to deep water, and only close in the breakwater and training-wall after the point had been reached where the scour ceased by being dissipated in the sea area, and lastly to build strongly. By this time freights had fallen to ten shillings per ton, the population had grown very largely, and the demand that Wairoa be also developed became so insistent that it could not be denied. By this time, too, the Nuhaka-Morere-Mahia-Gisborne areas had begun to make heavy demands on Waikokopu(2). The Board therefore borrowed a million sterling and carried out the works depicted in this chapter. Out of the loan money a sum of £10,000 had been spent in deepening the lower reach of the river to give depth of 25 feet at high tide, thus enabling quite large craft to berth at the cattle wharves.

(2). Gisborne's harbour problem was still unsettled after spending many thousands of pounds sterling on engineers and reports. Therefore, in order to get regular sea-carriage, the Government was prevailed on to construct a railway to Waikokopu from Gisborne, and the Mttle port (once despised by many borough residents) bid fair to be swamped by Gisborne business.

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The river esplanade was constructed at a cost of £10,000, plus a certain amount of prison labour granted by the Government, and other steps taken to adequately protect from flood inroads the valuable buildings on either side of the fairway. The balance of the loan was spent in carrying both training-walls well out, 4,640 feet on the western side and 1,640 feet on the east. The engineers considered that once the flood waters reached the sea-level they would become sufficiently dispersed to make all danger from scour quite infinitesimal, and that the outer ends of the moles might be drawn in to 1,000 feet. This work was then in progress, and as it was estimated to secure 30 feet on the bar it was deemed sufficient to meet all Wairoa's requirements. This additional loan did not cost the ratepayers anything in the way of a special rate, because the Board's town rents from over 500 acres of reclaimed lands and its country endowments more than met the charges; and still the wharfage rates did not exceed two shillings per ton, which made the port popular with shippers(3). The red line boundary between the Harbour Board and Borough Council jurisdictions, which in 1921 had been the cause of much heart-burnings, had been settled on the principle of equal division of revenue and expenses. The river from the Heads to the bridge, at the western end of the town, had been embanked on both sides by a new and cheap process. Bottomless boxes about six feet long and two inches thick, made of reinforced concrete, were laid side by side on the mud flat along the river and keyed to each other. The river silt soon filled up these boxes, and others were placed on top. Two or three winters' floods silted the foreshore land, which, cut up into residential sites on long leases, sold readily, and many handsome houses now adorned the water-front, the revenue to both bodies being considerable. On the eastern side the main improvement consisted in the formation of a road and railway at the foot of Ngamoko and Ohuia blocks, leading to Kihitu and the cattle wharf near the Heads.

A visit to the town clerk at the Municipal Chambers in Coronation Square was a very pleasant one, the nicely-laid-out grounds being at this time a blaze of beautiful bloom, agreeable to the eye and refreshing to the senses. Enquiries elicited the fact that the borough population at this time was 11,000 and that of the county 10,560; the former, the clerk estimated, would be 20,000 in the next decade.

"I don't doubt it," said the Stranger, as he turned to leave; "I have seen enough to-day to convince me it must be so. But there may be other surprises in store for me?"

(3). The total public debt (Harbour Board) at this time was only £740,000, including the £90,000 all but wasted, £30,000 spent at Waikokopu, and £25,000 at Mohaka.

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"That may well be," said the Town Clerk, "for you have not mentioned anything yet about a visit to Nuhaka, Morere, or Waikokopu, nor have you evidently been to Waikaremoana."

"Pleasures yet in store for me," said the Stranger, and he desired to know how he might proceed eastwards.

"The electric light railway," said the Clerk, "which leaves from near the mouth of the Awatere, will take you to Waikaremoana; or you can go by the main line out through the old Whakaki swamp to Morere and its hot springs, to the model farms and experimental stations at Nuhaka, or to the port of Waikokopu."

This little harbour had been greatly improved and was doing an extensive trade with Wairoa, and Wairoa with it, for both coal and oil had been found in the Opoutama district and the fields were being successfully worked. The tourist traffic, it was expected, would be doubled when the connecting links had been made in the East Coast Railway across the Paeroa flats from Turiroa and from there to Mohaka, an equally flourishing farming and fruit-growing centre. For Mohaka had again cut adrift from the wealthy Hawke's Bay harbour district and patriotically allied herself to Wairoa, all the old animosities being dead and buried. This was a wise step for Mohaka to take, for very soon her representative was gratified to find arrangements made for keeping the mouth of the river open for small craft. A short but very strong concrete mole was built out from the papa bluff to low water, and on the south side a close-piled wall filled with boulders and topped with concrete bag work. The whole work only cost £25,000, and the interest and sinking fund were provided out of the revenue from Wairoa landed endowments, which had now become very valuable.

Gisborne, a flourishing city, was also pushing out a light railway to connect with Morere and Nuhaka. All this the Stranger found to be true as he journeyed eastwards by the electric railway. He found the old Whakaki swamps all drained and laid out in paddocks, in which thousands of fine-looking cattle were grazing, supplying beef for the freezing works and the large city population; also milk for three flourishing dairy factories—one at Tuhara, one at Korito, and the other at Whakaki. It was a pleasant sight, the many comfortable farmhouses passed on the way. Nuhaka was found to be a very fine township, well appointed in every way and governed by a Town Board. The new Morere bath-houses and hotel were quite up to date, and many hundreds of people visited the spot every year for the benefit to be derived from the thermal springs.

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The Stranger, enquiring how all this came about, was informed that after the Harbour Board had spent (and lost) about £32,000 on the inner creek harbour the Government took over the work. By this time the outer breakwater had made provision for large liners, and now it was proposed to develop the inner harbour for coasting craft. Abundance of money and the best engineering talent and plant enabled this to be done, a harbour 800 feet by 400 feet being excavated to a depth of over 20 feet. The possibility of silting up by the Waikokopu creek or by seepage through the boulder-bank was guarded against by solid reinforced ferro-concrete walls on two sides and another across the harbour, as shown in the sketch. The creek had previously been diverted through a six-foot culvert under the railway line to the sea, and at low tide, twice a day, the creek was emptied without any cost other than the capital expenditure. After inspecting the compact little Waikokopu Harbour, which was full of small craft(4), the Stranger returned to the city for a few days' rest before proceeding to Lake Waikaremoana.

At the Lake.

One more excursion in this land of many wonders, and the Stranger concluded he would make himself known to his people, if he could find any, and if not, to their descendants. So here he was on a fine October morning, a few days later, boarding an electrically driven train at Awatere, bound for Waikaremoana. It traversed the route he had travelled south some days before, and turned in towards Whataroa and thus on to the lake. The company on board was a large one, mostly English, Australian, and Dominion tourists and a few farmers, with a sprinkling of rough-looking miners. Gold, which had been reported in the Urewera Country seventy years before, had again claimed the attention of miners, and a good deal of prospecting was going on. The land on both sides of the line was highly developed and looking well. The Lake district itself was still Queen of New Zealand scenery, and as its praises have been elsewhere sung I will not record the Stranger's impressions here, but hasten with him in a touring motor car down from the outlet towards the Government Power-station—New Zealand's rival to Niagara for wealth of power. For while Niagara has a total fall of only about three hundred feet in five miles, Waikaremoana is two thousand or more feet above the sea, and fifteen hundred feet of that wonderful fall takes place in the first four miles after exit from the lake. Without altering the lake or touching its outlet, and by blocking a

(4). There was found to be no necessity for a breakwater at Waikokopu, as the new National Government (a general party fusion) had developed a national harbour policy and had constructed a canal through the isthmus, so that liners, if necessary, could run to either side for shelter. Later a fine breakwater was built by the Government, covering the canal, and it was made great use of by Gisborne as well as by Wairoa.

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number of subterranean openings, a reservoir was designed by the engineers to trap the water as it emerged. By this means a drop of two hundred feet was secured to the turbines below. Four times was this done, and yet there was some of the fifteen hundred feet of fall left unutilised. This gave, on an average, two hundred thousand h.p. for each drop, equal in all to eight hundred thousand horse-power. All this, and more, the traveller saw, or read in the *Electrical Bulletin,* published at the head-works. Besides the power mentioned there was held in reserve Waikare-iti, and Te Reinga also contributed its share. After going over the works and observing how cheaply they were run the Stranger no longer wondered at the manner in which the people had taken up and used the power, which was transmitted all over the country and almost down to Wellington. Slowly down the road the car proceeded—for it was on hire by the hour—progress and prosperity being evident everywhere, till the headwork of the Wairoa water-supply at Tarapatiki was reached. Then on back to the city by the car via Frasertown.

His pilgrimage ended, the Stranger sought out his birthplace, and found his property all built over. His parents were long dead, but his brothers' and sisters' children admitted all his claims. He tried to settle down to end his days in peace, but one day a sleepy feeling came over him, and he passed off into another trance, from which he never awakened—too much progress had finally killed him, and the only record of his eventful life is to be found in these pages. And now—

FAREWELL!

The canoe is finished. The topsides are affixed and the skids are laid out. Designed by mine own hands, though many helped in the building, I launch thee on the sea of public opinion. May no storms of adverse criticism meet thee, but may gentle breezes and a soft swell bear thee onward to the haven of men's hearts. There let thee be safely anchored, while the rare treasures therein shall be distributed to all quarters of New Zealand. Soon shall I, the chief builder of this canoe, depart for the Reinga, but the canoe itself shall go forward and leave fruitful spots wherever she may touch, even as did Kupe's canoe. As Takitimu brought from the far-distant Hawaiiki the sacred "kura" and the gods of old, so do I bring to you this my canoe, bearing the records of the Maori people coupled with those of the Pakeha. Treat the canoe gently; raise her on the skids so that even the waves of the Ocean of Kiwa cannot hurt her, for she contains some of the treasures of the Ages. Farewell, a long farewell to my cherished treasure. Farewell!

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HE AUMIHI POROPOROAKI:

Kua oti te waka, Kua u nga rauawa te tui, ta titi, nga aporei; kua takotokoto hoki nga neke. He mea whakawhaiahua nei e oku ake ringaringa ake; ahakoa ano he tokomaha nga hoa tarai mai.

E te waka nei: Ka whakarewaina atu nei a koe e ahau ki runga ki te karetai o nga tini whakaaroaro a te katoa. E pai hoki e kore koe e whakataua mai e nga tupuhi whakahehe o nga mohio; erangi ano ma nga hau-angiangi o te ao whakarunga a koe na e puhipuhi mai; a, kia ma te amai o te moana a koe e ata hapai haere atu ki te whanga ngakau tangata tonu. Ki reira tonu a koe tau ai, pungaia ai tohatoha haere atu ai i nga whatukura e uta nei i runga i a koe—ki nga topito a Aotea-roa, puta noa Te Wai-Pounamu atu.

E tata tonu hoki ahau—te tino tohunga tarai o te waka nei—te rere tonu atu te one I Rangaunu, a, Te Reinga atu ana. Ko te waka nei i a ka tere haere tonu atu me te tukutuku haere i ona hua papai ki nga waahi katoa e u ai a ia. Pera ano hoki ra i te waka i a Tamarereti, i a Kupe. Me Takitimu waka ano hoki. I utaina mai ai i Hawaiki-mamao ra ano te kura tapu i pu ai nga tohu o nga a atua o te iwi me te wa Maori.

Whai hoki: Ka whakaterea atu nei e ahau te iti-waka nei ki o koutou aroaro. Ko ona utanga ko nga kura-wananga a te iwi Maori, apiti iho ano hoki ki o a te iwi Pakeha; i pu ai te riri me nga mahi whakakakara a te hanga nei a te toa. Kia pai te mirimiri mai i to tatou waka. Ata hapainga mariretia ake ki runga ki nga neke; kia kore ai e papae ki tahaki i te akinga mai a nga ngaru tuatea o te Moana nui a Kiwa. Kei te waka tonu e uta ana etahi o nga whatutureikura i a Tawhito-Rangi mai ra ano.

Koia te poroporo-a-ki nei: E koe, e te puru tonu o tooku manawa Haere ra; rere pai atu. Kia pae nga aumihi a te iwi ki a koe! Haere; e tere.

Ka whakamutu iho ki konei aku mihi-poro-poro-a-ki ki a koe.

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AUE! HE KUMI!

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